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No. 18.

Montmartre, Paris.

In an age like ours, when cold Materialism is the one great enemy opposing the onward and upward march of Religion, it must have been a heavenly inspiration that impelled faithful souls everywhere to cherish, now more than ever, devotion to the Sacred Heart of the Redeemer of the world. Indifference in matters of religion, or, rather, an all-pervading selfishness, unconscious it may be, but nevertheless existing, constitutes the spirit of the age. What is now needed, within as well as without the Church, is charity; not the charity that begins at home and stops there, as Materialism would suggest, but the love of the heart for God and all that may be referred to Him. And what more powerful motive can be adduced to instil into souls this spirit of Christian charity than the reminder of the love of God Himself for them, and all that was done for them through that infinite Love? "God hath so loved the world as to give His Only-Begotten Son that the world might be saved by Him." And what thoughts come welling up in the Christian soul, seeking to realize the awful significance of the hypostatic union implied in the deep mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God, when he thinks of a human heart beating responsive to the emotions, if we may dare, to use the word, of infinite Love. Truly, the one thing necessary to bring about the unhappy sinner's return to his Heavenly Father, to keep alive sentiments of childlike trust and confidence in God, the Creator and Provider, is supplied in this devotion to the Sacred Heart by which the thought of love and mercy is, above all, brought before him; and, aided by the very promptings of nature, he

is moved to make a return of love, and give his heart to Him who made it.

There is much in Paris to make one realize the significance of such thoughts. It is pre-eminently a city of churches, of monumental temples which serve, perhaps more effectually than in any other city, save Rome, to unite the past with the present in religious traditions, and to transmit, untarnished and undiminished, those mementos of the Ages of Faith, which, though at all times they have found fitting expression, must in our days exercise a singularly potent influence upon the affairs of men and their social relations.

One especially cannot fail to attract the attention and impress the mind of the observer. It crowns the summit of a lofty hill overlooking the whole city. It is the Church of the National Vow—or, as it may be called, the shrine of the Sacred Heart for the whole Christian world—the point at which are concentrated, before they ascend to heaven, those loving aspirations of the human soul that spring from the most beautiful of all devotions inspired by the Christian religion. The eminence is Montmartre—the hill of martyrs—a noble pedestal upon which to rear aloft an unfading monument to the God of Charity.

I.

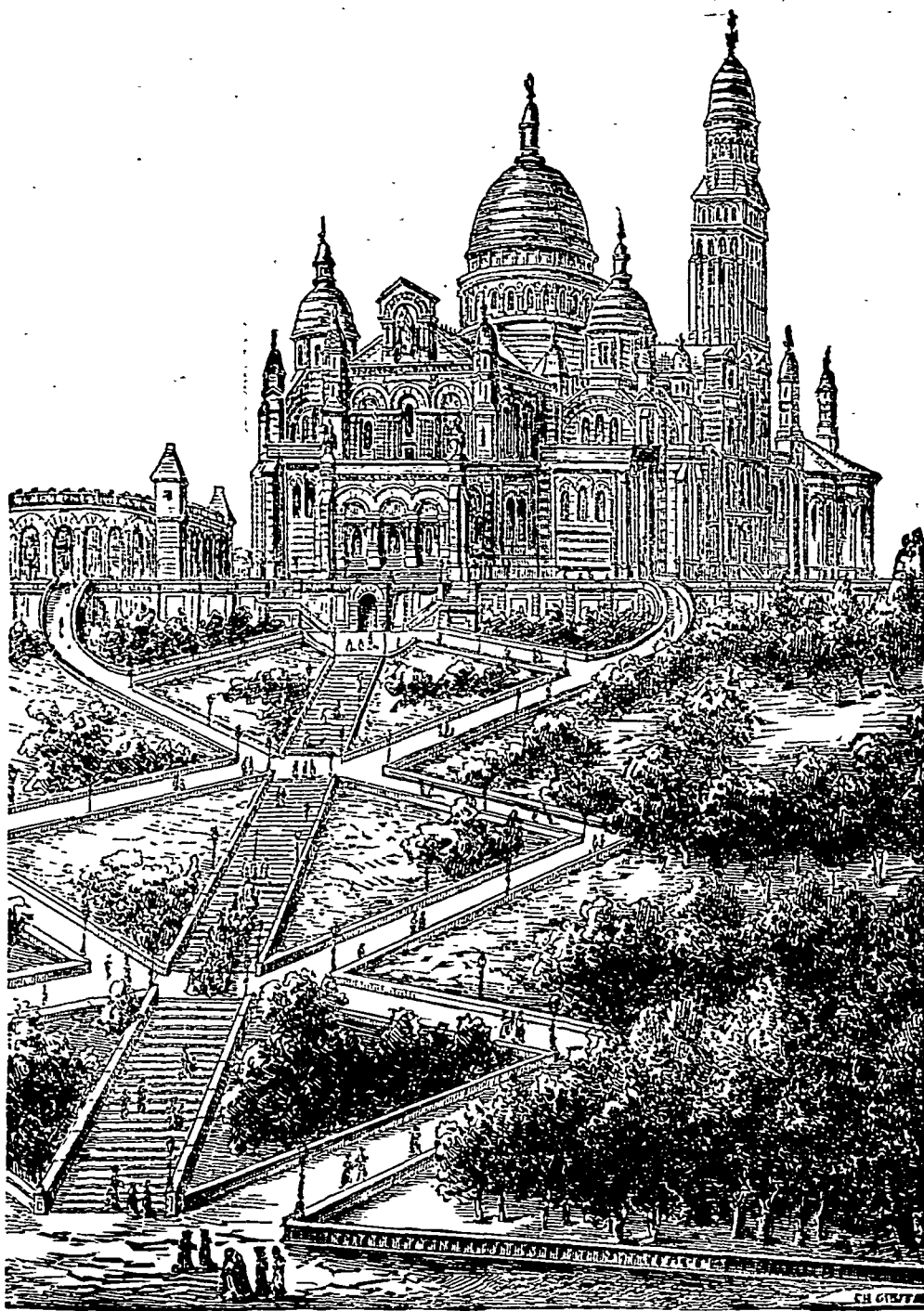
Montmartre is a hill on the northern limits of the city of Paris rising to a height of about four hundred feet above the River Seine. Some derive its name from a temple said to have been erected in pagan days to the god Mars (*Mons Martis*); but the more commonly received opinion is that it was the scene of the martyrdom of St. Denis, the first Archbishop of Paris, and his companions in the year 240, owing to which fact the hill was called *Mons*

Martyrium—"Hill of the Martyrs." Certain it is that this little hill, from the first ages of Christianity down to our own day, has been marked by most striking events, political as well as religious. Something of the supernatural seems at all times to have characterized it, as if God had designed this spot of earth for the accomplishments of things above the natural order. In its latest rôles, in the political order, it appeared as the witness of the final struggle between the French army and the allied forces on March 30, 1814, and during the memorable siege of Paris in 1871, when the cannons on Montmartre were seized by the Communists, and the terrible insurrection was begun.

It was in the midst of the disasters of this latter period that the famous "Vow of Poitiers," which subsequently became the "National Vow," was made by a number of Catholic gentlemen driven from Paris to Poitiers. It was resolved that, to propitiate Heaven in the presence of the evils that had befallen France, and as a work of reparation for the insults which had been offered His infinite Majesty, the people contribute to the erection at Paris of a sanctuary dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. With an unanimity and enthusiasm rarely equalled the French people entered into the spirit of this vow and responded to its appeal. It received the approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff, and after many obstacles had been surmounted—not the least being the purchase of the site from the Government, for which a special decree was passed—the first fruits were shown on the 16th of June, 1875, when the corner-stone of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart was solemnly laid on the summit of Montmartre by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, in the presence of numerous bishops, priests, religious, princes, government officials and an immense concourse of people.

