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Youth and Old Age.

BY H. A. HOLDEN.

YOUTH.

How gay and joyous all around;
How bright the sun, how sweet the flowers;
How blue the sky, what golden hours;
In each fast fleeting day I've found!
Oh, bright and happy world!

OLD AGE.

How dark and dreary all around;
The sky is ever overcast;
The flowers are dead, the day is past;
The night has come with doleful sound.
Oh, dark and dreary world!

YOUTH.

Care never comes that comes to me;
Beside the silver streams I play,
And "gather roses while I may,"
And sportive chase the singing bee.
Oh, bright and happy world!

OLD AGE.

Care never comes but comes to me;
My joys are gone—my hopes are fled;
My friends are with the silent dead;
And soon may I their faces see.
Oh, dark and dreary world!

YOUTH.

The rose of health is on my cheek;
As merrily as streamlets flow,
So singing gaily on I go,
For pleasure's joys are all I seek.
Oh, bright and happy world!

OLD AGE.

The frost of death is on my cheek;
My every breath is one of woe,
And sorrowing through life I go;
Sweet rest from toil is all I seek.
Oh, dark and dreary world!

Old age and youth 'tis thus are they;
One joys but in this fleeting life,
The other weary of the strife,
Longs for a brighter, fairer day.

The Philosophy of Hamlet.

"Hamlet," one of the later works of Shakespeare, was printed in 1603, though a piratical edition of about half the real size appeared one year previous. Shakspeare is supposed to have procured the main ideas of the plot from the works of a Danish historian, Grammaticus, which were printed a century before his time; and the shocking tale then told in barbarous, uncouth style he so embellishes with art and fancy, and polishes with his brilliant expression as to make for it a high place in literature for all time.

The principal persons in the tragedy are people of high rank in Denmark, and the greater part of the scenes are laid at Elsinore, the castle of the king. The story of the play is that of Hamlet's revenge upon his uncle Claudius, the present king, for the murder of his father. So craftily was the crime committed that the belief prevailed that the king had died of a mysterious disease, though Hamlet, knowing well the cunning and boldness of his Cain-like uncle, mistrusts that all is not well, though he is certain of nothing. The action of the play hinges on the meeting of Hamlet with the ghost of his father, which discloses to him all the horrible details of the foul murder. Then Hamlet begins to act in a manner so strange as to be inexplicable, and seems bereft of reason.

This point, about the supposed madness of Hamlet, is one on which critics disagree, some saying that he is really mad, others that he merely puts on the guise of madness to further his plan of revenge. It seems to me that his mind is really deranged to some extent, and that he is at times mad and again perfectly sane. He certainly acts like a madman; and a man of Hamlet's craftiness would not put on

the appearance of madness to help his schemes of revenge, as it naturally begets suspicions immediately in the mind of the king that Hamlet knows his guilt, and he takes precautions to protect himself. He is believed by all the other characters in the play to be mad, though they can assign no reason for it. All unite in this belief, except Claudius, whose guilty conscience keeps him constantly suspicious of those around him, and who cannot help thinking that the madness forbodes some evil to himself.

If what he has undergone did not produce madness Hamlet is not the man he seems, and instead of being a noble and cultivated man, as is shown by his speeches and actions, he is a very brute. The revelation of the horrible crime by the ghost, the insight into the character of his murderous foster-father, who may at any time dispatch him the same way, the unbanishable thought that his mother might be implicated in the foul deed and the necessity of avenging the murder, yet not having the least shadow of evidence with which to clear himself before the people for so doing, which is suddenly placed upon him, are certainly enough to drive any man crazy. For Hamlet must not rush up to Claudius on first sight and slay him, but he must act according to the two commands of the ghost: "Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder," and, "howsoever thou pursuest this act, taint not thy mind."

This is truly a difficult position to be placed in. It is his solemn duty to avenge the murder; yet first in order to obey the command of the ghost and not stain himself with crime, which is also his duty, he must prove the guilt of the king to the Danish people, and he has nothing more to commence on than the story of the ghost. Now his former aspirations and aims cease and his whole life changes. Henceforth he lives only for revenge, and, like Æneas pursuing the fated Lavinium, until he obtains it he cannot rest. But to no one except his friend Horatio does he disclose his secrets. Surrounded by reminders of crime and wickedness, he has this one noble, true friend to whom he confides his secrets, his plans, his hopes and his fears as a child to its mother. Thus passes the first act.

Now the action of the play begins. Hamlet is shocking everybody by his strange, unnatural conduct. Even Ophelia, to whom before he had been so loving and attentive, he now amazes and distresses by his cruel and negligent treatment of her. His mother, totally ignorant of the causes of his behavior, is greatly worried at the awful change which has come over her son, and tries to learn the reasons for it. While

Hamlet is studying out a plan of action, and waiting for the chance to wreak vengeance upon Claudius, a band of strolling actors come to the castle. Immediately he hits upon a plan to confirm the story of the ghost. He remembers to have heard that guilt touched to the core by the representation of a crime similar to the one that bore it, sometimes betrays itself. Cunningly he determines to have the counterpart of his father's murder enacted before his uncle, and to observe the effect upon him.

The plan succeeds. The king, by his behavior during the play, makes Hamlet certain that he is guilty, and at the same time he learns that Hamlet knows his secret. Now with this knowledge that each has of the other they are pitted against each other in earnest. Hostilities must now begin, though not openly, nor can they cease until one has the life of the other.

Shortly after this, Hamlet comes upon the king on his knees in prayer, and for a moment, in his rage, thinks of dispatching him without delay. But the reflection comes to his mind that this, instead of being revenge, would be merely foul murder; for although he is certain of the king's guilt, he has no proof of it to give the people of Denmark. Moreover, his father was killed with his sins on his soul, and here Claudius is in a measure prepared to meet his judgment. No, he will take him at a better time, when his soul is black with his many sins. Here the reader of the play has his curiosity aroused as to the conditions under which the king meets his death.

Hamlet must now have an interview with his mother: he must find out whether she is implicated in the murder, and he must tell her of the relations existing between Claudius and himself. Barely had the conversation begun when a cry is heard from behind the tapestry, which Hamlet believes to be the voice of the king. Overcome by rage, and heedless of his plan of revenge, he draws his sword and kills the intruder. It proves to be, not the king, but his aider Polonius. This gives Claudius a great lead over Hamlet in the desperate game they are playing, and he acts on it. Under pretence of protecting Hamlet from the results of his crime he sends him under the charge of two of his men, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, to England, which at that time paid some sort of homage to Denmark, and gives them a sealed commission, to be presented to the court of England, in which he commands that Hamlet be put to death immediately on his arrival.

Now we have the most pathetic scene of the whole play. Ophelia, affected by the rejection

of her love, the murder of her father, and that, too, by the hand of the one whom she loves, loses her mind. In this scene she meets the queen, and in her rambling way, thinking of the loss of her father, she sings about his death and burial; then, her mind turning to her love, Hamlet, she sings a love ditty; then she returns to the first song; then she plays with some flowers, which she had been carrying, meanwhile keeping up an everchanging flow of speech and interspersing remarks about her father. This sad spectacle of the sweet character of Ophelia changed into this strange being with merely the semblance of her former self is certainly a scene well placed in the stirring action of this part of the play.

Hamlet now unexpectedly appears in Denmark, when all believe him on his way to England. It seems that he, suspecting the object of Claudius in sending him to England, secretly opened the commission which his attendants bore and perused its contents. His suspicions being then confirmed, he substituted in its stead a commission commanding Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern to be put to death. The ship on which they were carried soon after was attacked by a pirate ship which Hamlet boarded, and soon returned to Elsinore.

