

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. II

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, Feb. 28 1885.

No. 20

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,
BY THE STUDENTS.

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TERMS.	{ One year - - - - -	\$1.50.
	{ Six months - - - - -	\$0.75.
	{ Payable in advance.	

For advertising see last page.

All students of the College are invited to send contributions of matter for the JOURNAL.

All communications should be addressed "St. Viateur's College Journal," Bourbonnais Grove, Ills.

NEVER DESPAIR!

Never despair in this world of strife
Tho' the day be both dismal and dark,
Tho' Adversity ruffles the ocean of life,
Let Hope guide the prow of your bark!
The world so changeful, if tearful to-day,
Joyful you may be to-morrow,
E'er 'mid the gloom is hiding a ray
Of sunshine to drive away sorrow.

Never despair on the rough thorny path,
For tread if you must and you can,
Gaze at the tempest wreaking its wrath
And never forget you're a man!
Climbing the mount that leads to the Spring,
Where Repose and Contentment e'er dwell,
Doubt not that songster on rustling wing,
In same passage frequently fell.

Never despair, tho' torrents and floods
Sweep by you in Fury's career,
Fierce as the Hurricane flees o'er the woods

Arrayed in the armor of Fear:
Tho' snows, like the icebergs of Northern seas,
In mountains may block your advance,
A smile o'er the valley's the meadows and leas
Shall melt them with sunshining glance.

Never despair 'mid crags hanging o'er,
That frown in their majesty gray,
Nor tremble, nor quake 'fore billows that roar,
Or lightnings that leap to dismay!
The Rainbow of peace across the broad zone
Shall stretch out her glittering ring,
Shall lull once again the waters that moan,
Their *requiem* peaceful shall sing.

Charybdis and Sylla before you may stand
Their dark shadows far o'er the waves.
Like monster Leviathan nigh the Norse land
In the haunts of his gurgling caves:
'Mid the loud breakers that toss high the foam
Pilot your boat swift but sure,
And sound of the Sirens' mellifluous tone
Shall never bewitch, nor allure.

Fortune so fair may rise in the East
Her gold she may bring to the West
But, as the flowers that bloom at a feast
May perish when mostly caressed:
But never depair the stars in the sky
Shall shine out as bright as of old,
Wand'ring planets, that furthestmost lie,
A story of bliss can unfold.

Never despair, whilst trying to array
With virtues uniting to God,
Heaven shall all your trouble repay,
When this valley of tears you've trod!
Tho', like the fish flying from the brine
You fall back to sin, yet, beware!
Of frailty human its only a sigh,
So never despair, despair!

J. P. M.

CATHOLICS IN THE REVOLUTION.

The 22nd, inst. being the birthday of the father of our country, it seems not out of place in this JOURNAL to vindicate the true patriotism exhibited by our Catholic forefathers in the struggle for independence, as well as to give expression in some way to the feelings of love and gratitude which we, as children of the Church of Rome to-day entertain toward the immortal Washington and the nation which he founded. Want of loyalty to the state, or opposition to liberty whether civil or religious, was never a characteristic of Catholics; on the contrary, even in countries where it was a crime to profess their religion, they have never exhibited themselves otherwise than as faithful and devoted citizens proud of national honor and zealous in defence of their national rights. At the outbreak of the American Revolution, their number in the Colonies was comparatively small.

They were made up of every nationality and existed for the most part in scattered and detached bodies. With the exception of the Catholic colony of Maryland, the birthplace of religious freedom in America, they were frequently denied the free exercise of their religion, and in many places were even persecuted by their intolerant brethren. As soon, however, as the cry of Freedom went forth through the land, forgetting these private wrongs they everywhere espoused the common cause, and in their hearts echoed back the responsive cry—Liberty and Independence. When the news of Lexington reached them, they could be seen hurrying forth in little bands from their distant settlements, all ready and anxious to meet the perils of war and to oppose with their lives every incroachment of tyrannical England. There were among them many patriots, but no tories and emphatically no traitors. Witness the prominent part taken in the struggle by the Carrolls of Maryland; one Charles of Carrollton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence; another, Daniel Carroll, a member of the Continental Congress; and a third, the well known Father John Carroll, who with his cousin Charles and Benjamin Franklin, was requested by Congress to proceed to Canada and to use his influence to secure the cooperation of the people of that province in the attempt to throw off the galling yoke of England. Witness, too, the priceless services rendered by the founder of our navy, the illustrious Commodore Barry, who from 1770 to 1781 kept the flag of the Union undimmed on the seas, and who in the end had become such a terror to English seamen that large sums of money and offices of the highest rank were offered him if he would only desert the cause—which, thank God, he never did.

