

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

VOL. XVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 17, 1885.

No. 19.

By the Overland Route.

BY MARION MUIR.

A void horizon bound a brazen sky,
The land was burning silence, and the air
Throbbled with the heaviness of near despair,
When, by a nameless grave, in days gone by,
I felt it dread and sorrowful to lie,
Like the poor clay that slept unhonored there,
Far from the kindly rites of bell and prayer;
But that was idle, for all flesh must die
Around the Summer isles of bloom and mirth,
Like rising doom the hungry ocean raves,
For all the fountains of the fair, green earth
Flow out of meadows mounded thick with graves,
And over life, the bridal, and the birth,
The funeral shadow of the cypress waves.

The Late Dr. Ubaldo Ubaldi, of the American College, Rome.

When the venerable Archbishop of New York received, with all the pomp and ceremony befitting the occasion, the cardinalitial cap at the hands of Monsignor Roncetti, there stood by the latter a modest little Roman priest. It was easy to see that he was a Roman. The face was Roman, clearly cut, pale, suggestive of a peaceful asceticism. The moulding of the head was Roman. It might be modelled from life, placed upon the Pincian Hill of Rome—or anywhere else, for the matter of that—and he accepted without a doubt, as that of Cæsar. The hair, black as ebony, and cut short, was parted, nor on the right, nor on the left, nay, nor in the middle, but brushed forward in the old classic style, which still prevails among the priests of Rome. He was—deprecating, odious comparison—a far more remarkable man than he who stood with drawn sword at the side of the Cardinal, panoplied in the gorgeous uniform of the Noble Guards of the Pope. To those who asked who he was, the answer was given, “Dr. Ubaldi, chaplain and interpreter of the Papal Alegate, Mgr. Roncetti.” But Dr. Ubaldi was more than that. His being there was not his life: it was but a mere episodic ripple in the stream of a life that was marvellously gifted and conscientiously useful.

At a quarter of ten in the morning of every lecture day in the great Propaganda, a familiar figure habited in the plain black cassock of Rome, the *ferrajolo*—light, sweeping black cloak—pending from the shoulders and secured by a ribbon at the throat, issued from the portal of the American College, moved up the *Via dell' Umiltà*, with a quick step, then down the *Via San Vincenzo ed Anastasio*, and off towards the Propaganda. Under one arm he held a portfolio, such as the school boys and students of Rome carry; with the other hand he drew the cloak modestly about his spare figure. If he were met by the German students, they saluted him reverentially, and the word went from the beadle at the head to the prefect behind, “Professor Ubaldi.” The Germans almost adore genius. Did the students of the Roman Seminary meet him, they saluted him deferentially, remarking, *en passant*, “l'Ubaldi”—the Ubaldi. As a band of American students passed him, they would salute him with affectionate enthusiasm, and say to one another, “Little Ubaldi.” He was *their* Ubaldi, and no one else's. Did he not live with them, pray with them and for them, eat with them, sleep with them, work with them and for them, play with them? If any Roman, or alien, dared raise a doubt that Dr. Ubaldi belonged to any institution, college or university to the exclusion of the American College, he would forthwith be metaphysically invited to step right into the Campus Martius, and settle the matter *ipsissimis pugnis*.

Arrived at the Propaganda, he mounts the great stairway atop of which he is sure to meet Tuzi, who has just finished his lecture—say, on the Real Presence. Tuzi—Reverend, indeed, is he, and Doctor to boot—is short, rotund, has a beaming, happy face, and Tuzi loves Ubaldi with a love like unto that which made Jonathan and David cleave together—or as one heart. Tuzi and Ubaldi are the Jonathan and David of the Levites of Rome, and an edifying spectacle are they. To quote Charles Lamb: “What an edifying spectacle did this brace of friends present! You never met the one by chance in the street, without a wonder, which was quickly dissipated by the almost immediate subappearance of the other.” And, having given each other the good-morrow, Tuzi departs, and Ubaldi hurries into a class-room, where, having offered up a propitiatory *Ave Maria* to the Seat of Wisdom, he proceeds—with an

occasional glance at the note ensconced in the portfolio already alluded to—to expound hermeneutically the great Isaiac, *Ecce Virgo concipiet*—"Behold a Virgin shall conceive"; for Dr. Ubaldi is Professor of Sacred Scripture in the Propaganda. Think you the vast corridor upon which that lecture-room opens resounds with detonating periods, such as our religious fancy associates with that prophetic shout of the prophet? Or, that a dogmatic fist is brought down with ponderous thump upon the desk before him, when he reaches the "*Ergo stat conclusio*"? Far from it. The voice is low and winning; the sentences short and conclusive; the train of argument limpid as the cerulean sky 'neath which he was born. Read his "*Introductio in Sacram Scripturam*," and you will find therein the oriental lore of a Patrizi, and the dogma—divested of its verbosity—of a Perone. And the dogmatic fist? A beautiful little hand, the fingers of which are spread argumentatively, almost transparent in their fleshlessness. Having given three quarters of an hour to the lecture, he devotes the remaining quarter to an examination of some one in the matter previously elucidated. He calls at random from the list before him an Irishman, an American, a Greek or an Arab of the Propaganda. He does not rack his subject with perplexing questions, but listens to him patiently to the end. If the answer be correct, he says, "good;" if incorrect, or partly so, he explains anew, and, having said an *Ave Maria* of thanks, goes to the Roman Seminary and gives another lecture on the Scriptures. Returning to the American College at noon, he dines at the rector's table, and has an hour's recreation with him afterwards—sometimes he goes into the garden and recreates with the boys. He is a most genuine Italian American. He has been in the College *ab ipsis incunabulis*—from the very cradle—of the same, and has become thoroughly Americanized. His English is perfect, and his appreciation of an American joke—which he enjoys heartily—as thorough as that of a professional humorist. In the afternoon, another lecture at the Roman Seminary, and when all studious Rome turns out in the evening for an hour's walk before the *Angelus*, the gentle Tuzi and he may be seen together on the Babuino, or in the Villa Borghese. They do not walk arm in arm, like the two friends of Christ's Hospital, so rapturously eulogized by Elia; but of those as of these may be said, "Oh! it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which at thirteen helped it to turn over *Cicero De Amicitia*, or some tale of Antique Friendship, which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate!"

The American College has, like other ecclesiastical institutions of Rome, a system of domestic classes, which are supplementary to those of the Propaganda. Thus, for instance, on Monday evening the dialecticians and philosophers assemble in one of the recreation-rooms an hour before supper, and rehearse the field, traversed the week before in the Propaganda. A professor presides. The object of the class is to impress the matter al-

ready studied indelibly upon the memory by force of examination and repetition. The hour thus passed is of incalculable benefit to the student, and, it may be added, requires more study on his part, than the hour at the Propaganda. For there he may pass a whole scholastic term and not be "called." Here he cannot escape. On Tuesday, those of the class of "The Evidences"—*De locis Theologicis*—have an hour; on Wednesday, the Sacramentarians, that is, those who are studying the dogmatic side of the Sacraments; on Friday, supreme Dogmas—*i. e.*, God, the Trinity, the Incarnation, and so on—are re-considered. On Saturday evening, the students of Ethics are examined. Now, it is not assuming much to say that the man who could conduct all these classes must be marvelously versatile. Yet, for the past twenty-four years, Dr. Ubaldi has discharged this manifold duty with an ability and success known only to those who have had the good fortune to be there. The foundation-stone of scholastic study is mental philosophy, and in this respect it is the most important course in the whole curriculum of the young cleric's studies. How cleverly and effectually he wrestles with the sophistries of Kant, and the monstrosities of Spinoza! For Leibnitz he has due respect, but profound compassion. With Puffendorf and Hume, in Ethics, he is sarcastic with the sarcasm begotten of incontrovertible premises which of themselves gallop to conclusions.

And now, in view of his many duties, and that he is a priest, besides, who says Mass every day, and, of necessity, reads his office, arises the wonder how he could study at all; besides, his constitution is very weak. If you wander to a certain lonely room, situated aloft in that rambling structure, at the hour of midnight, or later, you will see a faint stream of light issuing from the keyhole of a certain door. If you knock thereat and get permission—which you surely will—to enter, you will behold, in the faint light of a Roman lamp, the delicate figure of a priest who is poring over tomes that have the accumulated odor of centuries. He is literally barricaded with books—Latin books, Greek books, Hebrew books, Arabic, Syriac, and Sanscrit books; English, German, French, Italian, and Spanish books; for this Mezzofanti reads them all! Not later than the other day did I read an admirable pamphlet, written for the *Autologia Romana* by this wonderful man, in refutation of M. Renan's theory,—and it is but just to say that the theory is defended by masterly arguments—that the Canticle of canticles is but a melodrama, the protagonist of which is a country maiden, of whom Solomon was enamored. But of what avail are M. Renan's surmises and conclusions, based upon his long residence in the East, and his familiarity with Oriental tongues and customs, against the thorough knowledge of Hebrew, the hermeneutical skill and the irrefragable logic of Dr. Ubaldi?

I observe that I have been unwittingly led into the use of the present tense in speaking of a man who, three weeks ago, breathed his last in the house he loved so dearly. I have done so, because he

still lives in the good that he wrought upon thousands who are now doing Christ's work in every quarter of the globe; and because, too, his memory is, and will ever be, green with them. He was the last link that bound the American College of the present to the history of its early beginnings and struggles, and was the loving repository of its traditions, which he loved as dearly as those of his own family. His own family consisted of a widowed mother and two sisters; and to them he gave his stipend as a canon of the Pantheon. On himself, or for himself, he spent nothing save for books, and of these he left many.

