Lines.

(On the receipt of the likeness of Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Founder of Notre Dame, and Father-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.)

A noble head, symmetrical and stately,—
A flowing beard as white as Christmas-snows,
Broad brows,—bright eyes,—the whole resembleth greatly
The head of Moses—(Michael Angelo's):
The grand old patriarch who led his fellows
Out of the desert to the Promised Land,—
Time, as it passes, only smoothes and mellows
His massive semblance from a master-hand.
And is not here another modern Moses,—
Nay, more, a priestly Aaron, grave and mild?
—Crown him, ye angels, with your fadeless roses.
The while he journeys through Life's desert wild;
And with him, guide his brave, devoted band
Safe to the joys of Heaven's Promised Land!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Poetry.

In the primeval ages men were moved, as today, by those powerful manifestations of nature which excite emotion. The sun, the moon and stars provoked them to wonderment, till, lost in admiration, unconsciously they broke forth in strains:

"Hail Thou, O Sun, that travellest thy mysterious ways in such splendor! Hail Thou, O object of terror, yet our life and necessity! Hail Thou, O King of Day! And hail Thou, O Moon and Stars! pour down thy light upon us! And hail Thou, O Almighty power, Ruler of the hills and valleys! Omnipotent Sovereign of oceans and seas! Thou, who hast done all these things for our good, hail! thrice hail!"

In days of old, the ancients, wont to celebrate their gods in song, indulged in these orisons. By degrees, a certain formula of words came into use, and finally, growing regular by repetition, that harmonious spirit, inherent in all men, set the words to music, or metre, corresponding to the movements of the body.

Here we have the earliest form of poetry. Thus the ancient Egyptians observed the festivals of their god Apis with songs and dances; the Grecian ceremonies abounded with choruses and hymns sung and danced at their sacrifices and games. From the Phoenicians they borrowed the damnable Orthyian song, recited whilst slaughtering their children on an altar consecrated to Diana. The Romans had their carmen seculare, and on certain festivals the priests sang and danced through the streets of Rome; the Israelites also exulted:

"And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances, and Miriam answered them: 'Sing ye to the Lord'; And David danced before the Lord with all his might.'"

The Gauls and Britons sang the wild melodies of their bards at their sacrifices; the Goths' carousals were religious exercises celebrated with songs of triumph; the Mahometan Dervaise dances to the sound of the flute till, giddy, he falls; the Chinese march in sacred processions to the accompaniment of song and instrumental music; Negroes, Caffres and Laplanders commemorate their divinities with song and dance. As a deduction from these facts, an eminent writer has ventured to state that "poetry is the universal vehicle in which all nations have expressed their most sublime conceptions."

At first confined to religious exercises, poetry did not enjoy a broad scope; but eventually she advanced a step, and tragedies, comedies, odes and satires made an appearance. The participants in those wild scenes near the rural altar of Bacchus, having assumed the club and mask of Melpomene, essayed, higher things. Taming down the entertainment within the pale of respectability, they transferred the scene of action to the city. At first they coursed the streets in carts or wagons— as the name _kóros_ implies, being derived from _kóra_, a street, and _phōs_, a poem. Horace alludes to this origin as follows:

"Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis, Quae canerent agerentque peruncti fascibus ora."

"Thespis, inventor of Dramatic art, Convey'd his vagrant actors in a cart:
High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appear'd,
And played and sang, with lees of wine besmeared.

Even more ignoble was the origin of the word "tragedy." The author of "Ars Poetica" stigmatizes it as "vile certamen ob hircum"—a mean contest for a he-goat. The name ὑπάρχεια—meaning the goat-song—comes from ἄρρητος, a goat, and ἁδύνη, song. Its primary object is expressed in the following lines, translated from Horace:

"The tragic bard—a goat his humble prize—
Bade satyrs naked and uncouth arise;
His muse severe, secure and undismay'd,
The rustic joke in solemn strain;
For novelty alone, he knew, could charm
A lawless crowd, with wine and feasting warm."

I wonder if the originator of this happy idea ever dreamt that on this humble foundation would arise the magnificent structure of Shakespeare? Perhaps the story of the acorn and the adage "small beginnings," etc., were not as old then as now.

Satire, like satire, sprang from a quaint source. It was originally a "clownish dialogue," spoken by rustics, attired in costumes representing Satyrs—whence the name. It was in reality an intellectual sparring contest, though oft-times the altercation grew serious enough. The Cyclops of Euripides, in which Ulysses is the principal character, is an early satire, as also the Attelane of the Romans. This latter grew in such favor at Rome that the participators enjoyed many privileges of citizenship.

Tragedy and comedy were reared in the same cradle, though they soon afterwards separated. Thespis is styled "the inventor of the dramatic art" because he raised the drama from a dissonant hub-bub to something loftier—the portrayal of the exploits of heroes; he improved the diction and versification, and instituted the dialogue; after him Æschylus; but Horace speaks well:

"Post hunc personæ palleque repertor honestæ
Æschylus, et modicis instravit pulpitæ lignis;
Et docuit magnanumque loquæ nitiœque coturno."

"Then Æschylus a decent wizard used,
Built a low stage, the flowing robe diffused;
In language more sublime the actors rage,
And in the graceful buskin trod the stage."

Now have we the wagon and native woods supplanted by stage and costume. Sophocles added the finishing by entirely detaching the drama from those religious features with which it teemed. The Bacchalianalain priest, interested, murmured against, but the people approved of the plan—the latter prevailed, and the tragedy thus inaugurated has developed into that of to-day.

Aristotle calls comedy the younger sister of tragedy, which admirably sets forth their nature. Like satire, but differing from tragedy, the former consisted in an attack on living persons, in which their follies and frailties were dwelt upon, on occasions of public worship and festivity.

Homer is said to have made the first step towards the institution of the regular comedy. It was in his Μαργίτες, which exposed the inability and folly of a lax character. To Athens, however, belongs the glory of foster-mother of comedy. Under the tutelage of Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes the smiles of fortune hung on her with such persistence that no one was exempt from her attacks. She even dared to assume the attire, the air, and even the name of the highest personages of the commonwealth and hold them up to ridicule:—

"The comic poets, in its earliest age,
Who formed the manners of the Greecian stage—
Was there a villain who might justly claim
A better right of being damned to fame?
Rake, cutthroat, thief, whatever was his crime,
They boldly stigmatized the wretch in rhyme."

Alcibiades and even Pericles, the peerless statesman, did not escape a censure. By the Athenians Aristophanes was crowned the king of Ancient Comedy, but he has merited reproach for the wantonness with which he directed "the shaft of ridicule" against Socrates, a philosopher, the greatest the world has seen; a man of irreproachable life, and able to bear the choicest sophisms of Aristophanes to pieces and cast the shreds to the winds. This Ancient Comedy gratified the spleen of men, and excited their mirth; but repetition makes the best of things monotonous, and the ancients were clamoring for a change. Accordingly, a law was passed forbidding the use of personal invectives on the stage. This gave rise to what has been called the Middle Comedy. The law, however, not being stringent enough to effect its purpose, a second ordinance was issued, promising severe penalties for any allusions to living persons. This enactment resulted in the New Comedy, in which vice and folly are ridiculed in general terms, and was precisely the same as at the present day. Diphilus and Menander wrote new comedies, but nothing of their works is now extant, excepting some fragments.