Nor was it the Catholics of America only, that swelled the armies of Washington and imperilled their lives in the battles of the Revolution. The first roar of our musketry at Lexington and Bunker Hill, echoing over the broad Atlantic, sent a thrill of loving sympathy through the Catholic hearts of Europe, and immediately a thousand gallant swords leaped from their scabbards, and a thousand gallant heroes were on their way to join and to help us in our struggle to be free. Shall we ever forget the eminent services rendered us in that hour of need, by Lafayette, by Pulaski, by Kosciusko or the innumerable brave and generous Catholic soldiers whose souls were too chivalrous to stand aloof and see Freedom bleed even in the wilds of a new and distant world. Their names are inseparably united with that of Washington, and like Washington's, they will be ever held by us in fond remembrance, ever associated with the glories of our country, and ever numbered among the storied brave who bartered their blood for the liberty of America.

Never indeed, was there such harmonious and effectual Catholic action as that which was exhibited a hundred years ago in our struggle for independence. Catholics labored with zeal and ability in the the council-hall, in the army, and in the navy; Catholics calmed the hostility of the Indians in the Northwest, and prevented them from leaguings with the Canadians; Catholic Italy and the Catholic provinces of Germany exerted themselves not a little in our behalf; Catholic Spain, besides assisting with money and supplies, succeeded in banding all Continental Europe against England; while Catholic France, not content with paltry offerings, sent over to us whole fleets and armies, that won many important battles and aided us effectually in dealing the last and crowning blow at York-town.

But in thus lauding those Catholic heroes and recounting the valuable services rendered by them in the war of Independence, be it well understood that it is far from being our intention to detract a single iota from the fame or the name of Washington. The crown of glory that decks his brow is set with gems of rarest brilliancy, and though it were in our power, we would not remove from it even its darkest jewel no more than we would defame or curse the father to whom we owe our life. Washington, we frankly acknowledge, was the Moses of the American people, the one who released them from the bondage of English appression and led them into the promised land of liberty and independence. What we wish to be understood is that throughout the whole struggle the children of the Catholic Church never flinched from their duty, and never showed themselves otherwise than as a true, generous, and liberty-loving people.

Nor did they go unrewarded. The new government

founded by Washington, gave them what the old had denied, namely the sacred and inestimable rights of conscience, the freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own hearts. This to us, children of the Church of Rome, is a great boon, a great privilege; for, although it is a natural right and one which the powers of man should never take from us, yet since the days of Christ, we have been so often and so universally deprived of it, that it seems no longer a prerogative of nature, and that it comes now not from God but from the kings and princes of the earth. The Catholic Church indeed, has lived so long in Catacombs, in dreary deserts, and in the dark caves and deep recesses of mountains, that to be allowed to come forth into the world and enjoy the light of day seems to her now not a right but a privilege. It is on this account that we tell grateful and thankful to-day to the country of Washington, which has guaranteed to us not only civil but religious liberty, and which has pledge herself to extend over us, both as Catholics and as citizens, the ægis of her protection. Unlike so many other nations of the earth, she has not yet as striven to banish us from her domain, or to hunt us into the dark lonely recesses of mountains. Although born of a mother whose fiendish hands were red as scarlet with the blood of Catholics, hers as yet are free from stain. May they ever remain so, pure and white. May the friendly relation existing now between her and the Catholic Church always continue, May the one be the instrument of the others progress; and may it not be long until the banner of the Cross will float side by side with the Stars and the Stripes—Rome and America one in Christ.