To say of a man who performed the duty nearest to him daily, yea, hourly, and that, too, conscientiously, that he was a holy man, seems supererogatory. He said his Mass with devotion, almost scrupulous devotion, and his office with the same spirit. They who saw him at the altar can attest this. He was shy and retiring, reluctant of crowds and assemblies, even of ecclesiastics; which is possibly the reason why, at the age of nearly fifty, he went to his Father with the plain—but, O how worthy!—title of Dr. Ubaldo Ubaldi;* and may he rest with that Father!

—ARTHUR, in "*Ave Maria*."

* No doubt, Mgr. Ubaldi's wish was to remain hidden; but a priest so learned, so pious, so exemplary, was sure to be brought forward sooner or later by Leo XIII, who seems to have an instinct for finding out men of superior worth. Only a few weeks previous to his death, Mgr. Ubaldi was appointed Domestic Prelate to his Holiness, and a correspondent of the *Catholic Review* gives as a statement of one of the Cardinals that Dr. Ubaldi had been created a Cardinal *in petto*.

Ocean Echoes.

"My dreams are of the ocean."—A. H.

The sinking sun's rays are just gilding
The waters far out in the main,
The treacherous, trembling wavelets
Sing softly the sad refrain:
"Weep on, ye warm hearts filled with sorrow!—
Weep vainly for loved one or friend;
For calmly I roll, recking little
How many the stout hearts I rend!"

The sun has gone down, and the darkness
O'er the ocean hangs heavy and deep;
The rumbling waves in the blackness
Their same mournful melody keep:
"I count not the hearts I have broken,—
I care not for loved one or friend!
I recklessly roll through long ages
O'er men whose proud will would not bend!"

The blackness is pierced by sharp flashes,
The murmur is changed to a roar;
The thunders and waves peal defiance—
Sing madly the strain sang before:
"To-night do I toss on my bosom.
The husband, the lover, the friend;
Down! pray me to spare you your loved ones—
Mankind to my pleasure must bend!"

The night and the storm stand transfigured
To daylight and rolling repose,
The sun-lighted cliffs gleam in glory,
For words on the zephyrs arose:
"Be calm, ye wild, bellowing ocean!
Content ye with powers that are thine;
The hearts that your rough hand would sever
Were joined forever by mine!"

W. H. JOHNSTON.

A Historical Error.*

One of the greatest obstacles in the way of reaching the truth of historical facts is the firm root that some errors take. One of these is the generally accepted belief that the destruction of Mexican manuscripts was exclusively the work of the first missionaries, who, through pure fanaticism, accompanied by gross ignorance, destroyed everything indiscriminately. Taking the fact as undeniable, bitter lamentations have been uttered over the loss of such a great treasure, the preservation of which would have given us a perfect knowledge of the history, customs, and laws of the conquered peoples—an inestimable benefit, of which those ignorant friars deprived us. The charge has weighed heaviest against Archbishop Zumárraga, who has been called "the Omar of the New World," in allusion to the destruction (real or imaginary) of the great library of Alexandria by the caliph of that name. Amongst other things it is said that the Bishop seized upon the rich archives of Tezcoco, and collected together all the paintings of the Indians on which he could lay his hands, of which he formed a heap like a mountain, which he then reduced to ashes.

This belief has become so general that a writer, the last that has treated of this point, thus expresses himself:

"In affirming in the first page of these *Anales* that the first Bishop and Archbishop of Mexico, Fray Juan Zumárraga, and the conquerors and missionaries in general, destroyed all the Aztec monuments on which they could lay their hands, considering them as an invincible obstacle to the abolition of idolatry and the introduction of Christianity amongst the conquered people, I did not consider that the responsibility of this assertion rested on me. I have taken it for granted that it is a fact which has now all the authority of a matter on which judgment has been pronounced, *Suponia que era un hecho que habia pasado en autoridad de cosa juzgada*, and that there was no necessity to bring forward the proofs that demonstrated it."†

And yet more recently, the compiler of the Catalogue of the Library of Mr. Ramirez, in mentioning a book that had belonged to Bishop Zumárraga, added the following note:

"It is an interesting relic of the great iconoclast, to whose Omar-like zeal for the true faith literature owes the loss of innumerable Mexican manuscripts."

It is but right to admit that the fact of the existence of so few Aztec documents and monuments

* Translated for the SCHOLASTIC, from the Life of Juan de Zumárraga, first Bishop and Archbishop of Mexico, by Joaquín García Icazbalceta.

† D. Jesus Sanchez, *Cuestion Histórica* in the *Anales del Museo*, vol. I, p. 47.

gives some appearance of truth to the accusation. To inquire what have been the causes of this fact, and the part taken in it by Archbishop Zumárraga and the missionaries is a labor of the greatest interest, because it is not merely question of gratifying an idle curiosity, but that of giving to each one his due, and of knowing whether really the first apostles of our land were as ignorant and fanatical as is charged. I do not know why the attempt has been made to convert this destruction into a weapon against the Church, which in no way can be made responsible for individual acts. But it is certain that Protestant historians, and others, who, although not Protestants, make no attempt at concealing their aversion to the ecclesiastical hierarchy, have taken a pleasure in magnifying the destruction, and attributing it exclusively to the monks, with the Bishop at their head.

Nothing is more important towards the settlement of a question than to be well agreed upon the point at issue. I do not deny that the missionaries destroyed temples, idols, and even manuscripts, for we have their own words for it. What I do deny is that the Señor Zumárraga burned the archives of Tezcoco piled up like a mountain, and that he pursued manuscripts *con furor*, as he is charged with doing. It is possible that he destroyed some, although up to this time I am not convinced of a single case; but from a solitary instance to a systematic persecution, to the almost total destruction of the historical treasures of the Aztecs, to the blind fury attributed to him in the search for and destruction even to the last manuscripts, there is a wide distance. I do not know that up to the present day any one has formally denied that the Bishop made that destruction: the most indulgent—and they are few—go no farther than to make excuses for him. Their efforts are laudable, but become useless if it can be proved that the charge is groundless. This is the object of the present paper.

There are two propositions defended by the opponents of the missionaries: (1) The first missionaries, with few exceptions, destroyed *all* that had relation to the worship, the history, and the antiquities of Mexico; (2) Bishop Zumárraga took an active part in this destruction.

In examining historical proofs, it is more convenient to take them in retrograde order, beginning with the more modern authors, and going back, step by step, to the primitive fountains. Those that were not contemporaries of the facts which they relate, and who did not hear them from contemporaries, do not deserve more credit than is due to the documents which they consulted. If they could not or did not choose to quote those documents, they should not complain that we refuse to believe them on their simple word. And if they do give them, we should turn to them, and not to the authors who compile from them. This being supposed, let us begin our review.

The first whom I meet is Mr. Bancroft, a friend and correspondent of mine. Having at his command a rich collection of American books and documents, he has made use of them to form his

work—the fruit of immense labor. In his work—“The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America” (1874-’75-’83), vol. II, p. 525,—we read:

“The destruction of the pagan scrolls was deemed essential to the progress of the Church, and was consequently ordered and most successfully carried out under the direction of the bishops and their subordinates; the most famous of these fanatical destroyers of a new world’s literature being Juan de Zumárraga, who made a public bonfire of the native archives. The fact already noticed, that the national annals were preserved together in a few of the larger cities, made the task of Zumárraga and his conferees comparatively an easy one; and all the more important records, with very few probable exceptions, were blotted from existence.”

One of the chief merits of this work is the care taken to quote the authorities made use of. Thus, at the foot of the passage given above, there are eleven authors quoted in support of it. Of the chapter of the *Historia Apologética* of Casas I can say nought, because it is not amongst those published at the end of the *Historia de las Indias*, and I have not the manuscript. We need not speak of Gama, because he makes only a passing mention of the burning of pictures and the destruction of stones. Wilson maintains the direct contrary of what Bancroft says, and he would be much to my purpose if the assertion of such an extravagant writer were worth anything; for he flatly denies that any such burning of manuscripts took place, for the simple reason that none existed, and those that we have were forged after the conquest. The remaining authors are: Torquemada, Ixtlilxochitl, Alaman, Prescott, Sahagun, Clavigero, Bustamante, and Humboldt, whom we will consider in their turn. I am surprised that Bancroft should rest on such poor authorities. It is evident that he rather let himself be carried along by the current whither he wished to be led.

Next comes Mr. Alaman, who merits all my respect: he encouraged my first attempts, and I owe him favors. Two passages are quoted from him. The first is evidently taken from Torquemada, lib. xv, c. 19; lib. xx, c. 43, and he copied it from Mendieta, lib. iii, c. 20; lib. v, pt. 1, c. 38. For the second passage no origin can be assigned, for it is no more than the expression of a judgment formed in virtue of the general belief in the acts attributed to Zumárraga. Nothing so well proves the force that constant repetition gives to an error than to see a man, so well informed as Mr. Alaman, unable to rid himself of it. But since we find no new authority here, let us continue.

