

# The Scholastic Year.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NOTRE DAME. DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Editors of the Present Number:

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## OLD AND NEW.

<p>I. New Year's, No fears: Glad chimes These times Of joy Employ.</p> <p>II. What hope Doth ope, With light All bright, The maze Of days Yet deep In sleep!</p> <p>III. Young gladness, No sadness, Doth come To home And friend, Doth send Brave cheer, A near And far, In war And peace; Increase, Or loss Of dross Or power.</p> <p>IV. Bright hour,</p>	<p>Shall cloud, Nor shroud, Yet dun Thy sun, Thy joy, Destroy?</p> <p>V. What cheer, Old year? What hath Thy path To show, Ere thou Depart? What heart To give, While live December's Last embers?</p> <p>VI. Small space For joy, Small grace, Dear boy, Is left Me now, Bereft, As thou, Of my Swift hour: But thy Rich dower Is youth And hope;</p>	<p>And Truth Shall ope Her gate So old, Till fate Be told, And Past Declare What Past May dare.</p> <p>VII. My voice Brings gladness, Thy choice May sadness; With thee, Selection Of glee, Dejection; Thine is The choosing Of bliss, Or losing; Above, God's blessing, Thy love Caressing; Beneath, The luring Of death Enduring: Whate'er Thy station, Beware</p>
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<p>Temptation: Sick men, The healthy; Poor, then, The wealthy; The meek, For power— All seek To tower: Thy call, To cherish What shall Ne'er perish; Thy part, To hasten The heart To chasten, The mind To brighten, Thy kind Enlighten: Soul bright With beauty, Truth, right, And duty; These, high Or lowly, Mark thy Life holy.</p> <p>VIII. Forecast, This good The Past</p>	<p>Hath showed: Man lives All blest, God gives The best; Worst, when He does, Best then For us; Our ill, Alone, His will Undone.</p> <p>IX. Deep-sent Content, Not pride, Our guide: Our wealth, What health, And mind Refined, What dole Of soul, Dear Heaven Has given; Our power, The dower To rule And school This mind Refined, This soul</p>	<p>Control: Thus, strife Of life Shall cease; And peace Shall come To home And clime, Sublime.</p> <p>X. Ho, cheer, New Year! The bell Doth swell The knell Of old And cold, Doth chime The rhyme Of new And true; Bright Hope Doth ope Her portal Immortal; Rejoice, Rejoice, Her voice, Our choice, Is gladness, Dear gladness, Not sadness, Dark sadness.</p>
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MESSRS. Joseph D. Murphy, John Rogers and H. C. Allen, will edit the next number of THE SCHOLASTIC.

## NOTICE.

Contributors are requested to prepare their manuscripts, CAREFULLY, before handing them in, since none but *typographical* errors will be corrected on the proof-sheet. If they wish to make any corrections, after the article is handed in, let them call upon one of the Editors, *not* upon the Printer.

## JUNIOR CHRISTMAS TREE.

## Distribution of Gifts.

On the Eve of the Holy Innocents the Juniors after feasting their eyes from Christmas up to first-mentioned date, and acting like so many Chinese Philosophers by enjoying the tree as if each individual Junior were its proprietor, they determined to distribute the Christmas fruit depending from its branches. Very Rev. Father Provincial and quite a number of the faculty were invited, and all the invited were present. Father Letourneau came, up expressly to be present. Several Seniors, formerly for years under the easy rule of the Junior Department were also invited, and the Editors of THE SCHOLASTIC, of course received a special invitation.

On the entrance of Very Rev. Father Provincial, the St. Joseph's Musical Association welcomed him by their usual beautiful strains; and succeeded admirably though Mr. Watts, the first violinist was absent. His place was well supplied by Mr. C. Hertich, seconded by R. Tillman and J. Mulhall. R. C. Clark and Perry Weaver on the flute, E. S. Spillars on the clarinet filled up the other parts, except bass and double bass which were well played by Messrs H. Le Compte and R. L. Akin; of course Professor O'Neill was there. Santa Claus was absent but had delegated Bro. Florentius to be his representative, and aided by Messrs John Nohe and Frank Ingersol, he soon gave every one in the Hall a token of the Juniors' generosity. To Very Rev. Father Provincial they presented a big heart typical, in their eyes, of the big kind heart he has for Seniors, Juniors and Minims. To the Rev. President, Vice-President and Prefect of Religion was given an apple a piece, none of your small little apples, but large blushing red apples that foreshadowed the fruit the Juniors intend gathering from their exertions during the coming six months.