A. J. M.

FATHER RYAN'S POEMS.

The object of all poetry is to bring sustenance to the feelings, to that part of our nature which lies between the intellect and the will; which is open to every pleasing influence and responds to every impression. There is not a thing on earth, but has a poetic side, which would touch the feelings could we but perceive its hidden beauty. To the true poet is this grand power given. His, is a sensitive nature. His eye detects a beauty and a meaning in things—a beauty and a meaning, which escapes ordinary vision. His object is to put this meaning or beauty into a picture, using words as his colors. Nothing is too high for the poets reach, and nothing is so insignificant that it may not furnish a subject for his verse. He catches glimpses of outward and inward beauty; and by the aid of his fancy he

works them into pictures, which hang on the walls of our memories; reflect their pleasing influence on our feelings and become in our dark hours a never failing source of delight and consolation.

These two elements, delight and consolation, are especially characteristic of the poetry of Fr. Ryan. The musical flow of his verse, clear as the chimes of silver bells; the beautiful and striking figures, scattered throughout his poetry, like flowers on the meadow, are the sources of never failing delight to the reader. Aside from this there is in many of his poems that element of consolation, which constitutes one of their chief merits. No one can tell how sweet those songs have sounded to hearts that were laden with care and sorrow; no pen can describe the consolation they have brought to those on whose brows, life's thorns have sharply pressed. This is why his songs are so much in unison with the feelings of our hearts. They are—as he himself so modestly said—true in tone. They are the silent friends whose unlooked for sympathy stirs every fibre of our being, because they are songs that:

“Gushed from the heart,
As showers from the clouds of Summer
Or tears from the eyelids start.”

There is however, a low wail of grief running through these poems. It seems like the shadow of some great sorrow. In one of his songs he asks: “Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?” but he does not give the answer. Yet his poems in general give us the solution. If, after reading them, you seek the reason of their prevailing undercurrent of sadness the cause immediately strikes you. It is their truth. They strike the keynote of human life, for life is made up of smiles and tears, or, as he terms it—“a laugh—and a moan.” Yet though he gives us a true picture of human misery and woe, there is never wanting in this picture the background of consolation. By comparing two stanzas of the poem entitled, “A Thought” we may better comprehend this.

“For no eyes have there been ever without a weary tear,
And those lips cannot be human which have never
heaved a sigh;

For without the dreary Winter there has never been
a year,

And the tempests hide their terrors in the calmest
Summer sky.”

“And our dim eyes ask a beacon, and our weary feet
a guide,

And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek the mean-
ing and the key;

And a cross gleams o'er our pathway, on it hangs the
Crucified,

And he answers all our yearnings by the whisper,
“Follow Me.”

Here we have certainly a true picture of human life, while in the back ground looms up the Fountain of all consolation and happiness. Further comment is unnecessary, but we may add, that there is more of truth and solace in this poem than in all that Byron or Poe ever wrote.

Some one has said: "Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who shall make their laws." There is a deep germ of truth in this saying; for by song you reach the hearts of the people. What enthusiasm does not the "Marseillaise" kindle in the heart of a son of sunny France; while the "Wacht Am Rhein" raises the German to the highest pitch of excitement. The Englishman loves his "Rule Britannia," and nothing is sweeter to an American than the "Star Spangled Banner." Scattered here and there throughout Fr. Ryan's poems are songs that are worthy of becoming the battle strains of nations. Cold indeed must be the heart and shallow the patriotism, that does thrill and burn at the recital of these poems. Nevertheless, among these patriotic laws, it seems to me that "Erin's Flag" is the grandest. In the majestic swell of the verse you seem to hear the tramp of the exiled millions, gathering around "Erin's Sunburst" drenched in tears and in blood,

"By the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years."

From the East and the West; from the North and the South they come, summoned by that prophetic song; and as they cluster around that banner of green and of gold, so famous on the battle fields of the world, you seem to hear the exiled multitude, rejoicing at the dawn of hope, and resolving to bear that flag to its old home;

"Where its fetterless folds o'er each mountain and plain
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane."

