The Old Year and the New.

On Time's gray-capped mountain brow,
Where the Past and Future meet to form
An arch of crystal adamant, last night,
The weary, and Old Year, bowed down
With care and labor, like the aboveness, waiting to greet
The rosy-crowned New Year, now tripping o'er the snow;

The midnight stars shone brightly there!
Captivating as a buoyant-hearted youth,
With hope and joy attendant, he viewed
His smiling realm of earth; little dreaming
The rosy-crowned New Year would bring
What thou hast given? In sorrow and in joy

To man, of joy?" But hark! a song from earth
Floats on the ebon wing of night, and
In wild beseeching tones, call the Old Year back!

Vigil, "Oh," he cried, in bitterness, "what have I
No answering echo!
Kemembrance bowed, to hold her loved and lonely
No, alas! those hills are silent now within
Might not say that night: "Dear Old Year, farewell!"

Checkered pathway he had crossed;
A retrospective glance o'er the long
'Twas not his power to brighten, he stood alone, and

Within those chambers—aye, the deep chambers
Of the heart?

And, as he passed by, so noiselessly.
Under the perverted soil of passion!

He saw the precious gifts, to many brought,
Cast aside; or, sadder still, buried deep
Heart-wasting, even as the breaths
Of the stubborn oak?

Of the thunder-cloud's dread form, ere they part
'Twas but the wreathing smile upon the lips
He knew should weep even more bitterly.

And why thus bowed, as from worry from a load
Of care? Ah, as he stood before the sons of earth,
Journeyed with them o'er each glade
Of sorrow, as well as o'er each smiling vale of joy,
Did he not kiss the roses from eyes
He knew should weep o'er those more bitter?

And tho' he spoke of hope, did he not know
'Twas but the wreathing smile upon the lips
Of the thunder-cloud's dread form, ere they part
With the fiery breath that rives
The stubborn oak.

Ah, the joys of earth are like its sorrows,
Heart-wasting, even as the breaths
Of Sol and Saturn, tenderest in the leafy, fragile leaf,
That sinks upon her hallowed power.

He saw the precious gifts, to many brought.

And why thus bowed, as from worry from a load

The mountains.

DEAR SCHOLAR: We have gone together over
the railways, down the river, and through the land
of cotton, and now we go among the mountains;
we have seen the beautiful, and now we come to contemplate the grand. It was moon-
light as we approached Huntsville, Ala., and
caught the first glimpse of the blue Cumberland
Mountains, looming in peaceful grandeur beyond the city.

Those only who have thus looked for the first time upon the everlasting hills will be able
to appreciate my emotions as we glided rapidly to
wards the mountains on that glorious evening.

After our arrival, and when the town was bathed in slumber,
it seemed the sublime privilege of a life-time to
walk out into the quiet and gaze upon that hand-
scope of mountain and city bathed in the clear,
soft, southern moonlight. I saw more imposing
mountains afterward, and may yet see the finest on
the continent, or in the world: but none can ever
awake such feelings as were called up by those
mountains that evening at Huntsville; for among
all the mountains, the Cumberland are my first
love.

Huntsville itself is the handsomest town on the
Memphis and Charleston Railway; indeed, one
need not look any farther, for a more

mountains, having Lookout range on the west. Mission
mountain itself rise on the view,. the effect is indeed
out range and, at length, the famed Lookout Moun-
dains, looming in peaceful grandeur beyond the
city.

The city is built upon limestone rock, and
down to the magnificent spring which I have already
mentioned. I need not say that we found him a
interest. "We were accordingly most happy when

We'll listen to thy whisper, and shun
Thou art still near. Naught from thy hand
Was given but what should lead us up
To that bright realm not spoken by the

The paths that lead to sorrow and to care!

- H. M.
Notre Dame Scholastic.

hanta, is the real Gate City of the South. Through it New York must pass to New Orleans, and through it must Chicago pass to Savannah. This river contains 13,000 inhabitants, but the country, which has brought so many cities to their senses, will probably reduce this to eight or nine thousand. It is a city of live men who know the advantage and who are ready to profit by them. By far the foremost of these men are General Wilher, of cavalry fame, a former Indianian, who is at the head of the “Roxy Iron Company,” and Mr. Stanton, Superintendent of the Mississippi and Atlantic road. General Wilher is a fine looking man, of noble bearing and generous heart, with that deep, dark eye, so gentle in friendship but so terrible in anger. Of such men there cannot be too many, they are the backbone of the new South.

