Man's Mortality.

[The following poem is justly considered a poetical gem of the highest order. The original was found in an Irish MS. in Trinity College, Dublin. There is a reason to think that the poem was written by one of those primitive Christian bards in the reign of King Diarmid, about the year 554, and was sung and chanted at the last grand assembly of kings, chiefains and bards, held in the famous halls of Tara. The translation is by Dr. O'Donovan. A manuscript copy of the poem was sent by Professor Stewart, of Trinity College, to the person who furnished it for publication in the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.]

Like a damask rose you see
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade.
Or like the gourd which Jonah made;
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and out, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth.
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies.
The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's new begun,
Or like the pearled dew in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span.
Or like the singing of the swan;
Even such is man, who lives by breath.
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended.
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended.
The hour is short, the span not long.
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream.
Or like the gilding of a stream;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.

The bubble's burst, the look forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like an arrow from a bow,
Or like a swift course of water flow,
Or like the time 'tixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like the goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole;
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.

The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like snow when summer's come,
Or like a pear, or like a plum;
Even such is man who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.

The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

Three Words of Schiller's.

"There are three words of faith," Schiller says, "harder than diamond and stronger than death, which, though pronounced by the mouth of every man, are yet fully felt and understood by the heart only. Never is man deprived of his worth and value, as long as he believes in these beautiful words, viz.: God, virtue and liberty."

As the idea of an Almighty, infinitely good and living God is the highest and greatest of all ideas, so also does virtue appear to man, a free being, to be the most sublime of all traits, and, as it were, a golden bridge over which liberty leads both our minds and hearts from earth to heaven. We might, accordingly, define virtue to be "a constant and generous effort of the free-will, guided by reason and supported by love, which aims at the Supreme Good," or more simply, according to St. Thomas, "a good habit of the soul by which we freely conform ourselves to the moral law, in order to live righteously."

It follows therefrom that virtue consists essentially in the efforts we make to rise to the Infinite Being, which must be of necessity our last end and perfect happiness. But as "practice makes the master," so it does not suffice
that we should perform a few good works; we are bound, absolutely, to acquire a real facility of doing good by overcoming all the evil inclinations of a corrupted nature, and realizing in our moral life "that order of Divine love" spoken of by St. Augustine.

How powerful the influence of habit is, either to improve or to debase man, soul and body, let us briefly consider.

_Habit is a law of our being, a kind of "second nature," which grows up within us by the frequent repetition of the same acts._ Far from being a mere instinct, which is universal and constitutes nature itself, habit is something personal and depends upon the free-will of each one of us; therefore, whilst we can never destroy any instinct, it is a fact that even the most inveterate habits can be rooted out, with the assistance of divine grace, by means of an energetic will.

It is, then, our own will that determines our destiny. Everybody knows the difference between the features of our face and our countenance. God made our features, but we ourselves make our own countenances. Some men have a lofty countenance, others have a lowering one; this one has a worldly or ostentatious, the other a scornful, or a cunning and dissembling countenance. We know men by their look. We read men by looking at their faces—not at their features, their eyes, or their lips, because God made them all of one type; but by a certain cast, motion, shape, and expression, which their features have acquired. This is what we call the countenance.

But what makes the countenance? The inward and mental habits, the constant pressure of the mind, and the perpetual repetition of its acts. You can detect at once a vain-glorious, concealed, or foolish person; it is stamped on their countenance; and you can see on their faces, certain corresponding lines as legibly to be traced as though they were charred in. As it is with the countenance, so it is with habit or character, because character is but "the distinctive mark impressed upon our countenance by our good or evil habits."

God gave us intellect, a heart, and a will, but our character is something different from the will, the heart, or the intellect. The character is that intellectual and moral texture into which all our life long we have been weaving up the inward spiritual force that is in us; it is the result of the habitual or prevailing use we have been making of our intellect, our heart, and our will. We are always at work, like the weaver at a loom:

_The shuttle is always going, And the woof is always growing._

So, likewise, are we always forming a character of ourselves, by means of habits freely contracted, and we are ever making use of our instincts and passions, like moral springs, either to years after the good, or to long for evil; and in proportion as we freely multiply the same acts, we engrave more deeply, and, as it were, stamp upon souls and bodies, the glorious mark of virtue or the shameful brand of vice.

