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To the Sphynx.

(1893.)

THE old, the new!—they jostle close each other;
The new is old, the old is ever new.
O year, O daughter of a fairer mother,
When you depart, what shall we say of you?
Dear year, past year, we hold the good you gave us;
Can any new love dim the love you left?
Can any new joy from the sorrows save us?—
The losses that have made us sigh "Bereft!"

New year, we shiver as your cold winds chill us;
New year, we wonder at your dark, calm look,
And all past sorrows with forebodings fill us,
Ah, you are really sibyl's sealèd book.
You are the sphynx that in the land of Nilus,
Stood calm and still, unsmiling, age on age.
Ah, that *your* calm to calmness would beguile us,
And leave no wish to read next year's dim page!

Bring what you will! it cannot be all sorrow;
Bring what you will! it cannot be all joy;
To-day is but a picture of to-morrow,
The man the image of the hopeful boy;
What we have known will come again, my brothers,
The new year's but the blossom of the bud;
And each new day has likeness to all others—
As streams at ebb are like to streams in flood.

This we may know, in spite of fear and doubting:
Naught that you hold can crush us soon or late;
Not mailèd hands nor cohorts with fierce shouting,
For Will is Will, and Will can conquer fate!
Troop in, ye sorrows, heart of man is greater;
Come, come, ye joys, ye leave us only men;
Come even Death, of earthly joys the hater,
We go out with him,—but to come again!

There is no parting; we shall live forever;
"Good-by" means "God be with you," and "farewell"
Is "fare you well"; these sad words but endeavor
To say a thing that no mere words can tell!
Send joys, O year, and we shall not reclaim you,
Beyond last year that brought us joys before;
Send sorrow, and our tongues cannot defame you;
Who has not seen death's sign at every door?
We are no slaves of Time, O queen of minutes,
You cannot fright us with your sphynx-like face;
Bring you the sound of storm or singing linnets,
We will not weep or laugh at your mere grace.
Then welcome, year, we neither love nor fear you;
For Will is Will, and Will can conquer fate,
So sang the poet; yet as we come near you,
Who does not shiver, Dark One, at the gate?

—M. F. EGAN, in *Chicago Post.*

Two Novelists.

BY J. J. M'AULIFF, '93.

I.

Of all modern novel writers Thackeray and Dickens are probably the men whom the world especially admires and reveres. The former for his grace and elegance, the latter for his mirth and pathos. Thackeray will live while English literature endures. Dickens will be cherished by the poor and the rich, by the learned and the unlearned, centuries hence.

In the works of William Makepeace Thackeray and Charles Dickens we may look for the characteristics that make the man. In Thackeray we shall always find all that is noble, generous, charitable and loving. In Dickens we have a man whose heart ever went out to the poor and the wretched. He saw and wrote of the abuses, the injustice, oppression and cruelty around him. And now of all the great works of these artists, I think that, considered from an artistic point of view, "Henry Esmond" and "David Copperfield" should rank as their best productions. The novelist is, in my opinion, a psychologist, who loves to picture feelings, to dilate upon their relations and consequences. Whoever has read a page of Thackeray or

Dickens cannot fail to see that they are novelists in the full sense of the term. The popularity of the former is not like that of the latter who, of all men, wrote for the people. Look where we will we can never find such a benefactor, and one who has lightened so many lives with such merriment as he. But Thackeray wrote especially for a literary class, for all who have the sense of style and delight in the best language.

We find an excellent example of this in "Henry Esmond," one of Thackeray's most popular and beautiful stories. It is elevating, touching, simple and original. The work comprises the fictitious memoirs of Col. Esmond, a contemporary of Queen Anne, who, after a troubled life in Europe, returned with his wife to Virginia and became a planter. Thackeray has endowed the hero with that tender kindliness, almost feminine, which he everywhere extols above all other human virtues, and that self-mastery which is the effect of habitual reflection. The character of Esmond is original and new—English in his cool resolution, modern by the delicacy and sensibility of his heart.

Henry Esmond is a poor child, the supposed bastard of Lord Castlewood, brought up by his heirs. One is deeply touched by the kind feelings that Lady Castlewood has for little Esmond, who returns these noble sentiments towards the family; he never tires of doing a kindness or a service to the Castlewoods. Twice does he interfere between Lord Castlewood and Mohun, the duelist. When Castlewood reveals on his death-bed that Esmond is not only a legitimate child, but also the lawful heir to the estate, this noble youth, without a word, burns the confession which would deliver him from the poverty and humiliation in which he had so long pined.