On invitation of Mr. Stanton, we passed down the Alabama and Chattanooga Railway as far as Atala, Alabama. This road and the country through which it passes, rival those of the four Nahbana and one of the first cities of the Union, full of vigorous enterprise. The great bridge over the Ohio, at Louisville, is one of the wonders of the world. The water is over a mile long, and at its highest point 400 feet over the river. At Louisville, I was happy to meet that good youth, Jacob E. Little, of Cazenovia. At the end of the road, it seems, we will soon be in Frank Upman, a Junior of other days who would be a fine Senator if here now.

In conclusion, should any one be seeking a fertile land and a delightful climate, let him not forget this little city, which is 2,200 feet over the Tennessee which glistens across Georgia into South Carolina. The mountain sight, that one can see across Tennessee into Kentucky, across North Carolina into Virginia, and across Georgia into South Carolina. The mountain is 2,000 feet over the Tennessee which glint, like a silver thread below. Long trains of cars afford you a constant source of mild excitement there are many days on which work is impossible. The weather is very pleasant, the climate mild, the scenery beautiful, the people very kind. We feel that we have everything nicely fixed the Chief Engineer, General Noses, rides down the line and upsets everything. I met a fellow-countryman the other day. He was at the Hot Springs. I asked him the name of a chow that flowed near by. He told me it was the “Holler.” “What!” exclaimed I. “That’s the name of a creek that flowed near by. He told me it was the Hotter” interrupted he. “I don’t know the name of a creek that flowed near by. He told me it was the Hotter after a amphibious animal ‘outed by the Hindians.’” I clasped his hand in silence. Other varieties of the Caucasian race have we here, from various parts, which may be distinguished as follows:

Answer to an Inquiry from the Coming Man

“Young Artist” —Yes Agassiz does recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brains. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat each day, not with certainty. If the specimen composition you send is about your codfish after that.

An Acknowledgment.

The officers of the University gratefully acknowledge the kind favor conferred by the Superintendent and directors of the L. S. and M. S. R. R. in providing a special train for the exclusive accommodation of those of our students, and of the pupils of St. Mary’s who were going home to spend the Christmas holidays. They likewise tender their sincere thanks to the kind-hearted conductor of that train, whose attentions were kind and he was figuratively said to have been slain by sandworms. Hence the curious historical mistake.

S.

W. Conroy, S. S. C.,
Prov. of the University.
The Middle Ages.

A Lecture Delivered Before the St. Edward's Literary Association.
March 13, 1893,

BY M. R.

[continued.]

V.—INVENTIONS.

To understand, properly, the value of that active energy, manifest itself in the Inventions of the Middle Ages, we must remark that the original invention of any useful article is incalculably more valuable, as a test of intellectual power and fertility, than hundreds of learned, but useless improvements derived from it, though these may have multiplied, a hundred fold, its utility. Bearing in mind this reflection, the justice of which it needs no learned arguments to prove, and, remembering the very scanty material which the intellect of the Middle Ages had to work upon, let us take a glance at a few of its most important triumphs in this sphere.

First among the creations of medieval genius, which, while it was a slow and powerful influence upon society, may justly be ranked the invention of the art of Printing. The germ of this invaluable invention was first developed in the tenth century. It is our proudest boast.

The next invention which exercised a decided influence upon the social and intellectual status of those times, was that of the mariners' compass. The progress of navigation was accelerated; the sphere of commerce facilitated intercourse between nations, and thus enriched the field of literature; gave a new impulse to geographical studies, and opened the way to new discoveries which were to make the American continent known with certainty, but we know that clocks were invented considerably before the thirteenth century. Yet, it is generally admitted that Schwartz, a monk of Cologne, was the first who actually manufactured gunpowder, about the year 1320.

Another invention, invaluable to those afflicted with short sight, is that which the monks brought. I mean the invention of the printing press, by means of which copies of any work might be multiplied at pleasure, and with comparatively little labor. When we consider the influence of the Printing Press upon the diffusion of knowledge, and, consequently, upon civilization and enlightenment, we cannot be too grateful to those "ignorant" and "benighted" ages, that, through the medium of the Press, have had to work upon, let us take a glance at a few of the most useful articles.

