Our Staff.

W. B. McGORRISK. J. P. O'NEILL.
G. E. CLARKE. R. E. FLEMING.
W. H. ARNOLD. E. C. ORRICK.
T. F. CLARKE. M. F. HEALY.

The Flight of Years.

The flight of years
Bears on its wings all earthly hopes and joys,
And fear, and sorrow that the heart annoys,
And all our tears!

Deep in the grave
Is buried many a noble, loving heart,
With whom we've seen domestic bliss depart,
Which naught could save!

Departed year!
Much hast thou added to the sum of woe.
We poor ephemerae of earth must know
While lingering here!

But still remains
The lofty soul, aspiring yet to know
More than the earth can offer or bestow
On mortal pains.

Thrice blested power!
The power to elevate the soaring mind,
To leave the earth and all its crimes behind,
In wisdom's hour!

The grovelling love
Of wealth—of fame—of any earthly goal—
Is all unworthy of the noble soul
That looks above!

Hail to ye, friends!
The blest associates of full many a year!
Your silent voice is still to me most dear,
And wisdom lends.

Dark slander's sting—
The noise of faction, or the din of war,
Like lightning, on the iceberg, cannot mar
The peace ye bring.

O gift profound!
The tree of knowledge Heav'n ononchesafe to man!
What can compare, since first young Time began
His ceaseless round.

The soul expands,
Fed on its fruit, and leaves the world behind,
And, like a meteor on the viewless wind,
Seeks brighter lands!
as the truths of another and a better world are not to be examined, reason is a good guide; the moment it approaches these limits, its light is eclipsed, its power becomes palsied, the brightness and acuteness of its perceptions are dimmed and lost. Its empire is limited to mortal tality; its sway ends with the universe; its sceptre is resigned to religion when it extends its march beyond this perishable existence. So sings the poet; so reason itself teaches.

"Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reason to the soul: and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Nor light us here, so reason's glistening ray
Was bent not to assure our doubting way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those mighty tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
So pale grows reason at religion's sight,
So dies and so dissolves in supernatural light."

But though its reign be limited by this world and its wonders, and ceases as soon as it comes to religion, it still attends us, even in that elevated sphere. The mysteries that are there presented to our consideration, the astonishing phenomena, defy the scrutiny of sense and bid us bow in humble submission before truths that we cannot measure, are not opposed to reason, nor do they destroy any truth that right reason acknowledges. They are beyond, above its power, it is true; they are too lofty for its reach, but that is simply because they are infinite and man's intellect is finite. It is not at all surprising that before truths of this nature reason holds its peace and becomes a respectful listener. Such should always be the case; we should listen and learn, not examine and be confounded: we should be humble and fear, that the majesty of the subject might not overwhelm us with its brightness and lightning-like blast us into utter darkness. "The searcher of majesty," says the word of divine wisdom, "shall be oppressed with glory."

Elated by the wonderful prospects presented by the operations of human reason, and intoxicated by the giddy elevation to which they are raised, some think that such an excellent gift could not be bestowed upon man to be used only in a limited manner. From the consideration of the world, which they can almost fathom, as not altogether beyond the power of the soul, they argue that everything proposed to man must be subjected to the influence of reason. To know that it is proposed and that it is not contrariety of any one truth on which reason has set her seal of approbation, must certainly be conceded; but to understand how it is, to comprehend it in all its minutest parts, and to be able to explain everything regarding it, especially in religious matters, no one ought for a moment to stand subject to His high behests, ever ready to execute His will. He is no tyrant indeed; but "He gives not His glory to another." He is no cruel master who stands with ever-uplifted scourge over his unhappy victim unmindful of the clanking iron that daily pierces the heart and steals away the enjoyment of life; He is Master, it is true, but kind and benignant, ever ready to comfort the miserable, always prompt to succor the needy and give new zest to the enjoyments of the happy. But as Monarch of the universe and Lord of creation, He exacts His rights of all His subjects, and these rights are, an humble submission to His power, the adoration of His perfections, and a love for His beneficence and amiability.

What an inexplicable mystery is man! Elevated above the rest of creation, he either strives to soar beyond the sphere allotted for the exercise of his faculties, or foolishly despairing of his exaltation, he grovels like an unclean beast animal in the mire of his own imaginings. He searches for joy and pleasure everywhere but where he may find it. "Nitimur in vetium," we may sing with the Venusian bard; we strive after what is forbidden. Too truly is this abuse exemplified in all his pursuits but in none more so than in the reasoning faculties. Ever since that fatal moment when our common mother reached forth her hand to the fatal tree, "whose taste brought death into the world with all our woes," he seems to have been continually stretching out his hand to every forbidden pursuit. Nature and the working of her mysterious laws are not enough to satisfy the curiosity that is continually longing for the knowledge of good and evil. It is perhaps the punishment as well as the consequence of this abuse of reason that evil preponderates, and what will be the result? Alas! the numbers of once bright intellects daily consigned the numerous insane asylums throughout the
land give us a melancholy answer. Of how many may we say with the poet,

"With a spirit tempered like a god's
He was sent blindfold upon a path of light,
And turned aside and perished! Oh! how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird, that hath outgrown
Its strength, upon the sea, ambition-wrecked—
A thing the thirst might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest."