Opposed to the drama, there exists another species of poetry which we might style "the poetry of individuality"—that is, poetry with which one person only was associated, including under that head epic and lyrical poets, odes and elegies.

Contradistinguished from the motives which cause us to find pleasure in the drama, are others, compelling us to higher, nobler thoughts. The former is apt to please that element which finds it delightful to hear of bold deeds and heroic exploits; is apt to glut the savagery in our nature with images of great bodily trials, sufferings and endurance, or with scenes of carnage; is apt, in comedy, to feed that instinct which loves to see our own follies and failings exposed in others. These kinds of pleasure I would characterize as physical. With the latter, grander things are allied; here the mind is consulted, the heart concerned. We deal no more with the petty desires of a physical being, but strive to satisfy the cravings of a soul—cravings infinite in their range and sublime at all times.

Homer, the Greek, and Virgil, of the Romans, were among the first to realize these facts, and whose poetry satisfies, in a degree, the keen longing of the human soul for intellectual enjoyment. The Η iliad and Æneid are so well known that any remarks concerning them would be out of taste; suffice it to state that even in these masterpieces are discernible the marks of an unlettered
age. Homer compares Ajax to an ass, and Ulysses to a beef-steak broiling on the coals; and Virgil has drawn a parallel between the queen of King Latinus and a top, which "boys lash for diversion."

Milton's "Paradise Lost" in our own literature, and Dante's "Inferno" in the Italian, are, no doubt, the most perfect specimens of epic poetry under the sun; they realize all the conditions that make poetry poetry. Both are sublime, from their subject even to the minutest detail. And here, at last, is every craving of the soul satisfied to the full.

There has lived a man—the Bard of Avon—whose pen, guided by the hand of Nature herself, has united in that one grand structure—Shakespeare—the varied excellencies of all ages. To borrow a figure from Queen Scheherazade, his slaves, the genii of nature have reared aloft another Aladdin's palace; were a window wanting, who could reproduce it? Whence could come another Hamlet, another Macbeth?

There's yet a third faculty in the human mind which discovers poetry in all nature; which detects a faint harmony in the scurrying clouds, a cadence in the falling snow, a thrilling music in the winds, a ravishing melody in the brook. The interpreters of this universal language of nature constitute the great class of partly imaginative, partly imitative poets.

In general, polite literature embraces the liberal arts of poetry, music, painting sculpture and architecture, all of which are founded on imitation. Aristotle declares that in man there is a natural propensity to imitate, which from his very infancy manifests itself. Thus the earliest ideas of a child are acquired; and indeed it seems to be a law of nature that man must learn by imitation, and she has supplied herself as our great model: the artist aims to reproduce her effects upon canvas; the musician strives to re-echo the harmonies with which she abounds, but he, sublimer still, who will stand

"And muse on Nature with a poet's eye,"
delves deeper into her mysteries than either, and exposes to our view, coupled with her greater manifestations, the very gist, the essence of her minutest workings. Witness the famous hyperbole of Shakespeare:

"Oh, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you; She is the fairy's midwife; and she comes, In shape no bigger than an agate stone On the fore-finger of an alderman, Drawn with a team of little atomies Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep: Her wagon-spokes made of long spinner's legs, The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers, The traces of the smallest spiders web, The collars of the moonshine's watery beams; Her whip the cricket's bone, the last of film, Her wagoner a small, gray-coated gnat,— Her chariot is an empty hazel nut Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub Tine out o' mind the fairies, coachmakers, etc."

What painter could put this scene on canvas? It requires a mind cultivated by taste to obtain a just perception of the beauties of this passage—to seize at once its dainty beauty, its symmetric grace; "yet," says Quintillian, "study, precept, and observation will nought avail unless nature assists"—

**The Phrenologist in Love.**

Entrancing was her figure, so shapely and so neat, As with lithe and dainty footstep she tripped across the street; She'd a world of tender feeling, from her eyes I saw it beam, And a nobby little bonnet on her bump of Self Esteem.

A string of pearly jewels encircling her lovely neck, Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub Time out o' mind the fairies, coachmakers, etc."

What painter could put this scene on canvas? It requires a mind cultivated by taste to obtain a just perception of the beauties of this passage—to seize at once its dainty beauty, its symmetric grace; "yet," says Quintillian, "study, precept, and observation will nought avail unless nature assists"—
Caius Julius Caesar was born B.C. 100, in the sixth consulship of Marius. In his boyhood he was amiable and kind, but of a very determined disposition. His aunt Julia was the wife of Caius Marius. At the age of fourteen he obtained the office of Flamen Dialis (High Priest of Jupiter). In his sixteenth year he lost his father, a man of Flameii Dialis office of Marius. At the age of fourteen he obtained the staff of Servilius Isauricus in Cilicia. The news of Sylla's death brought him back to Rome, B.C. 78 or 79. In the following year—B.C. 58—and who was to succeed Crassus. It was agreed that there should be a check upon him. Their choice of Bibulus was singularly unfortunate for their designs.

Bibulus, after vanquishing efforts to resist the impetuousity of his colleague, shut himself up in his house, and Caesar acted as sole consul, B.C. 59. Pompey was dissatisfied because the senate delayed confirming all his measures in the Mithridatic war and during his command in Asia; opposed to him was Crassus, who was the richest man in the state, and second only to Pompey in influence with the senatorial faction. If Caesar gained over only one of these rivals, he made the other his enemy; he determined, therefore, to secure them both.

He began by courting Pompey, and succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation between him and Crassus. It was agreed that there should be a general understanding among the three as to their course of policy. To knit their alliance more closely, Caesar gave Pompey his daughter Julia in marriage. He himself on this occasion took a new wife—Calphurnia, the daughter of Lucius Piso, whom he nominated one of the consuls for the ensuing year—B.C. 58—and who was to succeed him in the consulsiphip.

One of the most important measures of Caesar's consulship was an agrarian law for the division of some public lands in Campania among the poorer citizens, which was carried by intimidation. Clodius, the enemy of Cicero; was, through Caesar's influence and the help of Pompey, adopted into a plebeian family, and thus made capable of holding the office of tribune.

Clodius, the next year, having been elected a tribune, drove Cicero into exile, B.C. 58. As the Gallic provinces, under the name of Cisalpine Gaul, at this time were subject to Rome, Caesar obtained...
them from the people, as well as the Gallia Ulterior of the provinces. The latter country extended from the Mediterranean to the Cebenna mountains, and included other provinces towards the East. On the North it joins the AlabogRES, we read about in the first book, De Bello Gallico. During this time he stopped the Helvetii, who were emigrating from their native country, with the intention of settling in the southern part of Gaul.

He defeated Ariovistus, a powerful German chief, with immense slaughter. Some of the fugitives escaped across the Rhine in boats, and Ariovistus with them. The two sons of Ariovistus and one daughter were killed in the fight, and another daughter was taken prisoner. With wonderful ability and bravery, he subdued this country in about ten years, and carried the terror of his arms into Germany and Britain, till then unknown to the Romans.

Having vanquished the Britons, he exacted from them contributions and hostages. Amid such a succession of prosperous issues, he experienced only three times any disaster: once in Britain, when his fleet was nearly wrecked in a storm; in Gaul, at Gergovia, where one of his legions was put to flight; and in the territory of the Germans, his lieutenants—Titurius and Aurunculesius—were cut off by an ambuscade.