The invention of type, which were at first manufactured by cutting the letters on plates or on detecting pieces of wood or other material, justified the inference that the art of engraving was not unknown in those ages, while the invention of the printing press supposes a knowledge of chemistry. The invention of type, of which copies of any work might be multiplied at pleasure, and with comparatively little labor, is ascribed to the monks, as the first great invention of the Middle Ages, and that we owe to them the satisfaction which all subsequent ages have proved to be of no consequence, so far as the purpose of this lecture is concerned. It is sufficient for us to know that the invention itself belongs to the Middle Ages, and that we owe to them the satisfaction and advantage which, in all circumstan-

Many other original inventions and a host of useful improvements might be traced to those same ages. I have already spoken in my admirable essay on the Literature and Arts of the Middle Ages, mentions twenty five, and even he does not exhaust the list. But I must hasten on to other considerations.

The art of glass-staining was carried to a high degree of perfection in the Middle Ages; so much so that all the efforts of modern science have failed to discover the secret of their superiority in this branch of art, which, under the name of stained glass, has flourished and developed till it produced a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, a Titian, a Domenichino, a Han- nel Barnacchi, a Leonarardo da Vinci and others who have shed a glory on modern art.
A Happy New Year!

To some of our readers New Year’s day is simply a time of receiving presents, making calls, going to a good, jolly party, and falling in love for the while with the prettiest girl that happens to smile on them. Some may enjoy the 1st so well that they may feel rather blue on the 2nd, and when we wish them a Happy New Year, they take it as a happy new year’s—day—one day instead of a year,—they think that we think that they ought to think thus; but other’s consist in a good honest kick to the middle of the night of the 1st, a good snore on the morning of the last, a good dinner, plenty of folks to visit—abundance of refreshment to take, a nice, sociable evening with the select few who appreciate them, and whom they appreciate highly.

Eh, bien! (Imagines a French shrug of the shoulders) take your happy new year in one day—throw all the happiness of a year into a fraction of twenty-four hours, if you wish—but that is not what we mean by a Happy New Year. We do mean that we wish you all these pleasant family scenes—a good dinner, an agreeable reunion of friends, and a good time generally—going to bed without a guilty conscience, and getting up with no headache next morning,—but that is only a specimen of what we wish you all the year round, when we say a Happy New Year to you all, Dear Readers!

Now, we remember well the days of our youth, and although we utterly and repugnantly disclaim the sentiment of the song which ran thus:

"I wish I were a girl again, yet do we sympathize immensely with those who have the misfortune to be boys. The only real consoling thought we can now think of is the proper thing to say—a steady march up the social ladder, and while we are in the body, we should be men.

But were we to devote ourselves exclusively to the contemplation of eternal things, to the neglect of our social duties, provided such neglect did not induce a violation of our duty towards God, would it be prudent? No. Of course it would not. But though our social destiny is comparatively much less important, so long as we live amongst men we cannot free ourselves from the obligation of discharging the duties which it imposes. The great difficulty which we have to encounter, is to reconcile, in practice, these two classes of duties. We know they both exist, and for a wise and befitting purpose; we know also that we have received from our Creator faculties which qualify us to discharge them properly, and moreover, that the moral and intellectual exercises involved in the performance of these duties, are necessary to a harmonious development of our being, as men; and while we are in the body, we should be men.

But we are to devote ourselves exclusively to the contemplation of eternal things, to the neglect of our social relations, we should be too much of the angel and not enough of the man—true, our fault, so far as a fault is implied, would, in such a case, be on the right side, and would promote our harmonious development of life. Its evil effect, however, would be more than the evil effect, however, would be more than the evil effect.

We rejoiced to see that their Study Hall, through the energetic exertions of their chief prefect, succeeded in putting the college on an equal footing with the most famous Western Study Hall. What is right. Make things cheerful! away with long faces, and hurra, for a Happy New Year! To the learned and zealous Professors, to our numerous friends, especially to the "Old Boys" now fighting life’s battles in the world, we wish a happy new year, and that 1871, happy and prosperous, may be the model of many succeeding years.
We should, then, be men while we live amongst men, and avoid both these extremes, discharging our immediate duty towards God faithfully, as the chief means of attaining our final end; at the same time recognizing our social relations and fulfilling them, because they are a part of our destiny, yet remembering that they are secondary and only a means to an end, in consequence of which fact, the fulfillment of these relations could be directed to the end which they were intended to subserve, viz., the attainment of our eternal destiny. Thus will we apply properly, in this particular, the saying of the poet, "Est Melius Rubra."