I am sorry to clash with Mr. Prescott, a distinguished historian, who honored me with his friendship and correspondence; but the favors under which he has placed me cannot counterbalance the interests of truth. He, who ordinarily shows himself so scrupulous in choosing and weighing his authorities, did not hesitate, with very weak foundation, to indulge in a better invective against the Bishop of Mexico and the fanaticism of the Spaniards. His indignation breaks forth at a phantom conjured up by himself. It is one of those poetical and declamatory fits which are not at all rare

in his work, and which, even though they may dazzle at the time, fall at the first stroke of criticism, leaving the author in a position even lower than he deserves. He quotes Ixtlilxochitl, Clavigero, Bustamante, and Sahagun. Here are his words:

"At the time of the arrival of the Spaniards, great quantities of these manuscripts were treasured up in the country. Numerous persons were employed in painting, and the dexterity of their operations excited the astonishment of the conquerors. Unfortunately, this was mingled with other and unworthy feelings. The strange, unknown characters inscribed on them excited suspicion. They were looked on as magic scrolls, and were regarded in the light with the idols and temples, as the symbols of a pestilent superstition that must be extirpated. The first Archbishop of Mexico, Don Juan de Zumárraga,—a name that should be as immortal as that of Omar,—collected these paintings from every quarter, especially from Tezco, the most cultivated capital in Anahuac, and the great depository of the national archives. He then caused them to be piled up in a 'mountain-heap,'—as it is called by the Spanish writers themselves—in the market-place of Tlatelolco, and reduced them all to ashes! His great countryman Archbishop Ximenes had celebrated a similar *auto-da-fe* of Arabic manuscripts in Granada, some twenty years before. Never did fanaticism achieve two more signal triumphs than by the annihilation of so many curious monuments of human ingenuity and learning! The unlettered soldiers were not slow in imitating the example of their prelate. Every chart and volume which fell into their hands was wantonly destroyed, so that when the scholars of a later and more enlightened age anxiously sought to recover some of these memorials of civilization, nearly all had perished, and the few surviving were jealously hidden by the natives." *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, b. i, c. 4.

Following in the inverse order of writers, we meet D. Carlos Maria de Bustamante, who wrote from 1810 to 1847. The reader will permit,—perhaps will even thank me,—if I put to one side the most partial writer, and one that shows least critical acumen amongst all those whom it has been the misfortune of our history to be treated by. Forty years ago, some might have considered him an authority on the matter: now it is well known that by taking the contrary of what he says one runs less danger of being in error.

Next comes an author who gives us details of the burning of manuscripts such as we find nowhere else, so that it looks as if he had been an eye-witness to them. This is D. Ignacio Cubas; former director of the *Archivo General*. In the *Registro Trimestre*—a periodical which appeared in Mexico in 1832-'33—there is a paper of his, from which we take the following passages (tom. i, p. 197):

"These chimerical conjectures need not have cost their authors the trouble to form them, if a providence that dictated the indiscreet zeal of the Sr. Zumárraga had not condemned to the fire the libraries of the Mexican kings and emperors.

"This venerable prelate beheld in the symbolical characters of Gentilism painted serpents, toads, and monstrous ideal figures, which he believed to be sorceries and witcheries that must be destroyed in this country; and for this purpose he judged that there was no better means than to order the burning of the library, which stood where now is the Franciscan College of Santiago Tlatelolco, and that [the library] of history, situated where now is St. Teresa Street.

"This operation lasted for *three months*, and was executed in the place now occupied by the Church *de la Santísima*. There, in a devouring pile, perished in the flames discoveries and secrets unknown to cultivated Europe. There

we were deprived of the acquaintance with empirics who cured afflicted humanity of its diseases; and we were condemned to remain forever ignorant of the method of working on flint by a concoction of herbs which formed a corrosive liquid, which produced on the stone the same effect as *aqua fortis* produces on steel. There perished the simple method of extracting gold and silver without the need of the costly ingredients employed in that operation. There perished the methods of soldering those metals without the help of others, and of preserving them against oxidation; and there perished information which it was necessary to bury in order not to contradict the title of barbarians given to those aborigines who have been successfully intimidated, and almost brutalized by misery, outrages, and slavery."

Notwithstanding his title of *Archivo General*, it is easy to see that this writer is not much ahead of Bustamante in the qualities of a historian. His minute account of the *three months'* burning of the Aztec archives resembles rather that of an eye-witness than that of a man living three centuries later. One might almost be led to imagine that he had before him the catalogue of those unfortunate libraries, since he can tell us that amongst the papers preserved therein was a collection of rare secrets of the arts and trades. In what characters the Indians wrote those wonderful receipts I know not; nor how, possessing such secrets, each one of which was sufficient to make a man's fortune, there was not one that retained them in his memory and put them in practice, when the Sr. Zumárraga and the missionaries took so much trouble in leading the Indians to practise their trades and to learn the new arts introduced by the Spaniards. Moreover, Cubas did not think fit to let us know whence he drew his wonderful information, and he manifests so much passion and such ignorance of our history that he has no right to complain if, counting him amongst the visionaries of his time, we courteously put him aside and go in search of something better.

Unfortunately, we meet with even worse: the Rev. Dr. Friar Servando Teresa de Mier. Out of respect for his sacerdotal character, I refrain from treating him as a writer deserves who shows himself to be full of passion and rancor, and to be totally ignorant of our history. He surpasses Bustamante in hatred of the Spaniards, and he had a special grudge against bishops. In his eyes el Sr. Zumárraga was guilty of three unpardonable faults: He was a Spaniard, friar, and bishop. As a specimen of his beautiful and polite style, take the following passage from his *Letters* to Muñoz:

"I must copy for your Lordship some paragraphs (from the edict of the Sr. Haro) that you may see how, from Zumárraga, who burned *all* the ancient libraries of Anahuac, the bishops of Mexico are capable of braying, *están en posesion de rebuznar* (p. 154)!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HE who waits for an opportunity to do much at once may breathe out his life in idle wishes, and regret in the last hour his useless intentions and barren zeal.—*The Hearthstone*.

THE name of Arizona, it is said, was not bestowed through any poetic arrangements of Indian or Spanish names, but is derived from *aridus*—"dry," and *zona*—a "girdle or belt."

A Star Approaching The Earth.

One of the most beautiful of all the stars in the heavens is Arcturus in the constellation of Bootes. In January last the Astronomer Royal communicated to the Astronomical Society a tabulated statement of the results of the observations made at Greenwich during 1883, in applying the method of Dr. Huggins in measuring the approach and recession of the so-called fixed stars in direct line. Nearly 200 of these observations are thus recorded, 21 of which were devoted to Arcturus, and were made from March 30th to August 24th. The result shows that this brilliant, scintillating star is moving rapidly towards us with a velocity of more than fifty miles per second (the mean of the 21 observations is 50-78). This amounts to about 3,000 miles per minute, 180,000 miles per hour, 4,320,000 miles per day. Will this approach continue, or will the star presently appear stationary and then recede? If the motion is orbital, the latter will occur. There is, however, nothing in the rates observed to indicate any such orbital motion, and as the observations extended over five months, this has some weight. Still it may be travelling in a mighty orbit of many years' duration, the bending of which may in time be indicated more by a retardation of the rate of approach than by a perceptible movement either towards or away from us, and this followed by a recession equal to its previous approach. If, on the other hand, the four and a half millions of miles per day continue, the star must become visibly brighter to posterity in spite of the enormous magnitude of cosmic distances. Our 81-ton guns drive forth their projectiles with a maximum velocity of 1,400 feet per second, that is, 200 times greater than this. It thus moves over a distance equal to that between the earth and the sun in 21 days. Our present distance from Arcturus is estimated at 1,622,000 times this. Therefore, if the star continues to approach us at the same rate as measured last year, it will have completed the whole of its journey towards us in 93,000 years.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Henry Ward Beecher, in the February number of the *North American Review*, is to discuss the question whether clergymen should "meddle with politics."

—It is proposed to hold a meeting in Portland, Me., on Longfellow's birthday, Feb. 7th, to unveil the bust of the poet, which is coming from England to the Maine Historical Society.

—The *Baltimore Catholic Mirror* says:—"A grand-daughter of the great Liberator, Miss Alice O'Connell, has lately published a novel, called 'Loyal, Brave and True.' It is said to be clever and praised by the critics."

—Rubenstein's comic opera, "Der Papagei," lately produced in Hamburg, appears to have met

with but little success. The libretto is said to be clever and amusing, but the music is described as much too serious and heavy for the subject.

—A new work on ancient Egyptology is promised soon by Messrs. Allen; Mrs. J. Van Gelder is the writer of it. The volume will bear the title "The Storehouses of the Kings," and will aim at giving "a faithful record of the pyramids of Egypt, as to what they are and who built them."

—Le Monnier, of Paris, publishes national editions of the works of M. Victor Hugo. They will be contained in forty volumes, which will be illustrated by about 250 etchings, 2,500 copper-plate vignettes, the cost of which—meaning the forty volumes and their illustrations—will be 2,500,000 francs.

—The books printed in the South during the war are now in demand among collectors. One of these was a spelling-book printed on common wall paper. Another, more ambitious, was illustrated with the old trade cuts found in newspaper offices, producing a comical effect. Upon the title-page is the legend: "Printed in the fourth year of the War of Independence."

—The Cathedral of Mexico is the largest in America, and cost \$2,000,000. It was commenced by the Spaniards in 1573, on the site of the old Aztec temple, or pyramid, and finished in 1677. Its facade is beautifully hanged. Against its western walls leans the celebrated Calendar Stone, covered with hieroglyphics and weighing twenty-five tons. Its cast will be exhibited at the New Orleans Exposition. Within the cathedral are a number of paintings, some of them said to be the work of Murillo.—*Catholic Columbian*.

—While Italy is preparing to celebrate the eight centennial of Gregory VII, who died on the 25th of May, 1385, the Committee of Catholic Congresses has resolved to offer a prize of 2,000 lire for the best work on the life and pontificate of Gregory VII. This work must exhibit the man, the Pope, the saint, the thinker, the great operator, and resolve all the historical difficulties of the subject. The work which receives the prize will be printed and offered to Leo XIII. The time fixed for the presentation is Dec. 31, 1885. The office of the committee is at 44 Via Mazzini, Bologna.

Scientific Notes.

—An Englishman, Mr. Pullan, has begun on his own account excavations at Civita Lavina, the old Lavinium. He has discovered a portion of the old temple of Juno, some fragments of a quadriga, the head of a goddess, a head of Jupiter, and six trunks of warriors covered with breastplates.

