

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Salutatio

AD R. T. E. WALSH, C. S. C.
NOSTRÆ DOMINÆ UNIVERSITATIS
PRÆSIDEM
IN DIE FESTO PATRONI ILLIUS
S. THOMÆ APOSTOLI
AB ALUMNIS
ANNO MDCCCXXXIV GRADUS
ACCEPTURIS
OBLATA.

Nos	LICEAT	THOMA	DIGNUM	CONSCRIBERE	CARMEN.			
O	præclara	dies,	hymno	sacrata	canor	O,		
Semper		adaugebis	nostræ	pia	gaudia	menti.		
Lingua	tacere	potest,	blanda	jam	luce	micat	sol	
In	cælo	atque	homini	dat	Christus	et	orbis.	
Cum	fidei	constant	mira	cula	tauta,	Deo	nunc	
Est	standum,	Thoma,	neque	fas	incredulus	esset.		
Aeterno		Verbo	carnem		intemerata	Maria	ad	
Tempore		donavit	certum:	perfectus	homo	fit.		
Terrifica	T	mundum,	atque	Infandum	numen	adorant		
Horrescendo	Homines		Homo,	nam	Iuvat	esse	Jehova.	
Omnipotens	Oritur,		orbos		Dominatur,	et	unum	
Mors	verbo	Moritur:	Lazarus	Mox	corpore	vitæ	M	
Accipit:	ex ipsa		radiat	vis	Morte		superna.	
Discipulis	resonat		Domini	vox	desubito;		sed	
Interea	Didimus		tetigit		Sacra	vulnera	"Vidi!	
Gratia	me	domuit!"	Gaudens,	"Deus"!	exclamat	et	nunc;	
Nos	LICEAT	THOMA	DIGNUM	CONSCRIBERE	CARMEN.			
Usus	inest	animum	gratum	depromere	versum:			
Majorem		juvenes	malunt	persolvere	laudem.			
Crescit		amor,	numerus	Crescit:	Senioribus	anno	hoc	
Officium		majus,	festum	redeunte			patrum.	
Num	quid	enim	melius	Nobis	quam	pectora	sint?	an
Sexcentos			Patri	S	mereamur	amore		favore?
Constantes		Thomæ	Curas	mirantur	alumni,			ac
Ridentem		faciem	et	frontem	placidam,	ut	maris	æquorum.
Ingenio		eximius,		vigilans,	ac	mente		sagaci,
Blanditias		horrens,		dubitas,	Cunctator,	agendo:		ab
Extremis		ita	te	removes,	sapiens	que		videret.
Regulæ		Honos,	fidus	sacratæ	crucis			amatorum.
Et	Nostræ	Dominæ,		Explanas	sacra	dogmata,		neve
Christiadas	unquam	M	præcludat	mens	mala	nos,		ne
Allici		Ant	honor,	ebrietas,	laetitia,			gaza.
Rector	virtutis,		præses,	exemplar		et		ultorum,
Multiplicem	ad	rectum	Meritum	S	formare			juventum.
Et	donum,	O	Reverende!	valere	habere			perenne.
Nos	LICEAT	THOMA	DIGNUM	CONSCRIBERE	CARMEN.			

The Holy Father as a Poet.

[Through the kindness of the Rev. editor of *The Ave Maria*, we are permitted to reprint from advanced sheets the following article, from the pen of PROF. A. J. STACE, on some recent poems of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. The learned Professor gives an original metrical translation of one poem by the Holy Father, while extracts from the remaining are presented, which serve to show the characteristic features of the distinguished poet's style. We have no doubt that our readers will appreciate the literary treat afforded them.—ED. SCHOL.]

The cares of the ruler of a great people—of one to whom the welfare and happiness of multitudes of his fellow-beings have been entrusted—are usually so engrossing as to exclude all other occupations. Instances there have been where the hereditary incumbent of a throne has found some art, some science, or even some mechanical employment more congenial to his tastes than that of reigning; but he has indulged his inclinations to his own detriment and that of his people. Had Louis XVI not been so industrious a locksmith, and had he applied himself more diligently to a study of the wants of his subjects, the horrors of the French Revolution might have been averted, and what was of evil in a necessary reform might have been eliminated.

Hence we are accustomed to dispute the possibility of a great potentate being also a great artist, a great sculptor, a great chemist, or a great astronomer. To achieve greatness in such diverse walks of life seems beyond the power of a created mind.

But in the vast circle of human occupations, there is one which seems peculiarly privileged,—to which the epithet "divine" has been not seldom attached,—which ennobles the lowest rank of society, and attaches no disgrace to the highest: it is the calling of the POET. From the time when Royal David strung his harp to the praises of the Almighty, we have found poets frequently seated upon the throne; and voice of authority has been modulated by the sweet influence of the Muse.

It is not surprising, then, that the Chair of St. Peter,—the throne of thrones,—has been frequently filled by poets, many of whom have been canonized as saints. It was the delight of St. Damasus to adorn the tombs of the martyrs in the catacombs with the poetical epitaphs still found upon them.

He also wrote poems in praise of virginity. The contributions of St. Gregory the Great to the hymnic portions of the liturgy are still better known. Pope Innocent III is the author of that sublime invocation, the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, and also, it is said, of that hymn which has aroused such tender sentiments in the faithful heart, and inspired the genius of the musician with such grand harmonies, the *Stabat Mater*. Popes Urban VIII and Alexander VII were also distinguished for their poetical compositions; and these are but a few of the Sovereign Pontiffs whose brows have been adorned with the *laurus poetica*.

Our present Holy Father is walking in the footsteps of distinguished predecessors. A late publi-

cation has reached us containing three hymns in honor of SS. Herculani and Constantius, both martyrs and bishops of Perugia, a See of which, as is well known, Pope Leo himself was the Ordinary in former days. The hymns are in Latin, accompanied by an Italian translation by Prof. Francesco Manini. The dedication is to the Cardinal Bishop of Verona, and secondarily to the Italian pilgrims who visited Rome in the months of September and October of last year. A distich addressed: *Leoni XIII, Pontifici Maximo, Sapientissimo, Poetae Hymnographo Præstantissimo*, does not appear worthy of the place it occupies after the dictation. The versifier, whoever he was, might have managed the hexameter without eliding half of the name of the person addressed; and the comparison of a poet to a swan is not only worn threadbare, but has the additional disqualification of not being true to nature, as experience and research have amply proved that the swan is not melodious under any circumstances.

Thus preluded, follow the hymns, the Italian translation, which is metrical and rhymed, being placed opposite the Latin original—the composition of the Pope himself. The first is in honor of St. Herculani, Bishop of Perugia, and martyr,—a saint unknown to Alban Butler, as was also St. Constantius. From the brief notices of the Roman Martyrology under date of March the 1st we learn that St. Herculani "was beheaded by order of Totila, king of the Goths. His body, on the fortieth day after his decapitation, was, as Pope St. Gregory relates, found as sound and as firmly joined to the head as if it had never been touched by the sword." The hymn itself contains many other interesting particulars; and as the period to which it relates has received very inadequate light from history, I have attempted a metrical version, sticking as closely to the original as the exigencies of metre and rhyme would allow. The metre of my translation is the same as that of the original, familiar to Catholic ears in *Creator alme siderum, Lucis Creator optime*, and fully one-half of the liturgical hymns.

HYMN TO ST. HERCULANUS, BISHOP AND MARTYR.

I.

Hail Herculani, prompt to aid,
Protector of thy native State,
Assist thy sons who now have made
A hymn thy Feast to celebrate.

II.

Fierce Totila with Gothic horde
Besieged Perugia's walls and towers:
Their frozen shores, with one accord,
They left, to seize this land of ours.

III.

Disaster reigned supreme, and grief;
No aid the straitened city found.
No friendly hand affords relief;
With cries the citadels resound.

IV.

But Herculani, undismayed,
True pastor, thou dost watchful stand;

Thou cheerest hearts though sore afraid,
And dread dost banish from the land.

v.

"Fight, sons, for your ancestral faith,
And God's high altars! He will lead!
No hostile force our home shall scathe!"
Thus spakest thou in direst need.

vi.

They rally at thine ardent speech;
Courage renewed pervades the town;
"For God and country fight!" cries each,
"Or, dying, earn a martyr's crown!"

vii.

For seven years, at least, 'tis said,
The barbarous horde were kept at bay;
Thy children nobly fought and bled
Like heroes of an earlier day.

viii.

For thou wast leader. Thou didst fall
With faith no guile could undermine;
On God with thy last breath didst call:
A truly glorious death was thine.

ix.

For when the city fell, by fraud,
Not force;—her sacred walls betrayed;—
Thou wast, with courage all must laud,
For thy dear flock a victim made.

x.

By raging Totila's command
Thou, innocent, art stricken down,
And from the cruel headman's hand
Thou dost receive the martyr's crown.

xi.