There is, however, another phase of Fr. Ryan's poetry, which merits consideration. This is its Christian spirit. In our days a combination of poetical genius and of Christian spirit is very rare. Yet, what colors are to an exquisite drawing, religion is to the poem. It gives to the poem its true tone, graces it with befitting beauty and makes it a vivid impression of the true and good. Among the poems of the Poet Priest of the South, there are many of this kind. In this "Song of the Mystic," we are told of a soul, which, seeking in vain for perfection and happiness amidst the "mazes of men," finds rest at last in the Valley of Silence—the vale of meditation and then seals its vocation with the words: "I will be thine." The holy life led in this valley is graphically pictured and its site described, as lying between two mountains—

"And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,

And one the bright mountain of Prayer!"

One never tires of reading such a poem, for it is only

after repeated readings that we catch the deep and strong undercurrent of thought and even then we do not exhaust the significance. In the poem entitled "The Last of May," we are carried back to the days of our childhood, when with wondering eyes we beheld the solemn closing of Mary's Month. Before us rises the church of our childhood and we recognize its loved shrines from the description:

"The tapers were lit on the altar,

With garlands of lilies between;

And the steps leading up to the statue

Flashed bright with the rose's red sheen."

To hearts that are harrowed by the cares and troubles of the world, this poem will bring a ray of consolation, a beam of hope, a glimpse of childhood's innocence. It will recall early and happy scenes, when at a mother's knee, they learned the beauty, holiness and goodness of their Virgin Mother, whom they promised to honor during their lives. Happy for them if they have kept that promise. If, however, they have wavered and forgotten that early vow, this simple poem will bring back to them their childhood's faith and that long forgotten May scene, when

"The singers, their hearts in their voices,

Had chanted the anthems of old,

And the last trembling wave of the Vespers

On the far-shores of silence had rolled.

And there—at the Queen Virgin's altar—

The sun wore the mantle of gold,

While the hands of the twilight were weaving

A fringe for the flash of each fold."

Who does not love to linger over such a poem as this? Its fragrance is always as fresh as the roses of Spring. This is but one of them any in which religion is entwined with the bright flowers of fancy, and which once read their mystical rhythm will ever keep time with our heart-throbs. To sum up the beauties of Father Ryan's poems we cannot do better than quote the words of one who appreciated their many merits. He says: "These poems have moved multitudes. They have thrilled the soldier on the eve of battle and quickened the marshal impulses of a chivalric race; they have soothed the soul wounds of the suffering, and they have raised the hearts of men in adoration and benediction to the great Father of all."

H.

LOCALS.

— Cod!

— Codding!

— Cud!

— Jack in the corner!

— Give us a smile, Arth!

— 17th. of March is St. Patricks day.

— The valentine craze is abating.

— *cud* Jack chew?....controvertitur.

— Bro. Bernard speaks of gardening soon.

— Phil. O'Neil is an artist at the Indian clubs.

— After all the snow-blizzards, snow-drifts and snow-banks follows the snow-thaw.

— Fr. Mainville has reorganized the singing classes and promises to furnish us rare musical treats ere long.

— 50cts reward for a gold pen somebody borrowed. and is too bashful to return. G. P. Troy—Ala

— Henry M.——for some private reason will continue to receive valentines until St. Patrick's day at his old stand.

— Mr. Joseph Soumis lately our professor has joined our friends of the Holy Name school. All success to him in his new field.

— The only thing left to remind us of summer is the dry tie of the telegraph battery which resembles somewhat the music of the katydids.

— Our excursionists have returned from their Southern trip and appear delighted with all they saw and heard. Fr. Legris says the Mexican band beats ours.

— Then he secretly stows it away in his deepest pocket and walks to the water basin and takes a drink to cool off—just as if we would not enjoy his excitement.

— Rev. Alfred Bélanger C. S. V. visited us lately. He seems well pleased with his little mission and looks hale as ever. Fr. Bélanger made a royal call to our Sanctum. Thanks.

