

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS · VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 17, 1891.

No. 18.

The First Christmas.

BY M. M. RICHARDSON.

A single star that shines before the sight
Of grave, gray men who follow it afar;
Deep in the vale a home glow like a star
Wherein He lies, the World's Eternal Light.
Beyond the hushed dim pastures on the height
Are earth's great cities, troubled by the jar
Of cohorts restless for the rush of war,
The tyrant's feast, the helpless slave's affright.

Strong in the might of Love, whose own they are,
That tiny hand shall shake imperial thrones
Those silent lips a soldier's touch could mar.
Shall breathe a word to rend sepulchral stones,
And those light feet, that evil hands will scar,
Bear glory grander than the Cæsar's car.

Evangeline.

BY J. E. BERRY.

Longfellow had given to the world, but in particular to his native land, the first and inestimable gems of his poetic genius; but his career and fame were not to end here. In the pageant of love and beauty which heralded his golden age, no foreshadowing of that sweet, sad tale of Acadian love came to us; like the soft strains of a harp it stole upon us until we were wrapped in the depths of its harmony.

That sweet "expression of the inexpressible," "The Rainy Day," revealed the depths of poetry in his soul; it paved the way to his future success, and added his name to the category of rising poets; but *Evangeline*—sweet, loving, gentle *Evangeline*—alone taught us to love and venerate him as our greatest poet and the sweetest of modern versifiers.

"*Evangeline*" is not sublime—Longfellow is seldom sublime;—it is the simple key to our inmost soul which it enters to live and be loved forever. To read of her is to know her; to know her is to love. We cannot shut our heart against her; she will enter and live in our soul of love, so pure, so patient, in her loving way; we cannot help loving her, and in that love sympathizing with her in her trials and tribulations. The poem which tells her sweet, sad story is one overflowing with unutterable beauty and sadness, simplicity of thought and exquisiteness of expression; it is the sweetest tale of love in poetry that has ever been written; and upon the hearts of man and the tablets of time it shall be written in indelible letters of gold, never to be obliterated, always to be loved. To some poems it has been the favor to be appreciated; but to none has fallen the lot to be more loved than "*Evangeline*."

It is a poem thickly studded with poetical gems of thought; it is saturated with beauty, love and real poetry, and when compared—if any comparison can be made—to its beautiful contemporary poem from over the sea, it is in many respects greater. Though the mediæval medley of the "*Princess*" may equal the pastoral beauty of "*Evangeline*," yet the former is surpassed by the indefinable sweetness, simplicity and human interest of the latter, its depths of human love and beauty reaching far above its rival; for, after all, what is poetry when it comes not from the heart—when the cold granite-like polish of its verses is not softened by the natural influence of love? Love in poetry is like the soul in man—it is the greater and better part—it is the life.

While Tennyson is the more consummate artist, Longfellow is the more simple and sweet; the former is the master of poetic technique,

the latter pours the love of his being into his poems. Tennyson could never write "Evangeline," he is not sufficiently simple and loving; his power lies in his great art of finish, while Longfellow possesses at once the art of finish and the well from which he draws the crystal love which flows through his verses. The one is grand and sublime, the other simple and loving; one appeals to the taste, the other to the heart; one writes from the mind, the other from the heart; both are great, both have no equal.

"Evangeline" was published in 1847, and disputed the palm with the "Princess." It was that for which the critics had been so long clamoring—an American poem. Its characters, surroundings, scenes and landscapes are characteristic of the New World; it is the colonial Louisiana, not the fairy-land which Campbell pictured to himself when he wrote "Gertrude of Wyoming"; Evangeline, loving, patient, sorrowful wanderer, has taken a permanent place among the heroines of song.

"Evangeline" is written in hexameters, which have always been unpopular, and was the cause of "Evangeline" being coldly noticed by some narrow-minded, sing-song rhymsters. Longfellow cared not for customs; he wrote as he liked and what he felt. The beauty of "Evangeline," the sweetness and sadness of her story woven into hexameters, placed Longfellow still higher among the poets, and won for him the title of "The Poet of the heart."

We will now quickly run through "Evangeline," and pick out the little jewels among jewels that are scattered through it. Notice the masterly manner in which Longfellow describes the Acadian paradise:

"Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number,
Dikes, that the hand of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floodgates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows."

Such was Acadia, such Grand-Pré. In the peace of this community of love lived Evangeline, sweet and pure in her virgin grace; hearts were lightened and bounded at her approach; heads, both young and old, bowed with love before her humble but loving mien; she was the idol of the village, the benefactress of all, and the sweet, loving helper of the suffering. All loved her because they could not help it. Peacefully she lived and loved—loved young Gabriel. Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthy farmer of Grand-Pré and the father of Evange-

line, lived with the pride of his heart in the security of her love and the esteem and veneration of his fellow-man.

"Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;

Hearty and hale was he, an oak covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves."

Now listen to the beautiful description of that angel, Evangeline:

'Fair was she to behold, that maid of seventeen summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside—

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide

Flagons of home-brewed ale, oh! fair in sooth was the maiden.

Fairer was she when on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,

Down the long street she passed with her chaplet of beads and her missal.

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after Confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.

When she passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Ah, what poetry there is in that last line! How it re-echoes in our heart with its beauty of expression and exquisite sweetness; such lines refuse to be forgotten, they live forever. Again:

"Sweetly over the village the bell of the *Angelus* sounded."

Not only does Longfellow tell it, but we can almost hear the tones of its blessing ringing over us, and, as we read further on, we experience a feeling of hatred against the English for their thieving, cowardly action toward these innocent and peace-loving people. That one day's work of the English on the Acadian shore has cast a stain upon the pages of England's history which should cause the blush of shame to mantle the cheek of her sovereigns. But England knows no shame; her better half is drowned in the sea of iniquities which rolls before her throne; her record, like the uniform of her troops, is red; no better advertisement of English policy could have been found; like her record, it suits her well. But this is history and not Evangeline; such crimes should not be spoken of in the same breath with her immortal story.

Notice also the pathos in the lines where Evangeline

"Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his
bosom."

She and Father Felician are carried to one ship, Gabriel and Basil to another, and then it is that we feel the deep sorrow for Evangeline, when her heart is torn from that which it loves; when her eyes look for the last time in health and beauty on the face which she loves so well and which is to her her happiness alone. Then commenced the wanderings of Evangeline and her priestly protector; and during the toils, trials and disappointments which accompanied her searching we follow her with a sympathizing love; we seem to assimilate her sorrows and disappointments as our own. Patiently she wandered, and, even in the hands of death, she found her love—the face that was hers, the heart that still beat with the love she had given it.

In the narration of her wanderings we meet with many beautiful lines such as

"A garden

Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance."

And again:

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of Heaven
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the
angels."

Such lines are little jewels and will live forever. There is a certain charm about them that refuses to be overlooked or forgotten; such lines would awaken the dulllest soul to the influence of the beautiful. Again, speaking of Basil, Longfellow says:

"And all his thoughts congealed into lines on his face,
as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the
winter."

Again:

"Where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to
the ocean."

These are truly gems, and "Evangeline" is strewn with them. Again:

"And the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its domes on the walls of the
forest.

And above all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them."

Nor is the following without a beauty almost sublime:

"Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmer-
ing vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending
from Sinai."

Too much cannot be said in praise of that passage. Often, too, there is a touch like this, where the blacksmith

"Takes in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a play-
thing."

If I were to attempt to quote more it would be necessary for me to give the whole poem as an example of a massive jewel studded with gems in poetry; but it cannot be. And now, sweet "Evangeline," farewell! Thy sweet, sad, loving story has shown to me a being good, beautiful and true; but now, alas, farewell! space will not permit me to tarry longer where I would fain dwell for hours. All know thy tender, loving story; words of mine are inadequate to tell how I love thy story. No words can tell of thee, but Longfellow's alone; no description can raise thee above the pinnacle of beauty and greatness where thy merits have placed thee. Alone has Longfellow drawn from the well of the English language—from the fountain of poetry—the thoughts, words and expressions to tell thy pathetic, yet lovely story.

Abraham Lincoln.