—The latest surgical luxury is an instrument by which incisions may be made without giving pain. It consists of a knife which is regulated by a watch attachment, so that it advances at the rate of only one inch in six hours. A slight sensation of uneasiness is produced, which does not, however, prevent the patient from going to sleep.

—MM. G. Chancel and P. Parmentier, at the *séance* of the Académie des Sciences of November 24th, drew attention to some remarkable re-actions of carbon disulphide, and to the solubility of that body in water. The solution of carbon disulphide in water appears to behave in a manner analogous to the solution of gases which have no action on water.—*Athenæum*.

—The archæologist, M. Saillard, known through his efforts for the preservation of dolmens, has discovered the workshop of a prehistoric armorer or smith on a steep rock by the sea on the south-west side of the peninsula of Quiberon (Brittany). It dates from the stone age. Polished lances, arrow-heads, axes and other objects are represented in great numbers and in every stage of manufacture; so that the discovery is most interesting, inasmuch as the objects illustrate the workman's method and process. Among the objects is also a meteoric stone worked into an implement. The skeleton of the workman was also found, the skull being very well preserved.

—"Bismark Stone" is the name of an enormous piece of amber at present exhibited in the Royal Geological Museum at Berlin, whither it was sent by a company of amber diggers in West Prussia, who found the same on Prince Bismark's birthday, (April 1) at a depth of sixty feet below the surface. The piece is unique, not exactly for its size, but for its shape and its remarkably fine color, the absence of any defect, and its singular clearness of sound. The value of the find may be inferred from the fact that another piece in the museum, larger, to be sure, but infinitely inferior in quality, was bought by King Frederick William III, in 1803, for the sum of ten thousand thalers.

—The question of whether a baseball, thrown from the top of Washington monument, 550 feet, can be caught, has called forth various expressions of opinion and scientific calculations. A number of professional ball-players, including Baker, Hines, Yewell, and Ryan, went over to the monument on the 10th inst. and practically tested the problem. A ball was thrown from one of the little windows in the top of the shaft. Baker gauged it correctly and got it in his hands; but it was descending too rapidly for him, and he was unable to hold it. Several other attempts to catch the ball resulted in the men not being able to gauge the ball. Scientific men say a ball dropped from that height has the force of forty pounds on reaching the ground.

—It is stated that Herr Lindström, a Stockholm geologist, has found a perfect fossil scorpion in the Upper Silurian rocks of the Island of Gotland in Sweden. The cuticle can be distinguished, also the dorsal plates of the abdomen and the cephalothorax. The surface is quite similar in appearance to the scorpions of to-day, and its organization proves it to have lived on land and breathed air. It has been called *Palæophonous Nuncius*, and is evidently one of the most ancient of terrestrial animals, the libellules found in the Devonian formation of Canada having hitherto been esteemed the oldest known. It is remarkable that the four

pairs of thoracic claws are tick and pointed, like those of embryos of several other tracheates and campodea, a form of claw which does not exist in the known fossil scorpions of the carboniferous era, which in their appendages resemble those of to-day.

College Gossip.

—The will of the late Abner Coburn, of Portland, Me., bequeathes the bulk of his property to the cause of education in the South. Coburn Classical Institute is bequeathed \$75,000; Colby University of Waterville \$200,000, which, with other amounts for the benefit of the university, make the entire bequest over \$300,000. The State Agricultural College at Orono, receives \$100,000, and the Maine General Hospital at Portland \$10,000.

—The University of Pennsylvania has started a Department of Physical Culture. Dr. J. W. White, who will preside over it, states that his duties will be to examine each student, note wherein he needs physical development, and recommend the proper mode of exercise to induce it. If his back is weak, the rowing-machine or boat is advised; if the chest is flat, parallel bars are in order. The ordinary trainer generally picks out for the boat a man who does not need it.

—The Professor of Systematic Divinity at — Seminary, being indisposed, was not able to be with his classes. A notice to that effect was given to the men after morning "chapel." Whether the professor, who gave the notice, belonged to the "newer school," or merely to the orthodox school of the Sydney Smith type, is not known. His words were these: "The professor, being ill, requests me to say that the Seniors can keep on through *Purgatory*, and the middle class continue the *Descent into Hell*, until further notice from the professor.—*Ex*."

—At the annual convention of the Modern Language Association at Columbia College, we learn from the *Spectator* that President Carter, of Williams—President of the Association—in supporting the teaching of Greek, said: "As far as thorough training goes, there is nothing so useful as the ancient languages. In a liberal mind, nothing opens all questions like Greek. It is best that the mind of a young man should be placed in a condition most unlike to its surroundings when he begins his study, and there is nothing like Greek inflexibility, rhythm and precision to develop thought. There is no possible substitute to take its place. The old-fashioned New England College, which is largely the type of all our American colleges, is strongly opposed to introducing this utilitarian element which is provided with substitution of a modern language for Greek. Prof. Fay,—of a New England College, by the way,—said that with him sentiment and judgment were divided, but the latter favored the substitution. We have before referred to the respective positions of Pres't. Porter, of Yale, and Pres't Eliot, of Harvard, the former steadfastly opposed to, the latter in favor of the substitution.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, January 17. 1885.

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 EIGHTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

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.

—One of our exchanges remarks:

"Would it not be well to have an occasional lecture delivered under the auspices of the literary societies, provided a fair attendance can be secured?"

Which suggests the thought that it would not be a bad idea for the literary societies at Notre Dame to unite their efforts and have a few lectures during the winter in addition to those given through the invitation of the College authorities.

—Swinburne has become enthusiastic over Mazini. He thinks that since Eve raised Cain the world has never seen his equal. At least so it would appear from the first lines of his poem:

"Since man's first mother brought to mortal birth
Her first-born son,
Such grace befell not ever man on earth
As crowns this one."

And from the context he doesn't seem to intend to be funny either. We congratulate him on his apt comparison.

—Through the courtesy of the Rev. editor of *The Ave Maria*, who kindly supplied us with advance sheets, we are enabled to present our readers this week with an interesting sketch of the late Dr. Ubaldi, of the American College at Rome. The visit of the learned Doctor, in company with Mgr. Roncetti, to the University in June 1875, is well remembered by many who were charmed by his gentle, unassuming manners, and his scholarly conversation. The sketch with which this number opens is from the pen of one who was intimately

acquainted with Dr. Ubaldi, and it will be found to be a faithful record of an edifying and instructive life, and a true portrait of a character wholly devoted to religion and learning.

—The San Francisco *Monitor* recommends to a position in President Cleveland's Cabinet one who is in every way fitted therefor. It says:

"General Rosecrans is emphatically a true type of the American soldier, statesman and citizen. He possesses the genius to fill any position in the Cabinet to which he may be called, and we earnestly hope that the press of his party on the Coast,—and all papers favorable to placing a representative man of this portion of the Republic in President Cleveland's Cabinet—will second the *Monitor's* movement to bring about the selection of General Rosecrans as Secretary of the Navy, or similar important position."

Every leading public man in our country will, in his heart, at least, endorse the high praise of General Rosecrans, so tersely and well expressed by the *Monitor*. We are glad to see, too, that the move in favor of his selection has met with the hearty recommendation of many of the labor organizations throughout the country. The General has shown himself the friend of working men, and they whose voice is so potent and effective in the election of the governmental executive should be recognized in the work of administration. If it be true, as there are indications it is, that President Cleveland intends to give the country an administration distinguished by its efficiency and devotion to the public weal, he cannot fail to choose as one of his chief advisers that noble soldier and Christian statesman—WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS.

—Although history furnishes examples of illustrious men whose early years gave scant promise of future greatness, the instances are not so frequent as not to be altogether exceptional. It will be found that for the most part those who have left "footprints on the sands of time," who have distinguished themselves for great achievements and noble deeds were men who were remarkable in youth for industry and perseverance—who had high ideals and were swayed by generous impulses. Youth is a time of preparation, an apprenticeship for careers of honor or of dishonor. The habits then formed, the thoughts then indulged in become a part of ourselves. What we sow now is what we shall surely reap in the harvest time. It is a misfortune not to realize this, and yet, perhaps, few of us realize it fully.

No one maintains that the aspirations of young hearts are always gratified, or that it is absolutely in our power to become just what we would—all that we would; however, it may be asserted that when we have longed for something higher and better and failed of its attainment, the fault is generally our own. It is said that circumstances make the man; it should rather be said they show his capabilities. We are surprised sometimes at the sudden fame which certain men acquire, at the unexpected success which crowns their efforts, and

are too apt to attribute it to "luck"; but if the fame is enduring, and success continues, everyone is forced to the conclusion that men so distinguished must be above the common run—men who have earned their renown.

All this goes to show the necessity of spending the years of youth profitably. Nothing is more foolish than to suppose we shall ever be anything different from what we are striving to be now. The habits, whether of industry or laziness, of perseverance or supineness, now fostered will cling to us through life. Beginning as it were in cobwebs, they end in chains of iron which no power can break.

—It was with feelings of pain and sorrow that the many personal friends of the Hon. Schuyler Colfax at South Bend and Notre Dame heard of his death, from heart-disease, at Mankato, Minn., on Tuesday last, the 13th inst. Previous to that, Mr. Colfax enjoyed excellent health; he was on one of his lecturing tours in the Northwest when the last dread summons came, and the painful news was therefore startling and unexpected.

In the early days of Notre Dame the venerable founder of the University, Very Rev. Father Sorin, and Mr. Colfax were warm personal friends. The first annual Catalogue of the institution was printed at the office of the *St. Joseph Valley Register*, at South Bend, of which paper Mr. Colfax was then the editor and proprietor, and during his subsequent brilliant career in Congress, and as Vice-President of the United States, the personal friendship of these two eminent men, and Mr. Colfax's warm interest in the University, seem to have suffered no diminution.