College Gossip.

—And there are college papers benighted enough to uphold the practice of hazing.—Cornell Era.

—The Amberst student wants the trustees of that institution to establish a musical professorship.—Eva.

—The disease prevailing in the Iowa Medical College is now admitted to be small-pox. If an institution of that character is ravaged by this disease, how can we visit reproaches for its prevalence upon those who have neither the knowledge nor the means to avoid it.—Watertown Gazette.

—The foreign religious press chronicle the generosity of an anonymous personage who has made the Catholic University of Lille a donation of 100,000 francs for the foundation of a new chair in the school of medicine. This chair, in common with the late localization, is entitled the Professorship of St. Benedict Labre.

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—The last number of the Acta fairly bristled with sarcasm on the N. Y., Sun and abuse of its literary taste. The cause of the explosion was a severe criticism in the Sun of a certain sentimental, rather "gushy" sonnet on love and the tender passions, that appeared in a late number of the Acta.—Harvard Daily Herald.

—Four students at Waco est, Wis., stole a farmers gate. The college faculty condemned them to expulsion or the alternation of whatever punishment the farmer might inflict. He sentenced them to chop four cords of his own wood and deliver it to a poor widow. They did it to the music of a band and the plaudits of a crowd that watched the operation.

—The Harvard Daily Herald says that a lady teacher of phonography in Boston thinks seriously of delivering a lecture called "A Practical Talk on Phonography" before the students at Harvard college. It seems to us to there should be enough of the male element among phonographers to entitle the male education.

—The Freshmen of Brown University, in Providence, ordered their annual dinner of a caterer, and prepared to have an elaborately good time, including speeches and songs. At the time appointed, they marched in procession of whatever punishment the farmer might inflict. He sentenced them to chop four cords of his own wood and deliver it to a poor widow. They did it to the music of a band and the plaudits of a crowd that watched the operation.

—The Freshmen of Brown University, in Providence, ordered their annual dinner of a caterer, and prepared to have an elaborately good time, including speeches and songs. At the time appointed, they marched in procession to the dining-hall, with banners flying and appetites sharp. They found the tables littered with scanty remnants of the feast, which had been eaten by the Sophomores who had imposed themselves on the caterer, and induced him to get the dinner ready an hour earlier. —Ez.

A VACATION PASTORAL.

(A FACT)

1 Twas a night of the Christmas vacation; I was home for the holiday cheer, And accepted a kind invitation To dance out the dying old year.

My opera hat, tie, and collar From college of course I brought down; And I knew that my coat, which was "swaller," Would astonish the youth of the town.

Miss Bridget, the queen of the kitchen, Was fresh from the Emerald Isle; 'Twas fit she should see how bewitching I looked in my elegant style.

So down the back stairs I went, for her My swell Harvard costume to note; But she cried when she saw me, "Begorra! Mister George, where's the rest of yer coat." —Ez.

EXCHANGES.

—We have not seen The Oracle this year. Has it departed this life? We do not like to take it off our Ex-list for fear of a mistake, as last year's editors of that paper asked the favor of an excerpt. When Professor George a name come defunct, some one at the college should notify its exchanges.

—The Century Magazine may now be considered fairly started on its way under the new name, and with the February (Midwinter) number, and the adoption of the new cover-design by Eliza Vedder, the name of Scribner's Monthly will no longer be continued as the sub-title. Since the change of name there has been a decided increase in the sale of recent numbers of this magazine. The average edition during the last year of Scribner's Monthly was 120,000, while of the first four numbers of The Century it has been more than 132,000. Of December, a new edition of 9,000 was printed, and a new edition of the January issue is now called for. In England, 20,000 copies of a November number were sold, against an average of 19,230 for the twelve months preceding. The recent growth of St. Nicholas in England has been even greater in proportion; for while 3,000 copies were sufficient there a few years ago, 8,000 and 10,000 copies are now needed every month. The publishers are printing 135,000 copies of the Midwinter Century, which will be issued on the 21st instant.

—In an article on Handel in Church's Musical Visitor for January, the editor says that this great composer is never ascribed the authorship of "The Messiah." The fame rests almost exclusively upon his sacred works. "It is not generally known," he adds, "that he wrote operas at all, yet he composed 44 of them. Well, the reputation of being the author of "The Messiah" is enough for one man anyway. If Handel had written nothing else, it could not be said of him that he lived in vain. His name and his fame shall be known and honored as long as the lofty subject of which he sings finds a place in the affections of mankind. Yet the inscription which the great master caused to be put upon the cover of his harpsichord reads as follows: 'Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.'" The works of this great composer are enumerated as follows: Handel wrote forty-four Operas, viz.: Thirty-nine Italian, four German, one English. Of Oratorios, he composed twenty-two, viz.: nineteen English, two Italian, one German. Five Te Deums, seven Psalms, twenty Anthems. A large number of miscellaneous sacred and secular music, such as motets, hymns, etc., besides several notable works to which he gave the name of 'Serenatas' (Acis and Galatea" being of this class). To all this is to be added about one hundred and fifty cantatas, and the following instrumental music: Thirty-six organ concertos, six organ fugues, about twenty-five sonatas, together with a large number of compositions denominated water music, forest music, fireworks music, etc."