It is a plain matter of fact, that everybody grows up in a certain character, some are good, some bad, some excellent, and some are unbearable. Every character is formed by habits. If, for instance, a young man is habitually proud and vain-glorious, or false and the like, he forms for himself a character like in kind. Vice, therefore, or virtue, is but the permanent bias impressed upon each person by continually acting in a particular way; and this comes from the continual indulgence of thoughts, wishes, and resolutions of a particular tendency.

The loom is invisible within, and the shuttle is ever going in the heart, but it is the free-will that throws it to and fro. The character shows itself outwardly, although being wrought within, and every habit, whether good or bad, forms a chain of acts, and every action is a free act of the will, for which each of us is responsible before God.

There is a time in the life of every man when he is innocent and thinks not of committing the faults which, later on, become habitual, and then form his abiding character. We sometimes meet with persons whose word we can never take, and for this reason: the distinction between truth and falsehood is effaced from their minds.

The habit of paltering, concealing, and putting forward the edge of a truth, instead of boldly showing the full face of it, finally leads them into so habitual a state of insincerity that they really do not know when they speak the truth or when they speak falsely. There was a time in life when these same persons had never told a lie; the first one they told was, perhaps, with only half an act of the will; but gradually they grew to do it deliberately; they added lie to lie as plentifully "as fish drink in water"; from frequency it became habitual to them, and finally it became an almost unconscious failing.

This is likewise the case with regard to the habit of drunkenness, stealth, and all the other coarse passions, the victims of which vices have gone on little by little, until a bondage has been created, from which, unless God, by an almost miraculous grace, shall set them free, they can never break off. Wherefore, St. Augustine says, speaking of himself in his youth, when he was yet in the habits of sin: that they bound him like a fetter. "I was bound by a chain which I had made for myself; I was bound by the chain of my own iron will." Let us take one more example, the sin of sloth. There is, perhaps, nothing which grows so insensibly on souls in their spiritual life, and it is fatal as the death chill which in northern regions comes upon the traveller imperceptibly and unawares.

We are told that the fatal cold creeps on almost with a sense of pleasure, until it benumbs the whole tide of life, and death takes possession of the body. So it is with spiritual sloth; it begins by small omissions, little neglects, and slight slackness, until at last the careless man gets bolder; his conscience grows easy even in making great omissions of duty, first in one way, then in another, and at length more frequently, until at last these omissions knit themselves into a habit; and the sinner whose eyes are bound with the bandage of wilful blindness, no longer feels all his powers restrained with the iron fetters of his own deliberate will, and those "ropes of darkness" which are spoken of by the Apostle St. Peter.

How different appears the state of those who endeavor continually to conform themselves to the moral good, that is, to the will of God; and who strive to copy, according to the best of their abilities, that inimitable Original who made man according to His own image and likeness! They realize, indeed, the sublime ideal dream by Plato, saying: "Virtue is but God's resemblance"; or they rather follow, in the footsteps of the God-Man teaching us "To be perfect, as our heavenly Father is perfect."

Far from ever debasing their intellects and hearts by any vice, or unworthy habit, they raise on high all their faculties, they gradually adorn their souls with all the highest qualities and virtues; far from ever losing the
noble dignity of man, the nearer they approach that Divine Ideal the less do they feel attracted towards evil. Nay more, when a man, when a saint, after unceasing efforts and victorious struggles, has attained to a superior degree of perfection, his whole being is made, as it were, a voluntary slave to duty; this is what we properly call a state of sanctity, because such a man, having become a friend and son of the Most High, resembles more or less the "Saints of saints," or God Himself, and, when transformed by Divine grace, he feels almost incapable of breaking the happy bonds of supernatural virtue which he has freely imposed upon himself for God's sake and his own sanctification.

Blessed slavery, by which the human intellect receives a wonderful light through faith in the Word Made Flesh, the human heart is more and more closely united to God through the charity of the Holy Ghost! Unspeakable happiness and glory, in which the human soul begins here below the life of angels in heaven, and the human body itself breathes forth a celestial perfume, pledge and foreboding of resurrection, as visibly appears in such attractive saints as St. Louis of Gonzaga, St. Rose of Lima, or St. Stanislaus Kotska.