— The "Blackburnian" an exchange, recommends all to read our essay "Cheerfulness" published in a preceeding issue of the Journal. The "Delphi" says we write very good essays and publish a French Supplement. Bravo! Those are good *coups de mains*.

— During the last fortnight while the mail was being distributed many a youth might be seen receiving a letter with a hearty "Thanks," anxiously tearing it open he draws out a brilliantly colored piece of paper on which he casts a who's-getting-funny sort of a frown.

— Last Sunday, the birthday of our Father Washington, the memory of the Hero of our liberties was duly honored. In the evening we beheld a brilliant entertainment consisting of music and song, speeches and recitation, pantomimic performances, declamations, dances, calisthenic exercise, etc. The import of the eulogies and remarks given on the occasion is that we must be faithful to the memory of this true American who by dint of courage and patriotism has constituted us a free people.

ROLL OF HONOR.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Gold Medal—equally deserved by James Cusack and Edward Kniery, drawn by James Cusack.

Edward Kniery.....1st. Silver Medal.

P. Wilstach }
J. Kelly } 2nd. Silver Medal. Drawn by P. Wilstach.

Distinguished—P. Parker, A. Granger and J. Deveney.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

T. Brady }
J. D. Larkin } Gold Medal.....Drawn by T. Brady.

J. D. Larkin.....1st. Silver Medal.

W. Henderson, }
V. Lamarre, }
M. Dupuis, } 2nd. Silver Medal. Drawn by R. Carr.
E. O'Conner, }
A. Theiss, }
R. Carr. }

E. O'Connor.....3rd. Silver Medal.

Distinguished—J. E. Henderson, C. Holmes, T. Ryan, FitzPatrick, W. Convey, Moynahan, G. Park, D. Frazer, J. N. Larkin, W. O'Conner, J. Kenedy, J. Riggamon, A. Brosseau, J. Morrisson, J. Maher, C. Bailly

James Cusack.....Composition Medal.

CONWAY MEDAL.

R. Carr, }
O. Park, }Drawn by G. Park.
T. Brady. }

GOOD CONDUCT.

James Maher.....Gold Medal.

POLITENESS.

John Kenedy.....Gold Medal.

Distinguished in Deportment—A. Brosseau, G. Brosseau, M. Bétourné, T. Brady, J. Brady, E. Bernier, A. Besse, C. Bailly, R. Carr, W. Convey, J. Cusack, J. Deveney, M. Dupuis, T. Duret, M. Devane, M. Fortin, A. Frazer, Fitz Patrick, A. Granger, P. Houde, C. Harbour, W. Henderson, J. D. Henderson, J. Henderson, C. Isham, J. Kelly, J. Kennedy, E. Kniery, P. Kelly, Kelly, J. Lambert, P. Legris, V. Lamarre, P. Lesage, J. D. Larkin, J. Larkin, M. Lancaster, W. Lehman, A. Lipman, J. Meagher, E. McKay, H. Murphy, J. Meagher, G. Martin, B. Masten, P. O'Neil, P. O'Grady, G. Park, P. Parker, J. Paquet, F. Periolat, J. Quinlan, J. Rafferty, M. Roy, G. Roy, F. Reaume, T. Ryan, A. Rivard, Rowan, A. Sanasack, G. Scott, A. Theiss, P. Wilstach, and L. Walsh.

 PERSONALS.

Wm. Morreau '83 is flourishing at Chippewa Fall, Wis.

Louis Lecours '83 is at his father's store in Kankakee.

John Conness '81 is developing the agricultural resources of a tract of land near Nevada, Ill.

John Morrissey '84 is under the instruction of the Sulpicians at St. Mary's Seminary Baltimore.

Jas. Maher '83 enjoys the beauties of the scenery around Symerton, Ills.

Rev. Jos. Lesage '75 still has charge of the flourishing little mission of St. George. His school is doing well under the management of Bro. Dionne.

We are happy to announce to the friends of J. Hogan '83 that they may soon affix M. D. to his name. Don't fail to visit us, John, after the great event takes place.