That there is One who shapes our course through the sea of life, and who is ever watching over us, no one will question. All feel that man was not created for this material world, but for a fairer and higher destiny—the great eternity which lies beyond the grave. Man is placed here on earth for a purpose. He is endowed with reason and free determination. By the proper exercise of these faculties he will gain the goal which all Christians are endeavoring to reach. But man is created also to be of some avail to his fellow-men—to raise the standard of morality by his good works, to allay the sufferings of humanity as far as he can, and, above all, to appreciate and aim at the good, the beautiful and the true.

Abraham Lincoln, the subject of this theme, throughout the course of his life, gave testimony to the world of what an individual can do towards the amelioration of man's social condition. He was born of poor but upright parents in an humble cabin surrounded by the green hills of Kentucky. His early education, owing to his environments, was very limited. But he had inherited those sterling qualities of both mind and body that are sure to gain preference and advancement. His abstemious habits and his hardy physical discipline strengthened his constitution and gave vigor to his youthful mind.

He improved every opportunity to cultivate his intellect, poring over books far into the night, with no light save the flickering reflection from a cheerful log fire which animated him to put forth his greatest efforts to master whatever he might chance to be studying. It was during these hours of meditation and hard mental labor, that the mind of Lincoln was being filled with knowledge that was destined one day to arouse the people to action in the overthrow of slavery.

The success of Lincoln's life may in a sense be attributed to his early seclusion from the intoxicating influences of society. His manhood was not compressed into the artificial track of social conquests. His great heart and vigorous reasoning faculties had been generously developed amid his solitary struggles in the isolation of forest and prairie and far from the busy turmoil of the world.

At the age of twenty-five he was called to the Legislature of Illinois. Here he began to exhibit his talent as a statesman, and before many years had passed the future president was elected to Congress. There he first attracted the notice of the country by the position he took in regard to slavery. He was thoroughly aware of the inhumanity of dealing in human beings as though they were mere goods or chattels. In the long debates with Douglass on the slave question, Lincoln became one of the most popular men in the Union. Lincoln, as the representative of the mighty Prairie State, maintained that "This Union could not permanently endure half slave and half free." In the long debates which followed all the power of Lincoln's great mind showed itself. He felt the force of the moral causes which must influence the question, and he never failed to appeal to the moral sentiments of the people in aid of the arguments he put forth against the black stain on our Nation's lustre. He always illuminated his theme with the lofty inspiration of an eloquence pleading for the rights of humanity.

In 1860 his fame had spread over the whole country as a leader of public thought. He was elected President of this mighty Republic of the West. About the time of his inauguration the slave question had assumed such gigantic proportions that the statesmen of the day entertained grave fears that the South would break out in insurrection. Lincoln, seeing that the question had come to a crisis, resolved to stand by the cause of right. He exhorted the slave states, in the name of humanity and for the general good, not to bring ruin on themselves by assailing the general Government. Great thoughts filled the soul of Lincoln; burning

words fell from his lips for the preservation of the Union.

In such a critical position as this, Lincoln the noble-hearted son of toil, was looked up to as the pilot to guide the ship of state through the rocks and shoals of boisterous waters and surrounded by innumerable perils and obstacles. Well did he execute the sacred trust, and after four years of bloodshed the cause of justice triumphed. The North was victorious, and by a hard-earned success the fetters were loosed from an unhappy race of people. They were made free!

To the President, saddened and worn by four years of strife so relentless and painful, the prospect of peace was inexpressibly gladdening. To the many war-worn generals and commanders, the culmination of their labors and cares in a grand choral triumph made a sweet music in their patriotic hearts. They wished for an abiding calm and the lasting sunshine of peace. But while the nation was yet celebrating the victory their rejoicing was turned to tears of mourning—Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated! When his death became known bells tolled out their sad, slow notes for the dead; houses were draped in mourning, and even those who had been his sworn enemies participated in the general sorrow.

The killing of Lincoln was the culmination of a series of fiendish schemes undertaken in aid of an infamous rebellion. But he had accomplished a noble work and seen the realization of his life-long desire. He died loved and mourned by all true patriots of our peerless Nation. Never, perhaps, did the death of any man call forth so many expressions of sorrow and regret, or inspired so many exalted tributes from orators, poets and authors, as well as the people of every class. He performed a lofty task for our country, and its renown is not to be confined to a few generations, but for the world and the whole future.

His Emancipation Proclamation not only renders his name immortal, but glorifies the age in which he lived. His speeches and state papers are a part of our classic literature. We find in them all those moral qualities which indicate magnanimity of soul and integrity of purpose.

There is an old proverb to the effect that "the evil men do lives after them, and the good is often interred with their bones." This adage does not apply to Lincoln. His good works were many, evil he did to no one. He has left a name to posterity that will go shining down the purple mists of time only increasing in brightness as generations roll on

"From creation to decay,
Like the bubbles on a river,
Sparkling, bursting, borne away.

His appearance at first sight was not striking. He had no grand airs, no pompous expression. He was plain, very plain; but still there was a something about his honest, straightforward modesty and earnestness that stole over the observer like the tinkling of an evening bell at the close of a bright, clear summer day. We cannot but admire the evenness and completeness of his life. There were no breaks in it, no chasms, no upheavals. His pathway, though not strewn with roses, was a plane of continued elevation. He did not advance by quick steps. Slowly but steadily and thoroughly he worked up the sturdy materials of his nature into that strength of character which has made his name illustrious. The crowning beauty of his life, more than anything else, was that whatever he did, however he might act, no spot was left upon the perfect enamel of his character as a statesman, as a citizen, or in his domestic relations. Malice could not stain its marble whiteness.

He was not insensible to praise, and he was not slow to feel any wrong or injustice. While grateful to his country for the great honors it had conferred upon him, and while he cherished all expressions of affection on the part of his friends, he gently, but determinedly, refused to accept any token of regard in the form of a gift. His was a frank and guileless life. The career of Lincoln is a grand exemplar for the youth who worthily aspires; his never-dying memory will be an intense stimulus that will cheer on the love of country, and incite us to a profounder desire to accomplish some good in this temporal world that may be offered up as a sweet incense to Heaven.

McK.

Religion.

Suggested on receipt of the following beautiful Christmas wish from friend to friend.

"May holy religion be thy guiding star thro' life;
All the good things that the world can bestow,
All the blessings that Heav'n can give
May they be thine!"

Wise, wise is he who points with faith in heart
Along the path to realms from these apart!
Wise he whom science maketh bold
To clasp God's truths with firmer human hold!
Life born of earth is like the passing day
That Tim's great pendulum swings but to fling away
Wealth, glory, pow'r, thro' these we darkly grope,
Religion only is the beacon star of hope.

Religion! height of love—love's purest flame,
'Fore thee earth's proud are forced to bow for shame;
Hate's keenest shafts thro' thee lose venom'd aim,
And worldly pomp fades to an empty name.

Lust loses place, and envy, and distress,
So hast thou pow'r to lift the soul and bless:
Earth's pleasures wane, and troubles sweetly cease
To them who drink at thy rich fount of Peace.

Religion, light from heav'n! Be thou our guide,
Our choice of all the world holds rich beside,
Till God within our souls doth truly bide,
And real life for us is verified!

M. B.

Success in Life.

A SYMPOSIUM.

Success is the favorable or prosperous termination of anything attempted. Success in life has a somewhat broader meaning; it has reference to the whole life of a person; and it may appear to us in many forms. If we speak of a man as having been successful in life we mean that he has, by diligent, industrious and steady application to his business or profession, attained the objects he had in view.

I have no doubt but that some will assert that this is not true; they will say that men do not always, by applying all their skill and labor to their trade or profession, reach the height of perfection. They will illustrate instances in which men, now in the evening of life, have labored almost unceasingly and with all the energy and vigor that they possessed, receiving for their reward the mere sustenance of life. We admit that in some cases this is true; but is it not possible that these men have been the cause of their own misfortune? Might they not, by some act of mismanagement, or neglect of some duty which they should have performed, have actually barred their path to success and prosperity?

To make life a success it is not essential that we should accumulate a vast fortune; nor, in the eyes of some, is it necessary that we use legitimate means. We often read of men who have died comparatively poor, yet their lives have been successful. If George Washington at the time of his death had possessed nothing but the little hatchet with which he cut his father's tree we should certainly say that his life was a successful one.