Now reigning in the heavenly hall,
Where joys and glory never fail,
Still listen to thy children's call:
Our Pastor, Patron, Parent, hail!

xii.

Etruscan city fair, rejoice!
The glory of this land of flowers;
In exultation lift thy voice;
Lift up on high thy hundred towers!

xiii.

New hostile forces still beset;
Against thy faith they still combine;
Repel them manfully, and let
The faith of Herculaneus shine!

In the same metre is the first of the hymns to St. Constantius, Bishop of Perugia and martyr, designed for the vigil of his festival. The Roman Martyrology tells us that this Saint, "together with his companions, under the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, received the crown of martyrdom for the defence of the faith," on January the 29th. The hymn represents him as the object of a popular devotion, which finds expression in general demonstrations. We quote the 6th, 7th and 8th verses:

Nox en propinquat: cerneret
Fervere turbis compita,

Late per umbram cerneret
Ardere colles ignibus.

Urbisque ferri ad mœnia
Incessu et ore supplici
Senes, viros cum matribus
Longo puellas agmine.

Ut ventum ubi ara Martyris
Corusca lyncis emicat,
Festiva turba civium
Irrumpit ardens, clamitat.

The third hymn, written for the festival itself of the same Saint, begins by giving a history of the various torments to which the martyr was subjected, and of the miracles which embarrassed the infernal malice of the torturers, at the same time that they attested the sanctity of the victim. It is written in a well-known Horatian metre, introduced into hymnography in the *Iste Confessor*, so often sung at Vespers. The final verses will give an idea of the style of the composition, at the same time that they reveal the exalted sentiments of the author:

Dive, Pastorem tua in urbe quondam
Infula cinctum, socium et laborum
Quem pius tutum per iter superna
Luce regebas,

Nunc Petri cymbam tumidum per æquor
Ducere, et pugnae per acuta cernis
Spe bona certa que levare in altos
Lumina montes.

Possit, o tandem, domitis procellis,
Visere optatas Leo victor oras:
Occupet tandem vaga cymba portum
Sospite cursu.

We conclude with the hope that what we have said may contribute to stimulate our readers to make themselves acquainted more thoroughly with our Holy Father in his poetic character.

Three White Roses.

DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND, MADAME L— DE B—.

Thy roses, love, the three pure, creamy flowers,
That, (in thy tender thought), thou broughtest me,—
Are symbols to my soul, these wintry hours,
Of thy three precious sons.

The first shall be
Full-blown, thy CHARLES, thy first-born and thy pride:
Then, dewy-lipp'd and fraught with gentle joys,
Dear LEONARDO, wearing at his side,
The rose-bud, BERNARD, sweetest of thy boys.

Blest mother-heart! accept the prayer of love,—
From Life's fresh morn until its evening closes,
Oh! may thy sons in youth and manhood prove
As pure, as sweet, as fragrant as thy roses!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The Spirituality of the Soul.*

In treating the present question it is not our intention to consider the nature and essence of spirit; for if no scientist can tell what matter is, still less is a philosopher able to determine in what a spiritual substance consists. We start from the fact that man is composed of soul and body, and we shall endeavor to show, briefly and clearly, first, that there is an essential difference between these two constituent parts of human nature; second, that there exists in man a principle which is not material or composed of elements, but one, simple, and spiritual, endowed with intellect and freedom of will, and therefore a responsible agent.

Before entering upon our thesis, we must bear in mind that our proposition has been contradicted by a bold and so-called scientific school known by the name of Materialists. Materialism, in general, is a system which denies any essential distinction between soul and body, whether the soul be identified with the whole body or one of its principal parts, or something resulting from a corporal organization. The partisans of this system may be classed either as positivists or evolutionists. Phrenology, too, as taught and explained, is pure materialism, inasmuch as it maintains that the human soul is only a higher function of the brain. They are all akin to another more general system, namely, Sensism, which admits in man merely sensible facts, and infers therefrom that all mental operations are but transformed sensations. It is evident that the practical consequence of materialism in all its phases must be the destruction of all morality, the negation of a future state of existence, and hence the degradation of man to the condition of the lower animals.

Having thus briefly premised, we shall proceed to our question, which we shall consider from two points of view. First, we shall show that the human soul is simple, that is to say, inextensive and indivisible, and therefore immaterial. Secondly, this same human soul really subsists in itself, and, to some extent, independently of all material organization.

We may remark that the method to follow in demonstrating the immateriality and spirituality of the soul ought to be twofold. In the first place, it must be experimental, inasmuch as it involves the consideration of some facts either external or internal. Secondly, through reasoning we are enabled to rise from real facts to their law, and from their law itself to conclude an actual existence of a living principle, that is, the substantial form of the human body.

THE HUMAN SOUL IS SIMPLE.

Among a great many proofs that might be given on this point we select four of the most prominent. The first is that taken from common sense. It is a fact that the child when saying, "*I*" clearly means thereby something else than his body, as, for in-

stance, when he says: "*I* remember." Ask him with what part of his body he remembers. He will certainly smile at the question. But this irresistible voice of nature that speaks by the mouth of the little child speaks more eloquently through the lips of all mankind. All men, indeed, even the most savage and uncivilized, have, at all times and in all places, admitted a distinction between the soul and body. We all know well that, no matter how the body be mutilated, there remains in us something which cannot be reached, still less wounded, by any material instrument; so that the greatest violence offered to our members proves quite powerless over the soul. Another fact is that among all peoples, at all times and in all places, we find the substantial distinction between body and soul generally admitted in the words and expressions of their language. In short, our first argument may be thus summed up: The common consent of mankind is a motive of certainty; but this consent exists in regard to the essential distinction between soul and body; therefore the soul is not material.

II. The testimony of consciousness. • We know by experience that there exists within us one and the same principle to which must be referred all the operations of our different faculties. In regard to sensibility, suppose I put one hand into hot water and the other into cold, I shall experience two distinct sensations, but, at the same time, I am conscious that the subject of this is not any other person distinct from myself. Such being the case, it is impossible to account for this simultaneous perception of two distinct sensations, without admitting the real existence of one only principle, which must of necessity be simple. This conclusion becomes still more evident if applied to several ideas, judgments or reasonings, which any one may form at the same moment. For, in order to distinguish these ideas, to make such judgments, and to connect different propositions, we must compare them, and a comparison cannot be accurately made unless we suppose an intelligence capable of controlling all these phenomena, appreciating their characters, and pronouncing sentence, all of which involves unity, and consequently simplicity. In regard to the human will, we know with certainty that we are free to choose between the different motives which present themselves to our mind. On the other hand, we invincibly feel that we have self-dominion, that is to say, a moral power indivisible and inviolable, however contrary to it our resolutions may be. Now, this moral power of ours cannot be the result of several collective forces, but must be one only force, as conscience testifies. We have, therefore, a right to conclude that if there is an incontestable unity in all the operations performed by the three great faculties of the soul, the soul itself, being one, cannot be material.

III. Argument taken from a comparison between bodily properties and mental qualities. According to the testimony of the senses, what are the essential properties of bodies? It is certain from natural and physical sciences that material beings are: 1st, compound and divisible; 2d, changeable

* Thesis defended before the Academy, Dec. the 13th, by WILLIAM H. BAILEY, '84.

and continually renewed; 3d, deprived of activity. Now the qualities which constitute human personality are unity, liberty, and identity. There is certainly a formal contradiction between the former and the latter; we see no means by which we can reconcile unity with composition, liberty with ineffectiveness, and identity with changeableness. We have, therefore, to conclude one of two things: First, if the soul is corporeal, it can be neither simple, free, nor identical; which statement is opposed to both experience and reason. Second, if the soul, being corporeal, is, at the same time, identical, free, and simple, it would follow therefrom that a material body can be endowed with activity, immutability, free will, and responsibility; and this statement seems to be absurd. Bayle himself, though a notorious infidel, made this remarkable avowal: "This is a demonstration," he says, "as forcible and evident as any proposition in Geometry, and if some men do not feel its invincible evidence, it is because they cannot or will not rise above the notions of a gross imagination."

IV. Proof based on the control exercised by the human will over the body. That I do possess a real power of moving my own body is as plain as the light of the sun. Every-day experience shows us that, while all other material beings often escape the direct action of our will, our own body is subject to it. Thus, for instance, we can either walk or stand still, move our limbs in one direction or another. And while all other bodies, if left to themselves, continue in motion when once obtained, we feel within ourselves the power to stop. Seeing, then, such a wonderful contrast, who could be daring enough to pretend that it is the same body that commands itself? Is it possible that this motion can be produced by material organs? That some nerves and muscles, and, above all, the centre of the whole nervous system, the brain, are necessary conditions for moving, as well as feeling, thinking, and resolving, we grant. But still, as all these movements depend on the brain, inasmuch as they are physical and external, they depend much more on our will which commands the brain itself, by holding, as it were, the reins which guide all the movements of the human body. It is no wonder then that Bossuet should say that the soul rules the body which it animates; or that Plato should exclaim that in man there is an immortal soul that makes use of the body as the workman his tools.