Esmond, tired of college life, goes to the wars in the Netherlands. He joins a political party and becomes a man of high rank in the service of his country. He ends by taking to England the Pretender, half brother of Queen Anne, and keeps him disguised at Castlewood awaiting the death of the queen to proclaim him her heir.

This young prince pays court to the fair Beatrix, Lord Castlewood's daughter, whom Esmond loves. When this becomes known to Esmond his wounded honor plunges him into a terrible rage. The scene which follows is one of the most dramatic in the novel, and it should be read in order that one may fully appreciate its force and strength. Esmond finally marries Lady Castlewood.

Thackeray has been accused of never having drawn a good woman who was not a doll; but the ladies who say this seldom remind us of Lady Castlewood, little Beatrix, or of Theo and Hetty Lambert.

Lady Castlewood and Agnes Wickfield in Dickens are ideal women, and I doubt if more perfect types can be found in any work of literature.

Another prominent character in "Henry Esmond" is the good Father Holt, to whom Thackeray sometimes, though not frequently, pays a glowing tribute. One hopes in the beginning of the story to see Esmond, through the kind instructions of Father Holt, become a Catholic; but the condition of affairs in England at that time did not permit the good and learned Jesuit to remain long as his instructor and chaplain in the Castlewood family.

In "Henry Esmond," Thackeray gives us a vivid account of the famous Joseph Addison. He tells us how he and his friend, Dick Steele, met Mr. Addison in London, and what a delightfull evening they spent at his lodging near St. James' Church. What agreeable company those *beaux esprits* of the coffee houses must have been in those days! There was William Congreve, who, when his gout and his grandeur would permit him to go among them, would make many brilliant hits. Then again there was St. John and Marlborough and a host of others, the mention of whose names recalls the halcyon days of the Queen Anne period.

Thackeray does not, like Scott, devote too much attention to impress the locality on our memory, but rather speaks of the people, their dress, manners and customs.

We do not find in "Henry Esmond" that bitter satire which characterizes "Vanity Fair" and the "Book of Snobs"; it is pure narration. It charms us; we take rest from hating. His distant recollections of bygone days have a peculiar charm for us. We accompany him back, as it were, to infancy; we enjoy his peaceful and boyish pleasures, and feel with him a vast sweetness in seeing once more, with so much ease and in so clear a light, the well-known phantoms of the past.

His attention to minute details adds to the interest in adding to the naturalness. His stories of campaign life, his random remarks on books and events of the time, a hundred petty scenes, a thousand petty fancies, manifestly useless, are, on that account, illusory.

The style of "Henry Esmond" has the calmness, the exactness, the simplicity and solidity of a classic. Thackeray must have gone back to the primitive use of words, discovered their

forgotten shades of meaning, and wrought them into most artistic shapes and forms. The imagination of Dickens himself would have failed in this, as we shall see in his "David Copperfield."

II.

How often do we hear it said: "I cannot read Dickens!" and how many people subject themselves to ridicule by thus displaying an uncultivated taste. "If she be a lady and if we meet her at dinner, she must," as Mr. Andrew Long would say, "be borne with and suffered gladly. If he be a gentleman, and if one should meet him at the club room, we should put him down as one with whom we would desire no further converse." Dickens has given us forty volumes, and it must be passing strange if some of these do not please even the most critical.

"David Copperfield" is generally regarded as his best novel. It has much the appearance of a confession; but where does the confession end, and how far does fiction embroider truth, is something that we are unable to determine.

The first question that should be asked in connection with an artist like Dickens is this: How does he regard objects? With what clearness, with what energy, with what force? The reply defines his whole work; for, as we are aware, the imagination is the master faculty of the novel-writer. On it entirely depends the art of composition and good taste. Considering then the imaginative power of Dickens we shall perceive the cause of his faults and his merit.

Never were objects and characters made more visible and impressed more deeply on the memory of the reader than those which are described in "David Copperfield." The old house, the parlor, the kitchen, Peggotty's boat, and above all, the old school play grounds, are scenes never to be forgotten. His observation of details is most accurate; he notes the various hues of the old trees; sees the dilapidated cask; reads the names of the scholars carved on the door and dwells on the form of the letters. And this minute description has nothing cold about it.