If a man, striving for worldly honor or political greatness, succeeds in being elected to the office he seeks, even though by foul means, he is looked upon as the successful man. A highway robber, a thief or a burglar may sometimes succeed in life; as, for instance, by their cunning and shrewdness they manage to evade detection, carrying on their depredations in defiance of the law and escaping the hand of justice; they have been successful in one sense of the word, for the object of their barbaric ambition has been realized.

And so it is, no matter what business or profession we follow, if we have some object in

view for pursuing the course we have laid out, and we succeed in attaining the end sought, we have succeeded in life.

T. J. McCONLOGUE.

Everyone has a natural taste for some pursuit in life. To determine what this pursuit may be is not the easiest thing possible, and mistakes are often made. Men who have obtained success have pursued a definite line of action and achieved the end which they considered to be the correct issue of their works. The mind of man is so great that there are numberless opportunities to obtain success. But what do we understand by success? Is that man truly successful who, with a selfish ambition, realizes his desires? No! for his success is but earthly, and ends with death. Millet, the great painter, is a splendid example of a successful man. While he lived his works did not receive the praise due to them. Most likely his aim was to portray scenes true to Nature. In this he was successful, as the cultivated world acknowledges. His works were consecrated to the Omnipotent One, and his success is immortal. Thomas Edison has been successful in everything he has undertaken. The reason of this is that he is a man of determination and perseverance. Although Millet and Edison were gifted with genius, it does not follow that genius is essential to success. On the contrary, genius is not requisite, for the greater number of successful men are found in the middle class. A man must not necessarily be educated, for, in whatever pursuit he follows, he will educate himself while carrying out his plans. Success cannot be estimated too highly, for prosperity and contentment are attendant upon a successful career, and the earnest work and efforts expended on a worthy object are not put forth in vain.

J. J. FITZGERALD.

We are apt at times to give the word success a degenerate meaning. What is called by the world success is often no criterion of true worth or even honest merit. Again, we must not measure true success by the applause it awakens, for genius seldom lives to see its efforts fully appreciated. Who can say that the most tireless and indefatigable workers the world has ever seen met with what it calls success? Why should we deem the mere accumulation of riches success when it so often brings in its wake the sharpest pains, the most enduring sorrows, and the bitterest losses that can be sustained in this life? Besides, it is rarely indeed that a strictly conscientious man becomes very wealthy. When we have gathered the ripest and fullest fruits of our ambition, in whatever field it may have directed us, how few of us even then feel that we have been fully successful! And, truly, the realization of our greatest and highest ambition may be, and often is, anything but real success. It is only when our dearest aspirations

are noble, pure and charitable, that their attainment marks the highest success and the truest felicity of earth. Therefore, how infinitely more is his success the truest and most ideal who has given comfort to the friendless, aid to the needy and joy to the hopeless; who has, through the many trials of a long and troublous life here below, reflected honor upon his family, his country and his religion, than that of the worldly-wise or famous man who sees his earthly claims to fame vanish in the fleeting applause of a single generation of his fellow-beings!

J. FRANCIS SULLIVAN.

Success may be defined as the happy termination of anything undertaken. It will come to any individual if he strives and perseveres. It may be achieved in many different ways. Some are born to be successful; to others it comes by effort. Many never obtain it, while to most it comes only by the most diligent work. There are various kinds of success. It is the desire of some to become rich, of others to follow in the footsteps of some of our great statesmen or scholars. But in striving for greatness we should remember that "Rome was not built in a day"; and so with our most successful citizens; they did not achieve their greatness in a short time. They had to contend with many obstacles. The first time Demosthenes spoke in public he was hissed at and made fun of. Shutting himself up from the world he determined to correct his faults. He shaved one side of his head to keep out of society, and he would talk with pebbles in his mouth to correct himself of stuttering. This was the secret of his success. Andrew Johnson, one of our presidents, did not learn to write until after he was married. Thus we see that it is never too late for us to begin striving for an education. Some of us are destined to be successful; but there are different kinds of success. One might become suddenly rich by ill-gotten goods; he would not enjoy them, but in the end would endure torture from them. Some make a success of whatever they undertake; and if we examine their method of accomplishing anything we will find that they put their whole mind and soul into the attainment of their object. We should all have an object in view, and not live from day to day like the animal. If we obtain a good education it will be the foundation upon which success will rise in many different ways.

ALBERT E. DACY.

The meaning of success can best be given by the one whose aim it has been to attain some special end in life. A person may be an able politician, or he may be a great writer; but if either of these distinctions be his by nature, it cannot be said that he has won success. To win success there must be some special effort, either of the mind or of the body. Success does not come to a person in the nature of things;

it requires study, labor and trouble. Like everything else in this life, one must work to attain it, for many of the great literary men of the world have spent their lifetime trying to win a name. Some have sought for temporal glory, and in striving for such an end left us immortal names around which cling their immortal works. Many successful men have worked for him who is the "father to the man," that when he grows old he may reap the benefit. The followers of Washington fought for their country and for the liberty of those who lived after them; and do we not enjoy the fruit of their suffering? Labor and the proper exercise of his talents may win success for a man; but will genius alone do this? I think not. No doubt, great things have been achieved by genius; but it seems to me, since genius is a superhuman gift, that the exercise of such a power does not necessarily call for success. It may hold the admiration of everyone; but success, in its true sense, cannot be applied to the work of a genius, for in relying upon genius there can be but little effort.

Success is the prosperous outcome of one's aims in life; true success does not fade with the heat of summer or the cold of winter, but, like an honorable and a noble act, it lasts forever. It is not a thing to be gained by the great and learned alone; the poorest and most unintelligent may be worthy of it. A man of the most obscure lineage may merit for himself a name not unworthy of the throne. The masters of the English language may write and write, their works may be published throughout the country and sold to everyone; but if they desire to create some revolution, or to effect certain changes in the habits of men, and their efforts be in vain, they have not won success, although their names may be immortal.

M. A. QUINLAN.

* * *

A man makes up his mind to accomplish a certain thing, or to cut a great figure of some kind in the world; he goes at it with the intention of making it a success. For example, a young man wishes to become a doctor; on entering college, examinations confront him; he must show how much he remembers of his past studies; and, having successfully matriculated, his life for four years is one of mingled hope and despair as the middle term and final examination roll around, and his memory on each occasion is subject to a rigid scrutiny. If he passes, he has achieved "success"; but, on the other hand, if he fails, he and his friends feel disgraced. The professional course is then taken up, and followed for three or four years; but before being credited by the University as competent to practise, he must pass still further examinations, and after such an experience during a period of perhaps twenty years, success in every case depending chiefly or wholly upon his own memory, he enters into actual life, and finds fortune still dependent upon the same faculty.

When a man is to enter a prize-fight, or a foot-race, or take part in a rowing match, we expect him to train his muscles beforehand; but as regards success, we wait till the contest begins in the struggle for life, and then bid the pupil become strong or train while striving for the prize. Many people undervalue the subject to which I am alluding. "We no longer need to work," they say. It may be well to remind such persons that things now multiply very rapidly, and more work is needed only to tell what things exist. Those who urge that there is no longer occasion for great work since printing cheaply records everything for us, might as well urge that bodily strength or health are no longer of such value as they were in the old rough-and-tumble times, because now we have such excellent physicians and medicines. They are forgetful or more—ignorant. And in conclusion, I say with Kay: "Not only the learning of the scholar, but the inspiration of the poet, the genius of the painter, the heroism of the warrior, all depend upon himself, in order to attain success in life."

LEONARD HOERR.

College Gossip.

—There is a movement on foot to establish a chair of the Irish language at the University of Pennsylvania.—*Ex.*

—A French commission has been sent to this country to examine our system of college athletics with a view of adopting the same.—*Ex.*

—Another of the numerous Drexel charities, St. Benedict Industrial and Boarding School and Orphan Asylum, at White Earth, Minn., is about ready for dedication. It will accommodate fifty scholars. It will cost, fully completed, about \$35,000.