Now the end is seen to be very near. This interception of his plot by Hamlet makes Claudius all the more anxious to get him out of the way, and Hamlet sees that he must act soon or the king will kill him. The two men cannot be near each other long without one taking the life of the other. Now Laertes, the son of Polonius, returns from a foreign trip, and is inflamed with a wild rage against Hamlet who killed his father and caused the madness of his sister. Claudius, seeing his chance, proposes to him that a fencing match be arranged between Hamlet and himself, and that he with an untipped sword stab Hamlet as if by accident during the contest. Laertes gladly consents, and furthermore envenoms his weapon with a mixture which on the slightest scratch causes death. In case Hamlet should escape the sword, Claudius has some poisoned wine prepared for him with which to quench his thirst. Hamlet, being skilful in the exercise, accepts the invitation to a friendly bout, and the king together with the queen and their attendants are to witness the sport.

The wine is set in readiness; they choose weapons, and the fatal trial begins. Hamlet wins two hits. The queen, to encourage him, drinks to his success, and, ignorant of the foul plot against him, takes the poisoned wine. They

begin again and Laertes wounds Hamlet. A scuffle follows in which they exchange rapiers, and Hamlet in turn wounds Laertes with the fatal sword. Here the attention of all is called to the queen, who under the action of the potion falls to the floor, and after crying out that she is poisoned, dies. Laertes, knowing well that his moments of life are few, confesses to Hamlet the treachery plotted against him by the king. Upon this, Hamlet immediately stabs with his deadly weapon Claudius who, after vainly battling a few moments with his end seen approaching, also expires. Hamlet begins to take leave of Horatio, when he, noble soul, unable to bear the thought of parting with his friend and living without him, seizes the glass partly drained by the queen, and but for Hamlet's entreaties would have drunk it. But, persuaded by his dying friend that he can best serve him by staying and explaining his cause to the people lest they think too harshly of him, he desists. Thus the very end that Claudius plotted for Hamlet is turned against himself, and Hamlet albeit for a short time, is satisfied at the execution of his revenge.

Hamlet is a masterpiece of a master. Bearing the unmistakable mark of genius in its every part, for three centuries it has held, and for ages to come will hold, a high place in the highest literature. The characters are drawn true to life; the plot is excellent and the diction remarkably polished. But at the end the sad regret comes to the reader that Hamlet did not live to enjoy his life after he had enacted so well his part.

"O Hamlet! thou wast a good soul,
Well didst thou act thy noble part,
And may our Father thee reward."

J. W. MEAGHER.

The Spiritual and the Material.*

BY J. B. S.

Psychical laws are not the same as mechanical laws. The mechanical motion of a thing always comes from an external motor, and is not able to change itself. It cannot admit an opposite motion at one and the same time, and all its actions are materially and mathematically measurable. Psychical movements are entirely different. The human mind can determine on something, and then change its resolution if it so wills. No matter how powerfully the desires

* Thoughts suggested on reading the admirable papers on "Matter and Mind" by the Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C.

and appetites may incline towards a material object, the mind is always able to resist them in view of a "good" which has nothing in common with matter. On the wings of his imagination man can transport himself to the remotest fixed stars, and at the same time be in imagination at the North and South poles, or in the fiery mass in the bowels of the earth. These two kinds of laws, entirely opposed to each other, are found in the constituent parts of man—the soul and the body.

I.

We represent the spiritual as something which is entire in the whole and in every part of the space where it is. The human soul is an immaterial or spiritual substance. It is in matter and acts in matter; but it is capable of developing an activity in which the body takes no part, and hence it has an entity independent of matter. Aristotle, after defining the soul, remarks that the intellectuality which man possesses does not come from the natural body composed of matter and soul, that it is hyperorganic, although it stands in a certain dependence—and this dependence is not an accidental, but a natural one—on the organic life of man. He also teaches that all the images of the senses, *i. e.*, images representing something in extension, are produced by an organic activity (namely, the soul and body substantially united), and that the images of reason (*rationis*) are the production of a spiritual activity.

The nature of a being is generally revealed by its normal appearance; therefore, to find out the peculiarities of the entity of the human soul, we must examine the peculiarities of its activity. We find in man a twofold activity: the one exercised through the senses, the other outside of the senses. This latter can be proven to operate not through any organ of the body, and without the co-operation of that body, and therefore it acts solely in the soul. Once established that the soul has an activity in itself without the co-operation of the body, it follows that it also has an existence for itself, which, although the soul is created with that propensity to be united with the body, takes away the necessity of being always united to the body (as is the case after death).

When man "thinks" he reaches above all representations of the senses. The necessary condition of the perceptions to be derived through the senses is that the objects of the perception have geometrical extension. Take this away and there is nothing left for the perception of the senses, whilst *human* perception has objects

outside of this. In fact, the whole sphere of the specific human perceptions consists in objects which lie beyond the reach of the senses. Compare, for instance, all the general principles with the images of the imagination, and we can almost grasp with our hands, if I may so speak, the supersensible character of these principles. Hence, man can arrive at the knowledge of objects situated beyond the horizon of the experiences of his senses, such as spirits, infinity, God, etc. Man can also seize the relations of his actions with their interior cause, and thus become conscious of himself.

This activity must of necessity belong to a principle which acts, not in an organ and with an organ, as our senses, but free and in itself. For if this principle were connected in its "being and acting" with a subject composed of different parts, it should be and would be cognoscible in the world which is subject to the senses. It could then depict its being only in its material appearances. It could also, to a certain extent, recognize itself in its activity; but it could not separate itself by abstraction from its activity, and place itself as "I" in contradistinction to its activity. "In the consciousness of self, that which knows and that which is known are one: the object which produces this activity and the object on which this activity is exercised are one and the same." But such an immanent activity is impossible in a principle which could exist only in organs and could act only through them, since it cannot recognize without the organ suffering a changing influence from the object. Therefore to recognize itself, its being should produce this change, and since it has no being except in an organ and through an organ, this organ would have to work on itself in that manner. Now this is impossible, for the material can indeed be acted upon and also act upon other bodies; yet it can change itself only in so far as one part of the whole acts upon another part of that same whole.

An analogous argument is furnished by the "appetite" which is in every man. The sensual appetite is exercised on bodily substances only, and among these only on the substances that correspond to the natural constitution of the organ; whilst the human will finds not limits to its appetite except where science itself finds its limits. "There is nothing so exalted in the heavens, nothing so low on earth, nothing so real and earnest in life, nothing so childish in play, no virtue so pure, no vice so wicked, which man cannot *will*." Man can will anything that gives satisfaction. The reason for this can be

only that not this nor that particular good, but the "good in itself," the good in general, is the particular object of man's will. The organic faculty can recognize whether this or that thing is good, whether it is sweet or sour, hard or soft; but it cannot from this, and on account of these qualities, judge whether that thing be *its* good. Another faculty is necessary to pronounce this judgment, and it must be one which does not act dependently on an organ. The idea of the good (*ipsa ratio boni*) cannot make an impression on the organs, neither can it be understood by an organ; for, as long as man has intellect, the human will can resist all the powers of nature. If, on the contrary, the human will were a mere organic power this would be impossible; for every faculty which depends on an organ can be impeded in its activity by an outward impression; and, on the other hand, it can also be compelled to manifest itself by outward actions. If, therefore, there are any facts at all that can be scientifically demonstrated, the spirituality of the human soul and its essential independence of matter belong to them.

But it must not be overlooked that the human soul as the principle of sensibility is connected with matter in vegetation, and also that in the sphere of the intellect it requires in its present state the outward help of matter. Man is not man by the soul alone, nor by the body alone; both the soul and the body substantially united make up man; This accounts for many a mystery.

There is no knowledge, no scientific object, either in nature or in the regions of metaphysics, which can shine entirely clear and plain and without any obscurity in the human intellect. No doubt metaphysical science has its limits. Metaphysics teaches us with certainty the answer to the questions: "Whence are we," and "whither are we going?" It offers us a correct, universal intelligence of the world, and faithfully interprets its contents and meaning without contradiction. Still, it does not do this in a way that all problems are solved, all questions answered, and all objections removed. The more the mind has digested, the more it wants—*l'appétit vient en mangeant*; and the farther the mind looks, the more it perceives that its reasons and proofs are themselves so many problems which call for new proofs.