From that time the work proceeded slowly but steadily. One apparently insurmountable difficulty had been presented in laying the foundations. It was well known that Montmartre, after the course of years, had been to a great extent honeycombed by graves and cells and

catacombs, and very probably could afford but an insecure support for the proposed grand edifice. However, investigations made by expert engineers showed that these crevices did not penetrate that part of the hill upon which the Church was to be erected. But, for greater security, a plan, which involved a gigantic and expensive undertaking, was, after long deliberation, followed. In accordance with this, shafts were sunk to the level of the bottom of the hill



BASILICA OF THE SACRED HEART

Montmartre, Paris

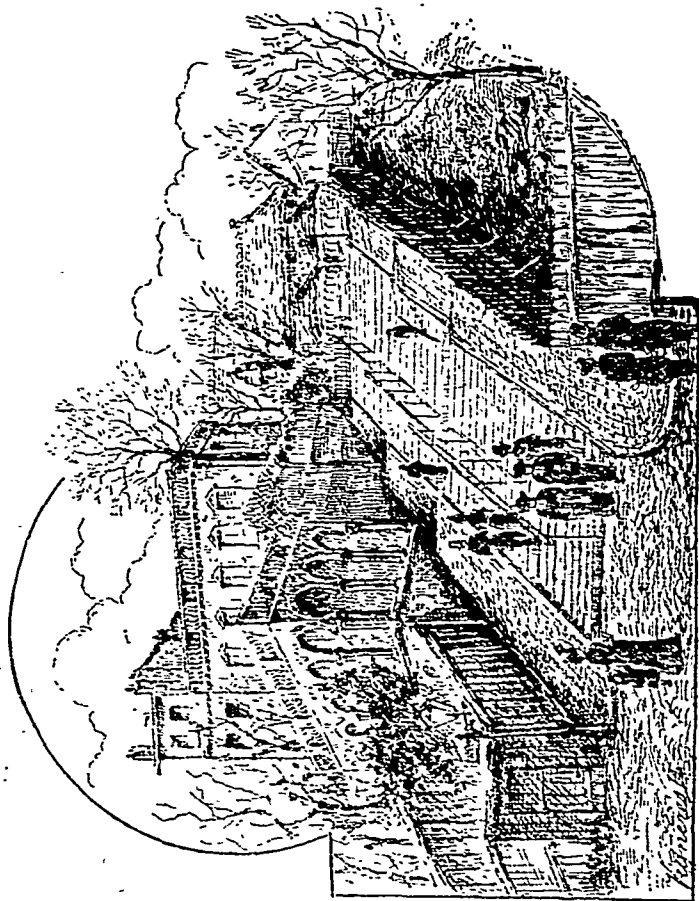
and eighty-three pillars of concrete and stone masonry, more than one hundred feet in length and twenty feet square, were formed, and upon these now rest the pillars of the Church.

The basilica is still incomplete. Its front and sides are, to some extent, defaced by the immense scaffolding required for the work on the magnificent dome and the great towers, while the approaches to the main entrance do

not as yet present the beautiful appearance called for in the general design and as shown in the accompanying illustration. But it is confidently expected that before two years shall have gone by this magnificent temple will stand forth revealed in all its grandeur and glory.

II.

The visitor to the basilica, if he wishes to avoid a long *detour*, will take one of the stairs



on either side of the hill. There may be 250 steps, but if one has the use of his limbs that is not thought of in view of the surroundings and the associations they call to mind. As he ascends, the majestic proportions of the sacred edifice—all in pure white stone—are revealed before him and produce a striking effect. On arriving at the summit he will pass through the "Visitors' Gate" in the temporary wooden fences surrounding the edifice and around to the front or main portico. There let him stop for a moment and turn from the building. What a spectacle meets his gaze! There before him lies the great city, the capital of France! Paris, the beautiful, the grand, lies, as it were, at his feet spread out in all its immensity. It is one of the most picturesque, inspiring sights that can be imagined. Like to one standing upon a cliff and looking out upon the mighty storm-tossed, vessel-bedecked ocean, the visitor to Montmartre gazes upon the metropolis before him, with its myriads of roofs, steeples and towers and domes, and up from their midst come the confused murmuring sounds of the

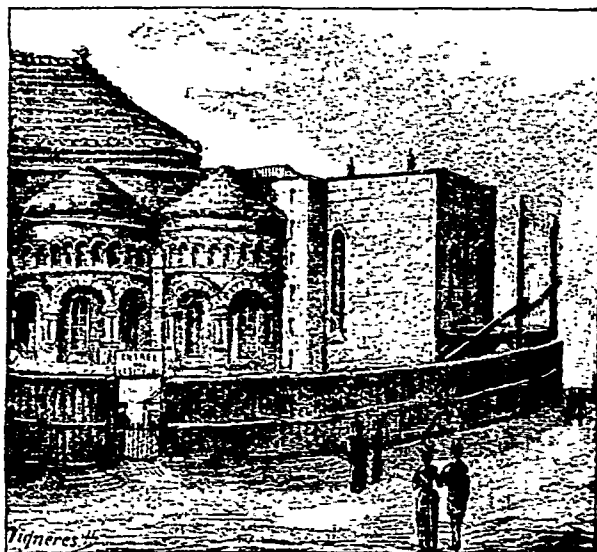
restless, moving life and activity which they enclose, and the imagination dreams of the distant music of ocean's waves as they break upon the glistening strand. So thought two travellers one fine Saturday morning in July last as they stood upon the temporary platform in front of the basilica.

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But their attention was, for the moment, very agreeably diverted from the splendid panorama unfolded before them. It was the occasion of the blessing of the new stone presented to the sacred edifice by a number of school children of Paris. The little ones—the boys in charge of the Christian Brothers and the girls under the direction of the Sisters—had assisted at Mass; and, after marching processionally through the interior of the Basilica, had gathered upon the platform in front, while their delighted parents crowded the portico. More than a thousand little throats were sending forth with all their might, but yet with beautiful musical precision and harmony, the sympathetic melody and words of that appealing hymn to the Sacred Heart of which the refrain is:

"Dieu de clémence,
Dieu, protecteur,
Sauvez, sauvez la France
Au nom du Sacré Cœur."

It was with difficulty their ardor could be repressed sufficiently to permit the voices of the venerable curé and his assistants to be heard. But at length silence was obtained, the celebrant sang the prayers and the stone was blessed. Then the band burst forth with its gladsome notes responsive to the emotions of joy that filled all hearts. There was nothing singular in

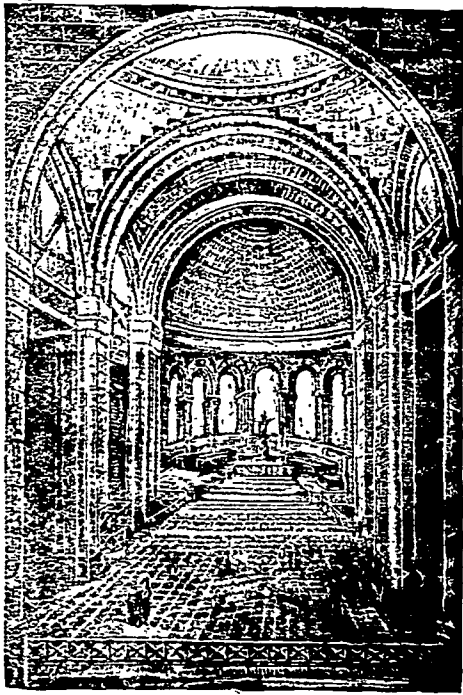


VISITORS' ENTRANCE.

it all. More impressive spectacles are of frequent occurrence in the countless pilgrimages that are made to the basilica from the churches of Paris and throughout France.

III.

Let us turn to the basilica. It is in the Byzantine-Roman order, constructed after the plans of the celebrated architect Abadie. It is more than 350 feet in length and 180 in width. The principal façade or front of the building looks towards Paris. Long stone steps lead up to the portico through three immense arches supported by pillars which are adorned with little stone col-



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

umns. The porch itself is formed of arcades resting upon columns and covered by semi-spherical vaults. Like the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople there are two porches—an interior and an exterior *narthex*. Above the porch is a niche, in which it is designed to place a marble statue of the Sacred Heart which will add to the beauty of the whole. On either side of the façade are two turrets each crowned by a small dome. The form of the edifice is essentially that of a Greek cross, though the general design is broken, and its beauty enhanced by the figures with which the sides are adorned.

Above are five small domes, flanked by eighteen turrets, surrounding the large dome in the centre. The small domes are octagonal in shape, and have the sides decorated by columns and stained glass windows. The large dome, as it rises from the building, is also octagonal, but at a certain height it assumes a circular form. The stone used in the construction of the basilica is as hard as granite, receives a polish like marble, and whitens on exposure to the air.

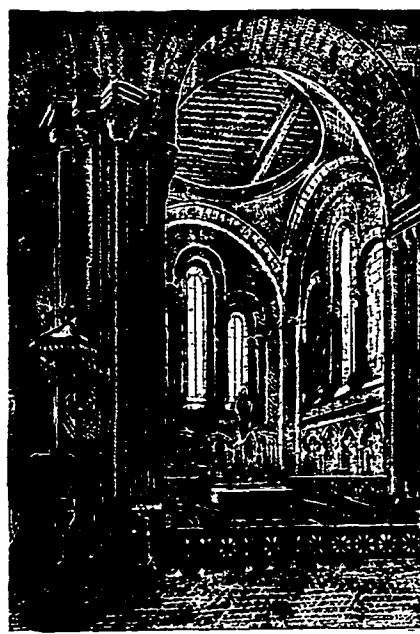
On entering the church one is impressed with a sense of awe and grandeur, intensified by the feeling of being present within a sanctuary upon which are concentrated the devotion and

piety of a whole world. The immense vaulted ceilings, the massive pillars, the columns and arches forming the entrances to the chapels on either side, the choir and the sanctuary cut off from the body of the church by its beautiful *grille*, the grand marble altar in the centre beneath the circular arch of the great dome; all this produces a striking impression upon the beholder. But more than all else, the Blessed Sacrament exposed for public adoration—the exposition of the Reality of which the large gilded statue of the Sacred Heart above the main altar is the symbol—enters deep into the soul and causes one to realize how perfectly is the Christian heart everywhere in sympathy with that cry of an afflicted nation expressed in those words printed in large gold letters beneath the arch of the dome:

SACRATISSIMO CORDI JESU, GALLIA PŒNITENS ET DEVOTA.