—The incidents narrated in "Recollections of a Drummer-boy," by Harry M. Kieffer, now running as a serial in St. Nicholas, have called forth letters from veterans in various parts of the country who saw or took part in them, and all of whom attest the accuracy of Mr. Kieffer's descriptions. His account in the January number of the battle of Gettysburg, and the mention therein of the capture and recapture of the colors of the 149th Pennsylvania Regiment in a hand-to-hand fight, has brought to the editor the following letter:
"FORT WAYNE, IND., January 4, 1882.

To the Editor of the "Timberwolves," Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sir,--I have been much amused by your letter published a short time ago, in which you said that my book, "The History of the United States," was the most popular book in the world. This is a most gratifying sentiment, and I thank you for your flattering notice. I must, however, confess that I was surprised at your statement that my book was the most popular book in the world. I have been told that it is a very popular book, but I never knew it to be the most popular book in the world. I am, however, willing to accept your statement as true, for I have never had the opportunity to verify it.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

P.S. I am much obliged to you for your kind letter of recommendation to thePrinter.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

That he attempted to prove his statement, and that he succeeded admirably in proving it, you please inform me. Mrs. Harry Kieffer's address, I was sergeant in Company F of the 150th Bucktails (F. V.), and I can testify to the accuracy of his "Recollections."

The great sin of men who recaptured in 1919 colors, but I was badly wounded through the head just before I reached them, and I was left on the field for dead.

Very respectfully,

[Signature]

"J. C. Kains, 150th F. V. (Bucktails)."

It is worthy of note in connection with this incident, and as a remarkable turn in the kaleidoscope of affairs, that the artist who is illustrating these "Recollections" served throughout the war on the Confederate side, that his regiment was immediately opposed to Mr. Kieffer's at Gettysburg, and that the artist grimly, while recurring to the battle-scene in the last act in Macbeth.

Now we hope that, unless our friend has something to say in defense of his "doctored" history, he will keep silent, and avoid making another such an exhibition of his ignorance. Let him remember that 'if fools hold their tongues, they may be the only wise men in the room.'

Now all this looks very nice for the exchange editor of "The Vidette-Reporter," but in the above extract from Shakespeare, which he proves correct by the twelve editions cited, does he give the words originally used by him in the "Vidette-Reporter?" He does not. They did not so appear in the SCOLASTIC; they did not so appear in the "Vidette-Reporter." The reprint is a falsified one—a forgery—or a big blunder on his part. In his paper for December the 17th, now before us, from which the words in question were copied by the "Vidette-Reporter," we find the exact words in the "doctored" history as below:

"So say on, Mr. Scholastic man, and 'darned be him who first cries, Hold, enough! Mark the difference between "hold, enough," and the original Giving of 2000 copies, and "him than" in the last number of the Vidette-Reporter! Had the passage been rendered by "him that or 'he who" we would never have called it in question.

After such a glaring perversion it is evidently time the 'V-R' exchange editor cited "Hold, enough!"—but we hope he will escape the penalty of damnation which he so rashly invoked upon himself. As to Pope Pius IX, who in October, 1847, gave to the States of the Church a representative form of government very much like our own—a Senate and Chamber of Deputies—the representatives chosen by vote of the people, and a layman, de Rossi, as President of the Assembly, it is unnecessary to speak here. And yet this is the man whom an Iowa college editor calls the "in-famous Pope Pius IX." Intriguing with the enemies of his country, and doing all in his power to keep Italy disunited and subject to Austria. Another specimen of the "doctored" history read in some of our American colleges, we presume; for the Iowa editor is not the first to speak in this way. We suppose the "doctored" history is a nothing of Pope Pius's raising an army of 12,000 men, under Gen. Durando, to demand the Roman territory against Austria, and thus to co-operate with Charlie Albert; although these troops had orders not to leave Rome, but to act only as humanity dictates—on the defensive? Or that the Mazzini-Garibaldi cut-throats killed Rossi in cold blood as he was about to enter the Congregional Chamber, and carried his body on a pitchfork about the streets, and in front of the house where their victim resided, in sight of his agonized wife? Or that when Pope Pius the Ninth was in exile, at Gaeta, such disorders reigned in Rome, under the Mazzini-Garibaldi régime, that all respectable people were glad to have the Pope back, and petitioned him to return? To readers of the "doctored" history in question we commend Brennan's or Dr. O'Reilly's Life of Pope Pius IX, leaving them free to believe as little or much as they please.