Schuyler Colfax was the grandson of Gen. William Colfax, of New Jersey, the commanding officer of Gen. Washington's lifeguards throughout the Revolutionary war, and ever afterwards one of his most intimate personal friends. His grandmother, Hester Schuyler, was a cousin of Gen. Philip Schuyler, also of Revolutionary fame. Mr. Colfax was born in New York city, but early in life he moved to South Bend, Indiana, with his widowed mother. Here he founded the *Register*, in 1845, and had hardly cleared its debt when the office was burned down, leaving the uninsured editor to begin anew, which he did with his accustomed energy and perseverance.

Mr. Colfax's talents and ability had attracted attention when only seventeen years old, at which time his public career began. In 1855, he was elected to Congress. Four times subsequently he was re-nominated and elected with increasing majorities, and for three successive terms filled the position of Speaker of the House of Representatives with great ability, and with an impartiality that pleased both sides. In 1868 he was elected Vice-President, on the ticket with General Grant as President.

At the close of his term of office, Mr. Colfax retired to South Bend, where he led a quiet but active life in the lecture field, up to the time of his death, positively refusing the most urgent solicitations to re-enter public life.

—The opening of the New Science Hall has marked an era in the study of the Natural Sciences at Notre Dame. So great has been the progress made in the development of this department, that with the erection of the new building and all the improvements which its furnishing implies, Notre Dame will, ere long, be prepared to offer the scientific student facilities in the pursuit of his favorite branch of study, unsurpassed by any college in the country.

The Professor of Natural Sciences—the Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C.—informs us that with the beginning of the next session a new feature will be introduced, consisting in the opening of a biological laboratory for original work. A room of 40x20 feet in the New Science Hall selected especially with reference to the admission of light, so essential in microscopical investigations, is being fitted up with tables, microscopes, dissecting troughs, etc., etc.

Says the Professor: "It has been our conviction that the most effective and only way of studying animals and plants is by the use of the scalpel and microscope. The work we propose to ourselves is not that which is generally done in biological laboratories, and this constitutes one of the distinctive marks of our laboratory; and we venture to say, that thus far no biological laboratory in this country has proposed to do the work we are about to undertake. As far as we know, the work done in these laboratories is an investigation, by means of the scalpel and microscope, of the fundamental principles of life as exhibited by the vegetable and animal forms; in other words, general biology is studied there. Cellular biology is our special aim, and consists in a comparative study of the cell in the two kingdoms of nature under the triple point of view of anatomy, chemistry and physiology.

"Cells, such as we understand them, are *elementary organisms*, or *individualities* of organized beings, and each one represents to us a *structured and living mass of protoplasm, surrounded by a membrane, and lodging a nucleus*. As such, also, we propose to study them. Everyone, therefore, can see that our work will not only be deeply scientific but entirely new—at least in America. As yet we know of but one laboratory organized in the same manner, *i. e.*, the one superintended by Prof. J. B. Carnoy at the University of Louvain, in Belgium. The same Professor is also the founder of 'Cellular Biology,' and in his manual of 'Cellular Biology,' published in 1884, he states expressly: 'As far as we know, no autonomous course of 'Cellular Biology' exists anywhere, except at Louvain; a complete treatise on this subject does not exist; and still,' he continues, 'the want of such a treatise makes itself felt more and more, both in France and Germany.' 'It is to the cells' he says, 'these abysses of littleness, that we must descend to seize life in its material source and divest it of some of its secrets.'

He has explored in his treatise a veritable mine of cells, and we would recommend his work to every

student of biology. It is unnecessary here to remark that it will be the basis and foundation of our own laboratory work. It is especially written for the laboratory, and is used as manual by the students in biology at the University of Louvain. Thus far only one of the three parts of the work has appeared, and contains 271 pages with 141 original illustrations. The whole work is to contain about 800 pages with over 400 original illustrations taken by the author himself from actual observations. We shall be pleased to give further particulars to anyone desiring them."

As the number of places in the laboratory will be limited, we would advise the students to apply for a table at an early date. Of course, an elementary knowledge of botany and zoölogy is required to be admitted.

Encouragement also is not wanting for good and original work; for one of our friends, Rev. J. A. Werdein, Pastor at Remington, Indiana, has offered a gold medal to be awarded to the student at the Annual Commencement who shall have produced the best original investigation, and explained it in a memoir written by the same.

Exchanges.

—Ah, now we are ourselves again; the young ladies of *The Portfolio* have graciously deigned to come to our rescue; they have stepped between us and the dazzling radiance of the *Sunbeam*; they have cut the bonds with which we were bound hand and foot. A service for which, we hope, we shall ever feel grateful. We could speak in glowing terms of the excellence of the *Portfolio* for December, from its opening Christmas poem, the "Bells Across the Snow," to the erudite and excellently-written review of "The Shakspearean Controversy" by E. B.; but if we did so, after the service rendered by our esteemed Canadian contemporary, we might be accused of favoritism; so we refrain. The only thing we can find for adverse criticism is a ponderous effort at punning by the Exchange-editor, which, probably, was only a refracted ray from the *College Chronicle's* Punic sanctum.

—The *Columbia Spectator* for January the 9th—which visits our sanctum this week in company with the Christmas number of the *King's College Record*, an able paper of a different kind—shows a rare combination of talent, the humorous and the practical, the grave and the gay. After "Carl's bad"—very bad, but humorous, account of Mr. Peter Pickerel's journey to Egypt to hear for himself the song of the Sphynx, we have the debate of "The Modern Language Association" at its annual convention, and the result of its discussion of the practicability of French and German replacing Greek as a requirement for the Arts course at college. The cut illustrating "English as She is Learned" is one of the best of the humorous illustrations that have lately appeared in the *Spectator*. (We see a reference to the Christmas number in

the local columns, but as we have not been favored with a copy, we cannot speak of it.) From what we can learn, English is badly used, or rather slightly abused, at most of our American Colleges. The artist who sketched the picture for "Very Complimentary" would seem to have made Gregori's acquaintance; in any case, the figure given of the artist on paper and the artist here are not very dissimilar as to personal appearance, though in character they might be, for Gregori never makes pretentious display of his egotism, if he has any. The other illustration in this number of the *Spectator*, entitled "Definite," is of course very indefinite. This is a charming characteristic freak of the *Spectator's* artist.

—Some of our exchanges, a short time ago, spread the report that the *King's College Record* was suppressed by the college authorities, on account of its action in the recent trouble at the University. There seems to have been no truth in the report. If we do not mistake, we have received the *King's College Record* all along through the trouble; and now comes a splendid Christmas number, proving conclusively that the *Record* still lives,—that it possesses greater vitality than most of the other Canadian college papers, excellent as many of these are. Nine-tenths of the college papers in the United States can bear no comparison with the *College Record* or the *University Monthly*; in the literary style of their editorials and their contributed matter, the latter can be taken as models. There is no attempt to lower the standard for the sake of an ephemeral popularity; there is no stuffing with stale almanac or newspaper jokes, or with college news that went the rounds of the papers years ago; better than all, there is a careful abstention from the maudlin gossip and prurient wit that grace (?) the local and selected matter of many of our United States college papers, and a few of the Canadian papers, even those of a denominational character. We have often thought it strange that college editors would allow such loose, almost immoral matter into their papers,—matter that is read alike by young people of both sexes, and which, if introduced in conversation in any decent, well-bred society, would at once be frowned down, and ever after exclude the maudlin, graceless wit from respectable society. We have always admired the well-bred ease and grace and the purity of tone of the *King's College Record* especially, and would be sorry to see it suppressed. It would undoubtedly be a great loss to King's, and be missed by the more respectable of its exchanges. From the result of our own observation of what appeared in the paper itself, we think the conduct of the editors of the *Record* was eminently discreet throughout the troubles at the University, and we are glad to learn that the editors of the *Dalhousie Gazette* coincide with this opinion. A single involuntary mistake, humbly apologized for when attention was called to it, gives little excuse for any attempt at suppression; if any feeling against the editors still exist we feel confident that the Faculty will take the matter in thought and spare the paper.

Books and Periodicals.

—*Brainard's Musical World* begins the new year with a capital number, abounding in good things, both literary and musical, while the illustrations are very fine. There is an excellent portrait of Brignoli among the choice engravings. The miscellany, news, correspondence and timely editorials, all are of interest to musical people everywhere.

—The January number of Father Lambing's interesting Quarterly, "Historical Researches in Western Pennsylvania," has reached us. This number contains articles on the "Early History of Pittsburgh" and "The Acadians in Philadelphia," together with the continuation of the "Register of the Baptisms and Interments of Fort Duquesne," enriched with interesting notes and comments. The work is a valuable one to the student of American History, and should be extensively circulated. The subscription price is \$1.00 per annum, to be addressed to Rev. A. A. Lambing, 48 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

—The reading matter in common print in *The Student's Journal* (edited by Mr. Andrew J. Graham, of New York) in hyphenized exercises for phonographic practice by Graham writers and students, consists chiefly of such well-selected articles and items of a scientific character that in the course of a year these are worth much more than the price of subscription (\$2), not to speak of the benefit to the shorthand writers. An immense amount of time and painstaking labor must be required, not alone in selecting, but in pointing and numbering the words and phrases. Besides the matter in common print there are two, three, and sometimes more, pages of shorthand, of late consisting of a brief Reporting List in which every imaginable mode of brevity is placed under requisition. Although extreme brevity is not always an aid to speed, short outlines will often be found necessary. Of course the selections should be judiciously made. Advanced shorthand writers of all the various Pitman schools, of which Graham's is a branch, will find all the brief outlines they want in the Reporter's List.