There are fifteen chapels, the gifts of different dioceses or private subscription, the principal of which is the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, immediately behind the main altar, where the Blessed Sacrament is preserved. The pillars in the church are inscribed with the names of those who defrayed the cost of their erection. Several massive pillars near the sanctuary, as may be seen from the inscriptions, are the gifts of the Religious of Holy Cross at Neuilly.

The Blessed Sacrament is exposed day and night. The piety and zeal of the faithful of France have caused the perpetual adoration to be one of the great works attached to Mont-



CHAPEL OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

martre. Each hour in the twenty-four has its adorers before the Sacred Heart in the Sacrament of His Love. The nocturnal adoration is made at regularly appointed times by members of religious orders, associations, confraternities, etc., and very frequently it is made the object of pilgrimages from other cities. At the same time this devotion is not limited to any class. Catholic senators and deputies have their night of adoration,

and individual adorers are to be seen in great numbers, at all hours, from every rank and condition of society, all anxious to form part

of a Guard of Honor to their Lord and God constantly present in the Sacrament of Love.

The crypt has a special, pathetic interest, being said to symbolize the penitential part of the inscription over the main altar, as the upper portion of the church where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed answers to its devout part. The crypt also contains fifteen chapels, the soft, funereal light permeating the whole expressing the penitential spirit of the devout Christian. Among these chapels there is one in the centre, called the Chapel of St. Peter, so designed by the architect that the priest at the altar can see at once the altars in the seven other chapels that surround it.

But it would be impossible for us to speak of everything in connection with this grand Basilica. As we have said, it is as yet incomplete, and this is especially true of the interior decorations. There are numerous and immense stained-glass windows, beautiful mosaics, etc.; but the work is still going on, and must continue, perhaps for several years more before all is made perfect. As it is to-day the basilica towers above the great city, in all its grandeur, the tribute of a devout Christian world to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

IV.

It would be beyond our province to speak of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, which, it may be said, forms an integral element of the Christian religion. But we may say to the Christian reader that fitting expression to this beautiful and most salutary devotion will be found in union with the "League of the Sacred Heart," called "The Apostleship of Prayer," an association approved by the Church, and placed under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers. The Director for the United States is the Rev. F. X. Brady, S. J., Editor of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, Philadelphia, Pa. Branch associations exist at Notre Dame, Ind. C.

James Clarence Mangan and Gerald Griffin.

The high-water mark of culture in the present age is, like time, ever advancing. And as each succeeding year deposits a fresh stratum on that permanent rock, thereby making it the more massive, so, too, each literary genius adds to the grandeur of his literature. But whereas in the case of the rock each layer is for a time hidden, in literature the interior is continually laid open to view by the critics' researches. Therefrom we can, geologist-like, enumerate the different periods of learning in the annals of any people and their rank as a civilized race amongst their fellow-creatures. As a result, it is invariably found that in proportion as were letters cultivated or neglected their moral status increased or decreased.

The Irish are not exceptions to this principle. When the bright lamp of learning shone forth

from their shores, casting its intensely luminous rays far out on the murky waves of ignorance and barbarism surrounding on all sides, they were, beyond doubt, inhabitants of "An Island of Scholars and Saints." But when groaning under the oppression of invading hordes, her classic light began to flicker in its socket and be threatened with extinction, the quondam morality languished. This same story has been repeated more than once in the Celtic annals of Christianity. Nevertheless their roll shows a list of famous literati—poets, essayists, novelists, etc. Goldsmith, for simplicity and exquisitely easy style, has not, thus far, been surpassed by any writer of the English language. Among the poets we see Tom Moore, Gerald Griffin, Oliver Goldsmith and amongst the last James Clarence Mangan. As comparatively little is known of Griffin, and yet less of the latter, it may not be out of place, by comparing their early circumstance and those surrounding their later career, to give some idea of their respective merits and claims on the educated.

James Clarence Mangan was born in Dublin, Ireland, in the year 1803, the same which marked the nativity of Gerald Griffin. His parents were not in a very affluent position, his father being a grocer, who failed in his business; but who, despite all material troubles, gave James the best education he could possibly afford. The locality of his boyhood was not enticing; and, outside of the near inhabitants, no one knew ought of "Derby Square." Even to this day that part of the metropolis has but slightly altered; and, with the exception of a change in one or two names, the slums of South Dublin are as unsightly as ever. I can easily imagine amongst

"The playful children just let loose from school,"

young James slowly wending his way homeward all alone—alone as was to be his wont in after years. His schooling being finished—no one is aware of the when? or how? for he never kept a diary or wrote a biography—Clarence entered on his life of drudgery; and of the ten years following we know scarcely an item exactly, but conclude that for the first seven he was employed in a scribe's office at a very mean pay, and that the last three saw him toiling in an attorney's office. All these weary years the future poet had not wherewith to buy the smallest luxury. Every muscle had to be strained to gain sustenance for his mother, brother and sister, who depended on him for support. Ah, these weary, dreary years! In truth, he might have said with Griffin:

"My soul is sick and lone,
No social ties its love entwine;
A heart upon a desert thrown
Beats not in solitude like mine."

It must appear a marvel to many that the extremely sensitive, over-shy, good-natured Mangan could have borne so bravely his heavy crosses. This he did, however, and more; these trials were but the nimbi that foreran the lowering storm-clouds sullenly scowling on the hori-

zon. By day James was a "diligent" drudge, by night a hard student. He burned the midnight oil in abundance, sipping the honey from classic flowers; otherwise his vast knowledge of Spanish, French, German and his acquaintance with Persian, Irish and the "Coptic" cannot be accounted for. Each night saw him in solitude in his little garret, unlocking the rich treasures of Schiller, Goethe, or some genius equally great, and storing them in his capacious intellect. After these years there intervened a dark and dreary blank of four or five more, an abyss, so to speak, in his life. He formed an intimate friendship with some hard-hearted wretches who, after turning him to their greatest advantage, deserted him. Defeated in his hopes of greatness, sneered at by all, a penniless wanderer, Mangan dragged on his wretched existence. To alleviate bodily suffering he had recourse to brandy and opium, two of the most powerful narcotics known — palliatives which have either wholly or permanently destroyed the talent of Coleridge, DeQuincy, Savage and Poe. In 1830 he commenced to publish his poems in a Dublin weekly paper, for which he received the least possible payment. At last, through the intervention of Dr. Todd of Trinity College, who appreciated his talents thoroughly and was moved to pity, Clarence was given a position in the magnificent College Library, for which he was eminently fitted by his polyglot qualities. This circumstance, beyond doubt, proved the happiest of his life.

* * *

Having treated thus far of James's life prior to the publication of his first work, a few particulars of Griffin's career anterior to his first publication will not be out of place.

Gerald Griffin first saw the light of day in 1803 at Limerick, Ireland. His family emigrated to the United States in 1820, leaving our *protégé*, then seventeen years of age, in the care of an elder brother at Adare. From early boyhood he showed a liking for poetry and from time to time essayed short pieces. However, at "Sweet Adare" he really went to work, producing numerous lyrics, sonnets, etc., the pick of which appeared in the Limerick periodicals. In 1821 he wrote a tragedy named "Aguire," which cost him much time and a great amount of labor. Finally, discovering his surroundings uncongenial to the successful cultivation of the Muse, he went to London, in 1823, with "Aguire" in his pocket. His life in the premier metropolis bore some resemblance to that of Mangan in Dublin. His early dreams were baffled; and betimes his affable, genial and too good-hearted Celtic nature made his days almost unendurable.

Gerald's next achievement was a tragedy, "Gisippus," which, though unsuccessful at first, was, after his decease, played at Drury Lane with great *éclat*. Little by little, his undeniable genius prevailed on the public mind, and Griffin's reputation as a magazine writer increased.

"Holland-Tide" and "Tales of a Munster Festival" appeared in 1827 and elicited a favorable judgment from the most competent critics. In 1828 "The Collegians" was written. It is by far the best of his prose works and has not yet been surpassed as a truthful picture of Irish life. From 1828 to 1838 many novels, short stories and verses appeared, the most important being "The Invasion," "The Rivals," "Duke of Monmouth," "Aylmers of Bally Aylmer," "Tales of a Jury Room," "The Physiologist," "Tales of the Five Senses." In 1838 Gerald, having fully fathomed the depth of the world's vanity, joined the Christian Brothers, and for the remaining two years of his earthly pilgrimage enjoyed that celestial peace which only a religious training can give. In prose his most valuable work is "The Invasion," which casts a flood of light on the customs of Ancient Ireland. His poetry I will consider at greater length, comparing it with that of Mangan.