Let us then, repeat again, and impress upon our minds, these lines written by Schiller: "There are three words of faith, harder than diamond and stronger than death, which, though pronounced by the mouth of every man, are yet fully felt and understood by the heart only. Never is man deprived of his worth and value as long as he believes in these beautiful words, viz., God, virtue, and liberty."  

PHILOAEITIES.

College Gossip.

—A Kinkaid editor has just written a column about the pronunciation of Kicker.

—The first national college for the education of females in France has been opened by M. Ferry in person at Montpellier.

—Harvard University has 1,383 students in its several departments, which is 94 less than the number at the University of Michigan. There are now 164 elective studies open to undergraduates at Harvard, and more than 40 arranged with special reference to the wants of graduates.

—The football contest between Yale and Harvard on the 12th inst. was brilliantly played in a heavy rain, with a wet and slippery ball, and on a muddy field. About two thousand persons, of whom more than three hundred were from Boston, stood through it under their umbrellas. It was the most exciting contest ever played between any colleges, and resulted, after a hard fought field, in a victory for Yale. The ground was contested inch by inch for most of the game. Harvard was great in tackling, having made four safety touch downs, which, under the new rule, counted a goal against her, and lost the game.

—The Kinkaid editor has just written a column about the pronunciation of Kicker.

—On Thursday, Oct. 6, there was celebrated, at the Madeleine, in Paris, a memorial Mass in honor of Jacques Offenbach. A correspondent writes that among the "aspects" were Mme. Thérése, the original Mélisande in "La Jolie Parfumeuse;" Mme. Zulina Bauffar, another famous Offenbachienne; Mélisand and Halévy, who prepared the books of the most successful of Offenbach's operas: Massenet, the composer; Jules Prévôt, the journalist; Koning, the manager, and Talazac, the tenor, who has made such a sensation in Offenbach's last work "Les Contes d'Hoffmann." The Mass was conducted by the Ablet Collot, violinist, in the Madeleine, and the musical selections included a Kyrie by Haydn, an Offertory by De Sozène, a Sanctus and Libera me by Dubois, and a Piae Jesu by Niedermeyer.

—The sketch models for the Meade memorial statue in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, were placed upon exhibition Friday. There were four models, sent to the United States by M. Jules F. Carrier of Paris, the sculptor, under the direction of Mr. M. Jules F. Carrier of Paris, the sculptor, under the direction of Mr. M. The models, the one awarded the prize being especially fine. Face, figure, and attitude are faithful and eloquent, while the horse stands with neck outstretched, and the disposition of every line showing that the animal half realizes the terrible strife in progress. Mr. Lansing was the recipient of the third prize.
Exchanges.

—The Beacon, Boston University again puts in an appearance and seems lively and heartily notwithstanding its fear of dissolution at its annual election last year. As usual, the poetry in The Beacon is excellent.

—The College Mercury, of the College of the City of New York, seems to have the field all to itself this year. The Free Press has not made its appearance, so we suppose all's serene on Manhattan Island.

—The Cornellian is a welcome visitor and keeps us posted daily on the doings at Cornell and on interesting news outside of Cornell. Long may the Sun shine! One of the latter items states that "Prof. Swift knows how to com-et over the heavens. He did it the other evening with his little telescopes. This is only the seventh comet discovered this year."

—A splendid full-page portrait of the late learned and patriotic "John of Tuam,"—the oldest Archbishop in the world at the date of his death, graces the first page of The Illustrated Catholic American for November 15th. The publishers of this paper supply it with excellent illustrations. Subscription price, $3 a year. Address, 11 Barclay Street, New York.

—Each succeeding number of The Niagara Index makes us better acquainted with that paper. The Index's exchange editor doesn't like the SCHOLASTIC, but our paper seems none the worse for his poor opinion of it. We congratulate him on the ability with which he manages his department, which has decidedly improved upon former years. Meantime we are prepared for his fire, whenever he chooses to let us have it.