II.

THE HUMAN SOUL IS A SPIRIT.

Starting from the principles laid down by St. Thomas, we think that we have clearly shown against Materialists that the human soul, not being composed of parts, must necessarily be simple, and consequently forms an indivisible reality. But apart from the fact that it is the actual form which constitutes the vital unity of the human body, is it true that it possesses some nobler attribute? In other words, is the human soul not only inorganic, immaterial, and simple, but also spiritual? This is the question which now remains to be answered.

According to the Angel of the Schools, a spirit is defined to be "A simple substance, both intellectual and rational, which is independent of any material subject as regards its being and essential operations—that is to say, intelligence and will." As most modern philosophers, following in the footsteps of Descartes, have either denied or obscured this definition by pretending that the human soul is spiritual because simple, we ought to vindicate this prominent dogma of philosophy by maintaining that the human soul is a spirit, or that it exists by itself apart from all material conditions to which it is at present subject. We might here reproduce the most forcible reasoning made by Sanseverino, which runs as follows: "All operations proper to the human soul—viz., those which are characteristic of intelligence and will—are performed without any corporeal organ. Now, operations are necessarily of the same nature as the being itself—*operatio sequitur esse*; therefore the human soul, being in itself independent of matter or corporal organs, must of necessity be spiritual." But to bring into clearer light this paramount question it would be well to dwell at greater length upon it, in presenting our hearers with a strict demonstration that cannot be objected to without objecting to sound reason itself, because the whole of our argumentation is based upon the most evident facts of consciousness. In the first place, the human soul performs operations which absolutely surpass all the strength and energy of matter. It indeed understands, reasons, and resolves, and evidently these reflective phenomena cannot be referred by any means to a corporeal subject. Besides it is able to go beyond the limits of time and space, which capability is quite irreconcilable with matter, because the action of the latter is contained within the boundaries of a determined part of extension and duration, as experience testifies.

Secondly, we know that every power or faculty of the soul, since it is adapted to its own object, must be in proportion to it. Now, it is well known from experience that man understands, or at least has an idea of, objects that are essentially immaterial, since he speaks of them as being different from material bodies, and calls them spirits. For we cannot realize that we could be able to speak of anything that does not exist, as if it were really existing. It follows, therefore, that there must be a real substance which, being the cause of immaterial effects, is necessarily of the same nature, and consequently a spirit.

Thirdly, experience tells us that that which is corporeal is of itself particular, multiple, and changeable. Still, there is another undeniable fact that such objects cannot be the cause of our understanding their essences in an universal and immutable manner by means of abstract and general ideas. It is plain, then, that if we do possess universal ideas—as indeed we do—this can be but the result of the intellectual power of our mind. Consequently our soul must naturally be superior to all the conditions of material substance; and since it can conceive what is not material, it is really a spiritual substance.

Now, there is a fourth and last argument, which, though it may not perhaps be so forcible in itself, seems to be more convincing. We have in our hearts and minds a deeply-rooted desire—a longing for something nobler than matter, such as truth and virtue. Now, everyone—or at least those who have not corrupted the dignity of human nature—feels irresistibly attached to something that is far above animal appetites and sensual enjoyments. Is it possible to suppose that a substance which performs actions superior to all the energy of matter, and understands objects spiritual—such as the angels and God—and which is actuated by a more powerful impulse towards high than low sentiments, can be a pure compound of material, molecules? No, indeed! and that kind of yearning which Father Lacordaire styles "*le mal de l'infini*" cannot be accounted for without our believing in the real existence of a spiritual substance called the human soul.

To sum up the whole argumentation, the following prosyllogism may be proposed: A substance whose properties are essentially opposed to matter cannot be material; now the properties of the human soul are essentially opposed to matter, therefore the human soul cannot be material. But an immaterial substance that is in itself independent of any material condition is a spirit. Now, the human soul is in itself independent of any material condition; therefore the human soul is a spirit.

In conclusion, we venture to say that the thesis just defended might be compared to a gigantic pyramid, the base of which is human nature, or the substantial union between soul and body. The intellect and the will rise like two beautiful pillars, made, not of material stone, but formed from truth and virtue; while the spirit, which, as it were, circulates through the entire edifice, is, at the same time, hovering over the whole monument, as an immortal breath breathed by Almighty God; and this very being, viz., man, aspires to be reunited to his Creator, in order to live together with pure intelligences a life of everlasting happiness.

A Sonnet—1884.

Break brightly! O thou happy New Year's light.
 Enriching all the world with hope renewed!
 Ring out glad bells, no longer sad, subdued.
 Thro' all the clear and frosty air of night—
 Hope proclaiming, pain relieving and the blight
 Arising from the myriad crime and woe
 Man, (of all creation, man's most deadly foe)—
 Ever lost in dark cimmerian night,
 Numbed by the memory of a wasted past,
 Groping in utter hopelessness—has brought.
 (Like one afflicted with some dread disease,
 In every breath has prescience of the last)
 Sin-born, into life. For music like thine has wrought
 Heart-healing, and given the world's weariness, surcease!

T. E. S., '84.

Books and Periodicals.

JOSEPH HAYDN.—THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

Translated from the German of Franz von Seeburg, by the Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C. From *The "Ave Maria."* J. A. Lyons, Publisher: Notre Dame, Indiana, 1884. 350 pp. Price, \$1.50.

The struggle of genius against poverty and hardship is always interesting. In this case the genius is transcendent and the hardships high insurmountable. Among the worst of them was to find that the externally fair maiden to whom he had generously given his heart and hand was one of those selfish, ill-conditioned, foul-mouthed creatures whose sole mission seems to be to render life unendurable, and inculcate the doctrine of total depravity. Fancy a musician of high-strung nerves and over-wrought sensibilities coming home exhausted from his toil to find a domestic harpy of this description by his hearth. And yet to this wretch Joseph was a faithful, kind and affectionate husband: better far than Socrates ever was to Xanthippe; for this latter much-abused lady had too much reason to complain that Socrates was a bad provider, while Mrs. Haydn appropriated, without hindrance, to her own luxurious enjoyments, the hard-earned, though finally munificent emoluments of her husband. We must congratulate our Rev. Vice-President on having exhibited in his translation that rare tact which conveys the full force of the original without betraying a foreign idiom. Like the rest of Prof. Lyons' publications, the present is in that neat but not gaudy form which commends itself for its utility without shocking the requirements of taste. It is appropriately dedicated to that generous patron of music, our Very Rev. Superior-General. Our readers will find it most eligible as a holiday gift, a valuable addition to any public or private library, and an ornament to the drawing-room table.

—The *North American Review* for January presents a table of contents possessing in the highest degree the character of contemporary human interest. First, the opposite sides of the question of "Ecclesiastical Control in Utah" are set forth by two representative men, President John Taylor, the official head of the Mormon Church, and the Hon. Eli H. Murray, Governor of the Territory of Utah. Senator John I. Mitchell writes of the "Tribulations of the American Dollar," recounting the strenuous efforts of the people of the United States to extinguish the national debt, and contending that it is our imperative duty to-day to settle definitely the question whether we shall have dollars of unequal commercial value in circulation.

—VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—Here it is again, brighter and better than ever; the cover alone, with its delicate tinted background and its dish of gracefully-arranged flowers, would entitle it to a permanent place in every home. The book contains three beautiful colored plates, is full of illustrations, printed on the best of paper, and is filled with just such information as is required by the

gardener, the farmer, those growing plants, and every one needing seeds or plants. The price, only ten cents, can be deducted from the first order sent for goods. All parties any way interested in this subject should send at once to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., for the Floral Guide.

—*St. Nicholas* for January makes its New Year's call with a bright table of contents and a brilliant list of contributors. Louisa M. Alcott begins her promised series of "Spinning-wheel Stories." The frontispiece is by Mary Hallock Foote, and H. H. opens the number with a complete and timely story of Colorado mining life, entitled "Christmas in the Pink Boarding-house." Julian Hawthorne finishes his fanciful allegory, "Almion Auria, and Mona"; and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop contributes a merry tale of child-life in holiday times, called "Fun Beams." Mayne Reid's serial, "The Land of Fire," continues. H. H. Boyesen ends the first of his "Tales of Two Continents"; and W. O. Stoddard entertains his readers with the second installment of "Winter Fun." Among the poems are a fable in verse by Joel Benton; some jolly New Year's verses by Helen Gray Cone, with pictures by A. Brennan, who also illustrates a quaint little verse of his own, entitled "Lucy Lee from High Dundee"; and "The Ballad of Good Sir Urgan," by E. Vinton Blake, a mediæval poem, with spirited illustrations by Alfred Kappes. An entirely new feature, inaugurated in this number and to continue throughout the year, is the *St. Nicholas* Almanac, which will give to young folk, in simple and popular form, the more important phenomena of our earth's relations to the heavenly bodies, and, in addition, some entertaining bits of fun, fable, and allegory relating to the various months and seasons.