II.

What is matter? Matter in itself is not cognoscible and cannot be defined. We may call it that something on account of which natural objects can be perceived through the senses.

The quality of an object comes from its form, the quantity comes from matter. The ancients have not left us any satisfactory solution of the question of matter. For whatever they may have furnished us we gladly give them credit; for what they have not done we must excuse them, for certainly they had not the instruments which modern invention places at the disposal of our scientists. However, there are many nowadays that have made numberless experiments, but who have reflected very little. They forget that experiments in themselves cannot furnish truth, and that they are only a means to find out the truth. All experiments lead to the fact that matter is not simple, but extended; therefore, we conclude that matter is not and cannot be the source of thought. Even Locke says: "It is impossible to understand how matter could by itself produce sensation, understanding, knowledge." All organic physical processes are invariably connected with mechanism; but essentially, and considered in themselves, they are more than mere mechanism. The object of a mechanical power is a thing really existing in concrete, and the result is the mechanical motion of that thing; whilst he who recognizes is actually conscious of the thing without any change taking place in the thing itself. The act of knowing is therefore a simple act and cannot be the result of a complication of mechanical forces.

A principle capable of knowing, of feeling, tries to represent to itself images of other things. These representations of things form the definite element for those desires and motions that by their nature are indefinite. By this the principle recognizes itself, to some extent at least. It does not recognize itself always as far as it is the cause of the act, but as far as it is concrete in the acts or representations.

Now, there is no trace of all this in things deprived of the power of knowing. Nature provides all these completely and definitely with their aims. The plant, for instance, strives to grow, to develop, to nourish itself, to propagate itself, and all this is done after a method, a form, which the plant needs not first give to itself, but this form is complete in the nature of the plant. Inorganic substance strives also to obtain its full quantity, to maintain itself in its condition, and to work upon other substances with a tendency of changing them. And this tendency, to speak figuratively, is the soul of the inorganic activity. The activity of the organic is carried by a tendency directly opposed to the tendency of inorganic matter. How so?

The activity which builds up the organism of plants and animals maintains it by the constant change of matter, heals any wounds or injuries inflicted, transplants and multiplies them in numberless successions, and this according to a certain determined and definite type—this activity, I say, cannot be exteriorly applied to this organism as is, for instance, the mechanism of an engine.

The organism itself exercises this activity. And as this activity encompasses the whole organism in a most remarkable harmony, it must be one and undivided; and the principle which exercises this activity must also be one and undivided. We have, therefore, here a principle with a decided tendency to build up itself, to maintain itself, to restore itself, to propagate itself. The inorganic, by its very essence, strives to change something else (which is a transient action); the organic, by its very essence, strives to change itself and to perfect itself (which is an immanent action). The process of nutrition and reproduction is to be found only in the organic matter. Only in this the chemical changes are such that an uninterrupted change of matter takes place; there alone the whole forms its parts; and there alone the productive power is greatest when the material is least: therefore this organic matter cannot be produced in a mechanical way from inorganic matter.

Man belongs partly to the organic world, partly to a supersensible world. The basis of the vegetative life consists principally in the desire of maintenance of self, of growth and of propagation. When an animal being reaches these vegetative aims, it experiences a sensual satisfaction. The animal becomes conscious of this satisfaction. This is also the case with man since he possesses a vegetative and animal life. There is no question that man may and should make use of his intelligence to satisfy his animal vegetative necessities, always, of course, within the right limits.

Is it not in view of the desire of sustaining himself that the farmer plows the field and submits to hard labor, that the sailor exposes himself to the storms and the dangers of the sea, that the miner penetrates into the bosom of the earth? The brute pursues its natural instincts; man with his superior talents tries his skill to bring forth wonderful machines; both these actions are manifestations of organic beings. But the great difference between man and the brute lies in this, that for man the vegetative animal sphere is, so to speak, only the *materia circa quam*, and that he is able to ennoble the motives springing forth from this

lower sphere. The importance of the rational element in man is not exhausted when it serves to complete the purpose of the vegetative animal nature.

Man, through his intellect, surpasses the whole animal nature which he perceives in himself and around himself, just as much as the spiritual surpasses the material. The "good" of sensual gratification may be the good corresponding to the animal nature, and also the good corresponding to the human nature, *i. e.*, as far as this includes the animal nature; but it is not and cannot be the good corresponding in a specific manner to the nature of man, otherwise a man who has always the opportunity of gratifying his animal desires would be a perfectly happy man. Man is an animal, but he is more than an animal. The object of his desires are more noble, more ideal, than the gratification of his animal appetites; they are much more elevating, for they are the "truth" and the ethical good. Man is conscious that an all-foreseeing Providence has given him a place in the universe where he, in the order of nature, spends his life in fulfilling the will of God, and that is what makes man to be a man.

Life in India.

The following is a portion of a letter received by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby from the Rev. J. Boeres, formerly Professor in the University, now a missionary of the Holy Cross in Eastern Bengal, India:

"... Rev. Father Roche was ordered to visit the Christians of Sylhet, Cachar, Shillong and the surrounding villages. This tour will take him about two months. In the meantime, I have to attend his parish together with mine. Last Saturday I went to Solepore his station. Solepore mission comprises three villages of about 700 to 800 Christians, and is about fifteen miles southwest of Dacca. I was there twice already, once last Christmas and later in spring. Then the journey took me ten hours in a small country boat, after which I had to walk for nearly an hour over the fields, as there are no roads in the country. During the rainy season the travelling is much shorter although much more dangerous on account of the many rapid rivers to be crossed. The boat I used was about thirty feet long and five feet wide with a low round covering in the middle, made of bamboo matting, and just high enough for a person to sit down on a low camp chair. These boats are generally propelled by only two men—one who rows, the other to paddle or steer. It is astonishing what pluck and perseverance these men have, working the whole day under the

scorching sun, resting only long enough to take a little parched rice. Instead of following the usual route down the Buree Gunga (Dacca) river and then up the Delasserie, we simply crossed the Buree Gunga, then we went northwest across the country, which on account of the rain is entirely submerged, and from seven to ten feet under water. The villages we met were so many islands. The whole country seemed to have died out. The rice and jute were just a little over water. Owing to the dryness in spring, these two products—nearly the only products of this part of India—are very poor, and we have bad times ahead of us. Perhaps the second crop of rice will be better.

"During this journey I saw the process of cutting the jute. The men, armed with a long sickle, dive under the water and stay there often as long as five minutes without coming to the surface to draw breath. When they have cut several arm-fulls they swim off with it to higher places where they stack it, or pile it up in their boats. Father Roche, before he left, told me that his house in Solepore was not surrounded by water and that I could walk into the church, there being a high road between both. But we could ride with the boat up to the front steps of the *bungalow* and only two steps out of four were dry. If it continues in this way in two weeks when I go there again, I will be able to row into the house itself and swim about.

"The church at Solepore, 100x45, is a brick building covered with jungle or prairie grass over which is another cover of zinc. It was built by the Benedictine Fathers only five years ago. In five years more it will be in ruins. At present it is all cracked and leaking. The *bungalow*, built some years ago by Rev. Father Saulnier, weathers it better. It has a veranda the whole length of the house and three rooms, the middle, quite large, serving as a study and dining-room, the other two as bed-rooms. On my arrival I was told that a large snake used to visit the house at night. You may be sure I did not sleep too well, and that I looked around more than once to see his lordship and have a talk with him out of a good six-shooter. However he did not come.

"Notwithstanding the high water, nearly all the Christians assembled next morning for Mass. Some came in boats, some in tubs, others on rafters made of the stem of banana trees, others came wading up to their necks in the water with their clothes tied up in a bundle on their heads. After Mass I carried Holy Communion to three sick persons; then I officiated at a funeral.