—Metcalf's Illustrated Weekly seems to be improving both in reading matter and illustrations. A fine double-page engraving in the issue for November 29th represents "Br. Franklin's Presentation at the Court of Versailles.

—Taking up, successively, the Cornell Era, The Brunswick, The Williams Alumnus, The Chronicle, and The University, we found so much that was interesting in each of these papers that we laid them aside for perusal when we have the leisure time to give them a thorough going over. The Index's exchange editor doesn't like the SCHOLASTIC, but our paper seems none the worse for his poor opinion of it. We congratulate him on the ability with which he manages his department, which has decidedly improved upon former years. Meantime we are prepared for his fire, whenever he chooses to let us have it.

—Scientific Notes.

—Professor Palmiere, of Naples, has constructed an apparatus by which the purity of oils may be determined by the resistance they offer to the passage of electricity. Olive oil, the poorest conductor, is taken as the standard for comparison. The apparatus may also serve to reveal the presence of cotton in silk fabrics.

—In Brazil, some experiments have been tried by M. de Lacerda, showing that permanganate of potash is an almost sure antidote in the bite of snakes. M. de Lacerda has not as yet tried its efficiency on himself, but in the case of thirty dogs on which he experimented only two died under exceptional circumstances, and all those who did not die were saved with the injection of permanganate of potash died in the usual way.

—The printers of Leipsic have just celebrated the four-hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into that town. In 1455 Rev. Andreas Preisner, a professor of theology, set up the first printing-press in Leipsic. He made a present of it to a monastery on condition that the monks would pray for his soul. Now, Leipsic has 82 printing establishments, with 401 steam-presses, and 971 hand-presses, employing over 12,000 people.

—From the investigations of Prof. Kedzie, Nessler, Barth, Flech, and Schicklitz, it appears that potato sugar contains as impurities sulphuric acid, iron sulphate, and lime. Its most dangerous ingredient, however, is a bitter matter which remains after the sugar has passed into fermentation, and which occasions cold sweats, oppression of the chest, headache, and other dangerous or annoying symptoms. Wines treated with potato sugar are consequently pro tanto poisonous, and the authorities given above question whether it should be permitted to be employed in brewing.

—The blurring of india ink in working drawings of machinery, has been the source of much trouble and annoyance, and can be easily remedied by making use of the following method: To fix india ink on paper, first mentioned in the W. D. V., mix a small quantity of bichromate of potash and exposed to the sunlight for some time, is insoluble in water. It has been found by analysis that if a small quantity of bichromate of potash is used with
it, the lines drawn with such prepared ink will not be affected by water, provided that they have been exposed to the influence of lightning. An instrument of this kind would not be subject to the errors inherent in ordinary devices.

At the recent meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, England, Dr. Siemens showed how steel could be economically melted by the electric arc. An ordinary plumbago crucible is placed in a metallic jacket or case, and the interior is heated by exposure to vigorous heat from an arc of pure copper. The other end of the beam is attached to a hollow cylinder of soft iron, free to move up and down in a coil of wire, one end of which is connected with the positive and the other with the negative pole of the arc. Five pounds of steel were melted in 25 minutes.

On May 31st, a sealed packet was deposited in the case of the secretary of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, by M. Mercadier, who said it contained a description of an application of radiophony to telegraphy. The enclosed paper was read on Oct. 31st. The following is the abstract:

The new light is not only used in the audience part of the theatre, but on the stage, and even in the dressing-rooms. To provide against contingency gas is laid on. Gas is laid on as a general rule, but on the stage, and even in the dressing-rooms, gas is laid on. The light is not only used in the audience part of the theatre, but on the stage, and even in the dressing-rooms. To provide against contingency gas is laid on. Gas is laid on as a general rule, but on the stage, and even in the dressing-rooms, gas is laid on. The light is not only used in the audience part of the theatre, but on the stage, and even in the dressing-rooms. To provide against contingency gas is laid on. Gas is laid on as a general rule, but on the stage, and even in the dressing-rooms, gas is laid on. The light is not only used in the audience part of the theatre, but on the stage, and even in the dressing-rooms. To provide against contingency gas is laid on. Gas is laid on as a general rule, but on the stage, and even in the dressing-rooms, gas is laid on.
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 FIFTEENTH 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.