It can be truly said that Dickens had more real pathos in him than any other man. One cannot help sympathizing with Davy Copperfield on account of the cruel treatment that he received at the hands of the Murdstones, and again, where he tells us how he was called home from the Talene House to attend his mother's funeral, and how sad and lonesome the place appeared, since there was no one there except dear old Peggotty to greet him. All his sorrow has been nothing, he says, to the sorrow that this calls forth. Davy's experience and wretchedness in London with Murdstone and Gunby, where he was employed pasting labels on bottles, are, I think, unendurable for one of his age. This, however, is supposed to be a bit of the inside history of Dickens' life, and there is, no doubt, some truth in it. His life with the Micawbers is certainly one that we would not eagerly desire. By the way, isn't Mr. Micawber, with his curly hair and ambrosial whiskers, a really delightful old character? How eloquent he grew at times, especially after his punch, when presiding at one of their usual spreads! Then there is Mrs. Micawber and the twins who always seemed to have such an uncommon affection for Davy. Betsey Trotwood, Davy's aunt, is another famous character worthy of the author's genius. Although Dickens does not describe her as one whom one would very likely mistake for Cleopatra, still she has many peculiar charms for us.

Davy Copperfield is a jewel of a boy with a turn for books. Doubtless he is created out of Dickens' memories of himself as a child. We find true pathos again, and not overwrought, where Davy is sent to Creaples, and his poor mother, holding in her arms his little uterine brother, dares hardly say farewell to him.

Copperfield's love for Steerforth evokes the deepest sympathy. Steerforth was a royal fellow, and one can, without much stretch of the imagination, recall faces and remember companions whom he held dear in his boyhood days.

The boys in Dickens are always excellent, as, for instance, Tommy Troddles; and how can people say that Dickens could not draw a gentleman? The boy who shouted "Shame, J. Steerforth!" was certainly a gentleman, if one may pretend to have an opinion on such a difficult theme. But this brings us back again to the pathos in Dickens. The death of Dora, his child wife, strikes me as being one of the most pathetic scenes in the novel. This is, of course, a matter of taste. Agnes Wickfield is, beyond doubt, one of the most womanly characters in all literature. Her kind and tender care of her father and sisterly love for Davy cannot but win for her the respect and admiration of all.

Little Dora, although a dear and loving child, has all the weakness of Amelia in "Vanity Fair." One sometimes feels that Dickens simply created her in order that we may shed tears when she dies. Little Emily and Peggotty retain much of our affection and esteem on account of their

simple and honest manner. Martha and Miss Mowcher are very strange characters and attract one's attention throughout. Miss Clarissa and Miss Lavina have no special interest for us.

The character of a miser as portrayed by Dickens is true to life. He gives us a most striking picture of a dying man still clinging to his money box, although time and the world were slipping from beneath him. Uriah Heep, that crawling impersonation of meanness, is made by a master's hand to wind and wriggle through the whole story, never making himself acceptable to anyone at any time.

Mr. Peggotty and Hane are somewhat uninteresting at times; but for all that they give us a fair example of the simple love and true affection which may exist even in the home of a poor fisherman.

It sometimes strikes us that certain weaknesses in characters like Mr. Dick are not very interesting; still it appears that Dickens has so carefully worked upon this character that it is found to be one of the most interesting in the book.

It cannot be expected that one can give in such a brief space as this a sketch of all the characters which appear in the novel. It is, then, with words of gratitude that we bid goodbye to the many other pleasing and agreeable persons whom we have met in that admirable novel—"David Copperfield."

Great Sonnet Writers.

Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, a writer well known in the literary world, sends a communication to the *Catholic Record* of London, Canada, in which he gives well expressed views on the subject of "Sonnet Writers." Among other things he says: "My own opinion is that the two greatest sonnet writers in America to-day are Maurice F. Egan, of Notre Dame, Indiana, and John Reade, of Montreal. So excellent a critic as Stedman has given Prof. Egan this high place, at the same time noting the fact that the gifted *littérateur* of Notre Dame seldom publishes more than one sonnet each year, which, however, is as polished as the 'bosom of a star.' Here are two gems from the pen of Dr. Egan:"

FRA ANGELICO.

Art is true art when art to God is true,
And only then. To copy nature's work
Without the chains that run the world through
Gives us the eye without the lights that lurk
In its clear depths: no soul, no truth is there.
Oh, praise your Rubens and his fleshy brush,
Oh, love your Titian and his carnal air!
Give me the thrilling of a pure-toned thrush,
And take your crimson parrots. Artist-saint!
O Fra Angelico, your brush was dyed
In hues of opal, not in vulgar paint:
You showed to us pure joys for which you sighed.
Your heart was in your work, you never feigned:
You left us here the Paradise you gained!