In 45 B.C. Caesar was sole consul, and dictator for the third time. During the greater part of this year he was absent in Spain, where Cr. Pompey, son of Pompey the Great, had raised a large force. The great battle of Munda, in which thirty thousand are said to have fallen on the side of Pompey, terminated the campaigns of Caesar. The energy of Caesar's character, his personal accomplishments, his courage and skill in war, and his capacity for civil affairs, render him one of the most remarkable men of any age.

His great ambition now was to obtain the consulship a second time, and a special enactment had been already passed enabling him to stand for that position in his absence. Caesar, who was at Ravenna, in his province of Gallia Cisalpina, sent Curio to Rome with a letter in which he announced his willingness to give up his army and come to the city, if Pompey would also give up the command of the troops which he had. The senate passed a decree that Caesar should give up his army by a certain day, or be considered an enemy of the state.

The tribunes, M. Antonius and Q. Cassius, the friends of Caesar, attempted to oppose the measure; but their design was treated with contempt, and thus they gained a good excuse for hurrying to Caesar with the news. Upon receiving the intelligence, Caesar crossed the Rubicon—a small stream which formed the southern limit of his province—and directed his march towards the South, B.C. 49.

The alarm now became very great, and Pompey, with a large part of the senate and his forces, hurried to Brundisium, whence he succeeded in crossing the sea to Dyrrachium in Epirus.

Caesar, who had reached Brundisium before Pompey left it, advanced to Rome, where he took possession of the public money, which the other party in their hurry had left behind. He immediately set out for Spain, where Afranius and Petreius, who were on the side of Pompey, were at the head of eight legions. After reducing this important province, he on his return took the town of Massilia, the siege of which had been commenced on his march to Spain.

Thence Caesar marched to Hispalis, which sent deputies to sue for pardon, and obtained it. Though the citizens assured him that they were able to defend the town with their own forces, he nevertheless thought it proper to send Caninius—his lieutenant—thither with some troops, and encamped before the place. During these transactions, deputies arrived from Carteia with accounts of their having secured Pompey, hoping by this service to atone for their former fault of shutting the gates against Caesar.

The Carteians, while Caesar was employed in reducing the other towns upon his route, fell into a disunion about young Pompey. There were two parties in the town, one that had sent the deputies to Caesar, and another in the Pompeyan interest. These last prevailing, seized the gates, and made a dreadful slaughter of their adversaries. Pompey himself was wounded in the fray, but escaping to his ships, fled with about thirty galleys.

Pompey had departed with so much haste from Carteia, that he took no time to furnish himself with water, the want of which obliging him to stop by the way, Didius came up with him after four days' sailing, took some of his ships and burned the rest. Pompey, with a few followers, escaped to a cave, where he could not easily be discovered. But he was betrayed by some of the prisoners taken. He was captured and slain, and his head brought to Caesar, the twelfth of April, B.C. 48. Here is a portion of the reply of Caesar to Ptolemy, King of Egypt, when the latter, having secured the head of Pompey, brought it to the conqueror:

"Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids, Built to outdare the sun, as you suppose, Where your unworthy kings lie rak'd in ashes, Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus, Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven; No pyramids set off his memories, To which I leave him. Take the head away, And, with the body, give it noble burial: Your earth shall now be bless'd to hold a Roman, Whose braveries all the world's earth cannot balance."

When the Roman senate heard of Caesar's victories, they proclaimed a solemn thanksgiving to the gods. Supreme power was granted to him for life, with the title of dictator, and his person declared sacred and inviolable. He had now but one wish to gratify, and that was to bear the name of king. He endeavored to gain the good will of the soldiers and people, in order that they might further his ambition. For this purpose he spent immense sums in entertainments and magnificent exhibitions.

On a certain occasion, he made a feast for the whole Roman people. Twenty-two thousand
Rejoice, father of our country, for Rome has been saved! Marcus Brutus pressed forward and struck him down and took hold of his robe—this was the signal for the attack. The conspirators intended to throw his body into the Tiber as soon as they had killed him; to confiscate his estate, and rescind all his enactments; but they were prevented, and abandoned their intentions. Caesar died on the 15th of March, B.C. 44, in the fifty-sixth year of his age; he was enrolled among the gods, under the appellation of Divus Julius, not only by a formal decree, but in the belief of the vulgar.

R. W. O'KEEFFE.

The conspirators intended to throw his body into the Tiber as soon as they had killed him; to confiscate his estate, and rescind all his enactments; but they were prevented, and abandoned their intentions. Caesar died on the 15th of March, B.C. 44, in the fifty-sixth year of his age; he was enrolled among the gods, under the appellation of Divus Julius, not only by a formal decree, but in the belief of the vulgar.

R. W. O'KEEFFE.

The conspirators intended to throw his body into the Tiber as soon as they had killed him; to confiscate his estate, and rescind all his enactments; but they were prevented, and abandoned their intentions. Caesar died on the 15th of March, B.C. 44, in the fifty-sixth year of his age; he was enrolled among the gods, under the appellation of Divus Julius, not only by a formal decree, but in the belief of the vulgar.
—The London Athenæum states that the story of Goldsmith's arrest by his landlady and Johnson's sale of the "Vicar of Wakefield" are in danger. It is impossible that this account, received from Johnson himself, should not be substantially true; yet, in his introduction to Mr. Stock's new fac-simile of the first edition, Mr. Austin Dobson shows that it will have to be reconciled with certain inconvenient facts. He holds that the book, as early as the 28th of October, 1762, became the property of three persons, one of whom was Benjamin Collins, the Salisbury printer. This exonerates Mrs. Fleming—Goldsmith's Islington landlady—from her traditional reputation for asperity, as Goldsmith, at that date, had not gone to Islington; and it fixes some time anterior to October, 1762, for the composition of the book, which was a point hitherto in some obscurity.

College Gossip.

—The laws regulating the government of Yale College prescribe that the President of that institution must be a clergyman. This excludes several of the proposed candidates for President Porter's place.

—The "students' number" of the Progrès Medical, describing the status of medical education in thirty countries containing medical schools, makes it appear that the requirements for a medical degree are lower in the United States than in any of the places named, excepting China and Turkey.

—The class in meteorology at the University of Texas was up for examination. "Has the mean temperature increased or fallen off during the last three centuries?" asked the professor. "Professor, I can't remember anything that happened so far back. I only entered the university last year."

—Texas Siftings.

—In the Diocese of Bathurst, Australia, which on the advent of its first Bishop, in 1866, had but five priests, three churches, and as many schools, there are now over 100 priests, handsome churches in every parish, fifty-seven schools with an attendance of 4,000 children, a diocesan seminary, a college and an orphanage.

—Among the German-speaking universities, that of Vienna has the largest medical faculty, the number of professors and other teachers being 134. Berlin has 100 instructors, and Munich 42. The smallest is that of Rostock, with 11 teachers; but even there an instructor is provided for every eight or nine students, there being but 92 medical scholars in the university.

—A professor at — was explaining some of the habits and customs of the ancient Greeks to his class. "The ancient Greeks built no roofs over their theatre," said the professor. "What did the ancient Greeks do when it rained?" asked Johnnie Fizzletop. The professor took off his spectacles, polished them with his handkerchief, and replied, calmly: "They got wet, I suppose."

—The human lungs reverberate sometimes with great velocity.

When windy individuals indulge in much verbosity, they have to twirl the glottis sixty thousand times a minute.