—Great difficulty is being experienced in the choice of a successor to Rubenstein, whose resignation of the directorship of the St. Petersburg Conservatory takes effect in June next. Several eminent musicians, including Tschai-kowski and Auer, have declined, owing to the difficulty Rubenstein found in dealing with the authorities.

—The Christian Brothers of New York City have purchased sixty-five acres of land, with 2,000 feet frontage on the Hudson River, as a site for a new and enlarged college to replace the Manhattan institution. The land was a bargain; price \$160,000. The intended college of the Brothers "is to cost, when completed, fully \$1,000,000."

—Miss Xavier, who formerly held the position of instructor in Spanish at Wellesley College, has received the appointment of Secretary to the French and Spanish consulate, being the first woman ever put in an official place of this kind. Miss Xavier will be able to convey assurances of distinguished consideration in Spanish, French, Italian, German, or English.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind

Notre Dame, January 17, 1891.

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

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Golden Jubilee.

To many of the students last Sunday possessed no unusual significance as the morning sun heralded the approach of day. To the members of the Order of Holy Cross the 11th of January was looked forward to with joyful anticipations, for to them on that day would be given the honor of celebrating in a grateful manner the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of one of their beloved superiors—the Rev. Alexis Granger. The ceremonies of the day were ushered in by the Solemn High Mass celebrated by the Rev. Provincial Corby, at which both the Very Rev. Father General and Father Granger assisted. The sermon was preached by Rev. President Walsh. Seldom, indeed, have the students listened to more eloquent words portraying the dignity and grandeur of the priesthood. Never have they heard a more touching eulogy upon the life and works of any man as that pronounced upon the life and labors of the Rev. Alexis Granger. Father Walsh was visibly affected when he dwelt admiringly upon the quiet, unassuming priest whose golden anniversary was being celebrated.

At noon the address of the students congratulating Father Granger upon the happy return of his ordination day was delivered in the refectory, after ample justice had been done to a magnificent spread. There were present at this time Very Rev. Father General, Very Rev. Alexis Granger and the Rev. Father Fitte. Mr. Louis Chute was selected to convey the feelings and hopes of the students to the good Father, and right nobly was the duty performed. In clear, distinct words he recounted the exploits of a life spent in the service of the Master, and

with a voice betraying heartfelt emotion extended the hope of the students that he should see many returns of the day. Father Granger replied in a few touching words. Father Fitte closed the exercises in a neat and affecting speech. He referred to the great work accomplished by Very Rev. Father General and his faithful companion in his trials and difficulties—Very Rev. Alexis Granger. Notre Dame, as it now stands, the pride of the Catholic world, is due to the untiring perseverance of these two apostles of Christ and their worthy assistants. Through their zealous labors was founded a University which yearly enrolls hundreds of God-fearing, courageous young men preparing to fight life's battles and brave its storms. These young men, looking back upon the hardships that were necessary to be undergone to secure them their present advantages, repeat anew the wish tendered in the Rev. President's sermon that when "life's fitful fever is o'er," to each of them will be addressed the words of the Good Shepherd: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

F.

The Arcadia in Rome.

One of the most distinguished literary societies in the world is the Arcadian Society which now exists in Rome. It is composed of learned ecclesiastics, scholars, poets, artists, musicians, in a word, of persons of the highest education and refinement. It is its custom to give literary and musical entertainments at which only the *élite* in the social and literary world attend. At no period of its existence has the Arcadia been so flourishing as at present, for it includes some of the most celebrated men and women in the world amongst its members, belonging to every rank, profession and religion.

This famous society recently celebrated its second centenary at the Palazzo of the Cancelleria in the Eternal City. The large hall of the Palace was most tastefully decorated and illuminated, and filled with cardinals, prelates, poets and members of the diplomatic body and Roman nobility. Monsignor Bartolini, Custodian of the Arcades, announced, amidst enthusiastic applause, that his Holiness had consented to take part in the centenary by composing two beautiful distich, under the name of "Neander Eracleus," which name he had taken when elected member of the celebrated Academy in his youth (1832). Everyone stood while listening to the reading of the poetical contributions

of the First Pastor of the Arcadia, of which the following is the text:

AD SODALES ARCADICOS.

ALTERO POST COLLEGIVM INSTITVTVM EXEVNTE SÆCVLO.

I.

E Vaticana vos, Arcades, arce Neander,
Olim quem socium dulcis alebat amor.
Pieridum, salvere iubet, iuga læta Heliconis
Scandere, Mæoniis ludere carminibus.
Addit vota libens: in longum floreat ævum
Nominis Arcadici gloria, priscus honos.

II.

IDEM ARGVMENTVM.

Qui quondam gratia dictus de gente Neander
Ad vaga Permessi flumina pavit oves;
Et tenui calamo, frondemis ad ilicis umbram,
Rustica deduxit carmina puber adhuc;
Nunc senior, premere Æonii vos culmina Pindi,
Concinere et plectio nobiliore iubet.
Littore ab Eoo post sæcula bina renascens,
Omnibus faustis en redit Arcadiæ.
Natalis memoranda dies, accepta Camenis,
Et festo vatum rite colenda choro.
Fronde nova redimite comas; numerisque canoris
Ingeminet longum tibia vestra melos.
Ecce poli iam templa tenet iam luce coruscans,
Respicite, Arcadiæ sidus ab axe micat.

LEO XIII.

His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi then read a very learned discourse, also in the Latin tongue, in which he spoke of the Vatican prisoner with deep feeling. He went on to prove how poetry gives to science and the progress of civilization their noblest form. He reminded his audience that the Arcadia, founded in the sixteenth century, had always been a precious aid in the revival of learning and the restoration of those classical traditions which should never have been abandoned. He concluded by recalling the famous names of Alfieri, Parini, Monti, Muratori, Tiraboschi, Mezzofanti, Humboldt, Secchi, Redi, Leopardi, Mme. de Stæel, Chateaubriand, Manzoni, Canova, etc., who had been members of the Academy. The Cardinal was warmly applauded. Music and recitation followed the Cardinal's discourse, and the interesting festal celebration did not terminate until late in the evening.

The Catholic Church has been accused of doing naught to encourage and promote literature, science and art, but assemblies such as the Arcadia are among the countless refutations of this calumny. Indeed, the student of history will realize that the Church stands before the world as the founder of all the great universities since the establishment of Christianity; the protector and promoter of literature and science, and the patron, as well as the inspiring genius, of poets, of painters, of sculptors and of musicians.

Indiscriminate Reading.

By indiscriminate reading is meant reading everything that may fall into one's hands without choice or judgment. Alas! it is the curse of our age; it is the ruin of children; it is the rock on which many souls are wrecked, which otherwise would have sailed in safety over the troubled waters of life and anchored in the port of salvation.

In most cases it is parents who are to blame when the young acquire the habit of reading recklessly every newspaper, magazine or novel that comes into their hands. If parents cared for the proper training of children they would by mild, and if necessary, by severe measures, nip this evil in the bud. Who would allow his child in a drug store to touch and taste blindly of every bottle on which he might lay his hand? It would be bodily death without fail. Even so is it spiritual death without fail to permit him to read blindly out of every publication which he meets.

Indiscriminate reading weakens the disposition for useful studies, makes industrious habits hateful, and enfeebles generally the energy of the will. Let a young person accustom himself to novel reading for instruction, and in every nine cases in ten he will be found flying from his lesson to his story. His imagination is filled with images of fair dames and knights heroic. He is on fire to learn how the latter fought and the former fared in most critical circumstances. These books may not have precisely an immoral tendency, but yet the custom of reading them keeps youth away from their school books. But if these stories appeal to the softer passions the case is far worse. Place in the hands of an imaginative child (and children are imaginative) any in which love and bravery, war and hair-breadth escapes, are the spice and allurement, and I venture to assert that, except with dull and plodding children, you will find spelling, grammar, arithmetic, every lesson given up, or hurried over, until the fate of the hero and heroine becomes known.