Here and There.

SLEIGH-RIDING is "all the go," and the merry "rhyming and the chiming of bells" bring back our younger days.

This lakes have finally yielded to the powers of winter, and allow the lovers of good skating to glide over their glassy surface without a murmur. The weather has finally convinced us that winter is one of the reasons in this latitude. On the 21st inst., the thermometer stood 14 degrees below zero.

The College Commissioner has been busy for the last week giving sleigh-rides, between South Bend and the campus, to the numerous and well selected pictures boxes sent by thoughtful friends to the students. Jakes Frost has been "playing smash" with the steam pines, and so fierce and persistent were his attacks that several professors had to beat a retreat, and fly for refuge to various quarters yet unrivalled by the ranging Philo-burner.

A large delegation from Notre Dame and St. Mary's manifested their sense of the melancholy by going to Chicago to hear the world-renowned vocalist, Mlle. Nilsson, and since their return, their praises of her singing have been quite enthusiastic.

The earnest students of Moral Philosophy continue, during the holidays, to attend class two hours daily, notwithstanding the general suspension of studies. Considering that this continuance of class was at their own request, we can only say that such love of study bestowed real talent, and deserves success.

This Band has clearly proved that it can contribute its full share of melody and that it can enjoy its full share of a contribution of the opulent and accessories, whenever the steward can find time to think of them. In a word, the Band had an oyster lunch on Monday, 4 p.m., and afterwards played some of their excellent music for the benefit of all.

We paid one of our periodical visits to the Studio of Art, this week; and were much pleased to notice that, in addition to its usual tasty appearance, several new specimens of art have found their way into this delightful sanctuary. Among these we would mention specially a life-sized bust of the napoleonic by going to Chicago to hear the world-renowned vocalist, Mlle. Nilsson, and since their return, their praises of her singing have been quite enthusiastic.

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May the coming year find all nations enjoying the blessings of peace. May the storms, which agitate the sea of popular passions, now roaring and lashing in its vain efforts to swallow the Bank of Peter, be hushed, and may the new year find the ocean calm, the weather bright, and the bark buoyant as ever, riding over the waves. We know well may go on with fury, the world may become a Sodom, the earth may refuse to yield forth fruit, and the sun may set before you may have a chance; still the Bank of Peter will ride gallantly over the storms and hurricane, and may we, one and all, be numbered among those whom she lands in safety at the port of Eternal Bliss.

E. J.

**Tables of Honor.**

**Senior Department.**


**Junior Department.**


M. A. B., Sec.

**Turning the Tables.**

A Wife's Strategy.

"Mary, your corn-bread is never done! I wonder what is the reason everybody else has things right, and I always have things wrong!"

"Why, Joe, I am sure the corn-bread has never been in this state before! You see, the 'fire had a fit,' and couldn't be made to burn this morning."

"Oh, yes! you are always ready with an excuse. Now, there is Mrs. Smith; her stove never has fits. And she always has the lightest, sweetest bread and the nicest cakes and preserves I ever ate. I wish you'd take pattern by her."

"Well, I am sure, Joe, I do my best, and I think I succeed often enough to fail. I wish I could suit you always; but that, I suppose, can hardly be expected, and Mary grew a weary sigh.

Mary Starr had been married about a year, during which time she had found house-keeping rather uphill work. She was a neat little body, and conscientiously did her very best to please her husband; but, just as much as the reason, was very hard to please.—In fact, seemed determined not to be pleased with anything she did. Perhaps, like the old soldier in Dickens' stories, she had a valuation constant sense that "discipline must be maintained," Any rate, he never allowed Mary to be pleased with herself on any occasion if he could help it.