And push and punch the diaphragm as though the deuce were in it.

"Chorus: The pharynx now goes up; The larynx with a slam, Ejects a note From out the throat Pushed by the diaphragm."

—The Harvard Advocate.

—The Richmond College Messenger calls upon some of his "fairer sex" exchanges to solve the following:

Arithmetic: (1) If Susie has a new dress, and Clara has 2 new dresses, how many more callers will Clara have during an evening?

(2) If Arabella likes Claude, and Claude likes somebody else, what does Arabella think of somebody else?

Geometry: Problem—(1) To construct a brown-stone building and establishment on the base of a nine hundred-dollar salary.

(2) Square a milliner's bill.

Natural History: What bird is most appropriate for a walking-hat?

Astronomy: State the reason for the sun's declination to take the hint concerning a moon-light drive.

Latin: Translate Femina mutabile semper.

THE SAD FATE OF A POLICEMAN.

An officer stood at the crossing one day,
Who with answering questions was tired,
When a beautiful maiden, passing that way,
The road to the "depo" inquired.

The weary policeman directed her straight
To the street through which she should go,
When an elderly lady, who seemed to be late
For the train, wished to find the "depo."

Then a man with his arms full of crockery-ware—
Cups, saucers, a pitcher and teapot—
Came up and inquired, with an anxious air,
"To the street through which she should go."

The officer gave the directions to those,
Though he was annoyed, it was clear;
Then a rustic approached him and said: "If you please,
Is it far to the 'depo' from here?"

A man in pursuit of a runaway pair
Came up with the speed of a hippo—
Griff winging its flight through the ambient air,
Inquiring the way to the "depo."

The officer silently pointed the way;
His mind was in sad tribulation,
For then came an Englishman, asking: "I say,
Can you tell me the way to the station?"

The officer's seen at the crossing no more.
For something's gone wrong in his brain.
And his family has placed him, his mind to restore,
In a home for the harmless insane.

To visit him often his old comrades go,
And he seems to find some consolation
In asking them: "Say, is it depo, deboy, Dippo, daypo, depot, or station?"

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

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary, and Scientific Gossip of the day. Editorial on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame. Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students. All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their general good conduct. Students should take it; parents should take it: and, above all, OLD STUDENTS SHOULI TAKE IT.

Terms, $1.50 per annum. Postpaid.
Address — EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

If a subscriber fails to receive the Scholastic regularly, he will confer a favor by sending us notice immediately, each time. Those who may have missed a number, or numbers, and wish to have the volume complete for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them. In all such cases, early application should be made at the office of publication, as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.

The Editors of the Scholastic will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

Our Staff.

FRANK H. DEXTER, P. J. GOULDING,
F. J. HAGENBARTH, T. J. CLEARY.

—An item is going the rounds of the press to the effect that "Xmas' no more spells 'Christmas' than it does 'Fourth of July.'" The starter of the item simply betrays his ignorance of the reason of an usage which dates its origin from a very remote period of Christianity. The "X" in Xmas is the Greek letter X, the first letter of the word Χριστός (Christ), and therefore a very appropriate abbreviation of the word Christmas. Thus, besides the sanction of long usage, it has also the merit of propriety, not being a mere arbitrary symbol, like many another abbreviation.

—the year 1885 is now numbered among the things of the past. 1886 has begun, and with it another period in life's journey has been opened to us. The year just gone by seemed long, as we looked out upon its days, weeks, and months stretched out before us; and yet, how imperceptibly the minutes, hours, and days glided by until, almost before we knew it, the end was at hand! How has this time been spent? is the question which must naturally suggest itself; and with it comes the thought of what the future shall be. To make amends for the faults of the past by greater devotion to duty in the future is the terse expression of the resolution that each thoughtful student, as he enters upon the new year, must take, with a determination to make it practical. In this way, each one will make for himself a truly happy New Year. We, of the Scholastic, are pleased to be able to greet our readers—as we heartily do—thus early with that best, and most expressive of all compliments—A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—Much more praise than our haste and limited space would permit us to give in our last number, is due to the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association for the very creditable manner in which they acquitted themselves at their exhibition on the 19th ult. Those to whom the speaking parts were allotted—and they were not a few—showed themselves skilled in elocution, and possessors of good dramatic talent. Without exhibiting any undue partiality to them, and speaking only the unanimous verdict of all who had the good fortune to attend the entertainment, we say that they made a splendid appearance; and, while reflecting credit upon themselves, gave evidence of the just and careful training of their worthy Director, Prof. Joseph A. Lyons. Through an oversight, the name of Master G. Myers, who took the part of "Bozza," was omitted from the report. He made a capital old man, and filled the rôle with a quiet dignity of manner and correct intonation of voice in perfect keeping with the character. The St. Cecilians are justly proud of the results of their efforts, and promise still greater attractions at their entertainment in June, when, we can assure them, a better proportioned mead of justice will be meted out to them.

—Two valuable donations have just been made to Science Hall, for which grateful acknowledgments are due to the munificence of the Edison Electric Light Co., of New York, and the Armington & Sims Engine Co., of Providence, R. I. The contributions consist of a complete electric-light plant—the gift of the Edison Co., and of a beautiful, high-speed, automatic steam-engine—given by the well-known inventors and mechanicians Armington & Sims. The donations were made by the companies named as their contributions to the advancement of science at Notre Dame. They are in every sense of the words noble gifts, and gifts which reflect credit on the gentlemen who made them, showing, as they do, in a most substantial way, that they have the cause of practical scientific education at heart; and that they are willing, in the most effectual manner, to assist in its
advancement. They are gifts, too, of which any scientific institute might feel proud, and we think we know the directors of the Scientific Department well enough to state that no one could appreciate the donations more, or put them to better use.

The students of electrical and mechanical engineering will have in the Edison dynamos and appurtenances, and in the Armington & Sims engine, the latest and most perfect models of machinery that have yet been devised for utilizing the forces of steam and electricity. And the students of physical science will have in these noble machines the means of experimentally illustrating on a grand scale the laws governing the correlation and conservation of the various forces of nature that they are called upon to investigate.

The electric light plant will, we understand, be used not only to illuminate the various laboratories and lecture-rooms with incandescent lamps, but also to supply electric currents when needed for purposes of experiment or illustration, especially in magnetic and dynamo-electric researches. The engine, besides being employed as the motive power for the dynamos, will be also used in the Laboratory of Mechanical Engineering, particularly in the line of experimental work, for which its uniform speed and high efficiency so admirably adapts it.

While thanking the Edison, and the Armington & Sims Cos., for their generosity, and applauding them for the part they have taken in furthering the advance of practical science, we cannot forbear mentioning the kindly interest taken in the matter by their able and gentlemanly representative, John R. Markle, of Detroit. He, too, will be gratefully remembered by those in charge of Science Hall for the part he has taken in the good work.

The work of putting the plant in position has already been commenced, and we hope soon to be able to record its completion. When in running order, the plant will be one of the attractions of Science Hall, and will be to the scientific student—we say it without fear of contradiction—"a thing of beauty, and a joy forever."