* * *

How long Clarence was employed at Trinity is uncertain. It must have been some years. Suffice it to say that, although a hopeless slave to opium, he regularly contributed his exquisite translations from the German, "Coptic" and Spanish to the *Dublin University Magazine*. From 1842-47 he contributed many of his finest Irish pieces to *The Nation*, a Dublin weekly, by the medium of which he became connected with the leading Irish patriots of the time, and ultimately threw in his lot with theirs. Gradually his energy of yore decreased. He frequently fell into the deepest despair and daily grew more morose, till in time he seemed rather a grim corpse than a human being. "And now," says John Mitchell, "his life was wasted and gone; the very powers of his intellect and imagination, wherein he could freely live and move formerly, now lying darkened and bound in the torpor produced by a terrible drug, what could be wished for but freedom from that bond?" This freedom came at last; and in June 1849 there passed away one who may be truly said to have led a dual life. The last scene of what may be styled a tragedy was enacted in an hospital in Meath St. where James was brought suffering from a severe attack of cholera. His last moments were happy. He died in the faith of his forefathers, the consoling words of the priest being the last he heard in this world.

As a poet, Mangan has been underrated. Till late his works were comparatively unknown, and many of the minor songsters reigned in the Irish homestead to his total exclusion. His poetry, when compared with that of Griffin, shows a certain sadness, not altogether unperceivable in the latter's compositions. But with his unhappy career before our eyes, his

"Life's day being darked with the storm and ill," we can easily account for this. Yet, like Griffin, he does not weary his reader with plaintive cries continually maintained; but unconscious

he sang a melancholy strain. Pardon him if circumstances did not permit him to exclaim, like Gerald,

"Methought I roved on shining walks
'Mid odorous groves and wreathed bowers."

Pardon, I pray, and when he sings in more joyous numbers you will be pleased all the more. For instance, his translation of Ruerckert's "Dying Flower"—

"How often soared my soul aloft,
In balmy bliss too deep to speak,
When zephyr came and kissed with soft
Sweet incense-breath my blushing cheek!"—

is really soft and pleasing. For depth of feeling he outshone Griffin; but when he makes any attempt at humor he must be content with second place. As lyrists both are great. But whereas Gerald wrote the more, and, as a rule, the better, many of James's excel. Although "Know Ye not That Lovely River" and the "Merriest Bird on Bush or Tree" by the former are sweet, I doubt if they will reach the standard of the latter's very beautiful "Autumn Song" from Tieck, "The Violet" from Goethe or "The Wail and Warning of three Kalamanders." But you can see their respective values for yourself. Thus, the following

"Know ye not that lovely river?
Know ye not that smiling river?
Whose gentle flood,
By cliff and wood,
With wildering sound goes wand'ring ever.
Oh! often yet with feeling strong,
On that dear stream my memory ponders,
And still I prize the murmuring song,
For by my childhood's home it wanders,"

is simple, nay even pathetic. But how dwarf-like and puny when compared with that exquisitely musical piece of Mangan's, "The Warning of the three Kalamanders":

"La'laha, il Allah!
Pleasure tempts, yet man has none
Save himself t' accuse, if her
Temptings prove, when all is done
Lures hung out by Lucifer.
Guard your fire in youth, O Friends!
Manhood's but Phosphorous,
And bad luck attends and ends
Boating down the Bosporous!"

La'laha, il Allah!
The Phosphorous, the Bosporous!
Youth's fire soon wanes to Phosphorous
And slight luck or grace attends
Your boaters down the Bosporous."

In his "Irish National Hymn" Clarence shows that betimes he had some force of spirit, but it was only like some scintillating star, gradually waning, till finally it ends in gloom. Gerald again excels in heart-rousing songs; yet both are much below Davis in this line. Griffin, however, was no translator, whilst Mangan ranks high in this respect. His paraphrases are very often stronger, more musical and more wrought with art than the originals, and even Schiller and Goethe lose nothing at his hands. On the whole, Mangan's strongest feature is in touching the plaintive chords. His "Nameless One," of which the following

lines are especially striking, contains an almost inconceivable depth of pathos and with a knowledge of Clarence's life, it is perhaps the most profoundly moving poem in the English language. What a tale the following stanzas tell!

"Tell how this Nameless One, condemned for years
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears,
Long for even death.

"Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove,—

"And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights.

"Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms. There let him dwell;
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble
Here and in hell."

With the general consensus of opinion, I unite in placing Mangan with Goldsmith as the greatest Irish poets. Some may differ from this opinion. It matters not; they must allow that he was a genius. Gerald Griffin would most certainly have produced something more durable had he lived longer. But as it is he must be content with taking a second place to James Clarence Mangan. For,

A sweeter bird in all the brilliant roll
Of Erin's bards than Mangan hath not sung;
A greater poet, a more gifted tongue,
Thus far hath not aroused the Celtic soul.
Though poor and ever lowly, to condole
His fellow-sufferers was his aim. Among
A wretched, low, impoverished class he sprung
To greatness. Keeping for desired goal
Fair Fame (alas, too oft he reached the jail!)
Unknown, despised, he carolled soothing lays
To all. Delighted by his minstrelsy,
All hearkened to his matchless art. Some fail
To render homage and befitting praise,
To one who doubtless ruled Fair Poesy.

A. KEHOE.

—Mr. W. H. Harper, a "corrector of the press," in an article on "Proof-Reading" in the *Printers' Register* gives a specimen of how the reading-boy deals with the productions of the Poet-Laureate in the way of business:

"Double quotes You smallcaps mus' wak an' call me hurlycom call me hurlycom mother dearsem (sniff).

"Tohyphenmorrer posill be the 'appiest time of all the glad Newcaphyphen year-sem (gasp).

"Ofcap all the glad Newcaphyphen year com mother com the maddest merriest daysem (sniff).

"Forcap Hiposom to be Queencap opos the Maycap com mothercom Hiposm to be Queencap opos the Maycap full close double rule Tennysonitalsfull."

This apparent jargon is the result of reading by "caps and points," so as to insure absolute accuracy in the minutest details of punctuation, capitalization, etc., "com." is the reader's contraction for "comma;" "sem." for "semicolon;" "pos." for "apostrophe;" and so on.—*Publishers' Circular*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, January 9, 1892.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-FIFTH 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.

—Classes were resumed on Monday last, and are in active operation for the new session. It is expected that from now until June the college work will be marked by that energy and "push" which a renewal of forces should bring with it.

—The beginning of a new term at Notre Dame is always characterized by a notable addition to the attendance of students. The present term forms no exception to the general rule. Many new names are found registered in the books of the Secretary, bespeaking the popularity and widespread influence which mark the administration of our *Alma Mater*.

—Our last issue, though dated January 2, was, owing to circumstances, printed and published on December 31, and thus, an event of more than ordinary interest has remained for notice until the present. We refer to the New Years' reception to Very Rev. Father General Sorin. It was with the sincerest pleasure that all at Notre Dame, not alone his spiritual children in the Community, but the Faculty and students, greeted him on that day, and wished him the continued improvement in health with which he has been recently blessed. The venerable Founder said Mass at an early hour and, after a little rest, received those who thronged to see him. After the members of the Community had expressed their well-wishes, the Faculty waited upon him, and Rev. President Walsh presented their cordial felicitations, to which the venerable Superior feelingly responded. Despite the stormy weather that prevailed, the presence and words of Father Founder sent a ray of sunshine that gladdened all hearts and inspired renewed aspirations to Heaven that a life so dear may be prolonged for years and years to come.

Appearances.

We are often perplexed to see a man who is seemingly upright and honest in every action grow more and more unpopular every day. Starting out in life with a brilliant intellect, thoroughly trained by a long and judicious course of study; his prospects seem most flattering and enviable, but when he comes to take his place in the profession he has chosen and offers to fight the world's battles, he finds the world will not trust him, but on the contrary, ridicules his every action and forces him into the background, while men with not one half his talent or wisdom are given the very foremost rank.

There are, no doubt, many reasons why men who have the ability to do a great good to their fellow-men are not appreciated, but it recurs to me that the most important one is to be found in the unpardonable vanity with which such men regard their own abilities. Few of them are bold enough to directly laud their personal achievements, but they are so full of self, that it appears in their every movement, and becomes obvious in their every action. Men naturally desire to be popular and receive their share of the world's esteem, and the moment they see one of their fellows trying to absorb the modicum they consider their just due they abandon his cause and denounce him as unworthy their support. Now this instinctive judgment springs from the basest sentiment in the human heart—selfishness; but it is none the less certain on that account, and seldom fails in detecting the egotist, whom it is unsafe to trust. Two concomitant vices which spring directly from this vanity are selfishness and deceit. Analyze the heart of him whose craving desire for popularity has never been appeased, and you will find an overweening selfishness the central principle and the motor of his whole life. Now there is no vice which the human heart so abhors and cries out against as selfishness; and no matter how well concealed it may be, if it exist at all, the instinctive intuition of the heart will discover it where the intellect might altogether fail. No one recognizes this fact more clearly than the habitually selfish man, and hence his futile endeavors to conceal his true character. This leads him into the well-trodden avenues of deceit, until, at last, naturally enough, his friends forsake him, and he begins to despise himself.