—General Sherman's retirement from the army lends timely interest to the frontispiece of the January *Century*, and is evidence to the eyes that General Sherman has been retired by law before his bodily and mental powers have even begun to decline. His life, his character, and his services to the country are discussed by E. V. Smalley in a fresh and authoritative paper, which contains several good anecdotes. General Grant has assisted in making the paper exact and valuable with reference to war history by giving important information and by reading the proofs. "Garfield in London" is an account, in the main, of President Garfield's experiences and impressions while in the British capital, being extracts from his journal of his trip to Europe, in 1867, in company with his wife. His views on English politics and on prominent men like Bright, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Spurgeon, have a strong autobiographical interest. The most interesting of French institutions, the Academy, with its "Forty Immortals," is made the subject of a gossipy paper, by the author of the striking biographical sketch of "Gambetta," which was printed in the *Century* for last March. Portraits of thirteen of the most widely-known Academicians illustrate the writer's crisp characterizations. A portrait and biographical notice of the Hindoo girl,

"Toru Dutt," calls attention once more to the remarkable command of English possessed by this young poet, who died when she was only twenty-one. The other articles are: "In Wordsworth's Country"; "Edinboro Old Town"; "Log of an Ocean Studio"; "Husbandry in Colony Times"; "The Bread Winners"; etc., etc.

College Gossip

—The Jesuit Fathers intend to erect a college in Denver.

—On the 9th ult., seventeen priests left the American College, Louvain, for the United States.

—St. Mary's Institute near Dayton, Ohio, was partially destroyed by fire, last week, loss about \$20,000.

—Most of the teachers and professors in St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, were educated at Notre Dame University.

—St. Louis College, N. Y., holds its Commencement exercises in December instead of in June, as at other educational institutions.

—PROFESSOR IN GERMAN—"Mr. W., how would you decline *guter, alter, rother Wein?*" Mr. W.—"I shouldn't decline it."—*Orient*.

—A beautiful statue of St. Aloysius has been presented by the students of St. Xavier's College to the Church of St. Francis Xavier, N. Y. The statue stands on the students' altar, and is rightly an object of their pride.

—The American College at Rome has forty-four pupils sent out from twenty-three different dioceses of the U. S. Mgr. Hostlot is the rector, and his pupils have greatly distinguished themselves of late at the Catholic examinations. Of the thirty-six theological students who competed for medals this year, twenty-six were successful.

—In the different colleges of Notre Dame University there are 478 students. In the Manual Labor School, there are 66 pupils; in St. Joseph's Normal School for the training of teachers, there are 52; at St. Mary's Academy for young ladies, there are 190 pupils, and in the St. Mary's School of Art and Design for the instruction of teachers, there are 76, making a grand total of 862 who are receiving an education at Notre Dame.

—Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, the venerable University Professor of Greek in Harvard College, died Dec. 17th. Prof. Sophocles was born in 1807 in Greece, and for several years resided in the Convent of Mount Sinai. He emigrated to the United States and entered Amherst College in 1829, but did not take a degree. After leaving college, he applied himself to teaching, and in 1845 was appointed Greek tutor at Harvard. In 1849 he visited Greece, and on his return the next year began his Greek dictionary of the Roman and Byzantine periods. This great work is a monument to the extraordinary diligence of Prof. Sophocles, who has also published several minor text-books of ancient and modern Greek.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, January 5, 1884.

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

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

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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.

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JAMES A. SOLON, '84.	C. A. TINLEY, '84.
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—We know by experience that at the outset of any work we can and do command a spirit and energy which are apt to flag in its progress. The beginning of any undertaking, whilst its novelty exists, is always a time of vigor, freshness and activity. It is for this reason that the thoughtful student when entering upon a new year of life, reflects upon the duties of the time before him and forms resolutions which, if faithfully kept, will make the year as happy and as profitable as mortal here upon earth could desire. Experience, the great teacher, may perhaps prove that such resolutions made before have been but too remissly observed. Nevertheless, while reason rises superior to sense, no such reflection can cause discouragement. The grand faculty of our rational nature, our intelligence—*participatio luminis divini*,—especially when illumined with the light of Faith, shows our path:—if we have wandered therefrom, we have but to follow its guiding rays.

At the beginning of a new year, we are irresistibly impelled to look back upon the year just gone by and see what has been done therein. As regards our *Alma Mater*, the one grand event of '83 that stands pre-eminent and overshadows all others is the placing of the statue of our Lady on the Dome, which occurred on the 12th of October.

The erection of the Dome itself was certainly a great and important undertaking, but like everything else that serves as a means to an end, the grandeur of the end dims all the brilliancy of the means, however great they may be. In this case it must be remembered, that the Dome, colossal as it may be and as it really is, was designed only as a *pedestal*, but made as fittingly as possible, for the grand statue of her to whom all at Notre Dame, and the cause for which they are here, are consecrated.

It may perhaps seem strange to some that we should make any attempt at enthusiasm about the erection of a simple statue. But let us consider for a moment. What an enthusiasm is there not spreading throughout the United States, or, at least what mighty efforts are not being made to create this enthusiasm, in regard to the placing of the statue of "Liberty enlightning the world"—in New York Harbor. We grant there is a reason for it, and a good one. It is because that, though pagan in form, the prevailing idea among the masses of our countrymen is that they realize the benefit of a free government, and are willing to do anything that may give fitting expression to their sentiments. Should it then seem strange, that we here at Notre Dame, imbued with more Christian sentiments, and recognizing unmistakable evidences of the intervention and protection of the Mother of the world's Redeemer—should be just as enthusiastic about any outward expression of homage and gratitude towards her?

Among other great events of the past year we must mention the laying of the corner-stone of Science Hall. The ceremonies attendant upon this great event were fully described in the SCHOLASTIC of Commencement Day. We are now happy to say that the work upon the building has advanced as rapidly as circumstances of weather would permit. Already, the first story is completed, and the existing evidences of the general plan show a structure that will be perfectly adapted for the purpose of its erection.

As regards the main building, but little need be noted, as a general perfection already existed.

However, the Class of '84 are very proud (in a proper sense) on account of their elevation to the third story, not so much because of the height from a *material* point of view—they have already disclaimed any pride on that account—but because with them there has been inaugurated a new move on the part of the College authorities which cannot but be productive of good results. The "general fitness of things" would suggest the propriety of private rooms for the graduates, so that, even if we had the time and space at our disposal—which we have not—we would not need to argue the question.

Besides all this, the Library has been stored with a goodly supply of volumes; and now the grand room—or, rather, floor,—with its alcoves, and reading-rooms and other improvements incidental to a well-fitted library, makes it some-

thing that can be shown with pride to the visitor, while it retains its usefulness to the student. The study-halls have been rejuvenated, notably the Seniors'. Paradoxical as it may seem, the Juniors will have to wait until next spring, though they need an extension very badly now; but a short time, and all will be well. The Gymnasium has been refitted, the general reading-rooms have been remodelled, and adorned;—and many other improvements in minor details which need not here be recounted, have been made during the year '83 just closed.

* *

It may go without the saying that all these improvements were presaged by the course of events last year, owing to the wise administration to which the College is subject; and in consequence of which Notre Dame has witnessed this scholastic year the presence of a greater number of students than ever before known in her history. The number of entries has never been equalled, and the actual attendance numbers as much as the entries of any preceding year. That Notre Dame is passing through an era of prosperity, no one can doubt, and, none more than we her children rejoice thereat. In itself, it is an evidence that the public appreciate the advantages afforded by our *Alma Mater* and its able direction, and seek to profit thereby.

The year '84, then, opens for Notre Dame with bright and flattering prospects, with every indication of a happy and prosperous year. That these expectations may be fully realized is our fondest wish. And so may it be for all

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—The following letter from the venerable Superior-General was received by the Minims shortly before the holidays began. Though especially addressed to these very young people of our college world, yet the letter contains much that will prove of interest to many an older student and friend of Notre Dame. We do not think, therefore, that we depart from the province of our little paper in laying it before our readers:

A WORD OF ADVICE TO OUR YOUNG PRINCES.

MY DEAR YOUNG PRINCES:—On this day week, one half of our students will leave for home by a special train, and yourselves with them, to spend Christmas vacation with your beloved parents. We will miss you; but they will enjoy what we miss, especially when they see with their own eyes the improvements you have made these four months in your studies and manners. Let me remind you before you start of one important thing you might otherwise forget, viz., the great expectations of your dear friends at home. So much has been said and written and published through the land concerning our young Princes and their new Palace, that it will require no small attention on your part to meet fully the fond hopes of those who love you best. Remember the motto: "Nobility obliges."