—In the *Catholic World* for January, the Rev. A. Hewitt gives another instalment of his learned series of papers on "Scriptural Questions," in which he continues his discussion of the common and scientific chronology. In summing up, Father Hewitt says:

"We have already shown that there is no positive and definite doctrinal criterion in the shape of a biblical system of chronology. It is certain that there is a great latitude conceded by good theologians to theories and systems. Some respectable Catholic authors, as we have seen, openly advocate theories respecting the antiquity of man in comparison with which the longest chronology ever proposed by any Christian scientist, before our time, is short. Thus far there has been no judgment, censure, or interference by ecclesiastical authority. We cannot, therefore, fix a limit by any sure and authoritative rule beyond which it is unlawful for a Catholic to stretch the antiquity of man."

The contents also include "The Falls of Wend

—A Legend of North Wales"; "The Hôtel Bellecour During the Siege"; "The Tin Soldiers"; "Lilies among Thorns"; "The Annunciation"; "Solitary Island"; "A Tired Heart"; "Barbara Redwood"; "Katharine"; "Influence of School Life on Eyesight," and "Notes on New Publications."

—The December number of *The Ave Maria* opens with an article on "The Immaculate Conception" which is one of the most eloquent and original expositions of that dogma of our holy Faith that has come under our notice. Among other interesting and instructive articles is one entitled "The Bambino of Ara Cœli," which is accompanied with a beautiful illustration. That well-written life sketch—"A Troubled Heart, and How it was Comforted at Last"—which has fascinated so many readers of *The Ave Maria*, runs through two numbers of this part and is brought to a conclusion, preserving its absorbing interest to the end. Maurice F. Egan contributes a Christmas story, entitled "The Packet with the Anchor Seal," which, while possessing all the interest which the most ardent lover of novels could desire, sets forth in a most pointed and direct manner the evils of mixed marriages. Among the poetical contributors are Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, Christian Reid, Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., E. P. Ryder, and others. It is needless to say, therefore, that the poetry is of a high order of excellence. This number of *Our Lady's Journal* appears in a bright, beautiful new cover, a more extended notice of which we hope to give next week.

Personal.

—Rev. L. J. Evers, '79, is Rector of St. Patrick's Church, Newburgh, N. Y.

—A. J. Burger, '80, is meeting with great success in the practice of medicine, at Reading, Pa.

—Hugo Hugg, of '72, and Geo. Rhodius, of '80, accompanied by Dr. T. Hendricks Morgan, all of Indianapolis, Ind., were welcome visitors to the College during the week.

—Rev. R. Maher, C. S. C., some years ago a Professor in the University, and recently engaged in missionary work, left Notre Dame last Tuesday for Lead City, Dakota, and will take charge of the parish in that city.

—Chas. Zeigler (Com'l), '83, is in business with his father and brothers in their whole-sale confectionary establishment, at Milwaukee, Wis. Charley's New Year's greeting and handsome card to one of his old friends here was very much appreciated.

—James E. Hagerty (Com'l), '77, of the firm of John E. Hagerty & Son, St. Louis, is meeting with well-deserved success in business. This firm, as we learn from a St. Louis paper, has the highest praise and receives a constantly increasing patronage from the public.

—Rev. A. J. Dorney, Rector of St. Gabriel's Church, Chicago, spent a few days at the College last week. On the Feast of the Epiphany he preached an eloquent and instructive sermon to the students. Father Dorney is a whole-souled gentleman and a worthy priest; and during his visit made many friends, all of whom hope for the pleasure of soon meeting him again. We reprint elsewhere in this paper his own impressions as given to the press of Chicago.

Local Items.

- Snow for the million!
- The Semis begin on the 26th.
- The Quartette Club is practising.
- The ground is covered with snow.
- Have you heard the Restaurant story?
- The Thespians are preparing for the 22d.
- "Roxy" says Christmas pies are im-mince.
- It is time to begin cramming for the semi-annual.
- The St. Cecilians are all back and ready for business.
- After a brief but brilliant career, the skating is no more.
- Rev. Father O'Brien will lecture on "Temperance" to-morrow evening.
- How many, thus far, have kept their good resolutions made on New Year's?
- The examinations in Modern Languages and Fine Arts will begin next week.
- The Junior Charley has taken to moonlight serenades. Look out for Papa!
- The Thespians are to give the play "Waiting for the Verdict," on the 22d of Feb.
- Don't forget that our "box" is now placed in the students' office. All are welcome!
- The scientists were hard at work last Wednesday in fitting up several rooms in Science Hall.
- The Senior "Roll of Honor" was omitted by mistake in last week's SCHOLASTIC.
- There are indications that Lafayette, of this State, will carry off another gold medal this year.
- "Rec" was taken on Wednesday instead of Thursday, in order to make sure of the fine skating.
- Prof. Lyons went to Chicago, last Wednesday, to meet the remains of his old friend, Mr. Colfax.
- Now, that all have returned, the SCHOLASTIC extends a hand and a welcome to the students of '85.
- The works of the Abbé Bougaud and Mgr. Freppel are among the latest additions to the Library.
- A new departure was inaugurated at the matutinal repast of last Thursday. Long may it wave!
- FOUND—A valuable pair of skates. The

owner may recover them by applying at the students' office.

—The Gymnasiums should be fitted out. It would require but very little expense, and we hope it will be done.

—It has been asserted by some, who think they ought to know, that rail-road riding causes seasickness. How is that?

—The Senior Law Class are now entering on the subject of pleadings—a subject that was prepared for in previous lectures.

—The Judge started for Canada as soon as news of the Oliver riot reached the College.—If our sensational press reporters had only done the same!

—The fine skating called for two hours extra "rec" on last Tuesday, which were kindly granted by President Walsh, and greatly enjoyed by the boys.

—The treasurers of the different societies are commencing to smile as the second session approaches. Humph! "Vain are the illusions of hope!"

—The students of the Junior department are indebted to Rev. President Walsh and the Prefect of Discipline for the entertainment provided for them last Saturday evening.

—One of our Staff may, perhaps, tell you where the Temple of Astronomy is. He saw several vivid constellations, last Wednesday, when there was a conjunction with O'Rion. (Eh?)

—The members of the Class of '85 will deliver a course of lectures before the Junior Temperance Association. The first of the series will be given by Charles F. Porter, who was formerly a member of the Society.

—A complete transformation has been made in the interior of the presbytery by the skilful brush of Bro. Frederick. The appearance of the doors, panels, etc., painted in imitation of French walnut, is very beautiful, indeed.

—Tales of thrilling interest are told by those who have returned from home, and they pour into the victim's ears a whole sea-side library full of romantic incidents. Keep your eye on one of these fellows when he approaches you.

—The click of the type-writer is now heard at almost all hours in the upper region of the college. Several of the Mexican students are putting in time on it, which shows that the young men from that far-off region are not a whit behind the times.

—The *Cincinnati Telegraph* says of the *Scholastic Annual*:

"This *Annual* gives the reader 84 pages of reading-matter, graced by the culture and depth of thought characteristic of all works issuing from that centre of learning—Notre Dame."

—The "Laws" are to have a Moot Court this evening in the Law lecture-room, under the direction of Judge Hoynes. We have not heard on what subject the case hinges, but of course the proceedings will be of interest to the embryo barristers.

—The Philopatrians held their 10th regular meeting on the evening of the 12th inst. The principal business was the organization of another Moot Court, which will be reported in our next. Master F. Hagenbarth enlivened the proceedings by a neat little song.

—Last Wednesday, Master Gustave Cooper distributed among the Faculty and students several copies of Rt. Rev. Bishop Hennessy's sermon on the "Sanctity of the Church," delivered before the Plenary Council. The gift is due to the courtesy of Rev. P. Burke, of Dubuque, Iowa.

—Bro. August, the genial Director of the Tailoring Establishment, informs us that he has just received a large supply of new goods from the East. He is now prepared to furnish the students with suitings of every desirable style and variety and at the lowest reasonable prices. Call and see the goods.

—The Senior department has some powerful men now, and surely, out of the material they possess, there should be two splendid crews for spring. Students, taking any interest in boating and physical development, should make application for admittance to the Boat Club as early as possible in the next session.

—It is proposed to hold a celebration each year by the "banner" boys of the Junior department. These annual events will be of a character unique and memorable, and well worth the striving to participate in. This year the "celebration" will be held on May 15th, and is already looked forward to with great interest.

—Thanks to the Rev. President, "Rec" was given on Wednesday that the students might get the benefit of the fine condition of the lakes for skating. The boys thought it best to make hay while the sun was shining—in a figurative sense, you know. 'Twas well they did, for since then it has snowed almost incessantly, making the heaviest fall of the season.

—We are indebted to Prof. J. A. Lyons, of Notre Dame University, for a copy of the *Scholastic Annual* for 1885. Though previous issues of the *Annual* were excellent, the present number excels them all in its literary productions and its artistic make-up. It is printed from clear type on superfine book paper, and reflects credit on both compiler and publisher.—*N. O. Morning Star*.

—The fine paintings in the green-room have been removed to other quarters, as the steam was beginning to injure them. The Van Dyke has been temporarily placed in the grand reception-room, and the other antique paintings have been hung in the corridor leading to the Library. We regret to say that the old Swedish painting, dated 1391—probably the oldest painting in the United States—has been very badly injured.

—The latest, but by no means the least, notable Catholic *Annual* of the year is the *Scholastic Annual*, published at the University of Notre Dame, Ind., and ably edited by Professor J. A. Lyons. It

has more original matter than any of its competitors, and its list of contributors contains well-known and respected names. Science, poetry, biography, essays—all kinds of interesting reading, filling up 85 beautifully-printed pages.—*Pilot*.