After the distribution of gifts, in which no one was forgotten, and by which much innocent mirth and social amusement were produced—old and

young heartily sharing—Mr. Schmeltz regaled the ears of the assembly with the sounds of his wonderfully well played instrument, and Mr. Hertich performed a Solo on the violin. Several complimentary speeches were then made by Very Rev. Father Provincial, the Rev. President and Vice-President;—all of whom affirmed that they and all the others were very well pleased—and the writer hereof affirms the same, and his word may be depended on.

## CHRISTMAS AT ST. MARY'S.

Good works always receive their reward, we are piously taught to believe, and we have always been orthodox in our belief on this point; but this last week would have made us sceptical, we aver, if any thing could shake our faith. Patience was displayed in an admirable degree last week by the editor of that time, who kept THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR back—a second Joshua—hoping he would receive an account from St. Mary's of the usual beautiful Christmas festivities of that place. No account came last week; and, again, is the printer's patience tried this week, for still there is no account. We were at St. Mary's on Christmas day; we shared that pleasure with quite a number of invited guests, among whom were Very Rev. Father Provincial, Rev. President and Vice President of the College with some members of the faculty, and the parents of some of the pupils.

We may say at the beginning that every body was pleased—we do this to settle at once our claim to having good taste—for every body knows that every one is always pleased with the entertainments given at St. Mary's.

We need scarcely enter into details—one Christmas tree is very much like another—candies, toys and bonbons cannot vary *ad infinitum*, and cedar trees all look pretty much alike, especially by candle light. We pass by the tree, then, as we all did when we entered the Senior Study Hall, those musically inclined feeling very much like "keeping step" as they heard the march played on the piano by the young ladies—and we do not say *well* played, nor *beautifully* played, for laudatory terms, like Christmas trees, vary but little, and it is always understood that they are deserved, in a greater or less degree, by all the music that the young ladies give in public. As for practice lessons that cause this perfection, knowing nothing, we saw nothing, of them.

Several addresses were read to Very Rev. Father Provincial which excelled some addresses

we had heard at St. Mary's—and many others we had heard at the College and elsewhere—by their pleasing and eloquent Brevity. That sweet tone of piety which comes so natural on Christmas, when we bring to mind the Divine Redeemer in the Manger, surrounded by the Shepherds and watched over by His mother, Mary, was perceptible in all the addresses, one of which, was read by Miss. Hattie Neill and the other by Miss. Garrity. A third address was read by Miss A. Adams, who expressed her regret that Santa Claus could not be present, as it was a well-known fact that he, Santa Claus, met with an untimely, though, she could not say, early death, just two years ago, on his way to South Bend. The young lady, however, was interrupted in her lamentations for Santa Claus's absence, by the entrance of that individual himself, to her and to our great satisfaction. In he came, singing—in not a very masculine voice—but with a very well sustained soprano, carrying his basket of Christmas presents, and, while distributing them, told us the cause of his absence and of the false report of his being dead. These things he told in good running rhyme, set to a right merry air. He had not died two years ago,—but Rip Van Winkle-like, had taken a nap and never waked up until he was aroused by the Big Bell ringing the night before for Midnight Mass. When he had gladdened the hearts of all with his presents, his witty saying and humorous conceits, and had given some very good advice, he retired with much more grace than we could have expected from a gentleman of his age. But you know he must be a gentleman of the "old school," and, you know also, they were all very gracious and graceful.

Shortly after the departure of the gift-giving gentleman, we noticed that Miss Anna Shultz made her appearance among the pupils.