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If the Band continues in its present mood for the remainder of the year we would be well pleased to hear from them a little oftener in public. They are certainly deserving of all the assistance and encouragement that can be given.

Mr. E. O. Orrick, as the "Dying Alchemist," sustained his usual reputation for care and ability in the fulfilment of his part. J. Solon's rendition of "David's Lament over Absalom" was a most pleasing and dignified effort. "Over the Mountains," by B. Eaton, had a most pleasing effect. M. F. Healy's "Aliens" was admirably well done. Mr. Healy promises to make his mark in this line. J. P. O'Neill, as "The Stalwart Lawyer," retained his accustomed hold over his hearers, and was well appreciated; as also C. A. E. Tinley, in "The Christian Victor." Tinley is always up to the mark and never fails to win a decided manner.

In the second part, the singing, by L. F. Florman and G. Schaefer, was superb. Both of these young men are possessed of excellent voices of rare power and sweetness. Mr. J. P. O'Neill, as "The Stalwart Lawyer," retained his accustomed hold over his hearers, and was well appreciated; as also C. A. E. Tinley, in "The Christian Victor." Tinley is always up to the mark and never fails to win a warm welcome. "The Battle of Life," by D. Danahy, was a most excellent hit off, and stirred the risibles of all in a decided manner. The Oration on St. Cecilia, by George
E. Clarke, was the effort of the occasion and was delivered in a masterly manner. We will produce it in our next number.

The Orchestra is deserving of special mention for the very excellent manner in which they performed the selections—La Chasse du Jeune Henri, especially, being rendered in a style altogether pleasing and unexpected.

The closing remarks were made by Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General, C. S. C. He spoke feelingly and at length on the grandeur and nobility of the life of St. Cecilia, and urged all present in purity of life, and in the practice of all those traits that ennoble human nature, to imitate the heroic sanctity of the day's great patron. The Very Rev. gentleman a fine description of the Church of St. Cecilia, also of the spot on which this queenly soul offered up her life in defence of her honor and faith. Having travelled extensively in Europe and on the Continent, he is thoroughly competent to give those pleasing little lessons and reminiscences which, from time to time, are made so apt and opportune.

—The “Washington man” denies he is from Swampoo.

—“Marshal,” why didn’t you speak last Sunday evening?”

—Joe was disappointed this week.

—“Algebra and pie” is a luxury enjoyed only by

—The gentleman from Iowa still has the “spring” attached.

—Gallagher had his football team out for practice on Tuesday.

—Prof. Devoto, assisted by Bro. Paul, did the levelling for the rink.

—The spring of the “Iowa man” has been transferred. “Ah, Dan?”

We saw a noble young man catch a Lark in his arms the other day.

—The Church at the Academy is progressing rapidly toward completion.

—The young man from the country will speak—four weeks from to-night.

—K found that, in punning, the tables might be turned pun himself.

—“Stuffy” was awfully taken in last week. Ask the “trio” for particulars.

—The Junior football team had a great amount of practice Tuesday afternoon.

—“That Speech of Dan’s,” at the Thespians’ last meeting, created quite a stir.

—are the Columbians in the shade since the Thespians started out? They are very quiet.

—The defender of the would-be town of Aurora was “sat-down-upon” the other evening.

—J. Flynn is doing deadly work among the little quadrapeds. He kills them six at a time.

—Dancing in the play-hall on “rec” days would be a source of great pleasure to the Seniors.

—“Zeke, have you got your grammar lesson for this morning?” “Certainly, I always have.”

—Rev. F. Zahm’s electric light shines more brilliantly than that of our friend Dennis of the Junior department.

—Mr. B—’s very much excited: “Mr. Pres., have I the floor?” Mr. Pres.; “Yes. Hurry up, and sit down.”

—Wednesday, the 30th, will be the thirty-ninth anniversary of Very Rev. Father General’s first Mass at Notre Dame.

—The first attempt at flooding the rink was made Tuesday, but was not a success. The weather is hardly cold enough yet.

—“Aurora and Cairo” compared to Des Moines! The idea! What presumption! almost bordering on audacity. “En, Iowa?”