To answer separately all the letters received on the occasion of my "Silver Jubilee," and to thank each of my friends for the testimonies of affection then expressed would be an almost endless task. I, therefore, avail myself of the columns of the excellent Scholastic to express my thanks to my many friends, and my deep appreciation of their kindness. Indeed, I did not intend in any way to publish or celebrate my "Jubilee," but it became known without any act of mine, and the result was far beyond what I had any right to expect. Thanking from my heart all who took part in the celebration, and wishing them all the blessings of this holy season, I am their humble servant,

W. CORBY, C. S. C.
Among numerous letters and telegrams of regret received by the Committee of Arrangements, we quote the following:

From the dark god.

Aladdin, May, 1884.

To the Hon.

The Committee of Arrangements:

Gentlemen:—Yours of the —, requesting our attendance as a chorus of Theban Old Men at the funeral of Aristophanes, received. Although we are accustomed to play second fiddle with considerable success, we are not in vocal training, and therefore must peremptorily decline your kind invitation.

G. C. (The dark god.)

From the Supreme Court of Ohio.

To the Hon.

The Committee of Arrangements:

Gentlemen:—Your favor of the —, requesting our attendance as a chorus of Theban Old Men at the funeral of Aristophanes, received. Although we are accustomed to play second fiddle with considerable success, we are not in vocal training, and therefore must peremptorily decline your kind invitation.

Supreme Court of Ohio,

Dalton, C. J.

From the Commander of the Hoplites.

H'm0'rs U. S. Army, Washington, D. C., May, '84.

Committee of Arrangements:

Sirs:—Your requisition for Hoplites at the funeral of Aristophanes on file. I regret exceedingly to say that one-third of the U. S. A. is compounding the present document; one-third is at present blackening my boots; a third is running opposition to your Astrologer at Notre Dame, by making weather predictions which, he says, are of signal service to the United States. The rest are nowhere to be found. Moreover, your request may only be the Iowa term for light-hoops, which would be most reprehensible.

Sherry Dan.

From a Hard Student.

Boston, May, 1884.

Messrs. F. W. Gallagher, and Others:

Gentlemen:—I am 6000 years old to-morrow, and my important appointment accordingly.

G. C. (The dark god.)

From the Commander of the Hoplites.

H'm0'rs U. S. Army, Washington, D. C., May, '84.

Committee of Arrangements:

Sirs:—Your requisition for Hoplites at the funeral of Aristophanes on file. I regret exceedingly to say that one-third of the U. S. A. is compounding the present document; one-third is at present blackening my boots; a third is running opposition to your Astrologer at Notre Dame, by making weather predictions which, he says, are of signal service to the United States. The rest are nowhere to be found. Moreover, your request may only be the Iowa term for light-hoops, which would be most reprehensible.

Sherry Dan.

From a Hard Student.

Boston, May, 1884.

Messrs. F. W. Gallagher, and Others:

Gentlemen:—I am 6000 years old to-morrow, and my important appointment accordingly.

G. C. (The dark god.)

From the Commander of the Hoplites.

H'm0'rs U. S. Army, Washington, D. C., May, '84.

Committee of Arrangements:

Sirs:—Your requisition for Hoplites at the funeral of Aristophanes on file. I regret exceedingly to say that one-third of the U. S. A. is compounding the present document; one-third is at present blackening my boots; a third is running opposition to your Astrologer at Notre Dame, by making weather predictions which, he says, are of signal service to the United States. The rest are nowhere to be found. Moreover, your request may only be the Iowa term for light-hoops, which would be most reprehensible.

Sherry Dan.

From a Hard Student.

Boston, May, 1884.

Messrs. F. W. Gallagher, and Others:

Gentlemen:—I am 6000 years old to-morrow, and my important appointment accordingly.

G. C. (The dark god.)

From the Commander of the Hoplites.

H'm0'rs U. S. Army, Washington, D. C., May, '84.

Committee of Arrangements:

Sirs:—Your requisition for Hoplites at the funeral of Aristophanes on file. I regret exceedingly to say that one-third of the U. S. A. is compounding the present document; one-third is at present blackening my boots; a third is running opposition to your Astrologer at Notre Dame, by making weather predictions which, he says, are of signal service to the United States. The rest are nowhere to be found. Moreover, your request may only be the Iowa term for light-hoops, which would be most reprehensible.

Sherry Dan.

From a Hard Student.

Boston, May, 1884.

Messrs. F. W. Gallagher, and Others:

Gentlemen:—I am 6000 years old to-morrow, and my important appointment accordingly.
quainted with the wants of ladies who have homes and a desire to decorate them. It is believed that this department will be found of great value, besides being of great interest to the lady readers. The suggestions given in this department will be of a higher order than the simple directions for embroidery and needle work, which, admirable in their way and in their proper mediums, should be superseded in this journal by the description of work more directly in the line of furnishing and decorating. The readers of this journal, in other words, are believed to be pretty generally acquainted with the rudiments of needle work—it is now proposed to take them a step beyond that. The subscription price is only $2.50 a year. Published by Art and Decoration Co., 7 Warren Street, New York City.

—St. Nicholas for January is, both in point of time and contents, another Christmas number. W. D. Howells leads off with his long-promised story, which is delightfully unconventional, and has the bewilderingly suggestive title “Christmas Every Day,” and some amusing illustrations by his little daughter. Sophie May has a bright and timely story about “Santa Claus on Snow-Shoes,” with a full-page picture by D. Clinton Peters; and Hezekiah Butterworth tells how his “Grandmother’s Grandmother’s Christmas Candle” repelled an Indian invasion in colonial days. “Nick Woolson’s Ride” is a clever winter sketch by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, well illustrated by George Foster Barnes; there is a full-page polar bear picture to John R. Coryell’s sketch, “The King of the Frozen North”; and Susan Coolridge’s verses, “The Secret of It,” tell their own story without the need of illustration. There is another “Ready for Business” paper,—this time “An Architect” and the chances for young men in the profession of architecture are practically discussed; “Among the Law-Makers” contains a profusely illustrated chapter on the many curiosities and points of interest about the Capitol; while a brief life of Richard Wilhelm Wagner ends the “From Bach to Wagner” series.

Personal.

—Bro. Stanislaus, C. S. C., left last Tuesday for an extended visit to the East.
—Bros. Marcellinus and Paul passed the Christmas vacation at Watertown, Wis.
—Prof. C. W. Stoddard has been spending the holidays at Covington and Cincinnati.
—E. L. Spitley (Com’l), ’73, is doing well in the lumber business at Los Angeles, Cal.
—Mrs. G. S. Sweet, Savannah, Ga., passed a few days at the College, visiting her two sons.
—Prof. James F. Edwards passed the vacation with relatives and friends at Toledo, Ohio.
—Bro. Justinian, C. S. C., of Nativity School, Chicago, spent part of the holidays at the College.
—Prof. Hoynes, our genial Director of the Law Department, enjoyed the vacation in professional pursuits in Chicago.
—Prof. Lyons has been making his usual double diurnal oscillations between Notre Dame and Chicago during the week.
—Rev. President Walsh has taken advantage of the holidays to enjoy a much-needed rest and vacation in the sunny South.
—Rev. John Bleekman, ’67, Rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, at Michigan City, Ind., paid a pleasant visit to the College during the week.
—Dr. John A. Gibbons, ’76, of Keokuk, Iowa, and Edward Fischel, ’80, of New York City, with other old St. Cecilians, send greetings to friends at Notre Dame.
—Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., assisted in the Christmas services at the Church of the Holy Angels, Chicago, of which Rev. D. A. Tighe, ’72, is the efficient Rector.
—Rev. R. Maher, C. S. C., formerly Professor at Notre Dame, has returned from missionary duty at the Black Hills, Dakota. He is now spending a few days of vacation with friends in Michigan.
—The numerous clerical and lay friends of Vicar-General P. J. Conway, ’57, of Chicago, will tender him a grand banquet on the eve of his departure for Europe, on the 13th inst. We wish the Very Rev. gentleman un bon voyage!