The Christmas tree was again the main object of attraction for the great majority, especially the Juniors and Minims, who were placed as close as possible to the tree blazing with light and putting before their eyes the abundantly filled cornucopias and big sugar apples, and houses and horses and sheep and soldiers and things; these were soon distributed, and Very Rev. Father Provincial, limiting himself to a few well-chosen and well-deserved compliments to the young ladies, sat down to listen to the remarks of Fathers Corby and Cooney who, with Mr. O'Neill, of St. Louis, charmed the young ladies with their eloquence, their just appreciation of Catholic schools, and their good advice for

the future well-doing of all the pupils of St. Mary's. May they profit by it! and may it be given to St. Mary's to have many such beautiful celebrations of the Birth-day of Our Lord and Redeemer. The guests then departed, and the young ladies, after a little ebullition of Christmas feeling, unrestrained by the presence of outsiders, subsided into night prayer—and thus, after beginning Christmas Day with the thought of God, and keeping that thought in mind during the day,—even while enjoying their innocent amusement,—they ended it with the same thought, and with their guardian angels and their Blessed Mother protecting them, they slept the sound sleep that is the reward of a well-spent day.

### JUNIORS' EXCURSION TO NILES.

*Messrs. Editors of the Scholastic Year:*

Our friends of this neighborhood generally think, nay, even go so far as to assert, that the Seniors have more of those College enjoyments than the Juniors. But we will take the liberty of differing from them, and of politely refuting such assertions if made hereafter. Since for several years, (perhaps seventy) it has been customary for the students to make excursions, during the Christmas holidays, to some place in the neighborhood, Niles, an interesting and flourishing town in the southern part of Michigan, has been deemed most fitting for the purpose. The necessary conveyances having been engaged by our kind Prefect, Brother Florentius, the preceding day, preparations were made to start. Joy, full of happy anticipations, seemed to be the sentiments of each and every one. At 8½ o'clock all were ready. We then left the College, filling the air with cheers and shouts. We were about forty in number, and a merry crowd at that. Passing through the *grande entrée*, a singular sight met our eyes. Just in the centre of the road was the "Monster" (if you wish to call it so) slowly advancing as if in a weary condition. At first we were struck at the sight of this with amazement, but we soon recovered, when we found the same to be "a house on wheels," which was being moved. This of course was a novelty to some of us. Advancing at a quick pace, we soon lost sight of Notre Dame, but first passing the beautiful cottage of Prof. Howard, whom we cheered as we were gliding by. Now and then the dome of the College, with the morning sun shining on it, could be seen glistening through the tree-tops, but at length it entirely disappeared from our view. The industrious agriculturists of the

country through which we were passing, all seemed to be busily engaged in "chopping." Steadily approaching our destination, whilst amusing ourselves by chatting, singing, etc., we at length entered the town, wending our way to the Bond House. Now the stove was sought, in order to warm our half frozen limbs. Being satisfied with the comfortable result produced by proximity to the stove, we hastened to take a view of the place, in which we found ourselves. We are truly sorry that time and space do not allow us to give an account of the many beautiful edifices that adorn Niles; some of our large cities would be justly proud of having such residences as can be seen there. Dinner being ready at 2 o'clock, we partook of the same with a good appetite. Now, a little time was still left before we made preparations to leave, and this we spent in "shopping," buying various things, as articles of toilet, ginger-bread, candies, newspapers, *et cætera*. We left Niles at three and half P. M., first giving our hearty thanks, with three cheers, to the polite proprietor of the Bond House, who had entertained us so kindly.

We soon lost sight of Niles, treasuring up the remembrance of having spent a joyful day, and hoping many such ones would occur during the coming session.

H. L. E.

We clip the following from the *Elkhart Review*:

"About seventy-five students from the University of Notre Dame visited our city on last Monday. They were escorted by a portion of the Notre Dame Cornet Band, which, when full, comprises thirty-six members, and can be divided into three bands—and also furnishes a splendid orchestra. Prof. Baasen and J. W. Watts are the Directors of the Association, and the whole is under the instruction and control of John O'Neill, Professor of Music. But about one-third of the organization was present on the occasion of their visit here, but nevertheless their music was excellent, and demonstrated the fact that they were thorough students, and that they have been under skillful and careful tutelage. The students were in charge of the veteran prefect, Bro. Benoit, and all conducted themselves as gentlemen. They visited the various points of interest, and expressed much pleasure and surprise at the energy of our town. They paid their respects, in handsome style, to the *Review* office; and when they left to return to the toils and triumphs of the class-room, seemed well pleased with their visit,

and we are certain that they have created an impression upon our citizens, at once favorable to themselves and the University they represent."