—Information will be thankfully received by the secretary of the Thespians on all matters pertaining to the slavery question.

—“Aurora versus Cairo,” is the title of a new lecture to be delivered by Aurora’s stalwart representative, some time next month.

—There is a strong prospect of some of those Minim seniors being sat down on pretty hard if they don’t look out for themselves.

—A party of Indianapolis people, en route for Notre Dame and St. Mary’s, took dinner at the Oliver to-day.

—South Bend Tribune.

—The Minims are in great delight over the new skating rink which Very Rev. Father General is giving them. It is to be 200 by 100 feet.

—Let us have a Glee Club that will enliven the place. There is plenty of good material outside the Singing Class to effect an organization.

—A very interesting and instructive speech was delivered before the Second Book-Keeping Class last Saturday, by Mr. Jas. Kindle, of Ohio.

—The Sorins will bring out “The New Arts” on the 30th. The play will be complimentary to Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General.

—The South-Bend Register asks: “Why are the South Bend girls like a boiled potato?” It gives no answer. Is it because they are ready for a “mash”? 
—The "Buckeyes" "had not a word to say" at the meeting, on Sunday the 19th. Are they conspiring to get control of the Society? Keep an eye on them.

—The students who had the best notes in the Minim department, and other places, week ending Nov. 23d were: D. L. McCawley, E. P. Nash, Otto Dillon, Aloysius Kelly, Edwin Thomas.

—The South Bend Tribune states that the people of that thriving city are "indulging in the delights of a coal famine." We hope they will not be compelled to take to the woods.

—"Mr. President: You are supposed to be conversant in parliamentary rules!" Prof: "It being a long time since I read the book, I will ask Mr. — to enlighten us on the subject." Mr. C. —, of course, proceeds.

—The College parlor, with its excellent settle, is a nice place to while away an hour in company with a friend. Self-invitations are not just the thing though, as little M. will testify. But then he used to go "boating on Fox Lake."

—It is laughable to see the position some of the ex-Juniors and small Seniors take in ranks. Last Sunday, in particular, in passing the front of the College, when going to church, a certain "baby" Senior was immediately behind the "Iowa giant." We forgive him for his insolence. A. Gall and Mrs. M. Sells, of Indianapolis, who have been visiting their sons at Notre Dame, are enjoying a holiday with them in the city at the Oliver to-day. Besides the ladies, the party is composed of Ed. and A. Gall, B. E. Sells, H. A. Kitz, and George J. Rhodus. —South Bend Register.

—One of the great South Bend firms that have favored the Scholastic with an advertisement, the Studebaker Bro's Manufacturing Company, received an order last week from San Francisco for fifty-six of their finest phaeton models. If many of their orders are like this one we don't wonder at their prosperity.

—For the benefit of those who help themselves to their neighbors' goods we will state that there will shortly be a patent pneumatic hose attached to our office door, which will gently seize such persons by the waistband, and entwine them in its coiling embrace, and mop the floor with them for two minutes and a half, after which it will bring them to a sitting posture and place the floor with them for two and a half minutes more; the pneumatic power will then display its efficiency in driving the individual out through the keyhole. —The Curator of the Museum returns thanks to Mr. J. C. Fenlon, of Leavenworth, Kansas, for a very valuable and some unusually rare specimens of silver, gold, and copper ores. The collection consists of specimens selected with great care during the course of many years by one of the most skillful mineralogists in the Rocky Mountains. It is needless to say the Curator of the Museum feels quite proud of this very valuable addition to the Cabinet.

—The 7th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held Sunday evening, Nov. 30th. The question, "Was George Washington a Greater Man than Napoleon Bonaparte?" was warmly debated by Rev. R. Paddock, W. Welch, J. Chaves, on the affirmative side, and J. J. McGrath, Ryan Devereux and P. P. Johnson, on the negative. Decided in favor of the negative. Declamations were delivered, and the President, not only illuminated by the electric light — the sharpness of the light itself being relieved by a ground-glass globe. Altogether, the evening was one of the most enjoyable we have had for years. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was unexceptionally good, and the speeches given with a fervor, and on the same time such a perfect command of gesture as to make them highly pleasing. Mr. George Clarke, of the "Staff," did admirably, and D. Danahy, J. P. O'Neill, of the "Staff," and A. D. Reid, repeatedly brought down the house in roars of laughter. It is not unusual to find one or more detracting features in college entertainments, and we are glad to be able to say this one is an honorable exception.