Jos. Guimont '77 was recently married to one of Quebec's fair daughters. Jos. has a good position in Quebec and will take up a permanent residence in that city. The happy couple have our best wishes.

J. P. Murphy A. M. '84 has just bloomed into print as the author of a farce, to be presented by the Thespian Association.

It is very well planned and written and is deserving of a good share of success, shake, Prof. Try again.

 THE RAVINE.

Among the many gems of nature's handiwork, such as murmuring brooklets, magnificent rivers, lovely valleys and lofty mountains, there is one situated near our college home and is known as "The Hermit's Ravine." This spot is so beautiful that it merits something more than a passing notice. As the traveller wends his way through the sleepy little hamlet of Bourbonnais, his attention is attracted by a small sluggish stream scarcely moving through its narrow bed, as it flows slowly but surely towards its place of destination. About a quarter of a mile from the Kankakee river the ground rises to the height of sixty or seventy feet above the level of the river; and as the stream nears this spot it moves faster and faster until it throws itself into the ravine and goes dancing along over the pebbly floor and keeping time to the music of its own soothing voice.

In Springtime, when the ice and snows of the surrounding country are melting, it is a grand sight to behold this little sparkling rivulet transformed into a

mighty cataract foaming and hissing along with terrific fury until at last it plunges into a yawning gulf and is lost forever in the river. But notwithstanding the imposing grandeur of this scene in Springtime, it cannot be compared to its exquisite loveliness in Summer. Then the mossy banks of the ravine are covered with beautiful verdure. There the lover of flowers would be in an ecstasy of delight at the scene before him; the ivy clinging lovingly to the grim old walls as if for protection from the elements and scores of bright little blue bells and crimson columbines peeping tenderly out from the crevices of the rocks. Here and there are cozy little recesses bedecked with myriads of flowers. At different places a ledge of rock juts out from the wall forming a natural rostrum, from which the college students may address an imaginary audience or declaim to the roaring torrent, after the manner of Demosthenes.

Near the western terminus of the ravine is situated what is called by the students, the "Cave" which at sometime, very likely, was the abode of some lover of solitude, or perhaps the refuge of the Indians during the time of hostilities. At present it is simply used as a place where such romantic pastimes as roasting apples or carving names on the rocks are indulged in by some of the youthful occupants of our "Alma Mater." This inviting retreat has been for years the resort of pleasure seeking students, where they might throw off the restraint of discipline and the fatigue of hard study and enjoy themselves for a few hours in innocent gaiety and amusement which, by giving rest to their overburdened minds, prepared them for higher and more noble achievements.

I dare say there is not one of the old students who, thinking of those happy days spent at St. Viateur's, does not sincerely wish that he were with his old class-mates once more and could pay a visit to this delightful spot which was the scene of his youthful enjoyments.

R. C. 1st. Gram.

 EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

The golden sun forsakes the gorgeous West,
And over all there comes a blessed rest.
The ploughman stops and seeks his weary way,
O'er greenwood paths, rivers and forests gray.
The insect-throng long since has ceased its hum,
The breeze is gone and rustling leaves are dumb;
While lowing herds, their nightly shelter seek,
Guided by westling swain o'er places bleak.
The curling smoke from cottage fires ascends,

The rustic maid, her simple duties tends.
 On ocean's breast the sun's last beams repose,
 Till morn again their crimson tints disclose.
 With dusky twilight, the even star appears,
 The heard of the Queen of all the spheres;
 Her silvery light the day's dark sins efface
 And lends to earth a sweet and mystic grace,
 Like sleep, her handmaid to the face of man.

H.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Gross of Savannah, has been appointed Archbishop of Oregon.

It is said that the Pope intends to proclaim the canonization of the English martyrs, Sir Thamas Moore and Cardinal Fisher.

Friday, the 20th inst, was the seventh anniversary of the elevation of Leo XIII. to the Pontificate.

—Miss Caldwell, who has given a munificent donation to found a Catholic university in the United States, is the first American to receive from the Pope the golden rose, which is presented every year to the individual who has rendered the most signal service to the Church during that year.