OF FLOWERS.

There were no roses till the first child died;
No violets, no balmy-breathed heart's ease,
No heliotrope, nor buds so dear to bees,
The honey-hearted woodbine, no gold-eyed
And white-lashed daisy flower, nor, stretching wide,
Clover and cowslip-cups, like rival seas,
Meeting and parting, as the young spring breeze
Runs giddy races playing seek-and-hide:
For all flowers died when Eve left Paradise,
And all the world was flowerless awhile,
Until a little child was laid in earth;
Then from its grave grew violets for its eyes,
And from its lips rose-petals for its smile:
And so all flowers from that child's death took birth.

"The sonnet has of late years fallen into disrepute, because the divine gift of sonnet writing has become degraded by those who in its composition look more to *technique* than inspiration."

Children in Shakspere.

Of all the characters in Shakspere, there are none more interesting, none that excite more sympathy and love, none that arouse more study and comment, than the children. Though all are minor parts, yet so forcible is his manner of expression that each seems a perfectly developed character. In several of his plays he has thrown the witchery of his genius into pictures of nursery life, bringing children upon the scene and delighting us with their innocent richness and sweet-witted prattle.

Shakspere, like other poets, used the allowable license of changing the lives of some of his actors, in order that he might the more easily enrich his work. This license is easily seen and readily granted; accordingly the poet has several of his characters suited to the play, and not the play to the actors. This is the case with Arthur, whom he makes younger than he really was, so that he might in a larger measure take advantage of childish innocence and wit.

This departure from strict historic truth is amply redeemed by the dramatic wealth which comes through it. History says that Arthur's eyesight was spared through the strength of his arm; whilst Shakspere, in a more poetic manner, says that it was his gentle and sweet nature that saved him from such an inhuman deed.

Arthur, by hereditary succession, was the rightful heir to the crown of England, and his claim was admitted at the death-bed of Richard I.; but John, the brother of Richard, declared himself king, and was crowned at Westminster. He captured Arthur and sent him to the castle of Rouen, from which place he disappeared, and it was supposed that John had the young prince put to death.

The Arthur of the play is an artless, gentle, natural-hearted, but high-spirited boy, in whom the voice of nature pleads for nature's rights. He at first braves his uncle, afterwards fears him and knows not the reason why. He can not conceive how anyone could be so treacherous and unnatural as the one he fears.

It is a scene in the castle of Rouen that Shakspere describes in "King John," as taking place between Hubert and Arthur. Hubert has been ordered to burn out the eyes of the young prince, and at first fully intended to do so; but, overcome by the soft and tender pleadings of the boy, he disobeys the king's order and spares his sight.

Hubert, after ordering the iron to be heated, calls forth the child and places in his hands the order of the king. After reading the paper Arthur says:

"Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect;
Must you with hot iron burn out both mine eyes?"
HUBERT. "Young boy, I must."
ARTHUR. "And will you?"
HUBERT. "And I will."

Arthur then goes on to say that whenever Hubert was sick, or needed anything, he had the service of a prince for the asking. But, resigning himself, he exclaimed:

"If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you!"

His only chance lay in arousing the sympathy of his torturer, and his very terror seemed to operate in him an unconscious cunning. Hubert's human nature was not able to withstand the pleadings and pathos of the boy, and at last yielding, promised to spare him and give out the report that he had accomplished the demoniacal act.

It is impossible in reading this passage not to be moved by the pathos of the loving and lovely boy. Of the scene in question Hazlitt says: "If anything ever were penned heart-piercing, mixing the extremes of terror and pity, of that which shocks and that which soothes the mind, it is this scene."

The end of Arthur is very sad. Thinking it was "as good to die and go as to die and stay," he determines to make his escape by jumping from the walls of the castle; they being very high, he was killed in making the leap. Our impression against John is heightened by Arthur's dying words:

"O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones;
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!"

Mamillius, in the "Winter's Tale," is a young boy who lived and had been reared in Sicily. He is represented to be considerably older than he really is; this is owing to the fact that in southern climes, a lad of fourteen is as well developed as a northern youth of eighteen. Although but a boy, Mamillius is of a proud and daring spirit. Proud and haughty before the world, and almost too blunt in his speech towards his father, yet his warm, southern nature is gentle and loving towards his mother. He is one of Shakspere's minor characters in whom we take great interest.