### A FEAST.

On Sunday afternoon, our attendance in the refectory was politely requested, that we might assist at an entertainment given by Messrs. Atkinson, McClain and Owen. We attended, we always do on such occasions, and upon entering the refectory found so bounteous a repast, so varied a collection of all the delicacies, that can minister to the delight of the palate, that we wondered if some magician, by the aid of his wand, had not caused it to appear before us. The table fairly groaned under its pleasing burden. Different kinds of fish, flesh and fowl, nuts, preserves, etc., and a multitude of other things made up this unrivalled feast. It is useless to attempt a description, for there was such a variety, that we had no opportunity of noting anything in particular. To use the expression of a friend of ours, we "nearly killed ourselves trying the kinds." Rev. Father Superior was present, together with a number of the friends of our generous hosts. Every one was in the best spirits, and the feast passed off to the satisfaction of all. We are under everlasting obligations to the gentlemen who gave it, and feel that we can never repay their kind favor.

"Pleasure that comes unlook'd for, is thrice welcome  
And if it stir the heart, if aught be there  
That may hereafter in a thoughtful hour  
Wake but a sigh, 'tis treasur'd up among  
The things most precious; and the day it came,  
Is noted as a white day in our lives."

### The Scholastic Year.

Time in its revolving course, has brought round the dawning of a new era in the annals of Notre Dame University. Many changes have taken place, and many material improvements have been made, since the last Annual Commencement. But foremost amongst the intellectual progressions, was the establishment of this periodical as the successor of the "Old Progress," a journal well and favorably known to many of those now composing the faculty of the Institution, who, assisted by others, now mingling in the busy scenes of professional life, delighted in filling its columns with rich, rare and spicy articles. After a successful career of four months, the paper has been given into our hands. We do not expect to rival our predecessors, but with the hearty co-operation of our numerous friends, and especially our fellow-students,

we hope to make it as interesting and instructive as our abilities shall permit. As all changes are supposed to be for the best, we will labor strenuously that this one also may be productive of universal satisfaction. Our programme shall be to gratify the wishes, and meet the demands of all, as far as we can consistently do so. And in the words of a celebrated Editor of the day, "we invite correspondence from all quarters, let no one hesitate about names or places, send in your articles, we will take the responsibility, and let those, who are hurt, whistle." We do not wish to offend the modesty of any one; but do not intend to conceal obvious truths. Therefore, we commit, this, our first attempt as Editors, to the kind consideration of the subscribers and supporters of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR. Thanking them for the generous assistance rendered in the past, we earnestly solicit a continuation, and, if possible, an augmentation of former patronage.

#### THOUGHTS ON LEAVING COLLEGE.

At last the time has arrived to quit college forever. How often, when we were little children,—rather boys,—have we wished that we had already passed through that ordeal which is inevitable, viz: a course of education. Yes, and frequently, as we grow older, have we wished to be once more happy, innocent children;—only one obstacle,—children must go through a long training at school. Now all this is past. We have acquired all the education we are ever destined to have. Can we look back on our college life without pleasure? No. Yet we feel remorseful, for our course is dotted here and there with idly spent hours. Oh! how we wish we could live over this little, important fraction of our life; how we would apply ourselves, persevere, and not let the precious moments be irrecoverably lost. But we must content ourselves with what learning we have obtained, and make the most of it. We must now decide our future destiny. We must choose the path we wish to travel on through life. Shall it be the wide path, full of pleasure and ease, of sloth and luxury, which ultimately leads to destruction,—to hell, or shall it be the narrow path, strewn with difficulties and adversities, with poverty and suffering, contempt and wrong, which in the end guides to an eternal Kingdom of happiness, where we shall never cease to drink the cup of bliss? Yes! by the help of God's grace, we shall attempt the latter, with its hardships. Now, as our future course

is determined, we must make ready to leave college, and meet the trials prepared for us in the world. We stroll around the grounds, and see the familiar spots where we have spent our idle hours in recreation. Shall we never more sport here as students? We may, some time hence, visit the scenes of college life. But we will never more, as students, spend hours here; we must meet more sober and less pleasurable employments. With many sighs of regret we leave the place which has been our home for some past years, and start on our hopeful, yet tempestuous career, always bearing in mind the words of the sweet poet, Longfellow:

"Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for every fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Let us learn to labor and to wait."