—The following names appeared on the visitors register of the past week: Mrs. D. and Nellie L. Coglin, Toledo, O.; Ed. C. Popp, Henry Carr, A. Carr, Fred Frillman, Jr., E. W. Backstein, Ed. Schaeffers, of Chicago, Ill.; Frank Kusswera, and Geo. Wagner, South Bend; Mr. J. W. and Eddie Price, Fairmount, N. B.; Mses Maud L. and Mary Price, and Estelle Todd, St. Mary's Academy; J. D. Reid, Ogdenburg, N. Y.; U. L. Starkweather, Redwood, N. Y.; M. Rumely, Laporte, Ind.; L. Granisman, St. Louis, Mo.; M. Marie de Corto, Geozoa, Italy; J. G. Reynolds, Oakland, Calif.; M. Reynolds, Oakland, Md.; James Cavagnagh, Coldwater, Mich.; Saul Adler, South Bend, Ind.; Z. Bing, Cincinnati, O.; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Coad, Cheyenne, Dakota Ter.; Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Shelly, Sub B. Hays; Mr. Oumer Adams, and Mrs. S. S. Adams, Kendallville.

—The Annual Celebration of the Festival of St. Cecilia, under the auspices of the St. Cecilia and Euglossian Associations, took place in the University building on Wednesday, the 22d inst., at 7:30 p.m. We herewith give the programme:

**The Good, the Beautiful, and the True.**

**PART FIRST.**

Potpourri.—Gems de l'Opera (E. Brooks) — Band

The Anvil Chorus (T. Brooks) — Band

Canto Unico

Soliloquy of the Dying Alchemist — E. C. Orrick

David's Lament over his Son Absalom — J. Solon

Over the Mountains — B. Eaton

The Anvil Chorus (E. Brooks) — Band

Cataline's Harangue to his Army — Geo. Tracy

PART SECOND.

Song, "Parva Primula Pulchra" — L. Florman

The Stalwart Lawyer — J. P. O'Neill

Speech — J. K. Mendenhall

AUSTRINULSA FOHIO — G. Sauers

Battle of Life (a Rhetorical Effusion) — D. Danahy

D. Danahy

Closing Remarks — Very Rev. E. Sorin

Now the Swallows are Returning, (Aba) — Band

**Roll of Honor.**

—At the Euglossian and St. Cecilian Entertainment on Wednesday evening, the College rotonda, where it was given, was brilliantly illuminated by the electric light — the sharpness of the light itself being relieved by a ground-glass globe. Altogether, the evening was one of the most enjoyable we have had for years. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was unexceptionally good, and the speeches given with a fervor, and on the same time such a perfect command of gesture as to make them highly pleasing. Mr. George Clarke, of the "Staff," did admirably, and D. Danahy, J. P. O'Neill, of the "Staff," and A. D. Reid, repeatedly brought down the house in roars of laughter. It is not unusual to find one or more detracting features in college entertainments, and we are glad to be able to say this one is an honorable exception.

—The names of those students who appear in the following list are those whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty. They are placed in alphabetical order.

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**Senior Department.**


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THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.
Father Gillespie's Memorial

DEDICATED WITH SENTIMENTS OF PROFOUND AFFECTION
TO HIS VENERABLE MOTHER, MRS. M. M. PHELAN.

Whose memory dear shall never grow dim
While fair Loreto's chapel calls
The faithful to its storied walls,
We kneel for him: for him we pray
"O Requiescat in pace!"

II.
His grand memorial—his own—
Is to make Mary's splendors known!
The sacred cottage where her worth
Brought God Himself to dwell on earth,
The model of the very place
Where she was hailed as full of grace,
Than this, what nobler monument
Could thought, or skill, or love invent?
While kneeling here, how sweet to pray,
"O Requiescat in pace!"