Imagine a young person fixing his attention on nouns and verbs and all their combinations, while he is wholly occupied in wishing to find out how Amanda Fitzallen was rescued by her lover from the hands of her worst enemy, or how Monte Christo escaped from his prison. The figures of arithmetic, or the problems of geometry, are so many doses of salts. I have known young students to hide the work of fiction under their school books before their unsuspect-

ing teachers, and to read them while others were being questioned. I have known them to conceal under their pillows the romances, and to arise when the household was sunk in slumber, and read to "the wee small hours" of morning. And yet their parents never suspected them of having acquired the pernicious habit of novel reading. This habit "grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength," and if persevered in will, in after years, render them as useless for industrious occupations as it does in schoolboy days for study and improvement.

But I will be told that young persons cannot be always over their lessons, that they must be allowed some intellectual recreation. I admit it. To act otherwise with them would be to adopt the course of Joseph Bounderley, of Coketown, who would have a child's education built up of dry facts and figures, just as a house is built of brick and mortar. Youth requires intellectual recreation; but let the source of that recreation be pure. Let them not kneel to drink at every fountain and stream without examining whether the waters be clear or muddy. Give them interesting books, or chosen passages of books to read; but let not that reading trench upon the time which should be given to more important occupations. Let it not be such as will engross their minds so as to destroy the attention that should be given to their lessons. Let it not be such, finally, as to bring forth a morbid longing to return to the story-book; to the neglect of more improving studies. The straight way lies between the two extremes—indiscriminate reading on the one side, and the wholesale withdrawal of interesting reading on the other. "*In medio stat virtus.*" Between the rock of Scylla and the whirlpool of Charybdis a safe passage may be steered.

I am told again that novel reading has its usefulness, that it instructs the mind and gives words and style to the tongue and pen. I have already given the answer to this. Select reading, whether it be of journal or of novel, is useful, provided it become not too engrossing, and interfere not with other more useful employment. Moreover, the benefit derivable from the novel may be equally well derived from books of history written in an interesting style, as well as from others too numerous to mention. But novels like Cardinal Wiseman's "*Fabiola*," Cardinal Newman's "*Callista*," and other works of fiction, of travel, of biography, etc., will interest and instruct the mind, and supply the tongue and pen with language as beautiful as any the indiscriminate reading of novels and romances can supply. M.

Manual Labor.

There is in the United States, in our day, a false pride concerning employment, concerning the honorableness of personal labor. This false pride does not affect all young men, but we fear that many of those who have had the advantages of a collegiate education are affected by it.

From the time when the decree went forth that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow there has been, to a certain extent, a natural feeling of rebellion against it. In the early ages of the world this feeling was caused by indolence alone, and not by pride; for we know that in spite of it labor was considered honorable. The patriarchs felt no degradation in tilling the earth and keeping cattle. The Romans, during the ages of the republic, entertained no contempt for labor; for we read that the great Cincinnatus, when chosen as the supreme magistrate of the Commonwealth, was found at the plow. Among the ancient Hebrews none of the ordinary occupations of life carried with them anything of dishonor, and the prophet Elisha, though a man of wealth, was found ploughing in his field. All labor, though it might not be welcome, was in those times honorable. But as the increase of wealth enabled some to live without toil, they were led to pass their time in idleness, and their idleness gained by association a reputation and a respectability which it was far from meriting, while on the other hand, labor sank in the estimation of men, and they rebelled against it through false pride.

Then, moreover, in the Middle Ages, when Europe became the prey of a horde of military adventurers, the whole country was parcelled out among them in the form of large estates. Those who formerly owned the lands became the serfs of these men and held their lands under the obligation of personal service. Toil, then, became the badge of servitude, and idleness the symbol of nobility. This accumulation of great riches, without toil or personal merit, by violence and rapine alone, and the transmission of them by the laws of primogeniture, seem to have destroyed the foundation of all true estimate of character. In England these institutions have been perpetuated, and have kept alive the same feeling. Hence society is there divided by a barrier which is absolutely impassable.

It might be supposed that in this country, where man has done away with the rights of primogeniture and has shaken off the unjust institutions of the Old World, he would likewise

cast aside its unjust prejudices. With large forests to clear, and broad prairies to settle, it might be supposed that, as every man here is the artificer of his own fortune, labor would be again restored to that high estimation in which it was held in the primitive ages. Besides this the establishment of a republican form of government might have, one would think, the same tendency. Yet such is not wholly the case. Our country also is suffering from this false pride. Young men despise agriculture and mechanic arts, not only because they promise a less comfortable support, but because they consider manual labor as incompatible with respectability. Although there is no land on the face of the earth where there are greater inducements for farming, and where mechanical skill is more highly rewarded, yet there is a feeling of degradation clinging to the idea of personal labor which prevents young men from devoting themselves to it. This is why commercial houses are stocked with poorly-paid clerks who might succeed far better were they to return to their farms or learn a good trade. This is why there are so many young men endeavoring to enter the learned professions. A new village in the far West scarcely springs up before it is overrun with professional men.

It may be objected that a collegiate education unfits young men for a life of toil, that it has a tendency to cause that extreme fastidiousness which drives them from manual labor. But to this objection we may answer that the feeling against the respectability of labor is a prejudice false and unfounded in the nature of things, and has its origin from an accidental association of ideas. The truth is that one kind of honest labor is as respectable as another. No employment dignifies the person; but on the contrary the person dignifies the employment. If for some ages past those who have done the labor of the world have not had the advantages of education and refinement, it does not follow that those who do possess them should refrain now from taking part in it. On the contrary, they should assist in dignifying labor; and, learning at college, as they do, that all kinds of labor are respectable, they should be prepared to devote themselves to some one of them.

We know that among some classes of people it is thought a degrading and defiling occupation to till the soil, to sow and reap. This employment is associated with the sights and sounds of the barn-yard, with coarse and soiled clothing, with hard hands and sunburnt faces. But may not the work of some of the learned professions be associated with sights and sounds

as bad? Is there any comparison between the cleanliness presented by a farmer's life, and presiding or pleading in a criminal court where the vilest of human creatures are hourly the subjects of contemplation and action. No, all labor is honorable, and when we see one of our friends here at college announcing his determination to devote himself to agriculture, or to the mechanic arts, we feel that he acts wisely.

B.

Books and Periodicals.

—We acknowledge the receipt of the "Second Annual Report of Railways in the United States to the Inter-State Commerce Commission for the year ending June 30, 1889; and the "Annual Report of the Postmaster-General of the United States for the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1890."

—From the Boylston Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass., we have received an excellent lithographic portrait of the late John Boyle O'Reilly. It is a faithful reproduction of a remarkably life-like crayon portrait of the deceased patriot, poet and journalist, made by a distinguished artist of Boston. When suitably framed it forms a handsome ornament, while the artistically engraved features serve to recall one whose life and writings have commanded such universal admiration.

—*The Song Friend* for January contains a beautiful ballad, an intensely amusing vocal medley, "Musical Mosaic," and a pretty easy instrumental piece, "Mosquito Waltz." The instructive articles are: "How to Train the Voice," by the great tenor Signor Capanini; "The Chorus Choir," by the celebrated organist, E. M. Bowman; "Correct Piano Practice makes Perfect," by the thorough instructor, P. V. Jervis, and about thirty interesting editorial paragraphs. *The Song Friend* is a thirty-two page journal of rare excellence.

—Taking up the January *Wide Awake*, one is led to reflect that this magazine has a particularly happy and kindly way of enlisting the interest and the fancy of its readers by its Prize Competitions. Its amusing "Nonsense Animals" were enjoyed by young and old, and showed that the drawing lessons at school had really trained young fingers to express ideas with the pencil; the "Lampkin, Prig or Hero" competition was not a bad "course" in Moral Philosophy. The "Prize Anagram" competition amused thousands of readers. For 1891 Miss Rimmer's Prize Art-series: "The Drawing of the Child Figure" bids fair to be of great interest to children, while the Prize "Problems in Horology," by E. H. Hawley of the Smithsonian Institution, will call forth the efforts of the students in the Latin and High Schools. The stories and articles of the January number are each excellent of their kind, and are by such authors as Susan

Coolidge, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Margaret Sidney, Elbridge S. Brooks, Ernest Ingersoll, Kirk Munroe, etc.