—The Church of the Assumption, on Illinois street, is nearly completed—only awaiting the painter’s finishing touches and the artistic sketches. The services of Professor Gregori, of Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind., have been secured, and that gentleman is now preparing his designs.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—We were pleased to see T. E. Steele, ’84, and J. A. Larkin, of ’83, both formerly of the Scholastic Staff—who came to spend a portion of the holidays at their Alma Mater. Mr. Steele is now located at Cincinnati, where he is engaged in the study of Law; and Mr. Larkin occupies a professional chair in one of the Chicago institutes. They enjoyed their visit, which afforded much pleasure to their many old friends.
—James Norfleet ’72, is meeting with great and deserved success in the practice of his profession as a lawyer, at Tarboro, N. C. He was recently elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the Presiding Justice of the Interior Court. The Tarboro Southerner says:

“Mr. Norfleet is a young Lawyer of very great promise. In his new position we have no hesitation in predicting that he will more than meet the expectations of his friends and most worthily fill the place of predecessor.”

—John R. Berringer, of ’74, writes us a very interesting letter from Ironwood, Ontonagon Co., Mich., where he is engaged as mining clerk with
the Pabst Mining Company. The district in which he is located is a splendid iron field, and is destined to become one of the finest in the United States. Near by, where but six months ago not a single soul lived, is now a town containing between 1500 and 1800 inhabitants. The Pabst Co. is one of several others started, about six months ago, working mines on both sides of the Montreal River. There is every prospect of a successful and prosperous field of labor. Mr. Berringer, we are glad to hear, is a happy "paterfamilies," with two bright little boys, whom he intends to send to Notre Dame in the near future. We learn from his letter that Ed. Maas and Arnold Lonstorff, of the same year, are also interested in the mining business, and Rudolph Maas is a successful physician at Negaunee, Mich.

Local Items.

-HAPPY NEW YEAR!
—Our friend John did not take that sleigh-ride.
—The electric light will be introduced into St. Edward’s Hall.
—Such weather as this would upset any system of weather prophecy.
—Santa Claus dealt very generously with the Minims on Christmas night.
—LOST—A plain gold ring with initials “K. D.” Finder will please return to Bro. Emmanuel.
—The Minims enjoyed a very fine “Christmas Tree” on Thursday eve. Full report next week.
—Any number of Christmas boxes came during the holidays, and, needless to say, were heartily enjoyed.
—The uniform of the Sorin Cadets is blue. It makes a very handsome suit, in every way becoming to the Princes.
—It was a beautifully appropriate sight: at midnight on Christmas Eve to see the statue of Our Lady resplendent with its electric crown and crescent.
—Several of the students—among whom the “Count” is deserving of special mention—have been stopping during the week at the Matteson House, Chicago.
—There is a very good representation of Bethlehem in St. Edward’s Hall—Carl Dolci’s famous picture of the Virgin and Child carries out the idea very perfectly.
—Our Astrologer requests us to print an item, but we must decline. It had something in it about "fantastic tricks before high heaven," and that is as far as we want to go.
—The officers of the L. S. & M. S. RR. are deserving of thanks for the special car furnished the students leaving for home, and the general courteous treatment bestowed.
—The Minims’ Christmas Tree was not only laden with gifts, but most tastefully decorated. The Princes return a vote of thanks to Mrs. S. Doss, and Mrs. W. Smart, and others, for favors in connection with their Tree.
—The Minims return their deepest thanks to Very Rev. Father General for the many marks of affection he has shown them during the year. They wish him, through the SCHOLASTIC, many happy returns of the New Year, and hope that 1886 will be one rich in happiness for their beloved Patron.
—The meteorological record of the past week is somewhat similar to that of the corresponding week last winter, only a little more so. The record is thus summarized: (1) Week opens with a general thaw, the sufferings of which are mitigated by excellent skating; (2) rain, unmitigated; (3) high winds and colder weather.
—The article entitled “Historical Certitude,” which recently appeared in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, is one of the best we have yet read in college papers. The SCHOLASTIC is either a good paper, or it has become the fashion to praise it; but, good or bad, in the fashion or out, such is our opinion of the article.—St. Mary’s Sentinel.
—The 27th of Dec., the Feast of St. John the Evangelist,—the Saint whom Very Rev. Father General chose as his patron saint in religion—was celebrated by the Princes with addresses, speeches, etc., in St. Edward’s Hall. The little entertainment not only delighted the Very Rev. Superior, but also a number of ladies and gentlemen who were present to honor the occasion.
—The “stay-at-home” students have, with the aid of their genial Prefects, spent an enjoyable time during the holidays. Although the snow and tinkling sleighbells were conspicuous by their absence, resources for amusement were not wanting. Excursion parties were organized and visited the neighboring towns. The surface of St. Joseph’s and St. Mary’s Lakes were for several days covered with a smooth floor of crystal, and Senior, Junior, and Minim indulged in the healthy exercise of skating to their hearts’ content.
—The Christmas, services of the Church were carried out with great splendor at Notre Dame. Solemn High Mass was sung at Midnight by Very Rev. A. Granger, assisted by Rev. Fathers Stoffel and Regan as deacon and subdeacon. All the Catholic students, with the members of the Community, received Holy Communion at this Mass. At ten o’clock a. m., Solemn High Mass was again sung by Very Rev. Father L’Etourneau, assisted by Rev. Fathers Robinson and Heli as deacon and subdeacon. Rev. Dr. Howley preached an eloquent sermon appropriate to the festival.
—Yesterday morning, at nine o’clock, the members of the Faculty waited on Very Rev. Father General and extended the usual New Year’s greetings from the institution which he founded and still continues to direct. The address on the occasion was made by Prof. Ewing, who congrat-
ulated the venerable Superior on the success which had attended him during the year just past. Very Rev. Father General replied in the kindest terms, praising the members of the Faculty for the splendid results of their labors during the year, and expressing his high regard for them as learned and polished gentlemen. Father General then gave his blessing, and after a short time spent in social converse, all dispersed.

—As usual, our venerable and Very Rev. friend, Father Sorin, the noble Founder of the grand old Notre Dame,—which he has seen assume the front rank among the colleges of the country,—remembers the editorial fraternity with his usual Christmas basket of cake, fruits and confections, accompanied by the compliments of the season. The good Father seems well to understand the art of making his goodness extend; not only about the grand institution of education that he has reared from the wilderness, but far beyond its limits are those who have experienced the outward working of his kindly heart. Here is to you, noble friend, the history of whose goodness is a history of your life. May the frosts of many winters fall very lightly upon your head! May many glorious summers come and go, and, like your Christmas time, let them be merry; like your New Year’s season, may they be happy! is the wish of The Times,—is the wish of all.—South Bend Times.