"This was the first native funeral I saw, and I thought that I would not care to be buried in such a place and in such a manner. No coffins are used. The corpse, quite naked with a cloth over the head, is bound up in a bamboo mat. The graveyard around the church is less than two feet above water and entirely too small for the congregation. Out of the grave which they dug in the water they threw up the skulls of two

persons, neither did they take any trouble to put them out of sight or cover them with ground. When the ceremony was over and I sat down to breakfast, preparatory to leaving for home, you may be sure my appetite was quite gone.

"One great curse of this country is, in my humble opinion, child marriage and the ceremonies attending them. Girls are married at twelve years, and the Church had to make a law to forbid marriage at an earlier age. The feasting is done before marriage, and almost invariably is above the means of the parties, so that very many are involved in debt for life. After marriage, the young bride goes to her new home and virtually becomes the slave of the house, doing all the hard and disagreeable work and receiving in return a whipping for the slightest mistake. She is not allowed to say a word except in a whisper, and must always keep her face veiled until the birth of the first child. The husband never names her by her name, but always "the woman," and afterwards "the mother of —" giving the name of the first born. Nearly all the marriages are money-marriages. Although the clergy all over India work against this system, they seem to meet with but little success."

College Gossip.

—The library of the late Doctor Bauer, the celebrated German scholar of Leipsic, has been purchased by the Haverford (Pa.) College for a considerable sum. It consists of eight thousand volumes on ecclesiastical literature and history.

—Miss Harriet Monroe, author of the noble ode, "Hail to Thee, Chicago," sung at the opening of the Auditorium of that city, Dec. 9, is a graduate of the Academy of the Visitation Nuns, Georgetown, D. C. The whole poem, says the *Pilot*, is strong and spirited; but the closing lines must satisfy the citizen pride of the most enthusiastic Chicagoan. We append:

"City of freedom! City of our love!
The golden harvests of the world are thine—

Throned long in majesty, thou claimest now
Thine heritage of beauty—robes impearled,
Mantles of purple, jewels for thy brow,
Splendors new-wrought to rouse the aging world.
Thine they shall be. Here to thy hall of state,
Thine Auditorium of Liberty,
Where young Democracy, proud priest of state,
Shall shout afar full many a brave decree,
Hither comes trooping a resplendent train,
Bedecked with flowers;
The loving arts shall ease thy heart of pain
Long golden hours.

New thoughts are thine; new visions rise
Before thy clear, prophetic eyes.
On to the future, where the light
Streams over fields of glory,
Thy soul doth take its morning flight
From slumbering ages hoary.
Out of the dark, on eagle to the sun,
Speed on. Awake! 'Tis day! The night is done!"

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J. W. CAVANAUGH, '90,	
H. P. BRELSFORD, '91,	WM. C. LARKIN, '90,
H. A. HOLDEN, '91,	
W. P. MCPHEE, '90,	C. T. CAVANAGH, '91,
J. B. SULLIVAN, '91,	
JOSEPH E. BERRY, '91,	D. BARRETT, '90,
R. ADELSPERGER, '90,	

—All at Notre Dame rejoiced on Monday last to hear the glad news that Very Rev. Fathers General and Granger had arrived safe and sound on the shores of *la belle France*. To the wishes for a happy New Year all hearts add the prayer that the bright hopes of their journey may be fully realized.

—We have received the "Eleventh Annual Report of the Diocesan School Board of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, Ind." The "Report" shows the commendable devotion to the cause of education so pre-eminently characteristic of the

clergy of the diocese and the happy results of their diligent care. In his address the Rt. Rev. Bishop lays special stress upon an important point which is deserving of attention everywhere. He says:

"I recommend in a special and most urgent manner, the education of the boys. As a rule, too much is done for girls, and the boys are comparatively neglected. It would be infinitely better if girls of poor and hard working parents were taught the different branches of ordinary house work instead of thumping the piano, when frequently they have no talent whatever for music. Not enough is done for our boys and yet our hope for the future is based upon them. At present they are often the cause of our grief and sorrow."

—We are still at the beginning of a new year, and we hope it may be a happy and prosperous one for all our readers. This greeting is not made simply out of politeness, or because it is customary among men to make it during these days. It is because our acquaintance with our readers through these columns make us really and sincerely desire that the year upon which we have just entered may be one of joy and prosperity, that we repeat the hearty salutation, a Happy New Year!

This is the time of the year when resolutions are made. That they are not always kept is a fact well known, and one which gives newspaper men an opportunity for displaying their wit. Of the resolutions made at the close of the old and the beginning of the new year, probably not more than one out of ten is kept through the twelve months that follow. It is an easy matter enough to make a resolution; the difficulty lies in adhering to it. There are so many temptations to do things we have resolved to refrain from, that our weak nature is often found to succumb to them. But though all resolutions have not in the past, and will not in the future be kept by all those who make them, that is no reason why each and every one ought not, at this time, to enter seriously into themselves and, considering in what they find themselves lacking, resolve during this year to remedy it as completely as possible.

More especially ought those attending class examine carefully into the causes why they may not have succeeded better in this, or that, or all their studies. If they find that it is because they have given little time to the particular study in which they have failed, let them resolve to give all the time to study which is marked down in the rules of the house. And moreover they must not make this resolution with the feeling that they will not be able to keep it, but

with a firm determination to abide by it throughout the year. If this is done then when the twelve months shall have gone by and another cycle shall begin, looking back on the past and seeing what has been accomplished, each and every one can say: "I have passed a really and truly happy year."

Success.

Every man who has made his mark in the world has shaped within his mind some line of conduct, pursuing which he will attain the goal which he conceives to be the true solution of the problem of his life. It is in settling within his mind what shall form the goal of all his ambitious aims that he is liable to mistake. This forms the turning point of his existence; if he choose aright, and carry out well and faithfully that choice, then he is on the road to the haven of true success; but if, on the contrary, he be mistaken in his views, then he stands before the world in the light of a failure—his existence upon earth is unproductive of any apparent good to society.

But what do we understand by true success? Is that man truly successful who, possessing great business talents, is able to amass riches fabulous in amount? Or he who from obscurity raises himself to a position where he shines as a star of the first magnitude in the zenith of the political world? Or that general who, with Napoleonic genius, drives everything before him in his victorious march of conquest? Or that ruler who surrounds himself with a gorgeous court and unrivalled splendor, and whose reign is marked by brilliant conquests and profound diplomacy? Not necessarily any of these. But if, combined with any of these qualities, a man possess a firm integrity of character and consecrate his actions not at the altar of selfish ambition, but at the altar of Him who rules and directs all things, he it is who satisfies the highest ideal of the successful man.

On the other hand, though his genius be transcendent, though his riches rival in extent the fabulous wealth of Croesus, though in the eyes of men he has attained the highest pinnacle of earthly glory, yet if his ambition be selfish he is a failure, for his success extends no further than this life—in the life to come he is without rank and honor. Yet to genius the tribute of success is not exclusively paid. On the contrary, by far the majority of successful men are found in that middle class which is described as being the happiest portion of the human race.

The world owes a living and a good name to every man; it rests with oneself whether the golden opportunity will be cast aside. It is the man of decision of character, the man of perseverance and determination, who is successful in this world; it is not the man of weak mind, of vacillating purpose, who gains his crown of glory. He who sits upon the fence, in doubt upon which side to jump, is easily led away from the path of duty; but he who is unwavering in his purpose to attain the goal is on the surest road to it.

How much preferable is the condition of that man who, having been faithful in his efforts, is surrounded by the prosperity and contentment attendant upon a truly successful career, to the condition of the man who, wrong at the start, has pursued an unworthy aim, and finds all his projects unsuccessful until he end, his career in utter ruin! Napoleon astonished the world by his prodigious undertakings and the brilliancy of their success; but when his insatiable ambition caused him to forget that there was a power on earth to which even he should pay homage, he compassed his final ruin.

True success is a prize well worth an effort to win; if the end be worthy the means good and faithfully used its attainment is a certainty.

R. R.

Industry.