—*The Catholic Reading Circle Review* is the title of a new monthly magazine published at Youngstown, Ohio, as the organ of the Catholic Educational Union. It is edited by Mr. Warren E. Mosher who has done so much to promote the work of education and culture through the medium of the Educational Union. The object of the "Union" is to encourage the diffusion of sound literature and to instil a love of good reading into the hearts and minds of the Catholic masses; to give those who desire to pursue their studies, after leaving school, an available opportunity to follow prescribed courses of the most approved reading; to enable others, who have made considerable progress in education, to review their past studies, and, particularly, to encourage individual *home* reading and study in systematic and Catholic lines. It is especially designed to meet the requirements of those who have had limited educational advantages and who are desirous of self-improvement. It aims to unite in communion the earnest young Catholics of the land who are ambitious to devote the spare moments of daily life to the pursuit of knowledge and the cultivation of the intellect. The *Review* will serve to bring the widely scattered members of the "Union" into closer sympathy and association, and will act as a medium of intercommunication among them. Among its contributors are and will be many of the leading writers and educators and we hope for it a most successful career in the fulfilment of its mission.

Obituary.

—A telegram received last Monday morning conveyed the sad intelligence of the death of Prof. Egan's father at his residence in Philadelphia in the seventieth year of his age. Prof. Egan has the sincere sympathy of all at Notre Dame, who will not fail to breathe a prayer for the repose of the soul of the worthy departed. May he rest in peace!

—The Hon. M. H. Keeley, '72, of Faribault, Minn., has the sincere sympathy of his many friends at Notre Dame in his recent bereavement through the death of his respected mother. From the *Faribault Pilot* we take the following notice of the deceased:

"Mrs. Mary Keeley, mother of Hon. M. H. Keeley, of this city, and of M. B. Keeley, clerk of the district court of Waseca county, died at her home in the town of St. Mary's, Waseca county, Saturday, January 3, 1891, at the advanced age of 78 years. She was a native of Wexford, Ireland, where she grew to womanhood and married. She came to this country in 1858, and lived for a time in Canada and at Beloit, Wisconsin, before settling in Waseca county. She was a kind-hearted, charitable woman, giving liberally to the needy and the poor. She leaves to mourn her loss, besides the sons above named, two sons

and two daughters, who lived with her on their fine farm in St. Mary's. She was buried Monday in the Catholic cemetery at Waseca. The funeral procession was the largest ever seen in Waseca county, extending over a mile in length, many coming a distance of thirty miles to testify by their presence the respect and high esteem in which they held the deceased."

Local Items.

- Tarde venientibus ossa!*
- But when I got mad—
- No Chinese need apply.
- Another critic! Oh, my!
- Winter has set in in earnest.
- The band was "way out of sight."
- A thing of the past—the pun maker.
- Who was the solitary skater by moonlight?
- The days are growing perceptibly longer.
- Snow, snow, stay away; little Johnny wants to—
- That was an humoristic exhibition on Tuesday.
- They quietly asked their older brothers to help them.
- The Sophomore class will enjoy navigation before the end of the session.
- The number of new arrivals in January is greater than ever before.
- That long-expected and often-promised snow-storm has as yet failed to materialize.
- St. Edward's Hall has received a large number of accessions since the beginning of the present session.
- The Lectures in the course of Political Economy for the second session will be inaugurated during the coming week.
- One of the warlike numbers on the programme of future events is the "Grand Bivouac" to be held by the military companies early in May.
- Hon. Frank Hurd, of Toledo, and Hon. W. McKinley, of Canton, Ohio, have promised to deliver lectures before the students during the present session.
- A fine large and elegantly framed lithograph portrait of the late lamented John Boyle O'Reilly has been placed in the reading-room of Carroll Hall.
- The mail carrier has not always a pleasant duty to perform. For the last two weeks he has been carrying chunks of tears for transportation through the mails.
- For the benefit of some it may be well to state that the notice of Prof. Egan's book, which appeared in our last issue, was taken from the *Union and Times* of Dec. 19.
- Excellent ice in limited quantities is being manufactured by a simple but effectual process in the immediate vicinity, and suitable means

of storage should be provided for the product.

—What a pity that the "beautiful" should come only in the midst of storm and whirlwind and blast the hopes of those who would a sleighing go! Still as the poet says: "While there's life there's soap." It 'pears so.

—The ice-cutters began work yesterday (Friday) morning and are likely to have a steady job for some time. Old Probabilities says that there will be a double crop of splendid ice as next month will be *terribly* cold. Well, there's good skating now, anyhow.

—We congratulate our neighbors, across the lake, of the Novitiate on the acquisition of an ice house. (If the *article* is not right, blame the printers.) Progress and improvement have always marked the administration of the genial Professor of Philosophy wherever he has been placed.

—The thirteenth regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held on Wednesday evening. The roll call showed that all had returned from the Christmas holidays and the members were cordially welcomed by their esteemed President. The St. Cecilians will reorganize at their next meeting.

—To our great regret we were unable during the week to pay our promised visit to the Tailoring establishment of Brother Augustus. The new building of the Manual Labor School is now the pride of Notre Dame and well repays a visit. We shall certainly try and make it a point to inspect the establishment during the coming week, and make a report for the interest and benefit of our readers.

—There is every indication that the new move in holding the semi-annual examinations before the Christmas holidays has been attended with the best results. Much valuable time has been saved as the students have entered upon their work with renewed earnestness immediately with the beginning of the year. The authorities express their perfect satisfaction with the successful workings of the new movement.

—February 22 will be the great day for the Thespians, to whom from time immemorial has been reserved the celebration of Washington's Birthday. Seldom in past years has the Thespian Association contained as good material as at the present time. Much, therefore, is expected from them, and we can safely say no disappointment will be experienced. But time passes swiftly, and the work of preparation should begin at once.

—We are glad to state that Prof. Albert Zahm continues to improve in health and will, in a short time, be perfectly convalescent. Owing to his critical condition last week we refrained from making any announcement as the issue could not be determined. Thanks to the excellent attendance of Dr. Berteling, '80, and the careful and devoted nursing of the Sisters, Prof. Zahm has happily passed the crisis and is now in a fair way to recovery.

—The Carrollites take the lead on the toboggan-slide business. They have over 120 sleighs and toboggans of all sizes and figures, and make the circumambient atmosphere resound with joyful shouts and peals of merry laughter and—so forth. They have shown commendable enterprise by securing a "Rosinante" with a wagon and transferring to their "slide" the superfluous snow that had accumulated on the surface of St. Joseph's Lake.

—The Classical "Grads" are speaking of producing the "Captives" of Plautus before many weeks have elapsed. This play was presented once before by the Class of '79, and with great success. We hope that in the present instance the expectations of all will be fully realized. There could be no more useful exercises for those participating than the production of a Latin play; and when presented with all the accessories of appropriate scenery, costumes and music the drama can be made highly entertaining to all.

—Mr. Clarence T. Hagerty, '90, has accepted the chair of mathematics in the new university of Las Cruces, New Mexico. Mr. Hagerty is well qualified for this responsible position, and will fill it with credit to himself and his *Alma Mater*. The offer was made through the kind offices of the Hon. Judge J. O'Brien, '62, who was consulted by the Trustees of the Mexican University in regard to the selection of a Professor of mathematics, and advised them to communicate with the University of Notre Dame. The result, we have no doubt, will be eminently satisfactory to all concerned.

—On last Saturday evening the students of the Law Department met for the purpose of electing officers of the Debating Society and Moot-Courts for the present session, President Hoynes in the chair. The officers of the Debating Society were first chosen and are as follows: President, Col. William Hoynes; 1st Vice-President, J. McConlogue; 2d Vice-President, J. Manley; Corresponding Secretary, P. M. Ragan; Recording Secretary, W. Blackman; Treasurer, J. A. Lesner; Critic, L. J. Herman; Sergeant-at-arms, S. Hummer. The officers of the Moot-Court are as follows: Judge, Col. Wm. Hoynes; Prosecuting Attorney, F. J. Vurpillat; Clerk, W. J. Houlihan; Sheriff, J. M. Manley; Coroner, J. Lesner; Reporters, L. Herman and H. O'Neill. After the routine had been completed, Mr. O'Neill, in behalf of the members of the Society, expressed their desire to hear the President talk on the Indian affairs, with which he had to deal as Indian commissioner, having been appointed to that office by President Harrison. Colonel Hoynes very kindly consented, and favored the society with an interesting and delightful discourse, at the close of which, the members showed their appreciation by a good round of applause. A public debate upon the Federal Election Bill will be given at the close of the present month.