—The students of the Senior department enjoyed a pleasant treat on last Tuesday evening. During the day Bro. Emmanuel informed the students that he desired them all to be present at an entertainment in the reading-room that evening. When asked what the programme would be, he looked wise, and said little; but one could see by the merry twinkle of his eye that something good was in store. Everyone was then on the qui vive, and it is needless to say all were present. Prof. Paul presided at the piano, and J. A. Ancheta seconded him on the violin. In the centre of the room was a row of tables covered with mysterious-looking objects. Bro. Emmanuel stepped to the door, returning in a moment, accompanied by a grotesque-looking individual, who, by his tall hat, peculiar cut garments, was recognized as Santa Claus—who, it was said, was a little late in his Christmas rounds, owing to the difficulty he experienced in running his sleighs on the bare ground. After waltzing around the room, and raising a roar of laughter by his ludicrous actions, he seated himself at one of the tables, and gave a signal, when the drawing for prizes began. The principal prizes drawn were: a rattle-box, by J. Crawford; a piano by Budyel Prudhomme; a horse and buggy by R. Rued; and a ten-dollar bill by J. Dohany. But the prize that occasioned the greatest amount of merriment was a full-dressed doll, drawn by T. J. Sheridan. After the distribution of prizes, the floor was cleared, and under the direction of manager R. Byrnes, calisthenic exercises occupied the remainder of the evening.

—The Juniors’ Christmas Tree was formally exposed to view in Washington Hall last Wednesday night. Hardly had the curtain risen on the very pretty picture of the green tree, covered and decked with Christmas things and the mellowed light of the Chinese lanterns falling over all, when a loud tooting from behind the stage announced that His Highness, King Santa Claus, was approaching. After acknowledging the applause his entrance awakened, the old fellow commenced to strip the handsome and heavily-laden tree, dispensing his gifts with truly Christmas munificence. Each lucky Junior left the old Snow-King with a broad smile on his face, and content in his heart, while the audience of invited guests by their close attention showed their interest in, and keen enjoyment of, the whole affair. The amount of candy distributed may yet bring a temporary “tightness” on the College store, and we venture to say that a boy could very well dispense with any remembrance from home with such a “mine-host” as Santa Claus to do the honors at Yule-tide. Profound interest centred in the drawing of box of cigars—the lot falling on Professor Steele, who struck the letter A. The affair was a brilliant and unique success. Boundless credit is, of course, due to Bros. Leander, Laurence, and Alexander; as also to Messrs. Courtney and Regan, who, as the Executive Committee, were tireless in their labors for a grand success. Others of the boys are doubtless deserving of praise,—and indeed the affair was a credit to the entire department. Father Zahm, acting President, lent his invaluable aid towards the enjoyment of the evening, with the pleasing result the reader can readily anticipate. It is an old saying that “Father Zahm always takes care of his friends,” and it seemed that on this occasion the entire department and all of their friends fell within the list.

—The 28th annual Christmas exercises of the St. Cecilia Philomathian Society, of the University of Notre Dame, complimentary to Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University, were given at Washington Hall, Saturday night to a large audience, composed of students and many visitors from the city. The entertainment was a most excellent one in every respect, and embodied some musical and dramatic features of a high order of merit. A most pleasing feature of the exercises were the stirring numbers rendered by the University Cornet Band. The band was never so large and never so perfectly drilled as it is this year, though the former bands have been a credit to the director and the students. The crowning feature of the whole performance, however, was the drama, “If I were a King”—a beautiful pastoral play of four acts, written especially for the Society, and presented by the students with fine effect. This is one of the favorites in the Society’s repertoire, and has been rendered on former occasions at the University, but never with more marked excellence than on Saturday night. The costumes were elegant and costly, and enhanced the interest of the play... The closing remarks, by Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of the University, was a feeling acknowledgment of the compliment
paid him by the students. His earnest words of admonishment and his appeal to the honor and manhood of the young men were characteristic of the man, full of pathetic tenderness and love. He admonished them that the honor of Notre Dame was in their keeping; and he enjoined them, as they were about to depart for their homes, to spend a well-merited holiday vacation, to do nothing that would not redound to the honor and glory of their Alma Mater. —South Bend Tribune.


Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The Crib is of such uncommon beauty this year that it elicited the public praise of the Very Rev. celebrant at Solemn High Mass.

—A handsome basket of flowers by some unknown donor is gratefully acknowledged. It arrived by express, just in time for the last Mass on Christmas Day.

—A fine large portrait of Father General, in the new style of crayon by a Chicago artist, now adorns the walls of the Library. It is framed in massive gold. An aquarium of gold fish is also a recent acquisition.

—The usual lecture before the St. Cecilia Society was given on Saturday, December 19. The subject was, "The Origin of Tarentelles, and Scilianos," so frequently used by our tone-masters at the present day.

—Grateful acknowledgments are extended from the custodian of the Museum for rare coins presented by Col. Keefe; among others, those of Pope Pius, Gen. Washington, Queen Elizabeth, George III, and Abraham Lincoln.

—Mr. Cornelius W. Caddagan writes to his little daughter from Cuba:

"You may subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC. It is an interesting, entertaining paper, and should be extensively circulated. The editor may feel proud of it. It is not only ably, but delicately edited."

—Among the rare treasures at St. Mary's may be ranked a Christmas gift to Miss Fannie Gregori from her friend, Mrs. Brennan, of Chicago. It is a masterpiece of art, painted, with tender, paternal love in every line, her own portrait, by her father, as she was at the age of seven years. Of all the portraits of the great artist Gregori, none excel—if any equal—this. It is magnificently framed, and is a worthy gift to one whose lovely character is widely appreciated, notwithstanding her unobtrusive modesty.

—The following visitors are at St. Mary's: Mrs. M. A. Stace, Miss Anna Stace, Marshall, Mich.; Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. H. P. Smart, Midville, Ga.; Mrs. Doherty, Mrs. Hunter, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Frankfort, Mich.; Mr. Henry Monsch, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. W. Sweet, Denver, Col.; Mr. J. P. Miller, Miss Lizzie Miller, Mr. Stafford, Mrs. M. Ritchie, Miss Ripley, Miss McGuire, Chicago; Miss Clara Ginz, Class '85; Miss Mary Chirhart, Miss Julia Hagan, former pupil; Mrs. John Knoblock, Mrs. John Hooper, Mrs. G. W. Matthews, Mrs. De Rutte, South Bend.

—The Midnight Mass was sung by Very Rev. Father General. It was accompanied by one of his most eloquent sermons upon the subject naturally suggested by the occasion. All the Catholic pupils, who had made their First Communion, received at the Midnight Mass. The Very Rev. celebrant offered the second Mass of the three—to which every priest is entitled on Christmas Day—
immediately after the first. His third—a Solemn High Mass—was sung at half-past eight o'clock, Rev. Fathers Shortis and Saulnier acting as deacon and subdeacon. At this Mass Father General preached on the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin—his favorite theme.

—Respectful and grateful acknowledgments are extended to Mrs. P. Ducey, of Muskegon, Mich., for a munificent Christmas gift; to Miss Maggie Ducey for a model “Christmas card”;—eight photographs of “Madonnas” and “Nativities” from the Masters; to Miss Virginia Reilly, of Savannah, Ga., for a beautiful Madonna; to Miss Kate Young, New York, for an exquisite work of Bouguereau; to Miss Belle Gove—Class of ’85—Mrs. Lee, of Chicago, Mrs. Fitzgerald, of New York, and to donors of flowers, especially to Mr. J. F. Murphy, Woodstock, Ill., for a large and choice basket of roses which arrived just in time for Midnight Mass; also to Madame Gregori for beautiful flowers.