From this very principle often proceed great charities. The selfish man frequently gives largely of his wealth for the laudable purpose

of convincing the world that he is generous. But the world is not blind to such speciousness. It is not enough that the charity be beneficent in its practical application; it must come as a spontaneous outburst of a noble heart, a heart moved by natural goodness and sympathy with the unfortunate in their distress. I think the assertion justifiable that the greater proportion of the money dispensed to the poor is given through the impulse of a base and unworthy motive. Of course it does not matter to the needy recipient what may have been the operative agency which tended to his relief; but in this case if the donor receive no other recompense than that which he sought, the praise and approbation of his fellow-men, then his reward is certainly meagre enough, and not a valuable consideration. There is nothing wrong in this: the principle is just as it should be, for he who gives with a calculating hope of thus rendering his name popular performs an action deserving of no reward.

The *fiat* is universally promulgated throughout the world that selfishness is essentially mean and contemptible, and we must abide by the decision. This fact is easily recognized, but strange enough its application is very little understood. We see men around us every day whom we do not admire, cannot like, and yet they appear to be no worse than the average of mankind. Were you asked why you do not admire them, in all probability you could give no valid reason, but would likely answer, "There is something wrong about them. I don't know what it is, but it exists all the same." Yes, there is something wrong about them; and it is this: they are not what they seem. They live for self alone; it is the centre of their being, the hinge upon which they turn. If selfishness were removed from the world I think we would find but little trouble in obeying the command to love one another,—in fact, there would be no necessity for the command, as we could not refrain from loving our neighbors, any more than we could refrain from loving Him who framed that divine mandate.

If you would be popular and have the world sing your praises you must appear noble and generous from impulse, *and be what you appear*. There is no other way; and there is no need for any other, as this is applicable to all. Some men are endowed from infancy with this beautiful spirit of generosity, and vanity is a folly of which they never dreamed; but the great majority of mankind are not so happily situated, and love of self enters largely into all their thoughts. Now, this were a deplorable circum-

stance if impossible to overcome, but we know such is not the case. By improving every occasion to sacrifice self for the good of others a habit of generosity is easily acquired; and like all other habits, when once formed is very tenacious. In this habit of generosity the most beautiful and touching of the Christian virtues have their being, and the halo of their beautiful borrowed light—borrowed from heaven and shed upon the iniquity, deceit and selfishness of this strangely revolving world—so modifies and softens its repulsive outlines that in it man may still catch occasional glimpses of that beautiful home beyond the shores of Time and the river of Death which the bountiful hand of an ever-generous Father has adorned with all the magnificence of infinite resources, and which He offers without reservation to the humblest and meekest of His children. D.

Literature and National Progress.

The idea of progress is the idea of civilization; it embraces two elements—the development of external and that of internal life. Literature, then, which deals with man as an intellectual being, in his internal life, is a part of progress. The external advancement of man is his march onward to change his condition and to perfect the social state; the internal is the growth of his sentiments and ideas. The destiny of the former is physical happiness, the latter reaches above the things of this life, and gives us an insight of the great beyond. The one has for its object the perfecting of civil society by an increase of social activity; the other the exaltation of humanity by individual activity. The ultimate ends of both are too Utopian to be realized; for all human beings are defective, and perfection comes from God and not from His creatures. The aims of both are laudable; and if they could be realized, the perfect social state resulting would have for its members men who have not the image of their divine Maker uprooted from their hearts by crimes and transgressions.

As the expanding of the external life is secured by war and an aggressive nature, so that of the internal is assured by the cultivation of literature and the fine arts. But let it not be understood that with the greatest growth of social activity there must necessarily accompany the highest development in literature and art: history is not always with this natural view. England is more progressive to-day than in Elizabeth's time; but her literature has not attained as great heights as when Shakspeare,

Johnson, Beaumont, Fletcher and others trod the stage. The social state of Rome after the Punic wars was more active than in the time of Augustus, when, in fact, Rome began to decline; but the brightest page of her history is that which describes the age of Augustus. Grecian literature gave us the "Iliad," when its social state was almost torn to shreds by wars and internal dissension; yet the brilliant age of Pericles produced nothing to equal it.

There are times at which certain forms of literature thrive better than at others. During the crude age man meets the wonderful, and a poet, Homer, gives expression to it in sublime passages. It would be difficult for one born amid the surroundings of our present century to place awe-inspiring grandeur before our eyes as the great Greek poet has done. Men's minds are influenced by different manners and customs, and to change the influence you must eradicate the customs.

When we study the history of letters we are examining the history of mankind. The changes and phases through which nations passed in their gradual transition from the barbarism to civilization are as indelibly stamped upon their literature as upon their individual members. We mean in this the ordinary literary works of the time and not the labors of men of genius. Men like Shakspeare, Milton, Dante, Virgil, could produce their works at any period. They are not confined by the environments of society; their genius takes a bolder flight, bids defiance to the life about them and, conscious of its own superiority, rises above the wishes and passions of times.

It is a phenomenon of literature that literary men come in battalions. Account for this we cannot. Some say that it is due to physical causes, others to the emulation excited among men of genius; but a satisfactory explanation for a great historical fact has never been given.

Four ages have been marked out—ages remarkable for the extraordinary production of genius. They are the Grecian, the Roman, the Renaissance, under the Popes Julius II. and Leo X., and the age of Louis XIV. and Queen Anne. The first two belong to the ancients, the others to the moderns. The literature of the ancients culminated in the grand galaxy of writers which has shed such a halo of glory around the early years of Rome's decline. It is strange that such a magnificent closing was given to pagan literature at the very moment when Christianity's sun heralded the approach of her glorious day. Christianity was the greatest civilizer the world has ever had. It was the exponent of an inward

progress. It directed its attention to the regeneration of moral man, occupying itself with his sentiments and ideas and not with his political conditions. It sought first to improve man morally, conscious that in so doing it was making him a better member of society. Christianity gave a great impetus to the development of internal man; but, owing to his wild, unrestrained state, his external nature was slow to yield to the influence of religion. The progress of his social condition was not very rapid. The fall of the Western Empire left Europe in a chaotic condition. The barbarians from the North were the masters. Refinement and literature were confined to the monasteries. The Goth, coming in contact with the remnant of Roman civilization, and meeting Christianity there, slowly yielded to their combined influence, and changed from a roamer of the fields to a dweller in the towns. This was progress, externally and internally. When the barbarian hordes spread over Europe the Saxons directed their boats toward England. Their characteristics then were strength and sturdiness; these transferred to our literature gave us the bone and sinew of English letters.

Wherever the progressive spirit of society is linked with the intellectual progress of man, humanity is exalted, and society stands forth in all its grandeur. At such times literature and national progress go hand in hand; but such periods are the exceptions and not the rule. Literature usually blossoms after social activity, as Roman letters during the time of Augustus. The reigns of Elizabeth and Anne of England, and Louis XIV. of France seem, however, to disprove this statement. Their social state was advancing with rapid strides when Shakspeare, Dryden and Molière culled from the deep mines of inborn genius those choice treasures which bear their names. But the literary development of those times was due to those men. God makes a poet, and the poet, if a great one, makes an epoch. Literature gives the bright coloring and the attractive appearance to the background of purely progressive prosperity.

We are living in what we boastingly call an age of progress. Man is advancing intellectually, morally and physically. A full rein is given his physical progress, while his intellectual is curbed by the necessities of the present. The body is leading the mind, the physical, the intellectual. Our system of education has given us a mediocrity of genius, but the literary giant is conspicuous by his absence. Probably when this age of material progress shall have passed away and

man, surrounded by the luxuries and advantages which his forefathers knew not, shall explore the mines of intellectual wealth, and if his success in this is commensurate with that which he had already gained in a material way, our literary age to be, will obscure the past with the dazzling brightness of the present. Then man, turning from the pursuits of worldly pleasures and worldly gain, will find in the broad field of literature the means of elevating the human race and of approaching the Supreme Good. The civilization of the future will have external progress linked with letters, science, art, and then man will live the fullness of his years, praising his Maker and glorifying His works.

J. R. FITZGIBBON.

Books and Periodicals.

—The December "monthly part" of the *Ave Maria* contains a beautiful frontispiece, an artistic engraving of the picture entitled: *La Vierge au Baiser*. The touching expressions of love that characterize the Madonna and Child in the original are faithfully reproduced and make the picture one well worth preserving. The literary features of the number in this "part," in prose and poetry, are fully in keeping with the high standard of excellence to which the *Ave Maria* has attained, and form a fitting crown to a volume of the best reading for English Catholic readers.