III.
Here, oft the Holy Sacrifice
Ascends to greet the bending skies,
And guileless children from their play
Come in their innocence to pray;
Here to recall the mystery blest
That round its portals calmly rest;
Here to renew the scene profound
That renders Syria holy ground.
How touching from lips fresh and gay,
Their "O Requiescat in pace!"

IV.
Where myriads lights as mild and sweet,
Fall at the comely statue's feet,
From votive lamps, subdued and soft,
From amber sky-light, far aloft,
Sweet memories glow; they live, they burn,
And we behold at every turn,
Father Gillespie kneeling there,
As he was wont to do in prayer;
And here our steps we fondly stay,
With "O Requiescat in pace!"

V.
We see him in his coffin laid
When death his onward course had staid,
The chalice clasped in fingers white;
The mourners there, by day, by night,
With "O Requiescat in pace!"

VI.
O dear memorial that hath given
So many a glad foretaste of heaven
To souls who while they knelt herein.
No ostentation show of pride,
No marble shaft, with carvings cold.
No marble shaft, with carvings cold,
Ascending from the crumbling mould;
No ostentation show of pride,
Announcing where he lived and died,
Stand as the monument of him.

FROM THE EDITORIAL.

The instructions of Very Rev. Father General in the
Chapel of Loreto on Mondays at Mass, have been of ab-
sorbing interest. That of the 12th inst. was on "Devo-
tion to the Souls in Purgatory. Every word was elo-
quent with the force of truth, and deep affection for the
faithful departed. That of Monday last, on the "Patron-
age of the Blessed Virgin," was of exceptional value, since
it contained much important information, not readily
found in books.
Rosa Mystica has welcomed the new periodical issued by the Juniors, and the Chimes, also, has performed the same act of courtesy as follows: If, in a spot so secluded and unworlly there could be jealousy, Rosa Mystica and The Chimes might wither in the one case, and cease chiming in the other, beneath the glare of the "green-eyed monster," because The Lilly of the Valley has shed a fresher perfume than the first, and with its little snow-white bells has rung out a sweeter chime than the latter. But we are in a place where jealousy is never admitted, and therefore rejoice to welcome our young sister of the Junior department, and feel assured she is well deserving of the distinguished praises lavished upon her by lips revered.

How far are we responsible for our influence over others?

Supper is over; the bell strikes the signal for the pupils to arise from the table; grace is said; we make our courtesies before the crucifix and silently enter the recreation room. Here we await the distribution of letters; this completed, recreation is opened. At this moment, let us suppose an invisible being passing to and fro with a vase of the most delicate, salutary, and penetrating perfume. The odor is rapidly diffused through the atmosphere. All are equally at liberty to enjoy its fragrance, yet all do not, for appreciation differs widely.

Similar to this delicate odor, but stronger and deeper, is the influence which a beautiful character exerts in society. By such an influence the good will be led to higher virtue. We have heard of those who hated the scent of roses, therefore we may not wonder if some do not admire virtue. We have heard of those who loved the scent of roses, therefore we may not wonder if some do hot admire their number daily diminish!

In the morning as the rays of aurora penetrated her face, she could not account for. Her hands too! Her pillow! What could it all mean? She turned to the place where she had put the "Pain Killer," and what was her chagrin to find she had deposited the contents of an ink bottle upon her devoted head, the night before. — The lady was late at breakfast that morning.

Moral.—Have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place.
The growing interest in Phonography has created a demand for a Periodical to teach the Art, in a series of Lessons comprehensive, detailed and thorough. The AMERICAN SHORT-HAND WRITER, taking the initiative, is the only Magazine in the World that teaches Phonography. A full course given every year, one complete Lesson each month, and the Exercises of all Learners CORRECTED THROUGH THE MAIL free of charge. Those who prefer to learn in a briefer time than one year, may join our Correspondence Class and go through an entire course in either 10 or 20 weeks.

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The Minim Department.

This is a separate Department in the Institution of Notre Dame, for boys under 13 years of age. Thorough and comprehensive instruction in Reading, Writing, Spelling, Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, and United States History, is imparted. The discipline is parental, and suited to children of tender years. Personal neatness and wardrobe receive special attention from the Sisters, who take a tender and faithful care of their young charges.

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