Each one of you must appear, everywhere, the growing embodiment of refined and exquisite manners—politeness itself; a real little Prince in the family: otherwise, they would all feel sadly disappointed. What would they think of you? What would they think of me? But, I trust, our common and best anticipations will all be filled and more than justified. When you return, a few lines from your respected parents, showing that they were pleased

with you, or perhaps even proud of you, through the holidays spent with them at home, would increase, if possible, my own esteem and love for you. I scarcely need to add here that to prove your real love to your dear father and mother, you must obey their every wish, in everything, and try your very best to make them happy and happier day after day. Bear in mind, that in this, as in anything else, your elder companions will use their best efforts to equal and even outdo the Princes.

Were I a poet, I would draw some inspiration from this beautiful snow, just now storming from all sides over the Dome, and playing all sorts of antics around its crowning monument—Our Blessed Mother's golden statue, never yet visited but by the rays of light, the dew and the cooling rain from the sky. How delightfully this first snow reminds me of our first departure from France! It was on the Feast of Our Lady of the Snows, the 5th of August, 1841. Had the day been chosen by us, we might have congratulated ourselves upon our wisdom, starting, as we were, for Northern America. But at that epoch, when almost each diocese followed its own liturgy, the feast of *Sancta Mariae ad Nives*, was scarcely known in France. It was only when I opened my new Roman Breviary to say Vespers in the coach that I found out the Feast the Church was celebrating. My surprise was soon even surpassed by my admiration. I never believed in chance, but on this occasion I understood at once and realized that the Blessed Virgin herself, for whom we were actually and joyfully sacrificing all—little as it was—had accepted the modest homage of our honest hearts, and had herself chosen this beautiful Feast for the day of our adoption among her own missionaries, and wished to assure us from the start that she would be our Star on the sea, our Guide and Protectress through the snows of the Northwest of the New World. To me it was a revelation. I accepted it with full confidence, and now, after an experience of 42 years, I confess, with an unspeakable sense of gratitude, that our fondest hopes have been, from day to day, realized beyond all expression.

When we reached here, towards the end of November, the snow covered everything; and such a snow as we had never seen in sunny France. For full five months this rich and spotless mantle of the Virgin Mother was lifted up only two days. Indeed, it was the domain of the Queen of Snows. Like the ground, the trees of the forest, the ice on the lakes, all were white with snow: no movement was possible except through deep snow. When at night we retired into our little log cabin, the snow followed us, often even to our quaint, cold sleeping-quarters; but the invisible Hand that giveth the snow like wool covered our trusting hearts, and we never spent a happier season. Many times through that memorable winter, we lost our way in the forest, in daylight and as night, but we always reappeared, rejoicing and happy.

Such a winter has never been seen here since, and yet we remember none we enjoyed as much, in mind, in soul, and body. It inured us for future trials—unavoidable through life. Remember this, it may serve you. Hence my joy at the first fall of snow, reminding me so forcibly of the most pleasant halts in my missionary life. May all praise be given to the glorious Queen of the Snows, who took me, 42 years ago, as it were, by the hand, on her own Feast of the Snows, giving me to understand that she would shield me from all storms and dangers! Has she not fulfilled her promise? Indeed, when I cease to praise and thank our glorious Mother, the Queen of Heaven, who has done so much for me, I consent to be called an idiot or a brute. Were it not for her, I would not have to-day a "palace" with 100 "princes" showing her respect and love. I give you this little sketch of Notre Dame—years before you were born—that you may, when you return, enjoy the more your surroundings so providentially changed from a wilderness into a charming oasis, in the midst of which every one can see, from miles around, on a high throne, the sacred image of our heavenly Queen and Mother, telling the sky, not a lie, but the true love of our hearts. What a sweet reminder for a loving child of what he loves best on earth and in heaven!

Present to your beloved parents, my most sincere good wishes of the season, and believe me, my dear "princes,"

Your devoted friend,

E. SORIN, C. S. C.

Answers to Correspondents.

WIGSY WOLLOX:—The lines to which you allude are as follows:

She laid aside each jewel—
Each gem so rich and rare:
Ah! Fate! couldst thou be cruel
To one so young—so fair?
She kissed her little brother,
As she bade farewell to him,
Then softly whispered "Mother,
May I go in to swim?"

As to whether the author is George Washington Childs or Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, we cannot enlighten you.

THUTHAN JANE:—No; "coaxially" has nothing whatever to do with coaxing, and should *not* be pronounced with a slight wink of the left eye. You cannot ring in that little game on the Professor, and it is reprehensible to think of such a thing—very.

PINAFORE:—Yes; the joke is quite classic. Calistorgius Prævaricatus has it in the following form:

Nunquam. Quid, nunquam? Bene, vix aît utimur unquam.

Most of the opera is plagiarized from the French of the Abbé Tirebouchon, with little attempt at concealment, as in

Je cherche la seclusion que fournit la cabine,
De même que mes tantes, et mes sœurs et mes cousines.

GOPHERIM:—Ask him to parse "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!"

DAMBLE GUMMY:—No; it is not allowed to drop an *h* in order to get off a joke about "ice cool" and "high school." You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

WERTHA KUSS:—What your Quaker friend probably said was "Third-day." He meant to appoint Tuesday, not Thursday, for the elopement.

N. ORMUZ PHEET:—No; it isn't called an "edition de looks" simply because it *looks* nice. It's French,—*édition de luxe*.

YOUNG TEACHER:—A good way to exercise your pupils on the varying sounds of soft and hard *g* in declension is to make them decline such words as "*toga*."

ALMA GOOZLEHAM:—A summer shower does not necessarily produce insanity in the hen. Do not be misled by the expression "mad as a wet hen." It should be "*madid* as a wet hen," of course.

QUIDA WAKE:—Yes; marriages in Italy are merely hypothetical. A married lady generally alludes to her husband as her "s'pose so."

VON WISSELSBLAU:—The eccentricity of a smile is found by taking the distance between the corners of the mouth at the moment of greatest expansion as the numerator of a fraction and the distance between the ears as the denominator. In the ordinary, or elliptical, smile this is an extremely proper fraction. In the parabolic smile the eccentricity becomes equal to unity, and in the

diabolic smile it is greater, the head being sometimes smiled completely off by the corners of the mouth meeting in the occiput. This is seldom attempted except by machine politicians.

SOMEBODY ELSE:—You have been married lately, and have a large number of love-letters, from various parties, on hand; and now you would like to know how to utilize them in your house-keeping. Have a light frame made of several panels, hinged together, and cover it with chintz or nun's veiling. Then paste on your love-letters, arranging them, if perfumed, with reference to the scents. It will make a neat and attractive screen for your drawing-room, and will invariably excite the attention of your guests.

SELDHAM SMART:—Yes; *bronchitis* is derived from *bronco*. When a man gets a *bronco*, he gets a little horse; and when he gets the *bronchitis* he gets a little hoarse, too.

Exchanges.

—The illustrations in *The Adelphian* for September and October are excellent. They are, moreover, the work of students in the Art Department of the Academy. The holiday number is gotten up in handsome style. The editors, too, are to be congratulated on the manifest improvement in the paper from a literary point of view.

—*The Chronicle*, of the University of Michigan, showed praiseworthy enterprise by publishing extras containing full accounts of the games of the University Rugby team during its Eastern trip. The news was wired to the paper. The present *Chronicle* board have been making strenuous efforts to raise the status of their paper, and they have succeeded in many respects. In matter and in appearance the *Chronicle* will bear a favorable comparison with the best of the Eastern college papers.

—The *Polytechnic* has donned a handsome new cover. The November number shows marked improvement over the previous issues. We wonder what the alleged author would have to say about "A Posthumous Fragment of Lord Byron's" if he were permitted to give his opinion? We presume the network on *Poly's* cover is intended for the unwary exchange chaps of other papers who go prowling around in quest of a free lunch. The *Index* man had better be careful; that mysterious black speck in the corner of *Poly's* cover looks like a masked battery.

—*The Sun*, the weekly penny paper recently started by C. L. Murray & Sons at South Bend, is the newest and strongest prohibition paper that we have seen. Mr. Chas. L. Murray, the editor, is a veteran journalist, an able writer, and evidently a prohibitionist of the deepest color. He gives solid reasons for the opinions that he advances and the principles underlying them. He is no fanatic, and therefore every conscientious brewer and liquor vender must agree with his conclusions.

It is not liquor or its legitimate use that he opposes, but the soul and body destroying abuse of this dangerous beverage.

—The *Columbia Spectator* warmly advocates the establishment of a course in Oriental languages at Columbia. "Some time ago," it says, "it seemed as though a fair beginning had been made to establish such a department in real earnest; but after the appointment of one tutor in Sanskrit and one in Old Bactric (Zend) no other changes have taken place up to the present day." Johns Hopkins has been the first American University to introduce Assyrian, which is taught by a European scholar; no American, probably, could be found capable of teaching it. The *Spectator* instances the obelisk, the famous Abbott collection of Egyptian papyri, and the grand array of Egyptian books in the Astor Library, in New York, as opportunity and encouragement for Egyptologists, and states that the classes in Egyptian in London are crowded with clergymen, lawyers, and rich men who can devote their time to study. Some time ago, in their appeal to the citizens of New York, the trustees mentioned the fact that Columbia has had no Hebrew taught in it for twenty-five years. The *Spectator* thinks that theological students especially would welcome a course in Hebrew in order to aid them in their seminary course.