—*Donahoe's Magazine* for January is an issue that must please its numerous patrons. We can mention but a few of the leading articles: "Father Hall and his Troubles in the Episcopal Church"; "Canon Mortara Abducted by Pius IX." (with a portrait); "Irish Celebrities of New York," John D. Crimmins; "Washington Crosses the Delaware Christmas Night"; Rosa Mulholland talks of Cork; "Angel: A Life Sketch," by the author of "Bonnie Dunraven"; "The Second Canto of the Clan-na Loughlin"; "Universal Expectation of the Virgin and the Messiah," etc.

—The January *St. Nicholas* begins with a charming frontispiece described by a no less excellent poem written by Helen Gray Cone: "The Little Maid of Spain"—a little lady, every inch of her. The number, by the way, is rich in verse, as there are poems by Celia Thaxter, Edith M. Thomas, Anna M. Pratt, Mrs. Bumstead, Jack Bennett, and others. The "Admiral's Caravan" is continued. Another excellent serial is Lieutenant Fletcher's "Two Girls and a Boy." A long "short" story which girls especially will enjoy is Mary Davey's "The Pink Gown." Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, so favorably known as a writer on Japanese subjects, tells of "Queer Cousins of the Crab"—namely, the giant crab, familiar to readers of "Allan Quater-

main," and the little mask-crab that carries the impress of a human face upon its shell.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for January begins the sixth year and eleventh volume of this periodical, which now announces a circulation of more than one hundred and forty thousand copies monthly. The plans for the new year include, besides the more purely literary contents, remarkable series on the Poor in the World's Great Cities; Important Historical Moments by eminent men who took part in them; Out-of-Door Papers; occasional Railway articles on Rapid Transit, Australian Railways, Speed in Locomotives; on important Water-ways, like the Nicaragua Canal, and the water-route from Chicago to the Ocean; also travel, exploration, and abundant fiction. This first number of the year which promises so much interesting material is particularly beautiful in its illustration, containing another of the Blashfield articles in which that artist's best work is shown; examples of the work of Low, Vedder and Cox in the group of papers on American illustrators; pictures by Eugène Morand, a French artist new to an American audience, and reproductions of sketches in chalk by Washington Allston.

—A portrait of Gounod, the celebrated French composer, forms the frontispiece of the January *Century*, and along with the portrait is a charming paper of reminiscence of the early life of the musician. His experience as a student of music in Rome and his later acquaintance with Mendelssohn are delightfully narrated. This paper by Gounod is one of a musical series which will make *The Century* especially attractive to lovers of music during the coming year. The first of the series on "The Jews in New York," by the Rev. Dr. Wheatley, is given with numerous illustrations, and there also appears a brief article on "The Jewish Question" in general, treated from a very lofty point of view by an anonymous writer who uses the signature "Josephus." Another timely subject is treated in an essay by Mr. J. R. Dodge, of the Agricultural Department, on "The Discontent of the Farmer." The "feature" of this number is an article by Captain E. S. Godfrey, one of General Custer's troop commanders, on the massacre of the Little Big Horn, "Custer's Last Battle." Capt. Godfrey's article is followed by a critical review of the events of the campaign by Gen. James B. Fry. Cole's "Old Masters" series is continued, with some fine examples of Andrea Del Sarto's work. The poetry of the January *Century* is unusually interesting, Mr. Aldrich contributing five short poems in a group entitled "Interludes," and a great variety of poems appearing in the body of the magazine and "In Lighter Vein," one of these being a New Year's Eve piece by Alice Williams Brotherton. In the series of pictures by American artists a full-page reproduction of a painting entitled "Dolce Far Niente," by Will H. Low, is given. Mention also should be made of an illustrated article on "The Alligator Hunters of Louisiana."

Obituary.

PAUL H. WOOD.

A rising genius horribly crushed to death! Such is the lamented fate of our gifted young artist, Paul Wood. Nature had endowed him with the rarest talents; the brightest prospects were before him, but grim death came without a moment's warning, and put an end to ambitious views and cherished plans. He left Notre Dame to spend the Christmas holidays in Chicago with his parents, intending to return to the University this week to complete a large picture intended for Memorial Hall. On Sunday night an alarm of fire in his hotel hurried him and his parents to seek safety. They, with others, entered an elevator. When about to leave it, some one pulled the rope. The elevator began to move and the people within struggled to get out. Mr. and Mrs. Wood were thrown to the floor, and barely escaped with their lives. The latter is so severely injured that she is not expected to live. Poor Paul was caught between the floor of the elevator and the opening of the shaft and there mangled beyond recognition. The funeral took place from St. Mary's Church, Thursday, Very Rev. Provincial Corby, C. S. C., celebrating a Solemn *Requiem* Mass. We hope soon to be able to give a sketch of the career of our lamented artist. May he rest in peace!

The students of the University have adopted the following

RESOLUTIONS:

WHEREAS, It has been the will of Divine Providence to take from our college circle a most promising young man and one of our most beloved companions,

WHEREAS, We deeply deplore the loss of him whom we had learned to admire for his many amiable qualities and his remarkable talent; Therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we offer to his afflicted family and relatives our heartfelt sympathy;

RESOLVED, That we attend in a body at the *Requiem* Mass to be offered up in the Church of the Sacred Heart for the repose of his soul;

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be published in THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and also that a copy be forwarded to the bereaved family.

O. A. ROTHERT,
C. W. SCHERRER,
R. B. SINNOTT,

F. E. NEEF,
E. A. SCHERRER,
J. K. COMBE,—Committee.

Personal.

—Doctor J. Molloy, '83, is one of the leading physicians of Covington, Ky.

—Rev. R. Maher, C. S. C., Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Richwood, Wis., was a welcome visitor to Notre Dame during the week.

—Among the welcome visitors during the holidays was Alvin B. Dowels who spent a few pleasant days with his former teachers and associates.

—The Christmas offering of St. Bernard's congregation to their pastor, Rev. P. W. Condon, amounted to \$270, a very fine gift indeed!—*Watertown Gazette*.

—Frank H. Dexter and W. E. Sullivan are flourishing in Kansas City. The former is the assistant city councillor, and the latter the deputy city clerk. They are always happy to show any kindness to visitors from Notre Dame, as one that has lately enjoyed their hospitality can heartily testify.

—On Dec. 30, the Rev. A. E. Saulnier, C. S. C., formerly Chaplain of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, and now Rector of Sacred Heart Church, New Orleans, commemorated his "Silver Jubilee," or the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination. The formal celebration of this happy event will take place at his parochial church to-morrow (Sunday). Father Saulnier has the heartfelt congratulations of all at Notre Dame, with best wishes for many more years in the sacred ministry, adorned with a Golden Jubilee.

—Four priests of the Congregation of Holy Cross have come from the United States and Canada to swell the staff under Bishop Louage. Their names are Fathers A. T. Bourque, B. Garand, J. Adelsperger and E. A. Langelier. The Fathers of the Holy Cross in Dacca are now twelve, counting Mgr. Louage, their zealous Bishop; but their Novitiate at Notre Dame, Indiana (where they print their beautiful *Ave Maria*), is so flourishing that we hope we shall live to see them twelve times twelve.—*Indo-European Correspondence*.

—MARRIED.—On Tuesday, Jan. 5, Mr. Robert C. Newton, '88, and Miss Mary A. Rend, of Chicago. The ceremony was performed by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan in his private chapel.

On Thursday, Jan. 7, in St. Francis de Sales' Church, Newark, Ohio, Mr. Eugene F. Arnold, '82, of Washington, D. C., and Miss Frances Burnham Woods, of Newark. The ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson, assisted by the pastor, Rev. W. F. Hayes.

The happy couples have the sincere congratulations and best wishes of numerous friends at Notre Dame.

Local Items.

—Here we are again!

—Happy New Year to ye all!

—The "Irish Count" is still at large.

—There are a goodly number of new faces.

—The "Roll of Honor" will appear next week.

—For physiognomical barbering apply to McAuliff *et al*.

—The Brownson boxing-room is much frequented these days.

—Shorty's classic features have arrived, and the third flat rejoices.

—A number of the Faculty attended the wedding of Robert Newton, '88, in Chicago.

—The spot where loungers most do congregate will be marked by the presence of storm doors.

—Bro. Cesarius, we are glad to notice, has almost entirely recovered from his recent severe illness.

—The long-desired labor-saving machine in the culinary department has been put into active operation.

—The Brownsons have taken to indoor baseball. Some sharp games have been played during the past week.

—Improvements looking towards the entire renovation of the Manual Labor School are to be inaugurated in the early spring.

—This is leap year. Several doors in Sorin Hall boast of new fastenings of special design. The coincidence is at least remarkable.

—A Solemn *Requiem* Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Paul Wood will be celebrated in the college church on next Thursday morning.