#### HOPE AND FEAR.

How different the thoughts suggested by those two simple words, and yet how closely united they appear to the mind of an intelligent observer. Hope—that radiant star which serves to illumine the path of man, and before which all the vices may well quail with fear. The life of man is as grass; when ripened it is mowed, but when cut down it does not share a similar fate. There is an innate spirit in that likeness of the Creator of all things, which, with the virtue of Hope, combined with a feeling of just Fear, only serves to act as an impetus for the attainment of the happiness.

Man is well likened unto a vessel. He is at a very early age, launched into the broad sea of life. His barque is, indeed, a frail one. Many are the tempests he has to encounter; many the dangers and trials to overcome. He has no compass—his only aim is to gain the opposite shore. The effulgence of a great star is beaming down upon him. That star seems to act as his guide, and well and nobly it does its work. Whether trials or temptations beset; when the barque is apparently on the verge of being dashed to pieces on one of the rocks which lie in its path; when righteousness seems to have given way to despair—the bright star of Hope is shedding its luminous rays, and almost beckoning the wave-tossed barque on into the true way. The light emitted from that bright star sheds a luster on all around. The mariner is enabled to evade the many dangers which beset his path. With the help of the trusty rudder Fear, he has, at last, accomplished his journey. His days of trial are

over: his happiness is about to commence. Well may he gaze with feelings of almost infinite gratitude upon his tried and true friends Hope and Fear. The Fear of being dashed to pieces on the way, and the Hope of an eternal reward were the incentives which have, at last, gained for him the accomplishment of his ardent longings. Hope! may he ever gaze with feelings of rapturous admiration on that bright star; and may we, poor and unknown mariners in this wide ocean, ask that it shall

"Shine, shine forever; glorious star,  
Divinest gift of God to man!"

We may well compare this great gift, with all the innumerable benefits we derive through it, to the boundless expanse of the ocean, fathomless to human measurement, and whose capacity by far exceeds our conception. It is a gift bestowed on all who earnestly plead for it, and a gift of which one might well feel proud. In the daily walks of life we see instances of the appreciation of the gift of Hope. What has given to history the name of Columbus, of Napoleon, Washington or Webster? Hope, in close and graceful combination with Fear. Hope is the vortex to which all were inadvertently drawn: Fear is the guide which urged them on. How well they appreciated the gifts which destiny had offered them! Hope, as is invariably the case, was the guiding star which led them on, until they had arrived at the utmost height of human power: Fear, ever in graceful blending with its sister Hope, kept them steadily in the path, not allowing them to swerve to right or left.

Columbus, when he sailed from Spain in 1492, was sanguine of discovering a hitherto unknown land. His crew, after a long, and, as they thought, useless voyage, determined to return to Spain. The commander, when he heard of the dissatisfaction existing among his crew, appealed to them to sail on but for three days, and, if land was not then in sight, they should return. Oh! who can picture the feelings of that man through those terrible days! One moment—Hope is depicted on every lineament, as he gazes upon that broad expanse before him,—hoping, praying that land might burst upon his view. Hour after hour and minute after minute glides by,—still there is nothing save sky and water to meet his gaze. Fear takes possession of the inmost recesses of his soul. Then Hope again—and Hope and Fear, alternately occupy his mind. Two whole days have passed away, and still land is not in sight. Shall the third pass as these? He still

hopes; but, alas, his fears are greater! The twilight fallen on the second day,—to-morrow, the name of Columbus will either be recorded in letters of gold on the broad pages of history, or he will die unknown. With what feelings of Hope and fear burning his very brain did he retire to rest that evening! Was it to sleep? Ah, no! He hoped for, but he had great reasons to fear, the coming of the morrow. Two hours before midnight, on the night of Oct. 11th, 1492, land was discovered. Columbus was in his cabin, and, on cry of *land! land!* being raised,—as the glad tidings were carried from mouth to mouth,—he rushed on deck, and there, behold—oh! the realization of his fondest Hope; all his Fears are now forever banished—land!

The poet Delavigne has described, beautifully and graphically, the first transports of Columbus on seeing that land; and he has, in one short line, told us how he was rewarded for all that he had suffered.

"He runs—yes, behold it! it blesseth his sight!  
The land! O dear spectacle! transport! delight!  
O generous sobs, which he cannot restrain!  
What will Ferdinand say? and the Future? and Spain?  
He will lay this fair land at the foot of the throne,—  
His King will repay all the ills he has known,—  
In exchange for a world, what are honors and gains?  
Or a crown? But how is he rewarded?—*with chains?*"

His fond hopes were realized; but, oh! could his fears imagine that such was to be his reward!