NEW BOOKS.


This is a neat little brochure of 44 pages. The frontispiece is an uncommonly good engraving of the Veil of St. Veronica. A short account of the origin of the devotion, followed by the Rules of the Confraternity for the Reparation of Blasphemy, precede the prayers and practices. There is also a brief method of assisting at Mass in union with our Saviour's Passion.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.
The Scholastic Annual.—For the Year of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Seventh Year. Price 25 cents. University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Of the few publications that become better as they grow older, the Scholastic Annual is certainly one. When, however, it is understood that it is published under the immediate supervision of the taste and painstaking Prof. of Lyons, one can see why it is so. The Prof. is never satisfied with anything unless it is really meritorious. Nothing leaves his hands until it is finished. The Annual, besides serving the first-class class, gives thealmanac, among the months of the year, the days of abstinence and fasting, the holy days of obligation, etc., contains a large amount of very choice reading-matter in prose and verse. The longer articles, on literature, science and education, are very elaborate and will well repay perusal, while most of the shorter pieces in verse are gems of their kind. "The Strawberry Festival," one of the celebrated "Chanson's Physiologiques," and the "Ballad of the Ferocious Ute and the Witty Fox," from the pen of our venerable friend, Prof. A. J. Stace, show that age has not dimmed his perception of the humorous or ridiculous. His wit and fancy are as fresh and brilliant as ever. Indeed his sojourn among the ferocious Utes seems to have benefited him in more ways than one.

For copies and further information regarding the Scholastic Annual, a copy of which should be in every family, apply to J. A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ind.

Art, Music, and Literature.


"Ireland of To-day" is the title of a handsonely-printed book of 459 pages just issued by J. M. Stoddart & Co., of Philadelphia. The book is written by Mrs. M. Paterson, a leading British magazine worker and journalist, of acknowledged ability. The literary merit of this book is beyond question and it is profusely illustrated and gotten up in the best style of the art. We will speak further of it next week.

The North American Review has had to find a new publisher, the Appletons' refusing to issue it after January next week.

"The Young Tamer" is the title of a handsomely-printed book of 459 pages just issued by J. M. Stoddart & Co., of Philadelphia. The book is written by Mrs. M. Paterson, a leading British magazine worker and journalist, of acknowledged ability. The literary merit of this book is beyond question and it is profusely illustrated and gotten up in the best style of the art. We will speak further of it next week.

Dr. Lyman C. Draper, well known throughout the country from his connection with the Wisconsin Historical Society, which owes its leading position among such associations almost wholly to his labors, has been engaged during some forty years in collecting material for a history which lately appeared, and which he designs to be the first of a series of salient features of the border aspects of the Revolutionary struggle with the mother country. He has produced a large octavo of 600 pages, nearly 120 of which are occupied with the documents of various sorts from which his information is drawn. These are valuable—some of them, it is believed, now first finding their way into print. The book opens with a brief running sketch of the progress of the war up to the invasion of South Carolina by Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, and thence follows closely, and sometimes in rather tiresome detail, the events that led up to the turning point in the fight at King's Mountain, in which the leaders on both sides lost their lives, and which, as it was in itself, promises to be the turning-point of the war in the Southern States, and nearly won for itself a place among the so-called decisive battles of the world. Among the curious points of the volume is the light it throws on the character of Maj. Andre. After detailing his career about Charleston during Clinton's siege of that place, the author says: "However fascinating his talents and deportment, he was not entitled to the commissmation of the American people as an honorable but unfortunate traitor. Twice he acted the part of an insidious spy, corrupting and deceiving with falsehoods and mean dissimulation; and he was once, at least, guilty of theft—once while stationed in Philadelphia, plundering from the Library of the University of Pennsylvania a number of valuable books. That valuable work "L'Encyclopedia," received as a present from the French Academy of Science by the hands of Dr. Franklin; on the other occasion taking from Dr. Franklin's residence, which he occupied a while, a portrait of the philosopher. He was an unmistakable, if not very elegant English, and serves to cast a very ugly side-light on one of the most cherished idols of our modern sentimentalists.

The book contains a compendium of valuable and entertaining reading, notwithstanding the fact that one is being constantly exasperated by the slovenliness of its style.
The North-Western Chronicle gives the following excellent notice of Prof. Lyons' Household Library of Catholic Poets:—

"The Household Library of Catholic Poets, from Chaucer to the present day" is sent forth under the editorial supervision of Eliot Ryder with the imprint of Jos. A. Lyons, Professor in the University of Notre Dame. This collection is 'Catholic' only by the religious faith of its authors. The editor in a preface remarks that there is and always will be a demand for poetry. There is scarcely a field in scholarship or taste or culture that has been so thoroughly worked as this of collecting, collating and arranging poetry. It requires what some one calls a lyrical mind, he said, was the index of true nobility, and the scenes always afford to a well-balanced mind. Gratitude, he said, was the index of true nobility, and the gift was alike honorable to the recipient and the donors. Such expressions of friendship are like blossoms by the wayside cheering the path of him who conscientiously endeavours to walk in the often rugged and embarrassing road of strict compliance with the precepts of duty. The happy party then separated, to resume the regular business of the Association at a future time.