—"Spider" thinks it is going to be a hard winter. He was induced to this belief, doubtless, by his recent brief but interesting trip northward.

—The friends of "Mike" are seriously thinking of collecting his poems and publishing them in book form. Nothing but the fear of a second volume can deter them.

—The examination averages omitted last week are as follows: C. Gillon, 96; J. Brady, 83; D. Cartier, 80; M. Hannin, 86; P. Murphy, 88; F. Neef, 89; W. O'Brien, 82; O. Rothert, 84; L. Sanford, 84; O. Sullivan, 95; G. Lancaster, 93; M. Heer, 83; J. Delaney, 86.

—A clerical poet of more than ordinary prominence and promise is the Rev. Arthur B. O'Neill, C. S. C., whose poems generally appear in the columns of the *Ave Maria*, though Father O'Neill has contributed to other Catholic publications. In beauty of thought, in felicity of expression and in technique, this reverend singer shows himself possessed of the true poetic spirit, and hence it is not surprising that his poems are widely praised and copied.—*Boston Republic*.

—One of the side chapels of the Church of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame has lately been adorned by the addition of a beautiful altar which reflects great credit on the builder, Bro. Columbkille. It is, indeed, a fine piece of workmanship, and shows great taste and care. Every detail has been worked out with the greatest nicety; every line and curve is perfect. The eye wanders untiringly over all till lost in the intricacies of some beautiful curve. The beauty of the altar has been heightened by the gilding done by Bro. Frederick.

—The following from *The Record*, Louisville, Ky., shows how one of our Seniors proved himself, on occasion, a worthy representative of *Alma Mater*:

"On the 23d the pupils of St. Frances' Academy, Owensboro, treated their friends to a musical and literary entertainment which proved very satisfactory, and was a proof

of their earnest application during the year. At the end, Rev. Thomas Gambon complimented the pupils on their success. The entertainment was concluded by an address by Mr. Lamar Monarch, formerly a pupil of the Academy, and now a student at Notre Dame University, Ind. This specimen of eloquence shows that he is the coming orator."

—Visitors to the Novitiate, as well as the Novices themselves, greatly admire the beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart which is enshrined at the head of the main staircase. It is three feet high, and stands on a pedestal of the same height, the work of Bro. Columbkille. The face possesses that beauty of expression rarely found even in statues otherwise perfect. The left hand is drawing aside the mantle, while the right is pointing to the Heart, crowned with thorns, as if beseeching everyone to "behold that Heart which has loved men so much" and suffered so much for them. There is a background of rich deep red curtains, that fall in soft folds almost to the floor. The wall is painted in a beautiful tint of blue, with a tracing in a deeper shade, and a border of delicate brown, edged with white. The statue is thus thrown into relief, producing a very fine effect. The Novices are justly proud of their statue, and return heartfelt thanks to Father Fitte.

—On Wednesday evening, January 6, the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Association held a meeting for the purpose of reorganizing for the present session of '92. After a few words from the President, and the appointing of a temporary Secretary for the occasion, the election of some of the officers took place, resulting as follows: Rev. T. E. Walsh and Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C., Honorary Directors; Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., Director; Bro. Marcellus, C. S. C., President; Bros. Alexander and Lawrence, C. S. C., Promoters; Prof. F. G. Liscombe, Musical Director; Prof. J. F. Edwards, Literary Critic; W. Bates, 1st Vice-President; R. S. Slevin, 2d Vice-President; W. Gerlach, Treasurer; J. Hack, Recording Secretary; P. Wellington, Corresponding Secretary. As the hour was now growing late, the choosing of the other officers was postponed to a subsequent meeting. This society is in a very flourishing condition, and bids fair to uphold the high standing of the Philopatians of former years.

—NEW YEAR'S GREETING TO REV. PRESIDENT WALSH.—Immediately after dinner on New Year's Day all the students in the University marched in a body to the reception parlor to extend to the Rev. Father Walsh New Year's greetings. He was greatly surprised when he entered the parlor to find it filled by students and members of the Faculty. All rose as he entered. Mr. Hugh O'Neill, '92, then stepped forward and addressed Rev. Father Walsh impromptu in his usual happy style. We give the substance of his address:

"REV. AND DEAR PRESIDENT:

"It affords me pleasure to appear here to address you on this auspicious occasion as the representative of the students assembled to wish you a happy New Year! We come to show by our presence here to-day what

feelings of affection and admiration we entertain for you. Is it strange we should do so? Ten years ago our College was in ruins; to-day it is the greatest Catholic University in the land. Under your guidance and care, Notre Dame, like the Phoenix has risen from its own ashes. No college in the United States, for the last ten years, has made such substantial progress as ours. On every side temples have been raised to education and religion. For its number of buildings, its architecture and its paintings Notre Dame is pre-eminent. But Notre Dame is remarkable for more than its material prosperity—it is remarkable for its men. Here we find men imbued with the love of education and religion,—men who have sacrificed everything for the sake of a noble and a great cause. And you, Father Walsh, are their leader. Your example is a source of inspiration for them; and it is the spirit of your genius that leads them on. That spirit, however, is not confined to the Faculty of Notre Dame, it pervades the students within her hallowed precincts. At no time in the history of this University were the prospects so bright as in the dawn of this year, 1892. We have as large a number of students as ever was here; and, while I cast no aspersion on the past, I may safely say that never was the standard of education or of students on a higher plane than in this scholastic year. The feelings of affection the child has for its mother, my fellow-students have for Notre Dame. Her progress is theirs, her name is theirs, her glory is theirs; and under your leadership onward they go, and their watchword is 'Excelsior'!

"Sir, we not only admire you for all the qualities that make a man, but take you as our model. Measure not our feelings by what I now have said; measure them rather by what I have left unsaid. Read in the faces around you the feelings of esteem and respect, of friendship and love to which words cannot give expression. Read from our presence here to-day that we wish you a happy New Year,—that we wish you may long be spared to lead us on for the honor and glory of our homes, our *Alma Mater*, our country and our God."

A highly appreciative audience enthusiastically applauded the effort of the young speaker. The Rev. President Walsh, in reply, delivered a speech worthy the occasion. He referred at length to the progress made during the last session, and wished that the spirit which made the students not only reflect credit on themselves, but on the Faculty and University, would continue to direct their aims and aspirations until victory would crown their efforts. He touched on other points of interest to the University with that clearness, elegance and energy of diction so characteristic of the man. Looking around, he caught the eye of Prof. Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department, and called upon him to address the students. The students well knew they were going to get another literary treat, and they greeted Col. Hoynes with ringing applause. The Colonel has the reputation of being one of the great speakers of the University, and never did he appear to better advantage than on New Year's Day. He spoke of the duties of life; and said one of the worst features of our age was selfishness. He told them to eliminate from their mind that spirit of selfishness—to broaden their minds—to be truthful men, to be honorable men. He asked them to cultivate that spirit of unselfishness which makes the members of the Community and the Professors sacrifice everything for the cause of religion and education. For a quarter of an hour he held the attention of his audience chained.

A Holiday Jaunt.

Christmas vacation at Notre Dame is now over. The time passed quickly and pleasantly for us who remained; but of the many happy days the last will be longest remembered by a few privileged students. After Vespers, on Sunday, the 4th inst., Brother Hilarion provided a treat for us which we shall try to describe.

First of all we went to see the Crib of the Infant Jesus in the Church of the Sacred Heart. This was an exquisite sight. All eyes were fixed upon the natural, lifelike representation of that glorious event which took place in the stable at Bethlehem eighteen hundred and ninety-two years ago. We were next shown the relics of a saint clothed in a sacred robe, and laid within a pretty altar, constructed especially to receive them. All around this locality were magnificent paintings and statues of saints which are noted features in the ornaments of our church here at Notre Dame. We thence proceeded to the vestry. Here we were shown the costly vestments and sacred vessels belonging to the church. Among them we noted a set decorated in gold and another of pure white silk—the chasuble of the latter, with the large cross made of dark green silk, was especially fine. The Brother who opened the bureau-drawers to set forth these precious articles took no little pains to give us a full exhibition of all that was interesting to be seen in the line of church vestments. Thanking him for his great kindness, we took our leave.

Passing through the beautiful Seminary grounds, we were allowed the privilege to enter a small niche on the road side. Once within, our curiosity led us to look through two red, oval-shaped glasses, which served as windows, which pictured a strange scene. "These glasses are very old," said our Prefect, "and the scene which it represents is supposed to be that of the day of judgment."

At length we arrived at St. Mary's. The entrance grounds there seemed to us fully as beautiful as those of the University. St. Joseph's River was to our left, and, stopping a minute on its picturesque banks to view the silent waters below, we filed in ranks, and, passing by a wide awake reading-room, we entered St. Mary's church. We knelt for a short prayer, and our Prefect taking the lead, we walked all around the church, passing before three magnificent white marble altars and the crib of the Infant Jesus, finally taking our leave for our *Alma Mater*. On our left, as we proceeded homewards, were two old cannons which were used in the last civil war, and now to be converted into monuments to Our Lady of Peace. Soon the march was in order again, and at half-past four we had returned. We all extend our sincere thanks to Bro. Hilarion for his courtesy.