We may review the life of Napoleon, the life of Washington, or, in fact, the life of any leading Statesman or General, and it will be perceptible to all that through those lives, in every action of material consequence, either public or private, Hope and Fear alternately were the guiding stars.

Napoleon, after the realization of all his hopes; after he thought he could rest, and fear nothing, was banished to a desert isle. His fond hopes, too, like those of Columbus, were realized, but did he ever fear that solitude and loneliness would, one day, be his only companions? Had Columbus ever feared to receive chains as the reward due his unremitting labors? Ah! no; but both had, undoubtedly, hoped for better.

But I have already written more than I had thought of doing at first; and so, dear reader, with the *Hope* that this attempt may meet with your approbation, but with the *Fear* that it will not, I will close.

JOS. D. MURPHY.

RECEIVED.—"The Departing Ship," by G.  
"Music,"—too late for this week.

"CHRONICLE," crowded out this week.

## TEMPERAMENTS.

Temperament, from the Latin word *temperare*, is a certain disposition of the human body, resulting from the proportions of organic elements which constitute it.

The ancients described four kinds of temperaments, namely: the bilious, sanguineous, phlegmatic and melancholic; according as bile, blood, phlegm or depression is supposed to prevail over the other humors of the human body. Recent physiologists have made a different division of temperaments by adding to the above-mentioned a fifth, the nervous, consisting in a great irritability of the nerves; but since this species of temperament is more a state of health than a disposition of the body, the division of the ancients appears to be preferable.

Physiologists are accustomed to assign physical marks or effects, mostly external, by which each species of temperament may be easily known. Philosophers treat especially of the influence which the temperament exercises on the sensible faculties of the mind, both intellectual and moral, and in this respect we shall consider temperaments.

He who possesses a bilious temperament, naturally adapts himself to gravity in manners and constancy in action, he is ordinarily endowed with an acute and correct judgment. Remarkable for this kind of temperament were Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Cardinal Richelieu and Napoleon Bonaparte.

Those who enjoy the sanguineous temperament, are naturally inclined to hilarity, fretfulness, pleasure and prodigality; they are remarkably retentive and quick in imagination; their *forte* is ready and light wit rather than depth or solidity of thought. They apply all their energies to a new work, and shortly afterwards desist from it on account of their fickleness of mind. Alcibiades and Mark Anthony were types of this kind of temperament. It was also the characteristic mark of the Gauls, and even at the present day it is greatly prevalent among the French.

The person who is naturally tardy in mind, languid in body and addicted to much sleeping, has evidences of a phlegmatic temperament. Such a one is free from vehement affections, enjoys a certain tranquillity of mind, is equally incapable of performing heroic deeds of virtue or committing enormous crimes. The intellect of a person of this description, and the power of imagination is rather dull. This species of temperament is found amongst the Hollanders.

A melancholic temperament generally leads to sadness, monomania, fear, hatred and avarice. The memory in this case is very retentive, and the mind possesses the power of long and lofty meditations. The manners of a melancholy person are for the most part rude and indecorous. The Roman emperor, Tiberius, and Louis XI, of France, seem to have been endowed with this kind of temperament. But the most remarkable personage of all was Jean Jacques Rousseau, who indulged so much in his natural inclinations that he distrusted his most intimate friends, even those who sought nothing but his welfare; finally he persuaded himself that the whole world had conspired for his destruction. Hence his hatred for society and his frequent assertion that man was depraved and below the brute creation. From the predominance of this temperament it follows that the works of this author are very dangerous, because his melancholy eloquence is like a contagion which spreads itself over the mind of the reader and affects him in like manner, especially if he be of a similar disposition.

All of the above enumerated species of temperaments may be considered as so many abstract categories, which are never found singly in individuals. Every person has a mixed temperament, the whole receiving the name of that species which predominates. A choleric sanguineous disposition is commonly believed to be the best adapted to the cultivation of virtue, *cæteris paribus*. A temperament may be modified in divers ways, and hence arises the division of the native and acquired temperament. The former springs from the very nature of one's constitution, the latter is produced by the concurrence of various causes. The principal causes which help to modify are education, mode of life, habitual occupation of the same trade, the habits, customs and examples of those around us, the moral disposition, that is, the exercise of virtue or vice of those with whom we live, etc.