The parts of the two princes, in "Richard III.," though compressed into a few brief speeches, form an admirable piece of work. Edward, the elder, is a thoughtful, inquisitive boy; cautious in his words, hardly knowing whether to fear his uncle or not. The boyish side of his nature has been softened and saddened, by the experiences which he has undergone. He seemed to have a presentiment of approaching danger; and after being told that he was to reside in the Tower, he was convinced that he and his brother were to become the object of some plot. But seeing the uselessness of complaining, he merely replied: "I do not like the Tower, of any place." Veiling his fears, he simply inquires about the history of the famous prison.

York, the younger prince, is of a different disposition than his older brother. He is precocious, clever and keen, prattling out his childish wit unmindful of the sting it carries, and totally unaware of all apprehension. He has a feeling of aversion towards his uncle Richard, upon whom he casts his sharpest darts. Natures more contrasted could not be better imagined than those of the princes and Richard. The former, sweet, gentle and loving, the latter cruel, jealous and selfish, who would not scruple any deed to accomplish his desire.

There is still one more child—Macduff's son—of whom little need be said. His very action is the direct contrary to those of Arthur or Mamillius. Our feelings of aversion are intensified when we read the scene between his mother and himself. It is with thoughts of pity that we think of this misguided child, who expresses no regret at the death of his father, and is utterly devoid of any respect towards his mother.

These traits of his nature may be traced to the lack of moral and intellectual training during his earlier years. After reading "Macbeth," we feel thankful that all the children of our day are not of the same type as this depraved boy.

In conclusion, I would say that every work of Shakspere is that of a creative genius. By means of a few master-strokes he seems to make each of his children a perfectly developed character.

J. M. KEARNEY.

Tennyson's Love of England in "In Memoriam."

The best writers are those who present nature in her truest colors and best depict the life and scenery around them. Shakspere continually refers to the scenes of his boyhood in nearly all of his plays, as can be seen by his beautiful pictures of the flowers and seasons. This can be noticed in "Midsummer Night's Dream," where Oberon says:

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with the luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."

And in "Hamlet" the queen, in speaking of Ophelia's death, says:

"There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his white leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow flowers, nettles, daisies and long purples."

His characters are always Elizabethan. What a tender feeling Goldsmith shows for the scenes of his boyhood days in the "Deserted Village!" And how great a love our Longfellow shows for his mother-country, when he so naturally and beautifully speaks of the new-mown hay, the lowing kine, the green fields and the rustic villages. As we note Longfellow's love for America in his "Evangeline," so may we observe how truly English the immortal Tennyson is in his "In Memoriam." Though his heart was almost broken by the death of his friend, Arthur Hallam, whom he loved as a brother, we see how he tries to console himself by looking back to the scenes and times when they were boys together.

Tennyson's description of Christmas is very beautiful. How fondly he speaks of "those merry, merry bells of Yule" and of "weaving the holly 'round the Christmas hearth"!

He seems to take great consolation in again wandering with his departed friend o'er those familiar hills, along the gentle streams and through the picturesque woods, listening to the sweet songs of the lark and thrush. He remembers the beauty of the many flowers they saw in their rambles o'er the meadows.

There is something sad in Tennyson's description of their old college home. Everything is so different; but how dear to his memory are the rooms in which they lived, the lanes along which they walked, and even the willows along the banks of the river where they used to row! All these bring back fond memories to him. Had one read nothing but the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson, he could see in it how dearly he loved his country, and how truly English he was. And it was these two qualities which helped to make him one of the greatest poets that ever lived, and to make his name live forever.

W. V. CUMMINGS.

The Arts.

It is interesting to observe in the history of man what his imagination is able to conceive, his ingenuity produce, or his persevering industry accomplish. The works of art awaken the attention of the least reflecting mind and deserve that of the most thoughtful. The works of nature display the power, wisdom and goodness of God in His creation at large; the wonders of art display them in His creation of mankind.

The efforts of art are always important, though it is often employed for slight purposes, as so many trials of the human faculties; and its name is to be reverenced as that which softens the evils and multiplies the pleasures of life. "We are brutes without it."

Among the numerous works of art stands the column of Alexandria, commonly called Pompey's Pillar. The great elevation and the elegant workmanship of this vast, Corinthian column, together with the fact of its having stood so firm for more than twenty centuries on a base little more than five feet square, render this colossal remains of ancient art not less interesting than sublime. Another great work was the Colossus of Rhodes, a statue formed of brass, and measuring one hundred and twenty feet in height. After standing fifty-six years it was thrown down by an earthquake.