Habits of industry are among the greatest and noblest that man can acquire. To know how to employ time in the manner that the most benefit is derived therefrom is a study which should interest everyone.

The man who is industrious renders far more good to his country, and honor to himself, than do a multitude of those who are to be seen along the path of life seeking to gain a livelihood without labor.

The industrious man is never at a loss to know how to employ his time to the greatest advantage, and with profit to himself and others; for he endeavors to benefit his fellow-men in so far as lies in his power. Thus he gradually becomes known and esteemed in a wide circle of acquaintances during his life; his name and memory are honored by the children of those whom he had benefited or befriended, and descend to posterity a far more precious heirloom than his wealth.

If the men of former times, as well as of the present day, were not industrious, with what greater difficulties should we not have to contend! Were it not for the labor and industry of Watt, who by his persistent efforts at length

discovered the means of employing steam as a motive power and bringing it into practical use, he might have continued unknown, and his name would have remained buried forever in obscurity. If Shakspeare, Sir Walter Scott and a host of other distinguished writers, had not been so industrious with their mind and pen, and had they not left such a vast amount of intelligent writings, their admirers would not be as numerous as they are now. Among students it is comparatively easy to distinguish between the industrious and the indolent. Their work and standing speak for them. In life, no matter what station one is to occupy, whether he be a professional man, merchant or tiller of the soil, success will not be achieved if the power of industry is wanting.

It was the industry and energy of the people that raised our nation from the unimportant place which it held in its infancy to that which it now occupies, one of the foremost powers of the earth. It was by industry that our cities, colleges and other public institutions were built, and by persevering industry they have prospered and become what they are. It was by industry that dreary wastes and trackless forests were transformed into fertile fields and luxuriant pastures. It was by industry that rivers have been made navigable and mountains passable.

By industry the greatest difficulties not impossible have been surmounted, and all obstacles overcome. The busy bee is often taken as an example of industry, and, indeed, very properly so; for it employs every moment of its time to the best advantage in the storing up of food for future use. If some that are students would only observe its movements they would receive a lesson that might prove of lasting benefit to them.

Nothing can be of more essential importance to the student at college than industry. No matter what his talents may be, if he is not industrious in employing them he will accomplish but little. The student, in order to become a true man, should endeavor to gain above all the habit of industry, and when a person becomes so attached to his work that nothing save actual necessity will withdraw him from it, then indeed we may say that he is industrious.

F. C.

Fair Notre Dame Visited.

[From the Providence (R. I.) "Telegram," Dec. 22.]

The recent dedication of the Catholic University at Washington, has aroused general interest in the subject of Catholic educational institutions. The impression prevails in some circles that the Washington institution is the first university to be established by American Catholics.

Such, however, is not the fact. There are others, grand old institutions of learning, possessing able faculties, earnest students and

magnificent groups of buildings. These universities and colleges are doing a noble work for American youth, and deserve to be as widely known as Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth or Cornell. Georgetown University is one of these great Catholic institutions; the University of Notre Dame is another; St. Louis University is a third; then follow Fordham, Manhattan, Seton Hall, Villanova, Holy Cross, Loyola, La Salle, Santa Clara and a score of others.

One of the greatest universities in this country—certainly the greatest in the West—is that of Notre Dame in Indiana. Eastern educators, visiting Notre Dame for the first time, are amazed at the extent and influence of the institution. They have heard from childhood, it may be, of Columbia, Amherst, Trinity, Brown, Bowdoin and Girard, but this great university of the West is a revelation. They begin to recognize that the effete East does not possess all the intellect of the nation, and that the marvellous growth of the West has been not alone in agricultural and manufacturing industries, but in educational resources as well. Eminently typical of this educational growth is the University of Notre Dame.

The institution is admirably located near the city of South Bend, Ind., in a region of great natural beauty. The University was founded in 1842, so that it enjoys a history of nearly half a century. The broad acres on which it stands comprise a tract purchased from the United States Government in 1830. The institution is conducted by the Congregation of the Holy Cross, an order founded in France by Abbé Moreau for the instruction of youth. In addition to Notre Dame, the order conducts St. Mary's University, Galveston, Texas and the College of the Sacred Heart, Wisconsin.

Notre Dame received a university charter from the State of Indiana, and has since become the educational centre of that progressive commonwealth. The first President was the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, who held the office until 1865, when he was elected Provincial and subsequently Superior General of the Order. He was succeeded by Rev. Father Dillon, now deceased. President Dillon's successor was the Rev. William Corby, a native of Detroit, Mich. Father Corby served as a chaplain in the army of the Potomac during the war, his regiment being at one time under Rhode Island's hero, General Burnside. President Corby was succeeded by Rev. Augustine Lemonnier, and he, in turn, by Rev. P. J. Colovin. The office of President is now ably filled by the Rev. Thomas E. Walsh.

As the object of this article is to speak of Notre Dame as she is to-day, rather than to indulge in a treatise on her past, interesting as it would be, the above brief sketch must suffice so far as her history is concerned. A better and more practical test of the university's scope may be obtained by a glance at the present extent and value of the work done:

So numerous are the university buildings that

they form a small town in themselves. The main building is a massive structure, 320x155 feet. It is five stories high and is surmounted by a huge dome, the apex of which is 207 feet above the ground. Among the other prominent buildings may be mentioned the College of Music, which is 170x100 feet, and of great architectural beauty. The College of Science is also an imposing edifice, and is one of the best equipped institutions of the kind in the world. The Law School occupies what is known as Sorin Hall, a structure of mixed Gothic and Roman architecture. It is provided with law-lecture rooms, law library, etc.

The medical department is also admirably housed and provided with every requisite. Among the other departments of the University which should be mentioned here are St. Edward's Hall, Washington Hall, the library, the physical laboratory, the botanical, mineralogical and geological collections, the gymnasium and the church. The latter is one of the handsomest in this country. It is richly decorated with paintings, statuary and other works of art, and in the tower is a chime of bells.

The institution has its own electric light plant, gas works and telegraph station. A postoffice is also located on the grounds.

The entire teaching staff numbers about forty. The students represent thirty-three States and Territories and six foreign countries. Among the Eastern States so represented are Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. There are eleven regular courses of study at the University, to wit: Classical, English, scientific, commercial, law, medicine, music, civil engineering, mechanical engineering, languages and post graduate. In addition to the foregoing there are a large number of special courses in science and art.

There is a three years' preparatory course at the University, and it will be a source of interest to Providence readers to know that the Latin text-books of Professor Harkness, of Brown, are used throughout the course. Having thus briefly referred to the courses taught, it will next be in order to consider the standard maintained in each.

The studies of the senior year in the classical course include for Latin, advanced studies in Plautus, Quintilian, St. Augustine, Cicero and Terence; for Greek, Plato, Pindar, Euripides, Sophocles, St. Basil, Aristophanes; for philosophy, dissertations, philosophical systems, and the history of philosophy; in the natural sciences, geology and paleontology; mathematics, astronomy and such electives as may be taken up.

The scientific course also comprises four years, and graduates must pass an examination in dynamics, hydrostatics and hydrodynamics, special metaphysics, the philosophy of history, chemistry, geology and palæontology, and French, German or Spanish, Latin or Greek.

The course in English lasts four years, the

classes being denominated, respectively, diction, belles-lettres, literature and philosophy. In order to take a degree in this course, the student must pass a satisfactory examination in the principles of literary criticism; the philosophy of style; history and political economy; the æsthetics of literature; Latin or Greek; French, German or Spanish; Constitution and history of the United States; philosophical systems; moral philosophy; natural sciences and mathematics.

The law course is arranged to be completed in three years. Graduates are admitted, without further examination, to the bar of the State and Federal courts, a high compliment to the thorough instruction imparted in the University.

The civil engineering course occupies two years, and that of mechanical engineering four years. The course in languages is intended to be completed in four years. There are likewise special courses in French, German, Spanish, Italian and Hebrew.