—Judging from the last number of the *News*, people and things at the K. M. I. are in a desperately bad fix. At least one of the brave "captains" or "colonels" there thirsts for blood, and thinks he cannot be satisfied without it. The United States isn't a big enough country to hold "Tennessee Joe" and himself, because the said "Tennessee Joe" showed that the "Colonel" didn't write grammatical English. That is bad enough, but it isn't the worst of it. The *News* has lost its head, and the editor seems to have parted with his senses. He is in a terrible agony, and spreads his agonized feelings over his miserable little decapitated sheet in a way that is pitiable to behold. From his incoherent ravings we learn that the editor thinks he was kicked by a night-mare or something of that sort, ridden by one "Tennessee Joe," and that the doughty horseman yelled in his ear "*Show Me the Man!*" It may be that the editor had been indulging over-much in Kentucky mince-pie and a Bourbon wash the evening before, and put too much of a strain upon his warlike nerves and stomach. Some of the other fellows are not much better conditioned than the editor. It seems to be jim-jams all round. B. W. A. has put on his brimstone shirt and dances around like a wild painted Mohawk warrior of yester olden time. He yells for somebody to "*Turn on the light!*"—"Turn on the light!"—the electric light—but they haven't got any electric light at K. M. I. to turn on, and darkness and dire confusion prevail. B. W. A. wants to be a martyr very badly. "But for the absence of *adequate power*," as he expresses it, "or may be of a *favorable opportunity*, I might already have joined the army of glorious martyrs." If B. W. A. doesn't

sober down or get into a lunatic asylum before the next election day, he and his shot-gun may be sent over the Styx by some athletic darkey. He would then be thought a "martyr," perhaps.

—We regret that our esteemed friend the exchange editress of *The Portfolio* feels hurt at the stigma cast upon Luther's memory by Miss Donnelly's poem in the SCHOLASTIC. She says "the name of Luther is a name dear to every Protestant, and any slur cast upon it touches a tender spot in every Protestant heart." We regret to hurt any sensitive person's feelings, least of all those of one from whom we have received nothing but courtesy, but our fair Canadian friend must bear in mind that we as Catholics have had to bear a great deal of obloquy and insult ever since this Luther celebration was talked of, and on the anniversary itself injury was added to insult. A very large portion of the non-Catholic press has teemed with abuse of our Church, of the Pope, of Catholic institutions, and of Catholics generally. If then, we give a glimpse of the skeleton in the closet on the other side we can hardly be blamed. Had these over-zealous preachers and writers praised Luther and let us and our Church alone, they would have done better; but their vituperation of us argues a weak cause for themselves. Luther was not, personally, the hero or the reformer that our fair critic imagines him; he was anything but a saint, anything but fit material for a hero, anything but what a good, pure-minded person would think a good man *in any respect*, as we can prove, and as she will discover if she reads the history of his life by Audin, or even the twenty-five cent pamphlet recently published by Pustet. She may read as much as she will from Protestant sources in praise of Luther; but after perusing Audin's life she can never again think Luther anything but a fanatic and a bad man. Thoroughly understood, there is nothing in Luther's whole history to excite sympathy, nothing to excite even that feeling of *pity*, which even the most hardened criminal can sometimes evoke. We are prepared to give abundant testimony in proof of our statement, but the works from which we would derive those proofs are within everybody's reach, and it is their duty to read up both sides of the question before giving judgment. The books above mentioned, with, if you will, "Spalding's History of the Reformation," published by Murphy, of Baltimore, contain evidence enough of Luther's malevolent character to satisfy anybody. True Catholics never allow themselves to be outdone in toleration or courtesy; but when attacked we have a right to defend ourselves. With Horace we can say:

"Sed hic stilus haud petet ultro
Quemquam animantem et me veluti custodiet ensis
Vagina tectus; quem cur destringere coner
Tutus ab infestis latronibus."

For the present we can only ask what can be thought of a man who, notwithstanding the threat in the Holy Book itself that whoever took from or added a single word to it should have his name stricken from the Book of Life, changed and corrupted the text in at least a hundred places?

Personal.

—Bro. Benjamin, C. S. C., left on Monday for Alton, Ill., where he will be engaged in teaching.

—Among the callers on New Year's Day were Rev. D. J. Hagerty, and Rev. P. Johannes, of South Bend.

—Frank Wheatley was called home shortly before the holidays by the death of his brother, Thompson Wheatley. He has the heartfelt sympathy of his Professors and fellow-students in his bereavement.

—Three old students of Notre Dame—of '58, '68 and '69, respectively—were highly complimented in the *Chicago Inter Ocean* of Saturday, Dec. 29th. As Notre Dame is not as yet a very large city, we forbear mentioning their names.

—Joseph P. O'Neill, of '83, has been ordered to appear before a board of officers at Leavenworth, Kansas, to pass an examination for appointment to a second lieutenancy in the regular army. He has the best wishes of his many friends at Notre Dame for his success.

—Hon. L. G. Tong, ex-Mayor of South Bend, for many years Professor of Commercial Law and the Science of Accounts at the University of Notre Dame, is now the Cashier of the St. Joseph County Savings bank. Prof. Tong is an acceptable citizen and a gentleman of sterling character and capacity. —*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

—Prof. T. E. Howard, A. M., who for 20 years has been Professor of the higher Mathematics, English Literature, and Latin, in the University of Notre Dame, is now engaged in the practice of law at South Bend. He has held the office of County Clerk, the gift of the Democracy, and it is not presuming to announce that he will be the next Mayor of the city. Prof. Howard has few equals as a scholarly, Christian gentleman, and as one to discharge a trust, there is no manlier or more reliable man. South Bend will be honored in him as its chief officer. —*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

—It is our painful duty to record the death of T. A. Coquillard, of '54, which sad event occurred at his residence in South Bend, on the evening of the 27th ult. Mr. Coquillard was one of the first white children born in South Bend, which was the home of his father when the latter was the only white man in the then little village. He was born Feb. 13th, 1836, and at an early age along with his cousin, A. Coquillard—the present great wagon manufacturer—became a student at Notre Dame. They were the first students of the log school, in '42, and, after the first college buildings were erected, Mr. Coquillard continued his studies, until 1854, when he left and assisted his father in his vast business enterprises. Since that time he engaged in various undertakings with success and lately was doing a large and lucrative real estate business and published a paper in that interest, called the *Globe*. He had many friends throughout the country who will sincerely regret his de-

mise. The funeral services took place at Notre Dame, the sermon being preached by Rev. President Walsh. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—Snow, the—

—Splendid sleighing.

—That turkey-lunch!

—All the Dudes wear bangs.

—Go to *L. Celania*, for fruits, candies, etc.

—“That fourteen dollar watch” needs no comment.

—We wish our friend John a Happy New Year!

—Read “Joseph Haydn”—See notice in present issue.

—The St. Cecilians are resting on their well-won laurels.

—“Grand Combination Exhibition,” next Wednesday night.

—Our new “Classical Graduate” is gaining a wide notoriety.

—*Deacon & Son* keep a choice assortment of cigars, tobaccos, etc. Call and see them.

—Self-introduction in the shape of current slang is sometimes dangerous.

—The Christmas Cribs of the Infant Jesus were unusually fine this season.

—To-morrow is the Feast of the Epiphany—“The Christmas of the Gentiles.”

—“Johnny” is expected back soon, enriched with a lot of experience, and a fresh stock of puns.

—The continuation of “Notes on the Hebrew Language and Literature” will appear in our next.

—There is a general impression that the change of name in the year was out of compliment to the Class of '84.

—One hundred and sixty-five students remained during the holidays, viz., 60 Seniors, 60 Minims, and 45 Juniors.

—The Philopatrians say they will eclipse everything next April. The Thespians, however, are yet to be heard from.

—The Junior Gymnasium has received a coat of whitewash, which gives it a more cheerful and lightsome appearance.

—The Princes present their grateful acknowledgments to Very Rev. Father General for his princely Christmas gifts.

—Owing to several causes (principally holidays), the article on the French Revolution will not be continued till next week.

—“Breakfast—the College Fetich”—is the title of an interesting little book by some anonymous “Deacon” from the Western wilds.

—The Junior Prefects are under obligations to

Messrs. J. Hagerty, J. Ittenbach, A. Pliske, F. Fehr, for favors received during the holidays.

—Henry Metz came all the way from Chicago to make his New Year calls among his friends at Notre Dame. Of course all were delighted with his visit.

—Deacon G—, at the opening of his box, the other evening (perhaps it was morning), delivered an interesting lecture on the benefits arising from the wearing of "specs."