To the Juniors fell the happiness of adorning the Christmas tree which was planted in their recreation hall, and was chiefly for their amusement. The arrangement was confided to the Misses Grace Regan, Ella Sheekey, and Lily Van Horn, who performed their office well. The distributors were Ella Blaine, Cora Prudhomme, Erna Balch and Dotty Lee. Rev. Father Maher, from the Black Hills, as a guest at the pastoral residence, joined Very Rev. Father General and Rev. Father Shortis, who paid the little people the honor of being present at the distribution. The most interesting gift was presented at the hands of Miss Regan, from the Prefect of Studies to Very Rev. Father General. It is a beautifully executed miniature painting of Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazzano by Signor Gregori. The painting is enclosed in the adroitly excavated interior of a twenty dollar gold piece, the lid and spring so delicately fashioned as to be scarcely perceptible. Father General intends to send it to Rome to receive the blessing of the Holy Father and for the development of the poetic spirit. The following lines, from the opening of his Shanid castle, will exhibit his intense love for this hallowed spot, as well as his great admiration of nature:

“On Shanid on side, the day is closing fair;
The kern sits musing by his sheltering low,
And marks beyond the lonely hills of Clare;
Blue, rimmed with gold, the clouds of sunset glow.
Hush! in that sun the wide-spread waters flow,
Returning warm the day’s departing smile,
Along the sunny height, and pacing slow;
The keywright fingers with his herb the while,
And balls are tainting fain from far St. Simon’s Isle.
O, loved strand! with sweetest memories twined,
Sweet fall the summer on thy margin slow,
And peace come whispering like a morning wind!
Dear thought of love to every bosom there.
The horrid wreck and driving storm forbear
Thy smiling strand, nor oft the accents swell
Along thy hills of grief or heart wrung care;
But Heaven look down upon each lively dell,
And bless thee for the joys I yet remember well.”

Gerald was, at the desire of his father, to be educated for the medical profession, but this idea was soon abandoned, and he devoted himself with great ardor to literature. He began to contribute to a newspaper when a mere school-boy, and all his early pieces are characterized by a peculiar strength and grace of expression. The following, written at the age of seventeen, may serve as a specimen:

“I looked upon a dark and sullen sea,
O’er whose slumbering waves the night mists hung,
Ere dawn’s soft rays the cloud of night dispelled;
Till from the morn’s gray breast a fresh wind sprung
And swept its brightening bosom joyously;
Then fled the mists its quickening breath before
The glad sea rose to meet it; and each wave,
Made summer music to the listening shore.
So slept my soul, unmindful of Thy reign;
Hath risen,—oh! let its quickening spirit chase
Thy smiling strand, nor oft the accents swell
Dear thought of love to every bosom there.
Then fled the mists its quickening breath before
The glad sea rose to meet it; and each wave,
Made summer music to the listening shore.
Hath risen,—oh! let its quickening spirit chase
From that dark seat each mist and secret stain,
Till, as in yon clear water mirrored fair,
Heaven sees its own calm hues reflected there.”

At the age of nineteen, Griffin was permitted to go to London in order that he might try his fortune in the literary world. He was thus separated from all good influences, and left to battle with the disappointments and hardships to which most young writers are subjected in a great city. Besides numerous failings in his literary career, he had to contend with extreme poverty and ill health, both of which he endured with great fortitude. He possessed such strength of purpose, together with so firm a reliance upon Divine Providence, that he was not conquered by these heavy trials; but by his invincible spirit he plucked from beneath the cold frosts of adversity the bright flowers that composed his everlasting crown. The peculiarities of his disposition served to increase his embarrassments in
London. Being always very reserved towards strangers, and having a natural aversion toward going into society, it was long before he made the necessary acquaintances among influential literary characters, and he was so independent that he would scarcely consent to receive assistance of any kind, even from his most intimate friends. Although his first attempts in London were vain, he finally, by great perseverance and untiring industry, succeeded in establishing a high and lasting reputation in the annals of English literature. When he had attained the fame he so long coveted, and was on the road to wealth, he turned from the literary career in which he had so determinately fought, and so gloriously conquered. Neither fame nor wealth could satisfy the yearnings of his heart; he became a monk among the Christian Brothers,—an order devoting itself to the education of the poor,—a vocation in which he ardently labored as long as life endured.

Gerald Griffin was certainly a man of superior genius; few have written so much, and yet so differently. His works may be divided into three classes: dramas, romances and poems. Of his dramas, the tragedy "Gyssippus" is the best. It is generous and elevated in sentiment, dramatic in style, and many of the incidents are striking and pathetic. He wrote three romances—"The Collegians," "The Duke of Monmouth," and the "Invasion." Of these "The Collegians" is the most popular, and the one on which his fame chiefly rests. Gerald Griffin is a delightful story-teller; the most common-place facts, and the wildest legends are at his command; His stories are very varied; they are characteristically Irish; but Ireland has no need to be ashamed of them: "Their spirit is national, but their genius is individual."

His poems fill one large volume. His lyrics are characterized by great sweetness, feeling and fancy. Some one has said: "Had he chosen to write songs to be ashamed of them: "Their spirit is national, but their genius is individual."

His poems fill one large volume. His lyrics are characterized by great sweetness, feeling and fancy. Some one has said: "Had he chosen to write songs

"The maiden calmly, sadly smiled;
She plucked an opening flower;
She gazed along the mountain wild,
And on the evening bower.
'I've looked,' she said, 'from East to West,
But sin has never found me;
I cannot feel it in my breast,
Nor see it all around me.'"

One of his most popular poems is "The Sister of Charity." It was written in remembrance of a very dear friend who had just entered a convent. The young lady referred to was a person of gaiety, possessing culture, wealth, and, in fact, all that could render the world dear, all of which she forsook to merit a eternal heritage. The fate of "Kathleen" is a poem written on a legend, first brought into notice by Sir Thomas Moore. The legend is a most interesting one, and is greatly enhanced by the language in which it is narrated.

One other peculiarity, and I close; namely, the moral spirit of Gerald Griffin's writings. It has often been said that a sure test as to the good influence of a writer is, that when we lay aside the book we feel better in ourselves, and we think better of others. This, I think, all who have read the works of our poet will attest.

In 1840, Gerald Griffin, having won and worn the laurel crown of fame, passed with delight to receive the reward of the Master whom he had long, most lovingly and devotedly served. On June 12th, the icy breath of death extinguished life's flickering ray, and his soul soared to its eternal rest.

HESPARY RANSAY (Class '85).

In these days, and in the present condition of the world, when the tender age of childhood is threatened on every side by so many and such various dangers, hardly anything can be imagined more fitting than the union with literary instruction of sound teaching in Faith and morals. For this reason, We have more than once said that We strongly approve of the Voluntary Schools, which, by the work and liberality of private individuals, have been established in France, in Belgium, in America, and in the Colonies of the British Empire. We desire their increase as much as possible, and that they may flourish in the number of their scholars. . . . For it is in and by these schools that the Catholic Faith—our greatest and best inheritance—is preserved whole and entire. In these schools the liberty of parents is respected; and, what is most needed, especially in the prevailing license of opinion and of action, it is by these schools that good citizens are brought up for the State; for there is no better citizen than the man who has believed and practised the Christian Faith from his childhood. — Letter of the Holy Father.