Catholic Poets.

On Sunday evening, the hall of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was more brilliantly lighted up than usual, not only with the mere physical refleugence from the gasoliers, but with the more subtle flashes of intellect and humor which irradiated from the assembled throng. On our arrival, we found President Walsh in the chair, superintended by Prof. Lyons, the able and energetic President of the Association, while a musical St. Cecilian was performing sonatas on the organ. Bro. Leander, the popular principal of the Junior department, having been decoyed to the room on the pretext of a debate on the Tariff Question, now entered amid loud and prolonged applause. On taking his seat, Master Ed. Fishel advanced, with a bow formed according to the recipe in "New Arts," and greeted the Brother with a little versified address, making presentation to him of the complete works of Shakespeare, in a very neatly bound edition. The Brother was quite taken by surprise, and accepted the gift in a brief but touching speech. More music followed, and President Walsh then took the occasion to speak at length on the pleasure that took the occasion to speak at length on the pleasure that the Association and the critic's riches alike, because there is an appendix, and the editor says in a note to that that he gives in it selections from authors who had not responded to calls for information about themselves, and yet whose books entitled them to recognition. In the appendix are examples from Father Tom Burke, Dr. Delldra Joyce, Emily Seton, sister of the Monsignor of New Jersey, Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, of Chicago, and others. In the main collection there are Moore and Mangan and Pope and Dryden, as well as Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, of whom, by-the-by, there is a good picture, good portrait, too it may be. The collection of pearls, gracefully strung together and guarded by a red line on the 'handsome page, does not suggest carp or criticism, because the poems already have worn the laurel bays accorded by the ages of the years. Poor Father Edward Purcell whose lamp went out in melancholy sadness is quoted, and indeed, nearer home, there is place made for Wm. Louis Kelly. A pleasant feature in this volume, and one that has been adopted in late years, is that a little sketch of the author is given. Persons never tire of being given information. We are not all learned in books and their authors. Besides which youngsters are growing up and they need to be told who was who, and when he was born, and when he died.

"This charming volume has been in part published by subscription, yet doubtless an order for it at D. O'Halloran's or McCarthy & Donnelly's would secure a copy. We quote from it the lines of Dr. Boyle O'Reilly which he calls:"

"AT BEST.

The faithful helm commands the keel,
From port to port fair breezes blow:
But the ship must sail the convex sea,
Nor may she straighter go.
So man to man: in fair accord,
On thought and will, the winds may wait;
Though its shortest course be straight:
From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be;
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea.

"Another day we may call on Mr. Eliot for a fresh pearl."

Concerning the Minims.

They are now nearly all back from the Christmas holidays. Master Ryan Devereux, who did not go home, being detained here by railroad business, states that the receipts in passenger-offices show a large increase during the past four weeks, owing to the vast amount of travelling done by the Minim department. The returning Minims report having had a diversity of experience while on their travels. Master Dwenger describes the decorations of the Cathedral at Fort Wayne during Christmas week in glowing terms. He acknowledges, nevertheless, that the Church here is nicer; appropriately remarking, however, that "it ain't always the people that visit nice churches that are the most pious." This is understood to be a severe
reflection on—but we forbear. Master John A. Kelly reports snakes and things as active in Washington. He saw a deer there, and an alligator; and he says that in the Patent Office "they have a thing to bring a dead man to life, when he is drowned." He also observes that the savage bicycle is again on the war-path. Master Charlie Metz says that "they are building a fine cable in Chicago; and Michigan Street is going to run into the Boulevard." We hope no loss of life will result from the collision. He likewise intimates that wild animals are rampant there. He mentions "the tiger and the wolf, and the lion and a great many others." In spite of all his thrilling adventures among them, however, he still becomes enthusiastic over the Minims' Society-Room, which he states is "the finest one I ever saw." Master Frank O'Lea refers to his own experience of home-life, which probably refers to a more distant epoch than the Christmas holidays, as he recounts having witnessed an Indian sun dance, at which he says: "They see who can cut themselves up the most, and whoever cuts in the deepest and the most gets so much money." This beats Mr. Shylock and his pound of flesh all hollow. He goes on to describe a horrible image contrived by the Indians to frighten wayfarers. This is a "great big rock—it weighed about 3075 pounds, and it lay on the side of the road where the people used to go and take nice sleigh rides. This rock was cut out into a big head and body, and the eyes were cut away in this rock, and painted red, and the mouth was wide open, and red all inside except the teeth; and the people used to get scared." We don't wonder at the people. We have got scared ourselves at a great deal less than that. A gentleman returning home late after a protracted series of successful New Year's calls, and encountering such an object as that in his path, would be extremly likely to think he had "got 'em again." But to return to our moutons—some of them, like Master Donn Platt somewhat modifies Master Ellis's views in respect to the penalties to be inflicted upon the unfortunate Chinese. He would prefer to hang them up by the toes. He also remarks: "When a fellow is skating alone, sometimes the ice flies up and takes him on the nose, and then he goes off sneezing, snorting, sometimes bawling." Quite agrees with our own experience. He also tells us: "We still have the sixty-two (62) Minims, but when all get back we will have near seventy (70). We have some new comers since the holidays." On the whole, the holidays seem to have agreed with our young friends, with the exception of one littleurchin who had the cheek to come and ask us, "If we went out gunning for poets, and brought down Longfellow, what part of our ammuntion should we obtain the value of?" Observing our embarrassment, he kindly mentioned that "we should get our wad's worth." He was going to explain that Wadsworth was the poet's middle name, when we kicked him out. This is, of course, very painful to chronicle, as none now indulge in conundrums but the lowest of the low. Even the College faculty have almost given them up, except a few old stagers in whom the disease has become chronic, and who are generally regarded as harmless insane.