Mary was an amiable wife, fortunately, and not easily irritated, though, to tell the truth, there were times when her forbearance was severely tried. For instance, whenever she and Joe took tea, or went to a party, or even to church, he seldom allowed the opportunity to pass unembodied on some deficiency in cookery, or manners, or dress, on the part of his wife,—and that instance he would bring. For instance it would be, "Mrs. Jones, what beautiful sponge-cake you make! Mary take notice how light this cake is. I wonder why you cannot have it so fluffy?" Or, "Mrs. Brown you certainly are an adept at enterprising the cream, and you have just excitement enough to redden your cheeks." Mary Starr was calculated to lower her self-esteem; but contrariwise, she was fortunate who has a wife that can make such bread, as this, to say nothing of the sponge-cake; I can't see why it is, Mary; you improve, it is true, but I don't see how it is that all women cannot have the knack that Mrs. Vane has, at cooking to perfection. If you could make such bread as this, Mary, your husband would be a happy man.

Mrs. Vane looked at Mary, and Mary looked at Mrs. Vane. Light had broken upon the mind of the latter. It broke like a flash of lightning, and there was an explosion—not of thunder, but laughter.

Joe looked up, amazed. He was a man who petted his dignity enormously. What did the women mean to laugh so at a solemn, sensible remark of his? Particularly, what could Mary mean, to so ridicule the respect she paid to him? He began to grow very red, indeed. Mrs. Vane saw it, presently, and came to his and Mary's relief; for poor Mary had begun to be a little frightened at the success of her own scheme. She did not like Joe to be angry, at any rate.

"Mr. Starr," said Mrs. Vane, "I am truly glad that you like this very excellent cookery, for it is my own wife's. By heaven showing you ought to be a very happy man."

Here the whole company caught the infection, and joined in the laugh against Joe. It was of no use to get angry with so many people; so, before long, Joe joined the chorus himself.

And so the tea-party broke up with the greatest good-natured all round, and Joe went home with a lesson he never forgot; for it was the last time that Mary ever heard any complaints from him. He is now the most easily pleased of any husband in ten miles round. —Phen. Jour.

**Mr. Environ.**—In your last issue, the Minims were accused of upsetting a half-dollar, thereby causing damages to the amount of $50! So says the appraiser. One fifth of that amount would be nearer the mark. Now, I say the Minims were not to blame. They were on time, as they always are, at half past three, when the train due west came along with tremendous speed (and, consequently, out of time) and ran into said Minims, causing the upset of the former. Hence the damages. You may ask why were the Minims on the track? They have business there, at that particular time, and at no other time during the day.

It is to be hoped in future, dear Scholarist, that you will not allow anything detrimental to the Minims to be inserted in your columns before hearing their side of the story.

A FRIEND OF MINIMS.

[We make the amends honorable to our dear friends, the Minims, by inserting the above disclaimer. We would by no means incur their displeasure, knowingly, and, as it seems we have in a measure displeased them by naming one of their more notorious exploit, as it is impossible, over them insert their own version—strictly veracious, and a wee bit pugnacious—at the very first opportunity.]

Turn Dunbury New says that the reason schoolboys delight in and explore caves, is because of the sizes there.
A very interesting entertainment was given on Friday evening, by the students who remained at the college during the holidays. But, as our reporter has not furnished us with particulars, we will have to be content, for the present, with a mere sketch of the programme, hoping later on to furnish a full account which will be of the utmost interest for the next number of the Scholastic.

PROGRAMME.

Greetings to Very Rev. Father General.

Senior Address ........................................ J. Zahm
Junior Address .................................................. M. G. Hinter
Mission Address ........................................... Willie Byrnes

**Dramatic.**

The White Rose of the Popes.

Col. Cheeseman ......................................... J. T. Spalding
Major Hans Manfield .................................. D. Evans
Darcy Donohue ........................................... J. Wilson
Finch ...................................................... R. Brown
Porter ..................................................... G. Darr
Gerald Pepe .............................................. T. Dillon
Farrington ................................................ J. O. Rourke
Ona ............................................................ A. Byrd
Royo .......................................................... G. Riopelle
Dillon ........................................................ A. L. G. Ford

During the entire progress of the entertainment, the band furnished some excellent music. All engaged did very well, and all the audience enjoyed the entertainment immensely.

**Vox Naturae.**

A JUVENILE EFFORT.

Long years ago, a mania seized the brain

Of mortal man to sow the seeds of

Reason and religious sentiment.

Whose long he exerted its influence

Upon the thoughts and actions of mankind,

And missed the standard of a peaceful prince.