Another of the great work of art is that of ship-building. It was by means of the ship that Columbus reached the shore of America. Ship-building has grown to such an extent that persons can cross the ocean continually, and in a short time. Without ship-building there could be no trade or commerce carried on between foreign countries. It is, therefore, of great importance, and deserves special mention among the works of art.

J. H. (Prep.)

[*From The "Ave Maria."*]

Ideal Friendship.

"At Christmas-time," says an old writer, "I always thank God for my friends; and if I have made a new one, I add an extra *Gloria.*"

A commendable sentiment, and one which all of us have only to think about in order to echo. Friends are rare; delightful and interesting acquaintances common; for the world is full of pleasant people, who only fail us when we expect too much of them. As a rule, it is our unreasonable expectation, rather than the perversity of other people, which makes cynics of us. The man who is kind and shows it by his acts, and who expects gratitude, becomes a mere book-keeper in the great storehouse of friendship. He keeps his ledger, and when the credit is on the other side, is he not unhappy until the book is balanced and everything is "square"? That man does not understand the nature of friendship. When friendship demands even gratitude it ceases to be friendship.

There is an hallucination, too, that friendship is a matter of years. Why, friends have become friends in a moment. A glance of the eye, an intonation, a concord of sentiment, begin a friendship which lasts till death, and after death; for we, fortunately, still commune with our friends after death: they help us and we help them toward the Beatific Vision. And death loses the sharpness of its sting. The friendship between Our Lord and St. John is lovelier than even that of David and Jonathan, and Our Lord showed the strength of it by confiding His Mother to the care of His beloved friend.

Again, it is a modern blasphemy against the highest feelings to say that no man and woman can be friends,—that sentiment must, in that case, always become sentimental. This is an invention of coarse minds. One need only go back to the mystical friendship between St. Francis of Assisi and St. Clare; between St. Francis of Sales and St. Frances de Chantal, for examples. And the seventeenth century, gross as it was in many respects, acknowledged the beauty of the friendship of Madame de Lafayette and M. de la Rochefoucauld. But so rooted in our century are the tendencies of base naturalism that this seems almost a delicate subject.

A friend is commonly understood to be one who will be ready, when occasion requires, to confer material benefits; yet the best friends that ever existed have been unable to do this. From this point of view, friendship is based on the supplying of material necessities. From this point of view, the man who gives alms and he who receives them are the real friends. But this is not the *true* point of view. Friendship must have for its root unselfishness and perfect comprehension. One feels that a friend knows one's faults and one's virtues. A friend who in his heart believes that one has no faults may become cool the moment one wounds his vanity. We love our friends with all their faults; and the best gift of friendship is the correcting of these faults without wounding our vanity.

What makes friendship endure is the power of believing in our friends. And friendship is only imitation—only a sham—when whispering tongues "can poison truth." A man who can not see and understand his friend's faults without the intervention of a third critic has not in him the capacity for friendship. And the third critic who drops the poison that corrodes is—what? What name suits the creature who wilfully murders a holy sentiment with his circumstantial evidence? You and I, when we were younger, have listened to him, and perhaps been embittered; but now, that we are a year older, we cherish friends too much to lose one by believing that he is disloyal until he admits it himself,—and then we will forgive him, knowing his tendency to exaggerate his own faults. In fact, St. Paul's magnificent definition of charity is an admirable definition of friendship. Above all, it "thinketh no evil." The moment a friend begins to doubt seriously, the bloom is gone; and friendship, at the best, becomes merely temperate esteem.

The ideal friend is one who knows us better than we know ourselves; whose trust we are sure of, and who so softens his judgment of our failings that we are not offended at his pointing them out. The friendship which does not grow with years has a weak root. Happy is the man who can meet his friend after many years, whether letters have been few or many, and feel that the flame of friendship has not grown dimmer; who need not be at pains to make explanations or excuse; who knows that his friend is there, unchanged in heart.

Cicero and Lord Bacon and Montaigne and Emerson have all written on friendship; but not one of them has expressed it fully. Cicero is always the rhetorician; Lord Bacon the would-be philosopher; Montaigne the humorous essayist, playing with his subject, with no real understanding of it; and Emerson the cool polisher of phrases that come from the head, not from the heart. St. John and St. Paul could have written about friendship, and perhaps one or two others who have not written much. As it is, we only know that trust—faith—is the essence of friendship; and we who have friends, let us say with the unknown writer: "At Christmas-time I always thank God for my friends; and if I have made a new one, I add an extra *Gloria.*"

MAURICE F. EGAN, LL. D.