ONE OF 'EM.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Very Rev. Father Corby and Rev. T. E. Walsh, C.S.C., were among the welcome visitors on New Year's day.

—Mr. M. Finnerty lately presented a beautifully framed picture of Christ's Nativity to the Minims' Hall, for which the favored little folk offer sincere thanks.

—One of the customs on the Feast of the Epiphany, which has come to be a feature of the day at St. Mary's, thanks to the thoughtful kindness of Rev. Father L'Etourneau, is the distribution of blessed cake. Notwithstanding the forbidding aspect of the weather, his many friends were not disappointed, for a bountiful supply was provided for the Sisters and pupils on Wednesday last, Father L'Etourneau coming in person to distribute it. Warm thanks are hereby tendered.

—The pupils who remained at St. Mary's during the holidays entered fully into the spirit of joy which characterizes this happy season; and the result was that homesickness stayed at home, for it did not visit the Academy. Boxes, containing sweet and substantial messages from dear ones added not a little to the enjoyment of the week; for, to take liberties with a certain poetical line, schoolgirls are not too bright and good to enjoy human nature's daily food. The morning hours, devoted to class, study, music and letter-writing, lent a special pleasure to the afternoons, which were taken up with games, conversation, walking, etc., and the preparation for the evening amusements. Two entertainments were given, which were highly creditable to the different departments. The quiet the young ladies enjoyed, the long sleeps, the healthful walks—all have served to tone up the mind and rest the body, so that hard work for the examinations will be entered upon with a cheerful energy which promises success.

—The great feasts of the Church are, at St. Mary's, anniversaries of the heart, for they are rich in tender associations. The memory of days that are no more brings to many a picture of Very Rev. Father General in all the gracious dignity which marked his every action, when health and strength allowed the full exercise of his ardent zeal and love in God's service. How cordial and how sincere his greetings to all! The days even now are made brighter for their memory, and the kind smile of encouragement, the look of approval, the token of appreciation, which for so many years brought sunshine to those around him, are now returned in loving and fervent prayers for his recovery to Him who loves a grateful heart. At the Holy Sacrifice on the Feast of the Circumcision, many a petition was placed before the King of Bethlehem, that

all blessings might be bestowed on St. Mary's venerated Founder; and scarcely were the Mass bells hushed, when Very Rev. Father General's arrival was announced. Greetings, addresses, smiles and tears attested the affectionate esteem which animates every heart, and Father General's kind words and old-time smile showed that his heart felt and responded to the sincere sentiments of his devoted spiritual children at St. Mary's.

—Miss Estelle Horn, Class of '88, is enjoying a tour through Europe, as only a true student can. Her charming letters to her teachers at St. Mary's show a thorough appreciation of the ways and by-ways of Holland and Germany, where the past few weeks have been spent. Describing Antwerp, she writes: "We admired the grand old cathedral, with its lace-like stone work and its finely-carved stalls; but, of course, it attracted me principally as being the repository of Rubens' masterpieces. I know now what light, shade and color mean since seeing the great works of the Dutch and Flemish schools. The manner in which robes and faces are colored is marvelous. One fairly sees the blood in the veins. In Antwerp one hears nothing but Rubens; here is his statue, there his house; back of the high altar in the elaborate St. Jacques is his tomb. All, all is fascinating." Of the Dresden art gallery Miss Horn says: "I stood long before that lovely, sad, yet resigned face of the Sistine Madonna. The Child has a peculiar expression, in which infantine simplicity has been supplanted by a fore-knowledge of Calvary's cross." Such letters are a double delight, for they evince the development of not only mental and artistic gifts, but a higher quality, namely, a grateful remembrance of her *Alma Mater*.

New Year's Greeting to Very Rev. Father General.

The song of the angels o'er Bethlehem
That wonderful Christmas of old,
Has entered the heart of the ages,
Whose pulsings the year swift unfold.
And there it has wakened the music
Of peace and good will to all men:
The Eden-songs hushed into silence
Now gladden the sad earth again.

The smile of the dear Infant Saviour
A radiance bright casts afar,
And beams on the sin-wearied spirit.
As shone on the Wise Men the star.
The world sings the birth of the New Year,
And loud are the peans that ring,
Faint echoes they are of the yule-tide
Proclaiming the birth of our King.

His name has a power of magic
To banish all sadness and fear;
His blood as a sacred ablution
Brings peace to the opening year.

And we in the joy of His coming,
Dear Father, now offer to you
A tribute of grateful affection,
And greetings most loyal and true.

St. Mary's, our dear *Alma Mater*,
Stands forth in her glory and fame;
Her honor, the honor of Mary,
Her pride is her Founder's loved name.
Each building is fraught with a memory
That tells of your labor of love,
Which, like the great cross on our chapel,
Reaches up to the heavens above.

As beautiful strands of fair jewels,
Reflecting the sun's brightest rays,
Are souls which have learned 'neath your guidance
The wisdom of God's wondrous ways.
Each gleam of this life's fitful changes
But serves in our hearts to renew
The counsels your kind lips have spoken,
And bids us be faithful and true.

We wish you, dear Father, all blessings,
To gladden each day of the year;
We kneel at the Crib of the Infant
And beg Him our pleadings to hear.
May He and His sweet Blessed Mother,
Accept our petitions of love!
Then yours will indeed be a glad year,
A foretaste of heaven above.

Your devoted children,
THE PUPILS OF ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

Colored Glasses.

"If you look through blue glasses everything seems blue." How often I have heard that sentence uttered solemnly by a gentle old grandmother, who accompanied the words with a doleful shake of the head! But not until the "teens" began to throng upon me did I realize the full truth of the saying. Seldom do we see the objects around us through the clear perfectly-adjusted glass of truth. All the causes which render lenses defective may be considered as types of the agencies which concur to destroy the beauty of images in real life. Sometimes the glasses we use may be good; but we do not find the true focal distance as regards the object viewed. Again, the edges of our spectacles may have a decomposing power, and tints of prejudice, pride, selfishness, envy or jealousy form a fringe of color around everything with a disfiguring effect. Perhaps the glasses looked through by the young impart the greatest brilliancy to all things viewed; but they must be changed as years roll on, for the age of manhood requires a clearer lens; and as time grows apace mists gather over them, softening outlines and casting gray shadows.

The glasses of the selfish and vain have a

peculiar reflective power; all the bright and beautiful colors are thrown back on the wearer, leaving a darkness about objects under inspection; this serves as a background to the lenses; a sort of mirror is formed, and the beholder sees himself in others.

How strange are the glasses of prejudice! Refraction is their characteristic; nothing is allowed to enter the radius of their vision without a modification; in this medium the straightest stick is crooked. A green or yellow tinge is the coloring given to anything viewed through the glasses of jealousy or dislike: the most charming of faces and the fairest of actions are deformed by these agencies.

There is not one of us who does not at times use colored glasses, and if we act when our vision is influenced thus, the results may prove disastrous to our dearest interests. Politicians or rather statesmen, are supposed to be among the most clear-sighted of men; and yet, they too may be accused of viewing objects through the glasses of partisanship. In the principles of those opposed to theirs, they see nothing commendable. This bias of view is seen every day in literary circles: we hear the writings of a certain author praised by one whose opinion we value; straightway our mind is made up, and our voice is added to the chorus of laudation. Should his works show signs of deterioration, he is still honored by the multitude, for the world looks at him through the glass of former popularity. But, it may be asked, "is it always to take from the beauty of objects that one uses glasses?" No; fortunately, there are aids to vision which counteract even defects; and among these helps may be noted charity, kindness, generosity and forbearance—sister virtues which make earth bright and beautiful.

The clear glass of truth should at times give place to those tinted with the warmer hues of kindness, when the actions of our neighbor are to be scanned; but when our own are subject to inspection, then should we put aside all lenses, save those which give a pure white light, that we may see ourselves as we are in the sight of Him who is Truth itself.

ALMA A. THIRDS.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Augustine, Bero, R. Butler, A. Butler, Black, M. Burns, E. Burns, Black, Crilly, Dingee, Davis, Green, Griffith, Hittson, Holmes, Keating, Klingberg, Kieffer, Kemme, Lantry, Lichtenhein, Ludwig, S. Londoner, La Moure, M. Moynahan, A. Moynahan, McCormack, Nester, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, O'Sullivan, Quinn, M. Robinson, Robbins, Rizer, Stuart, Sena, Tod, Whitney.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Baxter, Crandall, M. Davis, B. Davis, M. Dennison, A. E. Dennison, Ford, Girsch, Hickey, Kingsley, Londoner, Meskill, O'Mara, White, Williams.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, Finnerty, Girsch, Lingard, A. McCarthy, McCormack, Wormer.