Who, in the heat of inexperience, youth,

Proclaimed it "eternal being of the mind,

And who would dispense its right and energy,

Of that "strange notion" which be entertained,

By only one supreme, eternal, Being,

Who by His power exalted man and earth,

And all the countless planets that in space

Perform their evolutions at his nod.

"Vain men, enamored of their youthful lord.

Among the subjects of a hostile power

Go, then, and search, but in a better cause,

For that harsh voice has now become more calm,

And all with one accord did loud proclaim:

A cloud of growing indignation hung.

That in the existence of a God supreme,

Whose silvery light rejoiced all living things.

That there was One before all time supreme,

Whose very aspect speaks of something grand

Approaching him they lowly bent their heads.

And formed to distinctness, thus it speaks:

Disinterested by this answer, from the sun

They might advance in confidence to gain

Of his dependents from their useless search.

Who, when he heard the failure of his scheme.

This magnitude and lustre to my form.

And in their gaze was mingled deep contempt.

The favor of " Dam Nature " to their cause.

And fain would disabuse deluded man,

And reached the cars of this new prince of men

First, on the wings, which their young prince supplied,

Fawned on him, and in blind obedience bowed

Who, hearing, ordered them to leave the day

To search the earth for what the heavens refused.

To this terrestrial planet where we live.

And forming to distinctness, thus it speaks:

"Whose benefits unbounded e'en extend

Whose forecast wills we see in every face.

And all the countless planets that in space

And fain would disabuse deluded man,

And formed to distinctness, thus it speaks:

To begin, then, I can say that I never listened to

Of existence, and whose holy hand

To search the earth for what the heavens refused.

For proof against the truth of the lie who said:

To take a mutily among the stars,

And all with one accord did loud proclaim:

In the existence of a God supreme,

"WhoseSilvery light rejoiced all living things.

Whose very aspect speaks of something grand

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As from the Pyramids gave life to their car,

And in their gaze was mingled deep contempt.

And in the weakness of her sex they'd find

With laughing eyes upon those men they gaze,

And asked how was it possible that she.

To raise a mutiny among the stars.

"Who, in the heat of experienced youth.

And in the weakness of her sex they'd find

To this terrestrial planet where we live.

"Whose benefits unbounded e'en extend

And reaching the cars of this new prince of men

To search the earth for what the heavens refused.

And fain would disabuse deluded man,

The favor of " Dam Nature " to their cause.

Of his dependents from their useless search.

Who, when he heard the failure of his scheme.

First, on the wings, which their young prince supplied,

Fawned on him, and in blind obedience bowed

Who, hearing, ordered them to leave the day

To search the earth for what the heavens refused.

To this terrestrial planet where we live.

And fain would disabuse deluded man,

And formed to distinctness, thus it speaks:

"Whose benefits unbounded e'en extend

Whose forecast wills we see in every face.

And all the countless planets that in space

And fain would disabuse deluded man,

And formed to distinctness, thus it speaks:

To begin, then, I can say that I never listened to

Of existence, and whose holy hand

To search the earth for what the heavens refused.

For proof against the truth of the lie who said:

To take a mutily among the stars,

And all with one accord did loud proclaim:

In the existence of a God supreme,

Whose silvery light rejoiced all living things.

That there was One before all time supreme,

Whose very aspect speaks of something grand

Approaching him they lowly bent their heads.

And fain would disabuse deluded man,

And reaching the cars of this new prince of men

First, on the wings, which their young prince supplied,

Fawned on him, and in blind obedience bowed

Who, hearing, ordered them to leave the day

To search the earth for what the heavens refused.

To this terrestrial planet where we live.

And fain would disabuse deluded man,
December 27, 1870.

Christmas, with its holy delights and social amusements, has passed, leaving on Christian hearts an abiding sense of gratitude to God, and deepened affection between those whose reciprocal kindnesses have helped to make this sublunary world of ours more bright and beautiful.

Christmas, the sweet festival of children, renewing, even in mature minds, a childlike gayety, positively refreshing to those, who, fettered by weighty responsibilities and corollary cares, had almost forgotten the holymas days when their hearts bounded with joy at the very mention of a Christmas holiday.