—Father L'Etourneau lately received from Paris a lot of beautiful, artistic religious objects suitable for Christmas gifts. Persons desiring anything in that line should examine these articles.

—Interesting meetings were held by the Thespians and Columbians before the holidays. Mr. Solon's speech before the Thespians on "Literary Societies" was an able effort. We hope to see it in print.

—Bro. Albert has just finished a crayon of a friend of his which is pronounced good by the best judges of such work. We understand that he is to draw the portrait of the best Junior at the close of the scholastic year.

—The students going West had a special train, composed of three cars, for themselves. That most gentlemanly of conductors, Mr. G. Liberty, had charge of the train. B. Emmanuel and B. Leander accompanied the students as far as Chicago.

—The Curator of the Mineralogical Cabinet returns thanks to Mr. Guillaume Frank, Superintendent of the mines of Rodange, in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, for a collection of very precious minerals from Bleiberg and Westphalia.

—Skating was all that could be desired from Christmas until New Years, and the boys were happy. Sleighing was also good, and several sleigh-riding parties were organized who visited the surrounding towns. The most enjoyable, however, was the one taken to the St. Joe Farm.

—Bro. Bonaventure is raising a large and choice collection of geraniums and foliage plants for the coming Spring. He intends to have the large Heart between the Church and Academy of Music and the University as beautiful and blooming as the *parterre* before the Minims' Hall.

—New Year's Day passed off very pleasantly. The usual greetings of the Faculty were extended to Very Rev. Father General and Rev. President Walsh. Prof. Unsworth and Signor Gregori were the representatives on this occasion, and made appropriate remarks—the former in English and the latter in musical Italian.

—We acknowledge the receipt of beautiful New Year's greetings from the Studebaker Manufacturing Co., the Birdsell Manufacturing Co., of South Bend, and the J. E. Bonebrake Hardware Co., of Abilene, Kansas. They have our thanks for the kind remembrance, and our best wishes for a successful and happy year.

—THE MALEDICTION. A Drama. By Joseph A. Lyons, A. M.—A Spanish drama translated and adapted from the French. It is an interesting play, and absorbed our attention in the perusal

Though inculcating sound morality, it is not of the usual goody-goody sort, but lively, humorous and intense, as the various episodes demand.—*Catholic Mirror*.

—Very Rev. Father General's many friends will rejoice to hear that the opening of the new year finds him thoroughly recovered from the accident which confined him to his room for the last three months. May the year 1884 be one of especial blessings to the venerated Founder, and may his wisdom direct Notre Dame for more than another score of years.

—One of the music teachers associates the punishments of purgatory with mending and keeping clarinets in order. Strakosch we believe it was that said hell was to him a place full of pianos, grand, square, round, of all shapes and sizes, and, probably, more or less out of order. We wonder if any brass instruments or violins are to be found there? What doth Paul say?

—"Casibus obliquis nix crescit prima."

The line is familiar to all lovers of Latin Prosody. How singularly appropriate is its application now! In plain English, it means: "Untoward accidents cause an increased fall of snow on the first day of the year." In some prosodies, *vix* appears instead of *nix*; but we maintain it to be an interpretation by the scholiast. For, experience, which is always the best teacher, confirms our reading. *Nuff sed*.

—A BEAUTIFUL GIFT.—The Great Rock Island Route has issued a new and most comprehensive Cook Book, of 128 pages, filled with new and reliable receipts from the best caterers of this and other countries. No housewife can afford to be without it; and though worth one dollar, it will be sent to any address, postpaid, upon receipt of ten cents in stamps. As they will go like hot cakes, send at once to E. St. John, G. T. & P. A., Chicago, Illinois.

—The printers and others connected with the printing-office are indebted to the kind thoughtfulness of Very Rev. Father Sorin for a large and splendid cake at New Year's. The cake was undoubtedly good, and enjoyed as cakes generally are by those who have a good appetite, but the thoughtfulness of the donor amid the many cares of his exalted position was better still and was fully appreciated. The printers express the hope that Father Sorin may live many years to bestow similar favors.

—The pleasant Christmas address of Father SORIN, General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, to the young "Princes" of the Minim department of Notre Dame, reaches us too late for publication in this number, for which it is particularly suitable, as it tells how the "Queen of Snow" enabled him to build a palace for Catholic education in the midst of a trackless forest. Father SORIN disclaims the gift of poetry, which those who know him will be disposed to deny, after reading this picturesque address. He has, however, made poetry in verse and prose, but, best of all, in stone and mortar and Catholic work he has been a true ποιητής.—*Catholic Review*.

—The Phonography Classes now number about 29 members, with new accessions from week to week. According to recent tests the speed of the students in phonography varies from 125 to 30 words a minute. The method of instruction is personal, not according to the general class principle, thus affording ambitious students ample scope for improvement. Early speed is not insisted upon, but rather discouraged; the teachers claim that when the principles are thoroughly mastered, and correct habits formed, speed is only question of a little time, and issue to come. The advanced students in phonography, and former members of the classes, experience no difficulty whatever in reading one another's notes.

—MIDNIGHT MASS.—On Monday at midnight it was the privilege of *The Times* reporter to witness by far the grandest religious ceremony it has ever been his lot to behold, and that was the celebration of solemn High Mass in the superb church edifice at Notre Dame. Hundreds of people attended the services from this city, some walking all the distance, notwithstanding the cold weather and bad walking, and the grandeur of the ceremony well repaid any effort made to be enabled to attend. The immense edifice was crowded, and the beautiful interior of the church was even more beautiful from the innumerable candles placed about the altar and the many lamps that were suspended at various places in the edifice. Solemn High Mass began, with Rev. Father Walsh as the celebrant; Father Spillard, deacon, and Father Campbell, subdeacon. The services were most solemn and impressive, the music was particularly fine, and the ceremonies will be long remembered for their solemnity and grandeur. One voice in the choir, that of Geo. Schaefer, one of the boy students at the University, was particularly fine, and for sweetness and power it would be difficult to find an equal, and impossible to find a superior among those of his years. The services occupied about one and one-half hour, and the great audience dispersed, with a feeling that they had fittingly celebrated the opening hours of the day of our Saviour's birth. On Christmas morning, low Masses were celebrated, and at 10 o'clock Rev. Father Walsh delivered a pointed and powerful sermon in the church to a large assemblage of students, people of the parish, and others from South Bend and distant points. —*South-Bend Times, Dec. 29.*

ORTHOGRAPHICAL.

A young lady said to her beau:
 "I'm glad the sneau's coming down seau,
 Because now, I kneau,
 We'll a sleigh-riding geau.
 So hail to the beautiful sneau!"

The youth shook his head and he sighed,
 "I'm sorry," he sadly replighed;
 "I can't hire a sleigh.
 For I'm dead broke to-deigh.
 And the pleasure to us is denighed."

—*Somerville Journal.*

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The Mass of midnight at St. Mary's was celebrated by the Rev. Chaplain, and the Catholic pupils received Holy Communion. The Masses at six o'clock and at half-past six were offered by Rev. Father Saulnier; the High Mass, at eight o'clock, by Rev. Father Shortis. The *Pastorals*, the *Nolite* and the *Adeste Fideles* are eminently calculated to arouse the spirit of love and adoration which reigned around the Crib of Bethlehem at the Birth of our Divine Saviour; and in rich, stirring tones of melody they echoed above the representation of the Mystery, erected at the west side of the main altar in the chapel.

—Among the numerous graceful and exquisite gifts received at St. Mary's, one from Capt. Lindsey, of Denver, Col., deserves special notice. It is a very handsome Christmas card, containing a beautiful photographic reproduction of the *Madonna Di Foligno*, or *La Vierge Au Donataire* of Raphael. A full and excellent description of the picture, also its history, in Capt. Lindsey's elegant handwriting, accompanied the picture. The original is now in the Vatican, and, to quote, "has received the highest encomiums for its spirit and execution, in its several parts and as a whole. It has been pronounced one of Raphael's most remarkable examples for the expression of character, and one of the most vigorous in coloring and general execution."

—Among the many beautiful "Bethlehems" at St. Mary's, the most elaborate and unique is that in the Novitiate. The Nativity, painted by Perugino, the first teacher of the great Raphael, is brought out in relief and enlarged so as to occupy the entire end of the assembly-room. The city of Bethlehem is seen at the right of the picture, with the mountains, beneath which stand a group of the Roman soldiery. A little farther on, we see another group of indifferent Hebrews, who are passing by. In the centre, in His cradle of straw, is the Divine Babe, His Holy Mother kneeling by in adoration on the left hand, and St. Joseph is approaching from the stable where the ox and ass are feeding. On the right of the Holy Child kneel two shepherds, with rustic offerings; while over all, the angels, vying with the stars in beauty and brightness, sing their glad anthems. The lights are so disposed as to produce an admirable effect, especially in the evening.