The college of music is complete in every department, and has a talented corps of professors. The course is arranged on the conservatory system. There are orchestras, quartettes, and other features adapted to the wants of the students, and the supply of pianos, organs and other instruments is unexcelled.

The art department is in charge of the eminent Luigi Gregori of Rome, and possesses ample facilities in every respect. The course includes drawing, painting, sculpture, etc.

From the foregoing necessarily condensed description of the curriculum at Notre Dame, it will be seen that a very high standard is maintained, and that the instruction imparted is in every way worthy of a great American University. While Notre Dame is conducted under Catholic auspices, a large number of Protestant students attend its sessions. Their religious convictions are their own, and have always been treated with respect by the authorities of the University.

The Faculty, recognizing the value of athletic recreation, has encouraged the same to a judicious extent. As a consequence the students possess an excellent boat club, base-ball association, bicycle club and similar bodies. There is a military organization of the students, supplied with arms and equipments by the State of Indiana, and the good effects of military drill and discipline have been quite marked.

In the line of literary and dramatic associations the University is fully abreast of other institutions of similar rank. The spacious exhibition hall has been the scene of many notable events, including the presentation of special dramatic productions by the students in Greek.

Notre Dame prints all her own publications, and possesses a thoroughly equipped establishment for that purpose.

The students issue a weekly journal, called the SCHOLASTIC, which is invariably filled with good things, and shows rare journalistic ability.

In conclusion, it may be stated that from the preparatory course to the post-graduate the University insists upon the most absolute thoroughness in all studies, so that a diploma from Notre Dame is a guarantee of ripe scholarship in the graduate.

Exchanges.

—Most of our exchanges seem little the better for the Christmas festivities. There are a few notable exceptions, however. The *Young Eagle*, from Sinsinawa Mound, Wis., comes to us with gilt covers, choice illustrations and cheerful Christmas messages. The *Spectator*, too, from Columbia, added a number of choice drawings to its usually bright table of contents.

—The December number of the *Holcad* publishes a letter headed "British India" and addressed to the Missionary Society of Westminster College. The letter purports to describe the state of religion among Her Majesty's subjects in India, and is signed by a "Protestant Missionary." We know nothing whatever about this particular missionary; but we are prepared to speak in general terms of the Protestant missionary, and we speak the more confidently inasmuch as our information is derived mainly from non-Catholic sources. The Protestant missionary, as we understand him, is a man who goes forth to civilize barbarous nations, and who believes in example rather than precept. To this end he moves into the most civilized part of the missionary country, establishes himself in a handsome villa and surrounds himself with all the luxuries of civilization. This is surely teaching by example. Of course it is the most natural thing in the world for the poor, starving natives to see the advantages of this enlightened mode of life, and to inquire at once for the address of the missionary's tailor, cigar-maker and wine-dealer. The advantages possessed by this system over that pursued by Catholic missionaries is easily apparent. These latter set forth with a few necessary implements, break into pathless forests, tramp through swamps and marshes, build a chapel in some inland village, and begin to cultivate the soil and the natives. And, strange to say, the poor benighted savages seem to prefer this second mode of evangelization. Then these Catholic missionaries—*O infandum*—begin to perpetrate the most horrible outrages against their Protestant brethren. Within two months they increase from two priests and a few nuns to "a Bishop, eleven or twelve priests and an increased number of the Sisters." Besides this they take away the Bible from the natives, ninety-nine out of every hundred of whom, according to the missionary's own statement, cannot read.

The writer of this most interesting letter, after proving beyond doubt that Catholicity is paganism, indulges in a due amount of ministerial ribaldry, and closes with the consoling reflection

that "the enemy" is quickly dying out, anyway.

The literary columns of this number of the *Holcad* are far below their general standard, and one promising youth sets down Cicero's *De Senectute* as the work of a crank.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for January begins the fourth year and seventh volume with the promise that during the current year it will follow its well-approved course of printing articles of interest in themselves, by writers who really have something to say; and of aiming that great variety shall be secured rather than that any single undertakings shall monopolize its space. In the interest of timeliness and variety a department has been added where, under the title "The Point of View," an opportunity is given to the best writers for a brief and familiar discussion of subjects of both passing and permanent interest, literary, artistic, and general. These are, of course, as, indeed, the title of the department conveys, to be expressions of individual opinion. In the present issue the subjects discussed, in a bright, informal way, are "The Barye Exhibition," "Thackeray's Life," "Social Life in Print," and "The French as Artists." A few pages are to be added to each number to give space to this new feature.

—The January number of *St. Nicholas* fully warrants the promise that it was to be virtually a second Christmas number. Of contributions peculiarly seasonable may be noted: Harriet Prescott Spofford's poem, "The Yule Log's Song"; "In the Tenement," a gentle reminder, by Malcolm Douglas; "Christmas on the 'Polly,'" by Grace F. Coolidge, a little marine song telling of a new trap for Santa Claus; "A New-fashioned Christmas," a humorous bit of verse, by Julie M. Lippmann, and the charming story, "The Little Buttonwood Man," by Helen P. Strong. The frontispiece is an original engraving by F. French, and shows a lovely child whose bright face shows her to be "Ready for a New Year." Nora Perry's serial begins with characteristic spirit, and is beautifully illustrated by Birch. Walter Camp's Foot-ball paper deals with the great games at the Polo Grounds, and is reinforced by a study of "The Drop-Kick," contributed by Yale's famous expert, W. T. Bull, whose kicks won Yale a championship.

Personal.

—Rev. T. O'Sullivan, '58, Rector of St. Kevin's Church, Cummings, Ill., paid a very pleasant visit to the College during the week.

—Among the welcome visitors during the week was the Hon. D. Barclay, of Elgin, Ill., who entered his son at the University.

—Prof. J. G. Ewing spent part of the vacation in Cincinnati, whither he went to attend the ordination of his cousin at the Price Hill Seminary.

—Prof. Gallagher has returned from a short

vacation tour. The Professor met a number of his old friends while abroad, and reports a very enjoyable time.

—Professors M. O'Dea and Neal Ewing made a flying trip to Chicago to hear Patti. They express themselves as delighted with what they saw and heard in the Lake City.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby and Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C., went to St. Paul, Minn., last week to assist at the consecration of the three new bishops for northwestern dioceses.

—Rev. Father Morrissey has returned from an extended trip among the Eastern states looking much improved. He is quite sure that New York will have the "World's Fair."

—Professor Liscombe left Notre Dame for Chicago on Christmas afternoon, where he visited friends and helped to open the auditorium. He returned in time to resume vocal classes.

—Joseph Paquette (Com'l, '88) spent a few pleasant days at the College last week. He was visiting his uncle, Rev. Father L'Etourneau, and his brother, Mr. Charles Paquette, of Sorin Hall.

—Rev. J. D. Coleman, C. S. C., Assistant Rector of St. Bernard's Church, Watertown, Wis., was a welcome visitor during the holidays. His many friends were delighted to see the reverend gentleman in such good health, and to learn that he is meeting with deserved success in the Northwest.

—Rev. D. A. Clarke, '70, Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Columbus, Ohio, celebrated the tenth anniversary of his ordination on Friday, December 20. A number of clergymen from neighboring towns assisted at the services. Many presents were received by the popular clergyman.

—The *New Record* (Indianapolis) recently published a number of interesting sketches of Catholic Pioneers of Indiana. Speaking of St. Peter's Church, Daviess Co., Ind., of which Very Rev. Father General was Pastor in 1841, the writer says:

"In connection with Very Rev. Father Sorin's stay in this parish, the following will be of interest: In August 1888, on the occasion of the celebration of Father Sorin's jubilee, at Notre Dame, Mr. John Breen and the writer were the only ones present from the locality of which this is a history. During their stay, Mr. Breen in conversation with Father Sorin referred to the tradition among the people here as to his intending to found a college at St. Peter's, and he told this incident of his stay there: 'Yes, I, with some of the Brothers, was temporarily at St. Peter's. We were on very close rations too. One day a neighbor named Hayes came to see me and asked how I was, etc. I told him I was not feeling well, that I had not had anything for dinner that day. He at once requested me to send some of the Brothers with him and he would see that I was not without my dinner another day. I did so and soon we had several sacks of meal, meat and other very desirable provisions.' On the same occasion he related to Mr. Breen the circumstances of his leaving the southern for the northern part of the State as follows: 'Bishop de La Hailandière sent for me and told me of extensive lands near the lakes in the north and offered them to me on condition that I would found a college there. I did not want to go, but he insisted and proffered me his horse to ride. I went and it took

me a week to get there. I was pleased with the place and at once made arrangements for establishing ourselves.' Of the Brothers who left St. Peter's with Father Sorin two, Brother Vincent, 93 years old, and Brother Francis Xavier, over 66 years old, are, at this writing, (Oct. 1889), still living.