Local Items.

—Skating.
—"Oh, my head!"
—Oh! those pesty cranks!
—He said "Neal," and he knelt.
—How many stars did you see, Del.?
—The young "Nobles" still flourish.
—Englisional reunion to-night 21st inst.
—"Flue" vows revenge, but we can't see it.
—"Jack" will surprise us all some day, Doc.
—Ginger has nearly as many pages as the Vin.
—He "Rose" up, Prof., but he eat down, you bet.
—"Oh them goat! and that horns! and this buts!"
—"Terra lucorum in cineribus est. Nil relictum est."
—The Archonfraternity Festival was a decided success.
—Did you see the Free Lunch Friend from the Garden City?
—No doubt he will some day be a great scientific man. Oh, no!
—The Thespians will soon begin to prepare for their great play.
—"Zeke" did not see the point but he felt it, and wishes he didn't.
—The young "Nobles" still flourish.
—How many stars did you see, Del.?
—He said "Neal," and he knelt.

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—No doubt he will some day be a great scientific man. Oh, no!
—The Thespians will soon begin to prepare for their great play.
—"Zeke" did not see the point but he felt it, and wishes he didn't.
—The young "Nobles" still flourish.
—How many stars did you see, Del.?
—He said "Neal," and he knelt.
—He is going to be a Professor when he graduates. Rather a high notion, is it not, "Skip"?
—The only way to root out his chewing propensity is to cut off his "helium!" "cash supply."
—"How do you do this morning, Georgette?" (and he blushed). But we don't blame him, oh, no!
—The meetings of the Thespians are of a superior order, being of a thoroughly literary and dramatic character.
—Among the number of its members would take a "sleepy," but Denis was in favor of a "smoker," as he wanted something reliable.
—We hear that two of our young men, K. and V., met with a cool reception at the domicile of the Chicago man.
—Mike, you should have had manliness enough to put the key back yourself, as you were the one who took it out.
—Now, was his "Dream" production good, or was it even fair? No, it was the most senseless "bosh" I ever heard.
—Our friend "Flue" has a new military suit so you had better look out, for to dig up the hatchet is a sign of hostility.
—The Senior Campus, previous to the holidays, was rather crowded, owing to the unwelcome intrusion of their sheep ships.
—Proposals for carrying mail between Notre Dame and South Bend are now open. Our friend "H" should receive the contract.
—New additions have been made to the band during the past week, and, under the efficient leadership of Prof. Paul, they are rapidly improving.
—"J. Grey: Pack my box with five dozen quills." Wonderful as it may seem, the twenty-six letters of the alphabet may be found in the above sentence.
—"The Household Library of Catholic Poets" is having quite a sale, and we congratulate Prof. Lyons on the well-merited success of his worthy venture.
—Prof. J. A. Lyons is in daily receipt of large baskets of letters and cards complimenting his recent work "The Household Library of Catholic Poets."
—Our friend John, though naturally of an astronomical turn of mind, was unable to count the luminaries which obscured his vision on the skirling ring, a short time since.
—Those Seniors who waved their handkerchiefs at "the gentleman from Washington," during the entertainment, a few evenings ago, would do well to let themselves out as signs.
—The Ohio man eats first-class pie. He buys it at Tiffin, Ohio; they knew you were verdant, you must be a gentleman from Washington," during the entertainment, a few evenings ago.
—Perhaps he's up in a balloon, perhaps he's gone to sea; perhaps he's gone to Brigham Young, A Morn before.
—Very Rev. Father General examined the Eloquion of the Minim department last week. He recommended c'arness and distinctness in pronunciation to all. Among those who received special notice were Masters D. A. O'Connor, J. H. Dawender, T. Norfolk, J. J. McGrath, Ryan Devereux, and J. A. Kelly. The class thank Very Rev. Father General for his instructions and hope he will find time to visit them soon again.
—Among the many Christmas gifts which Very Rev. Father General gave his Minims was a pearl rosary which was blessed by the late sainted Pius IX. He recommended c'arness and distinctness in pronunciation to all. Among those who received special notice were Masters D. A. O'Connor, J. H. Dawender, T. Norfolk, J. J. McGrath, Ryan Devereux, and J. A. Kelly. The class thank Very Rev. Father General for his instructions and hope he will find time to visit them soon again.
—The regular meeting of the Senior Archconfraternity was held Sunday evening, 15th inst., Rev. Father Walsh presiding. The ten minute instruction was given by Rev. D. E. Hudson. Among the visitors were Father Stoell and Prof. Paul, the latter kindly acting as organist. Well-written essays were read by J. McCarthy on "How to Spend the Vacation," by C. Tinley, on the "Angelus." G. E. Clarke, E. Taggart and J. Farrell were appointed to prepare compositions for the next meeting.
—A little more care and painstaking by the readers in the Junior refectory would not be at all out of place.
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.