—THE COLUMBIANS.—On Wednesday afternoon, at 4.30, the students were unexpectedly called up to Washington Hall to see "The Great Umbrella Case." The Columbians who remained here during the Christmas holidays had prepared a treat for the boys in the way of a farce. They intended this to be only a foretaste of what we may expect on March 17. Although but few of the star actors of their society took part in the play, they nevertheless acquitted themselves nobly. If great praise is due to those who participated in the affair, certainly that which is due to the untiring zeal of their esteemed President, Prof. Gallagher, is still greater. The interest of the audience was held from beginning to end, and their unrepressed peals of laughter showed how well they appreciated the manner in which the farce was rendered. Mr. R. Manley, as judge of the court, undoubtedly made his part a centre of interest. His brogue was perfect, and his words, though under this false garb, could be distinctly heard in all parts of the hall; Mr. J. King, as clerk, interpreted his part in a most pleasing manner, while Messrs. T. McConlogue and H. O'Neill added greatly towards making the affair a success. The Band, under the management of the Rev. M. Mohun, deserves no little credit. The beautiful music discoursed by it before and after the entertainment was appreciated by all.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Burger, Blackman, Brady, Berry, Bachrach, F. Chute, L. Chute, Cavanagh, Clayton, DuBrul, Daniels, Fitzgibbon, Hoover, Herman, Hummer, Howard, Hackett, Morrison, Murphy, McGrath, Neef, O'Brien, O'Neill, Paquette, Prichard, Paradis, Rothert, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, J. B. Sullivan, O. Sullivan, F. Sullivan, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, Schaack, Vurpillatt, J. Wright.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, Ahlrichs, Bundy, Blameuser, Benz, Burch, Brookfield, Brown, Cassidy, Crall, Correll, Combe, Corrigan, J. Crowley, P. Crowley, Cahill, Covert, Chilcote, Dechant, Dacy, Davis, Devanny, Dunlap, Frizzelle, Field, J. Flannigan, T. Flannigan, L. Gillon, Green, Grothous, P. Gillon, Gaffey, H. H. Heineman, Heard, Hauske, Houlihan, Hagan, Hayes, H. Heineman, J. Johnson, Joslyn, O. Johnson, Jacobs, Kearns, J. King, Karasynski, Keenan, Kellner, Krembs, M. Kelly, T. King, E. Kelly, Lesner, Layton, Lorie, Langan, W. Lindeke, A. Lancaster, G. Lancaster, Mozier, Manly, Mug, Mitchell, Monarch, Mahany, Maurus, Magnus, McAuliff, McDonnell, J. McKee, F. McKee, McConlogue, McGonigle, Miller, McErlain, F. Murphy, C. Murphy, Olde, O'Shea, G. O'Brien, Otero, Powers, Phillips, Parker, Rebillot, Rudd, Roberts, Ragan, Stanton, Sullivan, Scholfield, Sanford, Sinnott, Spalding, Soran, Vurpillatt, Vidal, White, Wall, Walsh, Weakland, Yenn, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Anson, Bergland, Booher, Burns, Boland, Ball, E. Bates, Brady, Browning, Boyd, B. Bates, Boyle, J. Brown, Cole, Carney, Creiger, Connolly, Connell, Collins, Coll, Cummings, Chassing, Corry, Collman, Dierkes, DuBois, Drumm, Davidson, Delany, Dempsey, Ellwanger, Foley, Fitzgerald, Falk, Flannigan, Alfred Funke, Arthur Funke, Farrell, P. Gibert, Gerlach, J. Greene, Garennes De, G. Gilbert, Girsch, Gifford, H. Gilbert, H. Glass, Grund, Hill, Hannin, Hack, Hagus, Hoerr, Hake,

Hahn, Jackson, Jewett, Keough, Kearnev, Kanmeyer, Kennedy, Keith, Langevin, Leonard, LaMore, H. Mitchell, Mattox, Mott, Molitor, H. Martin, McCartney, Marr, A. McPhillips, McDonough, McLeod, Monarch, H. Mitchell, A. Greene, E. Mithell, W. McDonnell, Morrison, Neef, Nester, O'Neill, O'Rourke, Orton, O'Mara, Pena Dela, Payne, Pomeroy, Prichard, Qull, Quinlan, Russell, W. Regan, Roper, A. Regan, Rend, Spurgeon, Scallan, Stapleton, Sutter, Slevin, Sullivan, Treff, Tong, Thorn, Teeter, Thornton, Thome, Tod, Wellington, G. Weinman, Welch, Zoehrlaut, Zinn.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

Masters Ayers, Ball, Brown, Bixby, Blumenthal, Burns, Blake, A. Crawford, W. Crawford, Cornell, Coon, Curry, Crandall, Chapaton, Cross, Croke, Christ, Corry, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, Ezekiel, E. Furthmann, C. Furthmann, Fuller, Fischer, Fossick, F. Brown, Funke, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Freeman, Girardin, Girsch, Griesheimer, Hoffman, Hathaway, Hamilton, Higginson, Howell, Jonquet, Jones, King, Krollman, Kuehl, Kern, Keeler, Kinney, Loomis, Lonergan, Levi, Lounsbery, G. Lowrey, T. Lowrey, Longevin, Lee, Langley, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Londoner, McPhee, Myers, Maternes, McIntyre, McPhillips, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Marre, MacLeod, Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, Otero, O'Connor, Pellenz, Pie-ser, Patterson, Priestly, Paul, Ransome, Ronning, Rose, Russell, Stephens, Steele, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, L. Stone, Trujillo, Trankle, Vorhang, Wolf, Wilcox, White, Washburne, Windmuller, Young, Zoehrlaut, McGuire.

A Tragedy.

The night was dark—the timid moon had fled
When first appeared the signs of fatal strife
'Twixt elemental powers. Cloud banks rife,
With all the horrors found where War has shed
The blood of millions, hid the stars. Wan Dread
Was riding on th'oppressive air, and life
Did seem about to leave the world—the knife
Of fate to strike all men and nature dead.

Scarce ceased the midnight hour's booming sound,
When burst upon the air a thrilling cry,
It woke the echoes miles and miles around,
And pierced the regions vast of Jove on high:
A youthful female, slain, next morn was found—
Poor puss had caught a boot-jack on the fly!

MAC BOKUM.

Poison in Books.

One day a gentleman in India went into his library and, taking a book from the shelves, felt a slight pain in his finger like the prick of a pin. Soon his finger began to swell, then his arm, and then his whole body, and in a few days he died. It was not a pin among the books, but a small and deadly serpent. There are serpents among the books nowadays; they coil among the flowers whose perfume intoxicates the senses. People are charmed by the plot of the story, the skill with which the characters are sculptured or grouped, and hardly feel the pin-prick of evil that is insinuated. But it stings and poisons.

—*Adelphian*.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Miss Maud Clifford, Class of '89, and Miss F. Kingsbury, for several years an esteemed pupil at St. Mary's, were welcome visitors last week.

—Thanks are returned to Mr. J. Kieffer, of Larimore, North Dakota, for several sets of Buffalo horns, nicely mounted on plush-covered supports.

—The calisthenic exercises are practised every morning during the winter months with an earnestness which must insure beneficial results, and the "home exercisers" are patronized by many.

—The German and French pupils are much interested in their "conversations," held several evenings each week at which no English is allowed. Games, etc., with prizes are aids to that all-important end, fluency in conversation, so rarely attained by even a diligent study of rules and principles.

—The pupils whose notes were lowered last week "on account of absence" hereby tender a vote of thanks to Rev. Father Walsh who so kindly reminded the authorities at St. Mary's that in averaging notes at certain times of the year allowance must be made for the "uncertainty of trains and the difficulty of making railroad connections."

—Rev. Father L'Etourneau, ever thoughtful and kind, did not forget his many St. Mary's friends on the Feast of the Epiphany, but sent a bounteous supply of "Blessed Bread." The Children of Mary, the art pupils and the members of the French classes, were especially remembered. Warm thanks are extended for this favor, only one of many.