—The St. Cecilians were photographed in costume on the stage in Washington Hall, previous to the presentation of their drama—"The Recognition." Bonney, of South Bend, did the work and succeeded very well with the stage, scenery and the general appearance of the costumes of the actors; but many of the faces are indistinct, a defect attributable to want of proper light. The picture hangs in the St. Cecilia assembly room.

—The 8th regular meeting of the Columbian Association took place January 10th. Messrs. W. Loomis and J. Bates were elected members. The following were elected to fill vacancies in office: A. Marion, Cor. Secretary; J. Hoatling, Historian; W. Jess, Librarian; A. McNulty, 2d Censor; S. O'Kane, 1st Property Manager; W. Loomis, 2d Property Manager; J. Bates, 1st Prompter; H. C. Rothert, 2d Prompter. After an interesting debate, the meeting adjourned.

—The Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, Vice-President elect of the United States, has kindly presented to the students of the University, a handsome portrait of himself, as a *souvenir* of his visit to Notre Dame last November. The presentation was made through the nephew of the distinguished gentleman, Dr. T. Hendricks Morgan, of Indianapolis. Needless to say, the gift is highly appreciated. Vice-Pres't Hendricks is greatly esteemed by the students, and if they can control matters four years hence, he will be President in 1888.

—According to a beautiful Catholic custom, a lamp is kept perpetually burning before the statue of Our Lady in the Senior and other study-halls at Notre Dame, and after another good old Catholic custom, many persons take pleasure in keeping the votive lamp renewed from time to time by voluntary offerings. We were told by Bro. Emmanuel, the Senior Prefect, that one of the young gentlemen from the city of Mexico gave him a gold half-eagle, a few days ago, as a votive offering for Our Lady's lamp in the Senior study-hall. We wish we were at liberty to give his name.

—On last Sunday evening, Rev. President Walsh paid a visit of inspection to the Junior study-hall, and spoke a few words of kind, fatherly advice to the students. Dwelling on happiness as a consciousness of duty fulfilled to the best of one's ability, he pointed out how it was possible for all to attain *that consciousness*, advising them to strive to overcome the painful feelings consequent on departure from cheerful homes; he proceeded to show why the beginning of the New Year is such an excellent time to take new and fervent resolutions, especially against the indulgence of bad habits. He exhorted all to persevere to the best of their ability in the practice of virtue, to always cultivate a nice sense of honor and delicate regard for truth—the pearl of all moral excellencies.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Arce, Ancheta, Ashton, A. Browne, Felix Baca, Bates, Becerra, J. Baca, M. Burns, F. Brown, D. Byrnes, Conlon, Wm. Collins, Chapin, Crawford, Casavantes, Creel, F. Combe, Carbajal, Cusack, De Groot, Donohue, Dwan, Dexter, Dolan, Dickerson, Ewing, Estrado, Frevermuth, Goulding, A. Gordon, Guthrie, Garcia, Hamlyn, Halligan, Howard, Hausberg, Johnston, Jess, Kolars, King, Kleiber, Keys, Livingston, McCabe, McMillan, McKinnery, McGuire, Meyer, McErlaine, McCartney, McMurray, Marquez, Mathers, S. Murdock, A. Miller, Morrison, Meister, Noonan, O'Connell, J. P. O'Donnell, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Perlev, Padilla, J. Prudhomme, P. Prudhomme, C. Porter, Quill, Rothert, O. Ryan, Reach, Rice, Rul, Rahilly, J. Ryan, Roth, G. Smith, A. Smith, Sheridan, Steis, Sanchez, Saviers, Sykes, Troxell, Trepanier, W. Williams, Wagoner, Willard, A. Williams, White, Warner, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arts, Ackerman, Adams, Borgschulze, Byerly, Bearss, Berthelet, Burrett, Combe, Congdon, Cummings, Clarke, Cleary, Calvin, J. Devine, W. Devine, E. Dillon, O. Dillon, Dempsey, Dorenberg, Donnellan, Daly, Darrah, Emmons Ewing, Finckh, Fehr, Flood, J. Garrity, F. Garrity, Hemisbaugh, Harris, Howard, Harring, Hibbeler, Holman, Houlihan, Hagenbarth, Johnson, Kegel, Kenny, Klaner, Luther, H. Long, F. Long, Martinez, V. Morrison, B. Morrison, Monschein, Myers, Macke, Meehan, Nusbaum, Oxnard, O'Brien, Portillo, Prudhomme, Porter, Regan, Real, Rose, Rattigan, Rebori, Ruffing, Remish, Rogers, Ruger, Ryan, Stubbs, Senn, Soden, F. Smith, Stange, Spencer, Schmauss, Shaw, Sedberry, Talbot, Servis, Thurston, Tarrant, Wabraushek, Wagoner, West, Wagoner, Willard, Williamson, Weiting, Zozaya, Zollars.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters J. Addington, H. Addington, Ackerman, Boos, Bunker, Bull, Barger, Blakeslee, Baker, Campau, Crotty, Comins, Cobbs, F. Dunford, G. Dunford, L. Doss, Ernest, F. Falvey, T. Falvey, E. Falvey, Grunsfeld, Haney, Henry, Hopkins, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, C. Jones, E. Kelly, Kellner, McPhee, McVeigh, Murphy, Morgan, McGill, J. Mitchell, Moncada, McCourt, Mason, McNulty, Mooney, Nusbaum, Noonan, Nester, J. Peck, Piel, Piero, Paul, Quill, Quinlin, Rugee, Ramsay, Shöneman, Sweet, Scherrer, Smith, Williamson, Zozaya.

List of Excellence.

PREPARATORY AND COMMERCIAL COURSES.

Reading and Orthography—Messrs. White, Letcher, De Groot, Breen, Servis, McMillan, Troy, Marquez, Creel, Butterfield, H. Warner, Macke, Kelly, Weiler, Hamlyn, J. Ryan; Grammar—Messrs. Congdon, O'Brien, Leoni, Mullane, Hamlyn, Ewing, Finckh, Tully, Rivard, Chapin, Piefer, W. Morrison, Williamson, W. Williams, Nussbaum, Dillon, J. Grunsfeld, Hieronimus, R. Morrison, Flood, Oxnard, Donnellan, Adams, Aikens, Ruffing; Geography—Messrs. Mullane, O. Dillon, Wabraushek, Borgschulze, Darrah, Schaefer, Cooper, Ewing, Hamlyn, G. Miller, O. Ryan, McGill, Williams, McCartney, Ashton; United States History—Messrs. F. Riley, Ewing, G. Mullane, Darrah, Berthelet, Remish, Hamlyn, Miller, O. Ryan, McGill, Williams, J. Hasson, Chamberlain; Arithmetic—Messrs. Sanchez, Bates, Troxell, Freyermuth, G. Miller, C. Williams, Martinez, Rebori, F. Garrity, McCartney, Loomis, Loya, Meehan, W. Willard, Arts, Emmons, F. Riley, E. Dillon, Mullane, Kelly, Harris, Hamlyn, Tully; Book-Keeping—Messrs. Daly, S. O'Brien, Rogers, Hibbeler, G. Meyers, S. Murdock, W. Murphy, Noonan; Penmanship—Messrs. Murphy, Burns, Austin, Riley, Creel, Quill, Flood, Remish, Clarke, Oxnard, Cavaroc, S. Nussbaum, Monschein, Sedberry, S. O'Brien, Zollars, Darrah, Williamson, Shaw, Holman, G. Meyers, Rattigan; Latin—Messrs. Ewing, Stubbs, White, Wiley, Courtney, Reach, Ramsay; Algebra—Messrs. Daly, O'Brien, Ewing, Rogers, Ramsay, Finckh; Christian Doctrine—Messrs. Ewing, Cummings, Ruffing, Spencer, Darrah, Schmauss, West, R. Morrison, Rattigan, W. O'Kane, Williamson, F. Long, Dempsey, Rebori, Robinson, Flood, Sokup, Donnellan, Hasson, Arts.

[From the Chicago "Daily Sun."]

Sketch of Notre Dame.

The Rev. Father Dorney, who has just returned after paying a short visit to the University of Notre Dame, at South Bend, Ind., gives his impression of this famous institution, which may prove interesting to many of our readers: "At the head of Catholic colleges in the United States is the University of Notre Dame. Its beginning was made more than forty years ago on a large tract of land purchased from the aboriginal owners. From a small commencement it has steadily advanced to its present state." Nor are its owners satisfied with present results; they wish to go up higher, and no expense is saved. The College consists of many and beautiful buildings. There are, indeed, three colleges entirely distinct from one another in every way. One is devoted to the care of the very small boys, where, under the motherly guardianship of the kind Sisters of the Holy Cross and the superintendence of the priests of the same Order, the comforts of a home are given the little ones while beginning their intellectual attempts. In a country in which boys are sent so early to college, this is an unqualified good. It would have made life much more pleasant years ago for the writer of this sketch. The more advanced boys have school rooms, sleeping apartments and playing halls, exclusively their own. The same holds with regard to the grown-up pupils.

"It is a wonderland to the college boy of twenty years ago—this college palace. The large halls and passages, the dome and every available space has been utilized to teach by paintings the prominent facts of history.

"A series of historical paintings in the main hall by Professor Gregori would hold high rank in the art galleries of Europe. They are indeed not only ablest teachers of history, but most correct instructors in critical taste. It will be a surprise if the students of this favored college do not come forth more polished as well as better instructed than the less fortunate seeker after education of the days gone by. One sees in the dining halls large mural paintings of the most important structures of the ancient and modern world. Less lengthy and less expensive than a trip to Europe, yet more can be learned than many a European tourist brings home. In all its appointments, this is a perfect college.