BOARDS OF EXAMINATION.

CLASSICAL BOARD—Rev. T. E. Walsh, presiding; Rev. N. J. Stoffel, Secretary; Rev. F. Fitte, Rev. F. Steil, Prof. Unsworth, Prof. Lyons.

SCIENTIFIC BOARD—Rev. J. A. Zahm, presiding; Prof. Devoto, Secretary; Prof. Stace, Prof. McCue.

COMMERCE BOARD—Rev. J. M. Tockey, presiding; Bro. Philip, Secretary; Bro. Marcellus; Prof. Tong, Prof. Lyons, Prof. Edwards.


BOARD OF MODERN LANGUAGES—Rev. N. J. Stoffel, presiding; Rev. F. Fitte, Mr. J. Irman, Secretary; Mr. Boeser, Mr. J. Ernster, Bro. Philip.

BOARD OF FINE ARTS AND SPECIAL BRANCHES—Rev. T. E. Walsh, presiding; Bro. Basil, Bro. Leopold; Prof. Unsworth, Prof. Lyons.
Rolll of Honor.

The names of those students who appear in the following list are those whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past. They are placed in alphabetical order.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


MINIM DEPARTMENT.


CLASS HONORS.

[In this list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction to all their classes during the month past.]

PREPARATORY COURSE.


MINIM DEPARTMENT.


Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

The subject of instruction in the Chapel of Loreto, on Monday morning, was "Obedience, and its Sublimity as a Christian Virtue."

Major Brownson, of Detroit, Mich., son of the late Dr. Orestes S. Brownson, the distinguished editor of Brownson's Journal, visited the Academy on the 15th inst.

Sunday, Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, Rev. Father Shortis addressed the pupils at High Mass upon the solemnity of the day. The sermon was an impressive, learned and clear explanation of the honor due to the sacred name.

Visitors: Major Brownson, Detroit, Mich.; Dr. Best, Grand Rapids; Mrs. Hackett, Iowa, Mich.; Mr. J. A. Castanoed, New Orleans, La.; Mr. John McCnille, Morris, Ill.; and Mrs. Beale, Mr. and Mrs. Grin, South Bend; Mr. McGordon, and Mrs. Mordiarty, Muskegon.

-Saint Mary's Cimnics, Vol. IV, No II, Jan. 15th, 1882. Edited by Missed Catherine Wall, Catherine Campbell, and Laura French, of the Second Senior Class; and Sophia Papin and Bertha Legnand, of the Third Senior Class. Contents: I. Editorial; II, The Holy Name; III. Ornamenta; IV, National Colors; V, Classical Allusion; VI, Probation; VII, Encouraging to the Shoe Trade; VIII, Province of the Facetious; IX, A Bill of Fare; X, Fire Arms; XI, Perfection and Titles; XII, Geographical Enigmas; XIII, Abbreviations; XIV, Timidity; XV, Marine; XVI, Song of the Gun; XVII, Academy Method; XVIII, The Ruling Passion; XIX, Second Senioridum; XX, Courage and its Necessity; XXI, Imported Civilization; XXII, Chemical Enigmas; XXIII, Question; XXIV, A Minuet; XXX, The Amusing Hand; XXXI, Why is the Lily the Flower of Mary?

(Selections from "Rosa Mystica" and "St. Mary's Cimnics," monthly papers edited by the young ladies of the Senior Department.)