—Very Rev. Father General graciously presided at the first distribution of "points" for 1891, and his presence, as well as his words of counsel, seemed as a promise of blessing on the opening year. He expressed himself as pleased with the selection presented by Miss J. Currier, and the recitation of the Minims of the French class—K. and M. Hamilton, B. Windsor, A. E. Dennison and L. McPhillips—who presented a charming scene of a play in a graceful manner.

—Rev. Father Walsh, in a late visit to St. Mary's, addressed the young ladies in his own felicitous way, winning a close and appreciative attention to his golden words. Among other impressive sentiments dwelt upon, the Rev. President of the University spoke of the happiness which always accompanies the faithful discharge of duty, and pointed out the means whereby strength is obtained in its pursuit. His counsels will be long remembered and, it is to be hoped, practised by those to whom they were addressed.

—Among the visitors of the past week were: Mrs. B. Roberts, Topeka, Kas.; Mrs. P. Roesing,

Mrs. M. Haines, Mrs. J. Quinlan, C. G. Bogart, Mrs. C. C. Germain, Mrs. A. D. Philpot, J. L. Cummings, Chicago; W. H. Hally, Decatur, Ill.; M. Kennedy, Morris, Ill.; A. V. Scherrer, Denver, Col.; Mrs. W. L. Root, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. P. Haitz, Morris, Ill.; Mrs. D. Kelly, Danville, Ill.; Mrs. M. Hackett, Watertown, Wis.; Mrs. B. Hess, Ottawa, Ill.

Our Queen Regent.

Enthroned in Mary's arms the Infant King
Of Bethlehem holds His court;
His tiny human hands to Mary cling,
And as a bird its morning flight doth wing
To where the sun athwart
The swaying boughs is beaming, there to sing,
So, 'neath the sunlight of her gentle eyes,
The King of heaven and earth contented lies.

The Magi humbly offer gifts to her,
Sweet Bethlehem's love-crowned Queen,
Their gold and frankincense, their priceless myrrh;
And she a mother's blessing doth confer,
With loving, gentle mien,
And 'neath her smile their noblest longings stir.
Ah! would that we were humblest serving knight
Unto our Mother, Regent Queen most bright!

"Order is Heaven's First Law."

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and the earth was without form and void"; but His *fiat* went forth:

"Confusion heard His voice, and wild Uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast Infinitude confined;
Till at His second bidding, Darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung."

God made man to rule this mighty earth, to serve his Creator, and in that service order was to be preserved, as is amply shown by the minute directions given by the Almighty in the regulations ordained for the ceremonies attending divine worship. Nature proclaims the necessity and beauty of order in her every manifestation. The heavenly bodies observe course, proportion and position; the myriad-hued flowers that deck the earth observe such order in their propagation and growth that a study of their characteristics has been reduced to a science, and each floweret that blossoms on hill or in dale may by its aid be classified. The very formation of the earth's strata shows that God's works have ever gone on in perfect order. Those massive rocks have been formed through long ages of time, and in regular succession. Again, in the study of the animal kingdom do we find conformity to fixed laws in regard to all that pertains to life.

No characteristic of nature is without its application to man; and the lesson taught by the order to be seen on all sides and in all objects is one that must be learned, if we would attain success in any undertaking. People may complain of the "Red Tape," connected with government matters, may speak in terms of contempt when ceremony delays an expected preferment, may quote the old saying, "Rome works slowly"; but "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and haste seldom conduces to perfection in either mental or physical achievements. The biographer of Noah Webster says that "method was the principle of his life"; and so it should be to all who would accomplish great and worthy ends. It is related of Washington that, even as a child, his every duty was methodically done, and his career as a noble leader illustrated the old saying "the boy is father to the man." Ruskin, in speaking of his literary work, when he was a young writer, says: "It was always done as quietly and methodically as a piece of tapestry. I knew exactly what I had to say, put the words firmly in their places, like so many stitches, hemmed the edges of chapters round with what seemed to me graceful flourishes, and touched them, finally, with my cunningest points of color."

In the humbler walks of life, also, is order essential to success; and nowhere does it assert its importance, as a factor in the happiness of mankind, more strongly than in the everyday duties that constitute a housewife's cares. When order does not reign in a home, there can never be perfect peace, for we are all more or less influenced by surroundings; and if meals, the arrangement of the furniture, the thousand and one details of life, are dependent upon caprice, one soon begins to think that if "variety is the spice of life," a little less spice and a degree or two more of order and regularity would add much to comfort and happiness.

There are some who seem to think that, at least in the matter of study, we need not be governed by fixed rules; that we need only study everything that comes within our reach to become learned. But in the acquirement of knowledge there must be system if one hopes to succeed; otherwise, the mind becomes like a vast library, wherein the books are neither indexed nor classified, but are left in disorder on the dusty shelves.

There is, however, but "a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," and some take that step when they adhere too closely to "heaven's first law." Who has not seen houses (they are not homes) where the very atmosphere suggests

mathematics; where the chairs stand at a certain angle from one year's end to the other, and where even the dust might be excused for trying to form regular nodes. The guardians of such order would not depart from the fixed code of household laws for even sweet charity's sake.

It is not such exactitude that tends to improvement or success in any line of action, but that order which quietly gives every hour its appointed duty, and performs it thoroughly. In the exercise of this quality, as in all others, the golden mean should serve as a guide; for if order is a virtue, "moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of virtues."

IRENE HORNER (*Class '91*).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Balch, Bero, E. Burns, Brady, R. Butler, A. Butler, Breen, Bradford, Bonebrake, Brocard, Clarke, Currier, Charles, Cohoon, Cowan, Crilly, Cooper, Dennison, L. Du Bois, B. Du Bois, D. Davis, Dempsey, M. Donehue, Mary Donehue, Dongherty, Daley, Evoy, Eisenstadt, Farwell, Fehr, Fitzsimmons, Griffith, Green, Good, Grauman, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Mollie Hess, Maude Hess, Hanson, Holmes, Hunt, Hopkins, T. Kimmell, Kasper, Kieffer, Kinney, Lauth, Ludwig, Leahy, F. Moore, N. Morse, M. Moynahan, A. Moynahan, McFarland, Murphy, M. Moore, Murison, McCormack, N. Moore, S. McGuire, McPhillips, McCarthy, Norris, Naughton, O'Brien, O'Leary, Quinlan, Quinn, M. Roberts, G. Roberts, Root, Rizer, Ruger, Rose, Ryder, Spurgeon, M. Smyth, Sanford, M. Schermerhorn, N. Schermerhorn, Sena, Thirds, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Wile, Witkowski, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Whitmore, Wolff, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Augustin, M. H. Bachrach, Boos, M. Burns, M. Bachrach, Bartholomew, Cowan, Coady, Crandall, Clifford, M. Davis, Dennison, B. Davis, Doble, Fossick, N. Gilmore, B. Germain, P. Germain, Hickey, Holmes E. Hamond, Kasper, Kellner, Kelly, McLaughlin, Mabbs, Meskill, Mills, Mestling, A. O'Mara, Palmer, E. Quealy, Rosing, Scherrer, J. Smyth, Schaefer, S. Smyth, Tormey, Van Liew, White, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Eldred, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, M. Hamilton, Henry, L. McPhillips, A. McCarthy, McKenna, Otero, L. Smith, V. Smith, Windsor, Young.

BOTTICELLI'S MADONNA IN THE LOUVRE.

What strange presentiment, O Mother, lies
On thy waste brow and sadly folded lips,
Forefeeling the Light's terrible eclipse
On Calvary, as if love made thee wise,
And thou couldst read in those dear Infant eyes
The sorrow that beneath their smiling sleeps,
And guess what bitter tears a mother weeps
When the cross darkens her unclouded skies?

Sad Lady, if some mother passing thee,
Should feel a throb of thy foreboding pain,
And think, "My child at home clings so to me,
With the same smile . . . and yet in vain, in vain,
Since even this Jesus died on Calvary"—
Say to her then: "He also rose again."

EDITH WHARTON in *Scribner's Magazine*.