"One word as to amusement: It has its own theatrical company, its own theatre, perfect in all its points. The scenic artist is a professor of the college. It has large, commodious billiard halls, reading-rooms, and rooms for all kinds of rational games. The boy of quiet temperament has his pleasure as well as the athlete in gymnasium, or on the ball field. Special buildings are yearly added for the various scientific studies, and not until nothing remains to be done will the Professors rest satisfied. Place all this by the side of a beautiful lake and pleasant, cultivated country surroundings, and you have the home to which the modern mind turns for inspiration. Truly, it is good to be a boy now."

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Music Examinations will begin the 19th, and continue every evening until all the classes have been examined.

—The "Roll of Honor" and "Class Honors," which were unavoidably crowded out this week, will be published next week.

—The written examinations in the Theoretical Music Classes were opened on Saturday, the 10th inst., and so far have proved highly satisfactory.

—Grateful thanks are returned to Mr. Beal, of the *Laporte Herald-Chronicle*, for the gift of various valuable periodicals, among others of the *Atlantic Monthly*. They are for the use of those who frequent St. Edward's Reading-Room.

—It is with uncommon pleasure that we greet the intelligence of the growing favor in which the artistic labors of Miss Kate Young, Class '72, are held. Last year, two of her paintings were accepted by the New York Academy of Design. This year a like honor has been bestowed. The fine talents and earnest industry of this devoted young artist, whose love for art was first implanted in St. Luke's Studio, is a subject of sincere congratulation on the part of her numerous friends at St. Mary's.

—The most appropriate Christmas card received in the Academy this year, was from Mrs. Denis Ferguson, of Boston, Mass. The style is not only novel, but intrinsically beautiful. As the box is opened, a small hand painted card of delicate flowers on a scented cushion of blue silk presents itself. The subjects of the three pictures enclosed are the "Journey of the Eastern Kings"; the "Message of the Angel to the Shepherds," and, finally, the "Adoration and gifts of the Magi." The mysteries of the season are feelingly and clearly represented, and the title "Christmas Card" is fairly earned, and is not, as in so many instances, entirely out of place.

—Some weeks since, Mr. Geo. Munger, of Chicago, sent to his daughter the following problem to be demonstrated:

"Find the circumference of a circle described around a five-pointed Star, the distance between the alternate points being given."

Offering, at the same time, a handsome prize to her and anyone who would give a satisfactory demonstration. The problem was quickly solved by the Sister in charge of the higher Mathematics in the Academy; and by other lovers of the branch; also by Miss Call,—who bore last year such a brilliant examination in Trigonometry,—as well as by Miss Munger. The prize, however, falls to the first demonstrator, and she returns thanks to Mr. Munger for the interest taken in the science, as well as for the substantial proof of the same.

—A welcome letter from Mrs. Kate Livingston, Roberts, Class '69, was received. The graceful, clear penmanship and elegant composition show that the intervening years have not impaired the intellectual gifts for which the writer was remarkable while in the Academy; but, better still, the warm affection expressed for friends and teachers shows that the same generous, true heart remains. Naming the teachers to whom she felt herself especially indebted and to whom she wishes to be particularly remembered, she adds: "And will it be audacity if I include Father Sorin? Ah! well, I can revere and bless him, as many more have done." She speaks of her two young daughters and says: "It is my full intention to have both of my daughters educated with you. Nothing could give me so much delight as to have both of them graduate from your loved and revered halls." May health and every blessing be continued to her and to her loved ones in her far-off Southern home!

The Secret of National Prosperity.

BY C. GINZ.

It is not wealth that fills the heart with joy, nor is the possession of luxuries a true index of happiness in the social world. Both may exist when misery, in its most appalling form, tyrannizes over the heart of man. The peasant who earns his daily bread by constant toil, and who is blest with health and virtue, is a far richer man than he who counts his millions, and yet whose heart is disturbed by the reproaches of remorse, the pangs of envy, of unsatisfied ambition, or of any passion akin to these, which nourishes within his being the fierce fires of discontent.

As with the individual, so is it with the nation. The wide extent of territory to which a kingdom or a republic lays claim is not the measure of its prosperity. When was the empire of Babylon more to be envied in the eyes of the world than at the very moment when its luxurious monarch feasted fearlessly, and drank his luscious wines from out of the sacred vessels, impiously wrested from the temple of the Most High God? Why did he suddenly turn away from the banquet table with pallid lips and terror-stricken countenance? Why did his heart almost cease its pulsation, and the choicest viands thrill him with disgust? What dread agitated his frame? His kingdom he believed to be secure, and he thought himself master of untold riches; he had nothing more to desire. Why should he not eat, drink, and be merry? But, lo! his eye was irresistibly riveted upon the walls of the banqueting chamber. He beheld a mysterious hand moving along the ceiling; and, as it passed, in clear characters, the trembling monarch saw words that he could not comprehend. A chill fell upon the perfumed atmosphere; the blood in the cheek of beauty was curdled in the veins; the

proud glance of fearless manhood was changed to the wild glare of undefinable terror. The wise men of the kingdom were summoned; but too deep was the mystery for them to solve. The youthful prophet of Israel was called at last. By divine inspiration, he deciphered the appalling characters. The night-fell, and lo! its deepening shadows descended upon the fulfilment of the prophecy. The destruction foretold in the handwriting upon the wall was complete. The Medes and Persians avenged God of the sacrileges committed by the luxurious Babylonians.

The history just related is but a fair example of the mutability of all human enjoyment, of all human greatness. Yet, while nations rise and fall, some waxing, and waning almost with the changing of the moon, there are those which with sturdy steadfastness have shunned the storms of revolution, have resisted the shocks of disaster which agitate the rest of the world. They have remained for centuries observing the same code of laws, and prospering under the same government which marked their foundation.

We will not linger upon the immunity from invasion which has been the happy lot of San Marino in Italy, and Andorra in Spain, safe in their mountain security from the vicissitudes of modern invasion, but, with the permission of our honored audience, we will treat, in our unpretending way, of what in our humble opinion is the only security of individual, social, and national prosperity.

The prodigal may sometimes return to share the wealth of the father he has wronged; but for every one who repents there are a thousand who continue to feed on the husks that the swine would not eat, till life is no more; till eternal wretchedness closes the dark chapter of temporal destruction. Are there not nations who likewise "waste their substance in riotous living"; in the mad career of pleasure and folly, even as did the prodigal son?

Trifling, impiety, love of ease, and fear of poverty constitute their unwritten code of laws. The privilege which they inherit as the heir-loom of their falsely-styled prosperity is to live as though earth were the end of their ambition, and eternity a myth of imagination—a foolish relic of ancient superstition.

Were we to interpret the secret of that which must surely work the destruction of a nation, were we deputed to read the "handwriting on the wall" of modern godless nations, we should decipher the "Mene, Thecel, Phares," as referring to the disastrous dispositions above noted. The secret of national prosperity, on the other hand, is to be found in the complete reverse of those traits. It is to be learned in the serious and earnest cultivation of all the domestic virtues, first among which should stand respect for authority—divine authority, which has been, and shall forever be, the safeguard of public virtue.

The fool has said in his heart, "There is no God." The false philosopher has cried out, as an echo to this inanity, "There is no virtue." The false historian echoes the cry. They find it not in

themselves, and they believe others incapable of virtuous actions. Not so the wise heart: he beholds in the destruction of Baltassar the same elements at work as those which previously drew vengeance down upon the heads of the antediluvians, and which, later on, swept the Roman Empire into oblivion; the same which in modern warfare, at Lepanto, and anon at Vienna, defeated the Turks who threatened the Christian civilization of Europe. He discovers the same causes which set the seal of downfall on the reign of terror in France, and which, equally sure in their aim, stayed the audacity of ambition at Moscow and at Waterloo. Sacrilege and impiety have ever been the harbingers of national disaster and ruin.

Like the coming and the departure of the seasons, like the rising and the setting of the sun, the results can be clearly anticipated. So sure as like causes produce like effects, so surely does irreligion undermine the prosperity of a nation. Not the eloquence of a Demosthenes, a Cicero, or an Edmund Burke; not the statesmanship of a Richelieu, a Franklin, or a Lord Beaconsfield can serve to prevent the catastrophe; they will not arm the commonwealth against this ubiquitous and merciless internal foe.

What shall save our own nation, exposed as it is to the ravages of this many-headed monster? Its presence has startled the worst apprehensions of the wisest, of the calmest intellects, and the most hopeful hearts. Our trust is in renewed vigilance over the treasures of the home-circle. There the remedy must be conserved. There, and in the ranks of our colleges and our academies the antidote must be vigorously applied, and then shall the evil be arrested.

The caustic inroads of impiety must be counteracted by the soothing unction of Christian reverence. Where, but in these places, shall this noble growth of grateful hearts find a more congenial soil? Where shall it better flourish? Furthermore, to whose hands shall be confided the application of the necessary remedy. It is to the youth of our day, but more particularly to those of our own sex: to woman, whose gentle voice is first to strike the chords of love and holy aspiration in the hearts of little ones, and whose untiring guidance must follow the wayward steps that else would stray.

Grand is thy mission, O Christian maiden! It is to renovate society; it is to burst open the grated windows of the moral prison-house to which godless education has consigned so many immortal souls; it is to strike down the iron barricades of domestic infidelity; it is to kindle anew the fires of deep and true affection on the hearth-stone of our homes; it is to let in on the social world the warmth and light of vigorous Christian principles.

Be true to this divine commission, Christian maiden, and your reward is as secure as it is certain that your labor is exalted and holy.

"I am a broken man," said a poet. "So I should think," was the answer, "for I have seen your pieces."