"In his sermon at the Golden Jubilee of Father Sorin at Notre Dame in Aug. 1888, Bishop Ireland spoke of 'six Brothers' who came with Father Sorin from France and 1841 as the year of his coming and 1842 as the year he first set foot on the St. Joe River. This agrees with existing records and traditions, and the names of these six Brothers are well remembered by several. The following were named to the writer as having been at St. Peter's: Brothers Anselm, Gastien, Joachim, Lawrence, Vincent, Francis and Marien. One who was known as Brother Joseph joined them at St. Peter's. He was teaching there when they arrived. He had been connected with the Trappist order in Europe, but could not endure the severities of their rule and left."

Local Items.

—There is some talk of opening navigation when the crews get back.

—The Minims partook of a magnificent spread at Jonquets during the vacation.

—The ability of the Faculty to spread themselves over a large area was strikingly exemplified during the holidays.

—Christmas held special interest for botanists, it being observed that roses and noses blossomed simultaneously.

—New students are beginning to arrive already and, judging from present indications, the attendance during the second session will be much larger than ever.

—A select party of Seniors, under the guidance of Mr. O'Connell, C. S. C., and Bro. Gregory, visited Studebaker's works during the week. They report a very pleasant time.

—Queer weather, isn't it? Twelve antediluvians, each of whom is the oldest resident of the State, declare that it is the most extraordinary weather within the memory of man.

—The Juniors have fared sumptuously lately. An expedition to see the cribs in the city churches and a pilgrimage to a celebrated hotel in Mishawaka were notable features of their programme.

—A noticeable feature of the Christmas season at Notre Dame was presented in the beautiful cribs erected in the various chapels. Besides the large one in the church, those built in the Seminary, Novitiate and Monastery, are done in excellent taste, and contribute much to the inspiration, in visitors, of seasonable reflections and pious thoughts.

—The Feast of the Circumcision—New Year's Day—was appropriately observed at Notre Dame. Rev. Father Spillard, with Fathers Mohun and Reuter, as deacon and subdeacon, celebrated solemn High Mass. The sermon, preached by Rev. Father Morrissey on this occasion, was an excellent example of sacred eloquence made practical.

—On New Year's eve, the students of Holy

Cross Seminary rendered a short but intensely interesting programme before a select audience. A number of rare paintings were placed on exhibition for the first time. "The Southern Gem" was the drama presented, and between the acts choice music—both vocal and instrumental—was furnished. In the "speechifying" which followed, the oratorical prowess of Messrs. Houlihan, Hyland and Sullivan were especially commendable.

—The Band made its first public appearance on Christmas eve. At half-past eleven o'clock the silence of night was gloriously shattered by the strains of the *Adeste Fideles*. The band was stationed in the Columbian corridor just opposite the students' office, and as the boys filed drowsily down to the lavatory, the look of mild surprise that stole over their faces was curious to behold. No doubt this rare treat was ample compensation for the unpleasant interruption of their Christmas dreams.

—The Church services on Christmas day were, as usual at Notre Dame, very solemn and impressive. Very Rev. Provincial Corby celebrated Midnight Mass, assisted by Rev. Fathers French and O'Connell as deacon and subdeacon. At this Mass, by special permission from Rome, the Community, Faculty and students were privileged to approach the Holy Table. At 10 o'clock another solemn High Mass was celebrated, during which Father French preached an eminently appropriate and eloquent sermon. In the afternoon Vespers were sung and Benediction given. The music furnished by the choir was superb, thanks to Professor Liscombe and the talented young men who so faithfully corresponded with his efforts.

—AN EPIC OF THE CAMPUS.—A couple of facetious Juniors tied a strong rope from the corner of Music Hall to a neighboring post. They did it just to show how neatly it could be done. The strong rope stretched across the path to the store, and was raised about two feet above the ground. The facetious Juniors lay in ambush and in jocular hilarity. Soon two ruddy youths were seen to trip gaily along the path and, without seeming to notice the strong rope, leaped playfully over it. The facetious Juniors were sick unto death of disappointment. Their faces brightened, however, as they saw an aged cripple trudging painfully along in the deepening dusk. The old man was the picture of innocence and good nature. He advanced in seeming abstraction, and before the alarm could be sounded he broke his cane over the backs of the facetious Juniors. The facetious Juniors will never again attempt to "rope in" passers-by.

—ST. EDWARDS COLLEGE, AUSTIN, TEXAS:—It is the custom of the college boys before starting home for the holidays to improvise an entertainment in which the embryotic orators, terpsichoreans and dramatists endeavor to entertain their friends and fellow-students for an hour or two with songs, music, recitations

and such other means as are within the reach of the college boy. As the classes were suspended on Saturday, and the boys would start for home on Monday morning, the entertainment this year unavoidably fell upon a Sunday, but the boys decided upon having it nevertheless. It was merely a little pleasant and rational enjoyment, not servile work, and none could object to it. The large college hall was, therefore, placed at their disposal, and they rendered the programme in splendid style. . . . The musical part of the programme, under the direction of Francis Wendels; was for the visitors a somewhat unexpected and agreeable feature. There seems to be a very extensive and varied musical element at the college, and one could hardly expect better or more artistic work from pupils of the same age at a musical conservatory. . . . Of the oratory there is perhaps no need for special mention. Many of our readers are already aware that the oratorical training at the college is of a high order. Molière's comedy, "The Miser," was very well presented. Messrs. Raggio, O'Connor, Cuneo, Shall, Molloy, Whelan and others of the larger boys acted their parts in a natural and creditable manner. . . . The entertainment closed very pleasantly by the presentation of a Christmas gift to the Rev. President Hurth by the students, through Mr. Wm. C. Molloy, one of their number.—*Austin Statesman*, Dec. 23.

Health Hints.

Don't tell a man he is a stranger to the truth because he happens to be smaller than yourself. Errors of this kind have been known to be disastrous.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. Leave them beside the kitchen fire, where they will be handy to put on in the morning.

It is bad to lean your back against anything cold, particularly when it is an icy pavement, upon which your vertebral arrangement has caromed with a jolt that shakes the buttons off your coat.

Always eat your breakfast before beginning a journey. If you haven't any breakfast don't journey.

After violent exercise, like putting up the stove or nailing down carpets, never ride around town in an open carriage, it is better to walk. It is also cheaper.

When hoarse speak as little as possible. If you are not hoarse it won't do any harm to keep your mouth shut, too.

Don't roam around the house in your bare feet at the dead of night trying to pick up strays. Men have been known to dislocate their jaw through this bad practice.

When you see a man put the lighted end of a cigar in his mouth, don't ask him if it is hot enough. Serious injury has often resulted from this habit.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Misses Ganong, Deutsch and Leavick deserve special mention for aptitude in "Domestic economy," as was shown during the past week.

—Miss H. Guise, who received a medal in the advanced course of instrumental music, and first course of vocal music last June, spent a few days during the holidays at St. Mary's.

—Very Rev. Father General's absence is a source of regret to all; but at the crib of the Infant King of Bethlehem time and distance are lost sight of, and all Christians are together in spirit.