The pupil at St. Mary's, have, for several weeks, been arranging their Christmas program. A great number were to spend the holidays at their own homes. These were all eagerness for the day of their departure for "Home, sweet home." While for those who remained at the Academy, the Sisters determined to make St. Mary's as much like home as any place could be, outside of that dear spot, where the smiles of a devoted father and tender mother, cast a halo around the domestic circle.

Wednesday, the 26th, was the day on which the homeward-bound crowd was to start for Chicago. An extra train had been secured for the transit of the pupils of Notre Dame and St. Mary's. The young ladies, after an early breakfast, started, at six, A. M., under the protection of two Sisters, for the depot at South Bend. The weather was so intensely cold that nothing less than the plausable excitement of going home could have made the sleigh-ride endurable.

The merry girls tried to laugh down the attempts of King Frost to freeze them into silence.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed one: "If only I had a muslin coat and fan I would be perfectly comfortable!"

"Well," said another, "I suppose this is the cold, pitiless world that we read about!"

"Oh, St. Mary's steam-pipes, how do I love your apostrophised a third."

But their efforts to make sport of the cutting responses of King Frost were fruitless, and presently their words were frozen on their lips, and nothing could be heard but a shivering, inarticulate sound.

On arriving at South Bend, these frozen specimens of youthful humanity were soon thawed out; and then the frozen, frost-bound words were uttered with a certain amount of shivering grace to those who beheld them, to a reception-hall at St. Mary's.

The regular train to Chicago being behind time, the extra was delayed for an hour and a half. In the meantime the impatient crowd were criticising the weather—pronouncing it considerably unpleasant. The angelic strains of the "Gloria in Excelsis" and sweet Christmas hymns, "Adolphe Fédela," sung by the convent choir, excited in all hearts a tender devotion to the dear Infant Jesus, a.d none who assisted at that midnight Mass, but felt that Jesus, the sweet child Jesus, was to them truly a Saviour—most loving, divine benefactor.

Very Rev. Father General celebrated the Mass. At the Gospel, in which we tendered our greeting to a being of whom description, he congratulated the worshippers of the Infant Jesus on their happiness in thus celebrating the birth of the Son of God in union with the Immaculate Mother, the holy St. Joseph, the angels of heaven and earth, with simple adoring faith, went, on that first Christmas night, to seek the Divine Child in the arms of His holy Mother.

After the midnight Mass, all retired to rest till six, A. M., at which hour, Rev. Father Letorney commenced his Masses in the Convent Chapel.

At eight o'clock, the Community and pupils assembled at another High Mass celebrated by Rev. Father General. These holy duties over, the social greetings between Superiors, Sisters and pupils commenced, and "Merry Christmas" was heard on all sides. Then began the opening of Christmas boxes, sent by loved parents and friends to their dear ones at St. Mary's. It would certainly have made the hearts of the donors glad, could they have witnessed the delight with which the young people regarded these proofs of thoughtful, generous affection from the loved ones far away.

In the evening, Very Rev. Father General, and many of the Rev. clergy from Notre Dame honored the young ladies by their presence at the distribution of gifts from the marmoth Christmas tree erected in the Senior Study Hall. We were happy to see among the guests, the zealous missionary priest, Father Hays, of New Mexico; Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon, of Chicago; Mr. Harrison, of Tennessee; Mr. and Mrs. Howard. The hall was filled with happy faces glowing with animation. Santa Claus, with his live red deer, drawing a sleigh laden with toys and good things, amused the audience with a Christmas carol.

In the distribution of gifts none were forgotten, for from the humble employee about the premises up to Rev. Father General, Santa Claus had tokens of remembrance. It is true that this benevolent Geni seemed a little facetious in his selection of gifts, for now and then, much to the delight of the Juniors and Minims, some grave priest or professor, to whom he had been kind, would receive a guinea whistle, doll, or other infantile toy. Santa Claus seemed determined that all should come under the rule of childhood.

At the close of the distribution, Rev. Father General thanked the young ladies for the innocent recreation they had afforded him, and, as is his custom, invited them to always invite him to their delightful little festivals. He then called on lawyer McKinnon, the zealous missionary, and Professor Howard to address the young ladies. Each responded to always invite them to their Christmas, with its holy delights and social amusements, has passed, leaving on Christian hearts an abiding sense of gratitude to God, and deepened affection between those whose reciprocal kindnesses have helped to make this sublunary world of ours more bright and beautiful.

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