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

—The second, or long term of the scholastic year opened on the 3d inst., and all the classes are in good working order. The attendance is marked by a considerable increase over that of last session, while the holiday tourists have all returned to enter with renewed activity on the work before them. Everything at present points to a happy and successful issue of the great jubilee year '92–'93.

—Rev. President Walsh left Notre Dame on Monday last to visit the establishments of the Congregation in the South. While thus attending to the business of the Community it is hoped that the Southern trip will prove beneficial to his health, which for some time has been impaired. The students and numerous well-wishers of President Walsh hope that he may speedily enjoy the amelioration anticipated from his vacation.

—The engravings on the new Columbian series of postage stamps are skillfully and artistically executed, being beautiful and faithful reproductions in miniature of masterpieces of painting depicting various events in the life and career of Christopher Columbus. A more than ordinary interest attaches to the ten-cent stamp representing the appearance of the great discoverer before the Court of Spain on his return after his first voyage. It is a reproduction of Signor Gregori's grand mural painting in the hall of the main building of the University.

Christmas-Tide.

Christmas! What thoughts, suggestions and happy recollections arise within the mind at the sound of this word! The holy night of the first Christmas presents itself before our mental vision with all the vividness of reality. We listen to the soft, sweet, gentle but joyous strains of the celestial spirits; we see the innocent, all-perfect God-Child on dear Mary's lap, the unconfined joy of St. Joseph; and though we feel the cold, damp wind of the winter's night blowing through the boards of the poor, uncomfortable stable, we are warmed by the fire of Christ's love, and are happy in the joy of Mary's smile. There is gladness in everything, even in the very air we breathe; for the Birth of Christ was the birth of joy, love, purity, beauty, goodness.

How we love to recall those old times in childhood when on Christmas eve, before the little Christ's lanterns were hung out in the sky or our own homes lighted, we hastened to hang our stockings near the fireplace, whilst in simple innocence we worried lest "Old Santa" could not get down the chimney comfortably! And when "Night's sweet sister, sleep," would call us to slumber, how we strove to remain awake, and often crept from beneath the coverlets of the bed to pry into the sitting-room and gaze in hopeful wonder at the hearth! We were told the story of the God-Child, and in love and reverence, with quickly throbbing hearts, our little souls willed to be "like unto His," and from the lowliness in us, "which is young ambition's ladder," we made

> "Ambition's ocean swell and rage and foam
> To be exalted with the threatening clouds."

What changes has Fortune's whirling wheel brought us! Those were days of faith crowned with the Christian idea that the annual feast was something more than a day of giving and receiving, and on which roast turkey, apple-dumplings and cranberry sauce formed not the principal part of the celebration.

The Christmas of yesterday and to-day—what a difference! Then

> "The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
> Then, they say, no spirit stirs abroad;
> The nights are wholesome. Then no planets strike,
> No fairy talks, nor witch has power to charm,
> So hallowed and so holy is the time."

The annual recurrence of Christmas was celebrated with festivities and customs all tending to honor the Fact which it represented.

Out of reverence for the sacred time, people remained up all night, great large candles were burned, the Yule-log was thrown on the hearth; and, in England and Scotland at court and in the homes of the wealthy, an officer, called the Lord of Missrule or Abbot of Unreason, superintended the revels. Gaming, music, conjuring, dipping for nuts and apples, dancing, fool-plough, hot cockles and blindman's buff figured prominently in the celebration; and although we know that St. Bernard and such preachers of the time remonstrated with the people for paying too great attention to the festive character of the day and too little to the more solemn aspect, yet we have reason to believe they recognized the religious nature of Christmas better than we do. If they feasted on plum-puddings, mince-pies and on a boar's head brought in, covered with rosemary, with an orange in its mouth, they first decked their churches with mistletoe and attended midnight Mass with all the reverence and devotion possible. If the smell of blazing pudding and the sight of wreaths of holly were everywhere, the hearts of the people were also filled with thoughts of the God-Man.

I know it is a long step from the then Puritan hatred of Christmas to the love that its descendants manifest for it to-day; but our material celebrations are even more hopeless than was the Puritan neglect of the feast. We must remember that the Puritans did not deny the spiritual significance of the Birth of our Lord; they only objected to the celebration.