—Miss M. Clifford, Class '89, sent with her Christmas greetings a solid brass processional cross of exquisite workmanship. Warm thanks are returned the generous donor for this new mark of interest in the Chapel of Our Lady of Loreto.

—The visitors of the past week were: Rev. J. Adelsperger, New Orleans; Miss L. Weld, Rockford, Ill.; Mrs. J. O'Brien, Mrs. J. O'Neill, New York City; Miss K. McCabe, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. W. Osmond, Chicago; A. Coquillard, W. Miller, South Bend.

—Under the large rose-window on the Gospel side of the high altar of the chapel is erected the representation of the Crib of Bethlehem; the Infant in the manger, His Virgin Mother and foster-father, the shepherds and the angels—all form a picture which must awaken devotion to the holy Infancy of Our Lord.

—On Thursday evening, Jan. 2, the Seniors entertained the Juniors with a charade, written by Professor M. F. Egan; the parts were well carried out, and prizes were awarded those who solved the puzzle. Those who took part were the Misses Coll, Hepburn, K. Ryan, M. Hurff, K. Hurley, L. Ernest, Penburthy and E. Dennison.

—As an incentive to special efforts in the 1st Preparatory class, a volume of Whittier's poems was offered as a prize to the one who would secure a certificate for the month of December in the greatest number of studies. Misses G. Lauth, T. Kimmell and M. Skancke stood equal, so the book was drawn for and fell to the lot of Miss Kimmell.

—Though the thread of regular duty has been taken up again, it is hard to believe that the holidays are of the past; the echoes of Bethlehem still linger in Christian hearts, and the *Venite adoremus* of the Church invites as lovingly as on Christmas night; but the calendar marks the advent of a new year, and each day brings nearer the all-important event that marks the close of the first session, namely, the examination; so there is no time for anything save earnest study.

—The pupils who remained at St. Mary's

during the holidays, without exception, report a most enjoyable time. The morning hours were devoted to study, class, music and letter-writing, while the afternoons were spent in reading, painting and recreation. Letters and boxes from home served as powerful consolers, and cheerfulness reigned in all the departments. The beautiful weather added not a little to the general pleasure, and the bright sunshine drew even the "wall-flowers" from the recreation halls. A delightful ride on the 30th, frequent long rambles, and several "late sleeps" have left all bright and ready for the examinations, instead of worn out, as many are who went home for the holidays.

—The same stars that shone on the first Christmas night looked down upon Christ's mystic birth in the hearts of His children on the Christmas night just passed. On countless altars was offered at midnight the holy Sacrifice in honor of the coming Messiah. Scarce had the bells rung out the hour of twelve ere eager hearts gathered round the altar in the Chapel of Our Lady of Loreto to assist at the first Mass of Christmas; the celebrant was Rev. Father Walsh, who delivered a beautiful sermon on the Birth of Christ. Haydn's Imperial Mass was well sung by the choir, and the *Adeste Fideles* thrilled the hearts of the young as no other Christmas hymn could, and carried many an old heart back to the Yule-tide days of long ago.

—The event of the season in the Junior department was the Christmas tree which was relieved of its precious fruit on the 28th. A letter from Santa Claus was read expressing regret at his absence, for which he alleged several good reasons, chief among which was that the weather clerk had neglected to provide snow, so his reindeer could not travel. All the little people were made happy, and even the dignified Seniors were not forgotten in the generous distribution of gifts. The entertainment was certainly a success, and kind thanks are returned to those who helped to make it such; among those who deserve special mention are Mrs. J. Clifford, Miss K. Barry, Mr. Dreyer, Chicago; Miss A. Wurzburg, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Miss B. Hellman, Omaha, Neb.; Miss N. Morse, Grinnell, Iowa; Stella Dempsey, Manistee, Mich., and many of the Seniors and Juniors.

New Year's Greetings to Very Rev. Father General.*

The earth was hushed and angels watched
Last night at midnight chime;
And, lo! the hour-glass was turned
By stern old Father Time.

Within the court of eighty-nine
The lights burned strangely low,
And from his throne the dear old year
Turned solemnly and slow.

* Sent in time to reach Very Rev. Father General on Jan. 1, 1890.

With banner furled and tottering steps,
Alone he passed away,
When suddenly the earth was stirred
By strains of music gay;

And loud the world sang out in glee,
In accents rich and clear,
"Ring out the old, ring in the new"—
A happy, bright New Year!

To-day good wishes lightly speed,
And wilder grows the mirth
As closer gather courtiers round
To greet the New Year's birth.

The furrowed face of eighty-nine,
By men is all forgot;
But, Father, in our memory
It holds a cherished spot.

How often has the dear old year
Brought graces to our heart!
How often has the grace of God
Bade care and sin depart!

The past holds, too, your treasured words,
Imbued with heavenly zeal,
That must, if ever kept in view,
Insure our lasting weal.

Then gratefully we turn our gaze
With many a heartfelt tear—
And with regrets our souls cry out,
"Adieu! thou dear old year!"

And as our words the farewells breathe
The air with music thrills
And heavenly music steals to earth
And every bosom fills.

The music comes from one soft name
Low lisped by maiden mild:
The name is JESUS, and its sound
Awakes a sleeping child.

A few red drops of priceless worth,
And Heaven's hosts draw near;
For 'tis the Blood of Christ the Lord
Baptizing the New Year.

That saving tide is caught within
Unnumbered cups of gold;
And, offered up at countless shrines,
Baptizes as of old.

And "eighteen ninety" stands enriched
With Bethlehem's smile and tear
As far across the ocean's waves
We waft "A glad New Year!"

Nor breadth, nor depth of rolling sea,
Nor winds reverse or fair
Shall keep our wishes from your heart
They're borne on wings of prayer.

Your children, Father, one and all,
Send greetings warm and true;
We've placed them in the Infant's heart,
He'll bring them safe to you.

So, Father, tho' you're far away,
In spirit we draw near
To wish, with hearts and souls to-day,
A happy, glad New Year!

And may your every day of life,
Until your crown is won,
Be blessed with peace and hope and joy
By Mary and her Son.

Your devoted children,

THE PUPILS OF ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

JAN. 1, 1890.

Holiday Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ash, Ansbach, Bogner, Butler, Cunningham, Coll, M. Davis, Deutch, Dennison, D. Davis, Dorsey, Ernest, G. Green, Ganong, Healey, K. Hurley, C. Hurley, Hurff, Hagus, Hull, Hepburn, Lauth, Leavick, Moore, Maher, McCarthy, M. McHugh, Marley, Norris, O'Brien, Otis, Penburthy, K. Ryan, A. Ryan, Regan, Rinehart, Reilly, Smith.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses M. Burns, E. Burns, Black, M. Davis, B. Davis, Ernest, Hickey, Meskill, O'Mara, Patrick, Pellinz, Regan, Reeves, Scherrer, Sweeney, Wood.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Dennison, Finnerty, McCarthy, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, C. Porteous.

St. Mary's Academy, Austin, Texas.

The usual quiet that reigns on St. Mary's hill, amid all the bustle and jarring scenes in the busy city life below, was broken on Friday evening. Christmas is coming, and as a prelude to the brief holiday season, the young ladies of St. Mary's Academy gave a literary and musical entertainment in the Academy hall for the patrons and guests of the Academy. The hall was crowded with friends of St. Mary's, ladies and gentlemen, including the President of St. Edward's College, the President and some members of the board of public school trustees, the city superintendent of public schools and some of our most noted musicians and elocutionists. A soft, tinted curtain hung across the hall in voluminous and graceful folds. All realized that behind that curtain were works more precious than ever stood on the painter's uncovered easel or within the wrappings that hid the sculptor's ideal. All realized, too, that behind that curtain were artists with heart and soul aglow, shrinking from worldly fame and notoriety, who were spending their lives in works not to be left on canvas to rot, nor in stone to crumble. We had glimpses of how our daughters are fashioned in the soul studio of St. Mary's, from the crude Minim to the thoughtful, refined woman.—*Austin Statesman*, Dec. 22.