From the influence of these causes it often happens that those wishing to judge of the temperament of others, only from exterior and physical signs or effects, may very often be led into error.

A word now to my fellow-students: Never judge of another from mere external appearances, for you cannot penetrate the depth of his heart; it may be a gold-mine, as gold is frequently found hidden beneath the roughest ground. Should your feelings, thoughts and sentiments run in an opposite channel from his, then, don the Christian mantle of charity and bear with

him patiently; this will make him happy.—this will make you happy;—you will never regret it. Try it. "TWILIGHT."

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY, }  
Jan. 2d, 1868. }

MR. EDITOR: We plead guilty to the charge of being behind time with our weekly contribution of news from St. Mary's. We hope the readers of "THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR" will excuse us.

During the two days before Christmas, the Academy presented a scene of cheerful activity. The Senior pupils were formed in committees to assist in decorating the Chapels, preparing the gifts for the Christmas tree and arranging entertainments suitable for the season.

The Minims were in a fever of delightful anticipation, as to what sort of gifts Santa Claus would bring each of them.

Now and then some of the pupils would be summoned to the parlor to meet parents or relations who had joyously surprised them with a visit.

Among the visitors were Mr. James Niel, of St. Louis, and Mr. T. Tuberty, of Lafayette, two zealous friends of our Institution, whom we are ever happy to welcome.

On Christmas eve the pupils retired very early that they might be better able to rise in time for the Midnight Mass in the chapel.

Those who have ever been present at Midnight Mass can easily imagine how impressive and touching was the scene. The festive appearance of the chapel, the sweet tones of the organ, mingling with the joyful, exulting strains of the *Gloria in Excelsis*, and *Adeste Fideles*, all combined to inspire the mind with feelings of tender, joyful devotion.

At the conclusion of Mass the Juniors and Minims gathered around the Crib and sang their usual Christmas Hymn to the Infant Jesus. Their childish voices seemed in keeping with the humility and simplicity of the Divine Child whose praises they were singing.

At the six o'clock Mass, on Christmas morning, nearly all the Catholic pupils received Holy Communion.

After breakfast commenced the promiscuous interchange of congratulations.

At 10 o'clock the pupils assembled in their recreation-room, to present their Christmas Addresses to Mother Provincial. She responded very affectionately, and all seemed happy to listen to her words of kind encouragement.

During the morning the young ladies amused themselves in various ways, till dinner time. At the sound of the bell they repaired to the refectory, where they regaled themselves with turkeys and mince pies.

After Vespers all proceeded to the study-hall to participate in the distribution of gifts. Very Rev. Father Provincial and many of the Rev. Clergy were present; other distinguished guests were also present. We will not enter into the particulars of the scene, as one of our kind visitors has generously offered to give a description of the affair. This much we will say, that all seemed to enter into the spirit of the Feast, and this made it truly a very happy Christmas.

RATHER GOOD.—On board the cars, during the recent trip to Elkhart, after the band had played a good many of their best pieces, there was somewhat of a clamor for the Philharmonics. That estimable society, although ever ready "on the stage," was not so "on the cars," and gave a tacit refusal "to respond to every call." Professor O'Neill, willing to silence the clamor, and at the same time to satisfy the musical cravings of the multitude, began to play one of his beautiful echo pieces. All were hushed in admiration, and the echoes were just audible above the rumbling of the cars. At the conclusion, a lady passenger (not Mrs. Partington, who would have known better) was heard to exclaim: "How delightful! I could just hear *the Philharmonics*."

CONTRIBUTIONS.—We have received the following "Articles" this week, which are not published for various reasons, viz: The "Melody of Hope" has not sufficient melody to make it a passable poem. "Composition Writing" contains more melody than sense. "Medicus" has given us a fair piece, which shall appear at some future time; it is crowded out this week. The timely admonitions of "Perpatetic" are very acceptable, and we are much obliged to him, hoping to hear from him again, if necessary.

In conclusion we may say that it is easily seen by the present number, how well our friends have assisted us; for which we tender them our sincere thanks.

WE are compelled, for want of space, to leave out, this week, several articles, already in type, amongst the number, "Friendship," by Xenos, and "Medley"—Mc.