—New Year's is the day by excellence, when the accounts of the the past year are balanced, and all "turn over a new leaf." It is the day of universal cordial greeting. Miss Belle Johnson, on the part of the young ladies, offered the New Year congratulations to the Prefect of Studies just after breakfast, before leaving the Refectory. At half-past two, pupils and superiors assembled in the study-hall with a number of invited guests. Miss Reilly opened the programme in a beautifully executed

piece of instrumental music on the piano; Miss Johnson read the New Year's greeting from the Seniors to Very Rev. Father General, and Miss Bruhn delivered one from all the pupils to Mother Superior. Miss Holt recited a poem by Mrs. Preston, and Clara Richmond gave the "Origin of the Opal." Miss B. English followed with a vocal piece—Millard's *Ave Maria*. She was succeeded by Mary Dillon, who recited, in a very effective manner, a poetical address from the Juniors to Father General, and Mary Lindsey closed the entertainment with a well-rendered recitation.

—The Christmas tree found congenial soil this year in the Minims' room. Santa Claus, as he presided, with a more than druidical gravity, looking down from the topmost bough, seemed to indicate his indebtedness to the two guests who honored him with their presence. He would open and close his eyes most expressively, and as the tree was all ablaze with wax tapers and marvellous sparkling pendants, scintillating amid wonderful toys of every description, Mrs. Papin, of St. Louis, and Mrs. English, of Columbus, could not deny that he was acting as their agent—or *vice versa*. Every Minim received a beautiful gift, and when the tree had shed the last of its fruits, a smile of satisfaction completely irradiated every face in the room, from the dignified donors down to the diminutive rosy-cheeked recipients of the Christmas favors.

—On Thursday, the Feast of St. John the Evangelist, a programme was presented in the study-hall, complimentary to Very Rev. Father General, who met the young ladies there at 2 p. m. The entertainment was honored by the presence of the Very Rev. Fathers Granger and Rézé, Rev. Fathers L'Etourneau, Spillard, Shortis, Saulnier, Frère, Gleason, and Duhald.

The programme was brief, but very pleasing. Miss Goye played a beautiful instrumental piece, and the Misses Reilly and Bruhn sang; the former a composition from Rossini, the latter the popular air, "Come, Buy my Roses Red!"; Miss Campbell presented the greeting of the day, and little Mary Lindsey recited Miss Donnelly's exquisite "Minnie's Christmas Sermon." Afterwards, the company and pupils repaired to the chapel, where Very Rev. Father General gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, during which the *Adeste Fideles* was sung by the Rev. Fathers Duhald and Frère, of Notre Dame, the Convent and Academy choirs, together with the large number of priests present, joining in the chorus, with excellent effect.

Address.

READ BY MISS CATHARINE CAMPBELL, ON THE FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

Long desertations, astute criticisms
Portraying beauties and sublimities
Of classic poets, meet us everywhere:
Homer and Virgil, of the ancient days;
Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, later still;

Shakespeare and Milton—but among them all,
Not one in inspiration can compare
With the celestial Poet whose glad Feast
We solemnize to-day.

Not one; in force
Or grandeur of expression, can pretend
The least approach.

To lofty scope of thought,
To purity and strength, he adds a power
Before which all the artful grace of style
Pales, like the taper in the noonday sun.
The eagle-eye of Saint John, upward cast,
Beheld, with steadfast gaze, the Son of God.
In His unfathomed glory; saw the streets
Of the Celestial City paved with gold;
Its gates of pearl, its river crystal clear,
Flowing in beauty 'neath the "Tree of Life."
Nor were these figures, but eternal truths;
Not fancies, but *realities divine*.

Dear Father, while we gather, as of old,
To celebrate your chosen Patron's Feast,
We cannot fail recalling your career
Of charity to our loved native land.
The "Saint of Charity." by excellence,
Is great St. John.

His legacy divine,
By grace of Heaven and humble heartedness,
You have received in most abundant measure.
You and your ardent *confrères* in the work,
In power thereby imparted to your zeal,
Have made "the desert blossom as the rose."
Where others, in discouragement and fear,
Would have turned back, you have pressed boldly on.
The future—the glad future must reveal
The glory of the labor Faith has wrought,
In spreading far and wide the heavenly fame:
Of Her, whom, standing 'neath the Holy Cross,
St. John received as Mother of the race!
In the "new birth," the birth of grace divine;
Of Her, whose Son—the Son of God as well—
Expiring, left to earth this grand bequest;
Beneath Her smile meek Science walks the earth:
With calm, majestic tread.

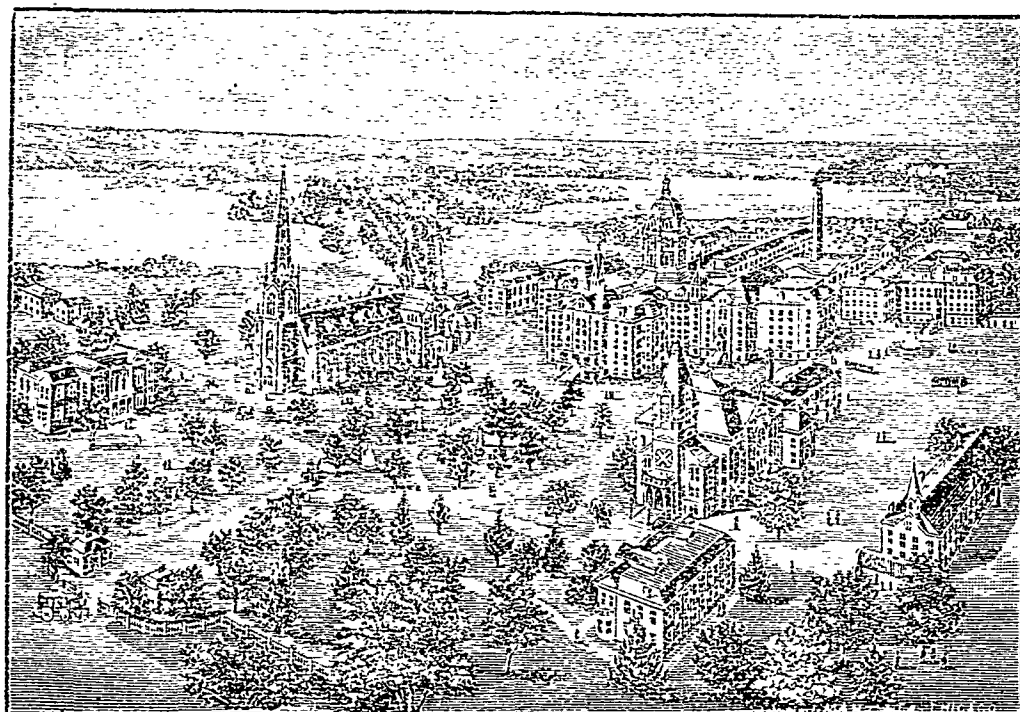
She spreads abroad
That intellectual vigor which transforms
This Vale of Exile to a Land of Hope;
No longer grovelling, like barbaric tribes,
Slaves to their lower being, slaves to sense;
The race, ennobled, after heaven aspires;
And culture of the God-like in the heart
Become the pleasure of the Christian soul—
Such culture is your *life work*!

What could be
More blissful than the treasure now possessed.
In the glad consciousness of such a power?

Our Father, thanking you, as best we can,
For all we owe you—the celestial debt
Which earth can never pay—with truthful hearts
We wish you, o'er and o'er, "A happy Feast
And many bright returns!"

Each heart shall be
An Isle of Patmos, where our gratitude
Shall live forever, waiting the glad day
When Heaven shall open on the receding earth
And faithful souls behold what Saint John saw.

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On and after Sunday, Nov. 18, 1883, trains will leave South Bend, as follows:

GOING EAST:

2.04 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 9.22 a.m.; Cleveland, 1.57 p.m.; Buffalo, 7.36 p.m.

10.54 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.07 p.m.; Cleveland, 9.44 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.31 a.m.

8.41 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.17 a.m.; Cleveland, 6.37 a.m.; Buffalo, 12.46 p.m.

11.53 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.12 p.m.; Cleveland, 9.42 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.31 a.m.

5.54 p.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10.00 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.07 a.m.; Buffalo, 6.41 a.m.

GOING WEST:

2.04 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.56 a.m., Chicago, 5.41 a.m.

4.28 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.22 a.m., Chicago, 7.51 a.m.

7.11 a.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Laporte, 7.52 a.m., Chicago, 10.11 a.m.

1.02 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.02 p.m.; Chesterton, 2.47 p.m.; Chicago, 4.31 p.m.

4.07 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.54 p.m.; Chicago, 7.31 p.m.

F. C. RAFF, Ticket Agt., South Bend.

J. W. CARY, Gen'l. Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

A. G. AMSDEN, Sup. W. Div., Chicago.

W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

P. P. WRIGHT, Gen'l Sup., Cleveland.

JOHN NEWELL, Gen'l M'ger, Cleveland.

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