We give the following beautiful extract from Very Rev. Father General's instruction to the Children of Mary, Dec. 26th, 1881, as taken from notes in Saint Mary's Cimnics, of the 15th inst.: "Hear the chant that is vibrating in the winter air! It is the joy of heaven that bursts forth from angel voices. The feast is called Noel, or Christmas, and is the special and particular feast of children. Why do we regard children with such reverence? Because Christ came to be a child like them. With how much tenderness we look upon them; with what interest we regard everything that concerns or refers to them; we look upon them as a sacred trust. How different from the cus-
Impressed with the thought that he is training a little between Christian and anti-Christian training. It begins est incentives to exertion. Here we have the diffisrence brother of Christ. He saw the reflection of the Redeemer vowedness? Ah! the teacher saw in his pupil a little vowedness. But, after all, what was the secret of this de-

What was it that wrought the change? It was the Chris­

tian meekness of the educator, it was humility, it was de-

Once, while our Lord was walking with His apostles, one of them sought to prevent the little children that flocked about Him from coming to Him; but He rebuked him, saying: 'Suffer the little children to come to Me, and forbid them not, the kingdom of heaven is for such.' And again He said: 'Unless you become like little children you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' In their an­
gelic innocence and simplicity He finds His delights; He

He turns away from pride, and pride cannot find Him.

"See what a power the devoted Christian educator holds! Impressed with the thought that he is training a little

The Holy Name.

WHITTEN ON THE FEAST.

The holy Infancy doth rest
Upon the New Year's youthful breast,
As sometimes on the evening sky
Majestic clouds loom fair and high,
Enrobed in splendor of the sun,
Though day its happy course hath run:
Lingers, as if sweet Christmas-tide
Would longer in our hearts abide.

Epiphany's glad feast has past,'d
But of the season dear the last
Is this when we commemorate
The Holy Name—the only great.
So Christmas shall be kept alive

In letters bright, the mystic five.
Five form our dear Lord's holy Name,
Five, too, shall spread Maria's fame:
Five wounds, forever open wide
Proclaim a Saviour crucified:
And as five words brought God to dwell
On earth and save the race from hell, *
So likewise do five words combine
And change the bread to Food Divine.†
Sweet Name of Jesus, in thy power
All blessing center, hour by hour,
In thee, lost Eden's joys revive
And live but in thy mystic five.

Piety, the Atmosphere of Feminine Virtue.

It is universally acknowledged that the influence of woman gives tone, character, and the real impress to society. This influence has asserted its supremacy in every age and nation. It has moulded the destinies of individuals, of em­

But another picture presents itself—too sad for us to re­
call the talisman which wakes to life the faults and
implant virtues in the heart of his little charge.

"See what a power the devoted Christian educator holds! Impressed with the thought that he is training a little

The powerful influence of which we speak, imparts a marvellous attractiveness to a loving sister's voice; it pro-
tects the inexperienced footsteps of youth from the allur­
ing demon of intemperance and from the Ignis-fatuus of

How many a husband and father have been rescued from
despondency and lifted from the abyss of despair, through
the courage inspired by the cheering aid of a dear wife or
by a loving daughter's fortitude.

But another picture presents itself—too sad for us to
dwell upon—of heavy heads brought down in sorrow to the
grave by the ingratitude of selfish, vain and unworthy
wives or undutiful daughters; of youths who date their ruin
from the moment when, perchance, a word of irdly,
a mocking smile from a trifling wife or sister, from one
who should have been their guiding star of rectitude, had
sealed their destiny of evil. Eternity alone will disclose
the mournful record.

* Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.
† Hoc est enim corpus meum.
In scanning the pages of biography and history, we observe that wherever woman's influence is worthy and elevating, piety is invariably found to be the secret yet powerful medium of her prudence, her fidelity, her devo­tudes.

Blanche of Castile, who confessed that she would willingly have sacrificed her life for her son Louis, still declared "I would rather see you dead at my feet, than to know you had committed a mortal sin;" and the "kingliest of saints, and saintliest of kings, her son," never forgot this declaration of his pious mother.

No doubt it was to her influence that we owe the heroic virtues which elevated Louis IX, to the glorious dignity of a saint.

It was piety, likewise, in Joan of Arc, that caused her to risk all she held most dear to save her native land from the tyranny of England.

Our assertion that piety is the element in which all feminine virtues flourish, is borne out by the experience of all times and all persons; but let us not forget that in a fallen world innocence is an exotic, and that its native soil is paradise. We must ever cultivate its tender growth with most assiduous care.

What thoughtful solicitude is bestowed by the florist, in our severe climate, upon the rare and fragile tropical flower; no cold blast is permitted to chill its delicate tissues; he shields it from frosts and tempests; he exposes it to light, enriches the soil, and invites the sun to shed its most genial and invigorating beams, and at last the choice flower, indigenous to the tropics, flouts a true, congenial home, beneath our cold wintry skies.

Innocence must be treated with the same thoughtful solicitude, or, like the frail exotic plant in the cold tem­pests of winter, it will perish. Piety is the only atmos­phere, our severe climate, upon the rare and fragile tropical flower; no cold blast is permitted to chill its delicate tissues; he shields it from frosts and tempests; he exposes it to light, enriches the soil, and invites the sun to shed its most genial and invigorating beams, and at last the choice flower, indigenous to the tropics, flouts a true, congenial home, beneath our cold wintry skies.

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