Among the recent contributors to the fund for the proposed American Catholic University is Mr. Eugene Kelly, the New York banker, who has donated \$50,000 towards its foundation. It is rumored that Seton Hall, New Jersey, will be the site of the future university.

The Rev. Mr. De Lisle, a Protestant clergyman, who was formerly on a foreign Anglican mission, was recently received into the Church in the Eternal City.

Cardinal McCabe died at Kingston, Ireland, on the 10th of this month, at midnight, of inflammation of the bowels.

His Eminence Edward McCabe, cardinal priest of the Catholic Church, was born in Dublin in 1816; was educated in one of the catholic schools of his native city, and passed out of it into the college of Maynooth. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1839 and appointed to the curacy in the parish of Clontarf, county Dublin.

In 1850 he was transferred to a curacy in the cathedral parish, Malborough street. In 1856 he was promoted to the pastorphism of the parish of St. Nicholas in the city and occupied that position until 1865 when he was transferred to the parish of Kingston. He was one of Cardinal Cullen's vicar-generals; was appointed bishop-assistant to him in 1877, and succeeded him in March, 1879, as archbishop of Dublin. He was created a cardinal in 1882 by Leo XIII who assigned to him the Basilica of Santa Sabina.

At last the dying wish of that great and gifted son

of Ireland, Dr. Cahill, is about to be carried into effect and the ashes of the illustrious dead will soon repose in the land he loved so well, beside the resting-place of Daniel O'Connell in Glasnevin Cemetery. This priest who distinguished himself by the many eloquent lectures he delivered through the States and Canada, from the year of his arrival in this country in 1859, till his death in 1864, had signified his desire of being interred in his native land. A committee with Hon. W. R. Grace, Mayor of New York, as chairman lately decided that on the 23rd inst. his remains, after being brought from Boston to the Cathedral of New York, where a solemn Requiem Mass would be sung, should be carried with the greatest solemnity to the steamship "Wyoming" which would convey them to Ireland.

EXCHANGES.

Owing to neglect of somekind we have hitherto failed to notice the Scholastic Almanac compiled by Prof. Lyons of Notre Dame.

The annual for 1885 is just as attractive as any of its predecessors, It contains some of the choicest prose and poetical contributions chiefly from the pens of Prof. Stace and Prof. Honard. The Astronomical predictions are as usual filled with humor. We congratulate Prof. Lyons on his compilation. It reflects credit upon himself and the University he represents.

The Lake Vindicator—William Halley Editor and proprietor—a new Exchange from the Garden City is gladly placed on our list. The "Vindicator" is the organ of the laboring classes whose rights it always boldly defends. It has a large circulation, and has achieved no small success, which it so well deserves. "Vindicator," we welcome you to our Sanctum.

The last two numbers of the "Illini" contained a clever essay—"Defense of Mary Queen of Scots." The writer is evidently an impartial reader of history as his views are circumscribed by neither prejudice nor bigotry. It is a pleasure to find a non-catholic contemporary endeavoring to prove the innocence and goodness of that beautiful woman, whose trials, sufferings and death elicit the sympathies of the world.

"Michael's Advocate of Rapid Penmanship" is a new Exchange from Oberlin, O. The Journal endeavors to have teachers do away entirely with the Copy Book System. It states that such a method spoils rather than makes good writers. We quite agree with Prof. Michael and hope that the object of his labors shall be realized.

The last number of the "University Magazine" from Oxford, La. was up to the standard. "Confederate Generals" was an exceedingly interesting and well written essay.

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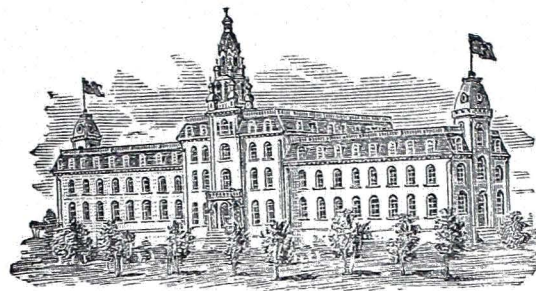
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