It is proper to receive gifts and be joyful with merriment and demonstration, but we must not forget what it all symbolizes. It is the time of pleasure and cordiality, of hand-shaking, benevolence and geniality; but we must not forget the great Centre and Object of this rejoicing.

Dickens loved and wrote feelingly of the Christmas festival; but he insisted too much on the material side. Though we love "Tiny Tim," who has softened many hearts and watered many eyes, we know that all the cakes, ale, holly-berries and warm fires possible have not sufficient consolation in them to drive away all sorrows or melt all snows.

Our writers are not only like Dickens in this respect, but they are even less hopeful. The Christmas stories in our magazines, for the most part, are "clouded with a doubt." We never find in them the name of Mary; no mention is made of her influence—the Mother of the Saviour of the world is completely ignored! How then can our literature be spiritual? The consistent Christian must recognize that the farther we go from Mary the farther we go from God.

Christmas is something more than natural. It speaks of something above us, the essence of which is purity, goodness and love. This is what we should seek, honor by celebration, and begin an immediate reaction against this material demonstration which has held our people so long in its power. It takes a really great mind to appreciate the beauty of the best, the æsthetic part of Christmas. It is a poem in itself, and all the great poets have made it, in some way or other, their theme. Scott, in "Marmion," gives us a very beautiful description of how it was honored in the Middle Ages:

"And well our Christmas sires of old
Loved, when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all the hospitable train;
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night.
On Christmas eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas eve the Mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly-green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all."

Milton has also tuned his lyre to celebrate the joyous feast:

"The night
When the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon earth begins."

Shakspere, too, speaks of it; and Dante, wandering in the dim shades of purgatory, hears the spirits chanting the Christmas anthem:

"Like to those
Shepherds who first heard in Bethlehem's field
That song."

How many, many Christmas carols does not our literature possess, and are they not all gems of beauty?

How picturesque, full of mirth and good cheer and yet how reverent was the Christmas of olden time! The boar's head, the crane, costly Christmas pies, burning candles, midnight Mass and the Yule-log—a piece of which lighted the next year's log, for

"Part must be kept wherewith to tend the Christmas log
next year;
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend can do no mischief
here."

How few of those old customs remain!

Many of them were based upon simple, pious beliefs derived from Scriptural facts. Though

the Christmas of to-day has not the religious aspect, air of faith and reverence which characterized it years ago, and which alone is in accordance with the true Christian idea, yet our Christmas is more widely recognized. Not only the Catholics, Greeks, Armenians, Episcopalians and Lutherans celebrate it now, but also the Quakers, Jews, Methodists, Puritans—almost all denominations do in some manner or other. What effect will this broader recognition of Christ's Birth have? Will men grow to believe in the divinity of the Infant of Bethlehem? We can only hope; but the result must bring some good.

HUGH A. O'DONNELL.

The Study of Science and Religious Beliefs.

EDITOR *Colorado Catholic:*

In the November and December numbers of *The Century* are two interesting and suggestive articles on "The Effect of Scientific Study upon Religious Beliefs." The subject is discussed with some ability; but the writers of the articles in question seem to lack clearness and comprehensiveness of view; and, as a consequence, their conclusions have not the point and precision the reader expects to find. The authors of both articles do, indeed, maintain that there is no reason for any antagonism between science and religion, however diverse the views that may obtain regarding science on the one hand and religion on the other; for it will always be found that the antagonism that sometimes is imagined to exist is not between the certain conclusions of science and the truths of revealed religion, but rather between the vague and mutable theories of science, and the personal opinions and speculations of theologians and commentators.

A Catholic writing on the subject just indicated would be much more positive in his statements than the writers of the *Century* articles, because, thanks to the dogmatic definitions of the Church, he has a clearer perception of the relations that must necessarily exist between science and revealed truth. The reason for this is very simple. The Catholic, unlike those who have no settled religious beliefs, is always sure of the ground on which he stands, and knows that such a thing as a conflict between veritable science and divine revelation is simply impossible.

To answer the question raised by the *Century* articles by discussing the mutual relations of religion and science, and considering the principles on which they are based, is as satisfactory as it is logical, and there is no imperative reason for carrying the argument any further. It may, however, be interesting, as well as instructive, to glance at the subject from another point of view, and look at the effect of scientific study upon religious beliefs in the light of experience.

What effect has the study of science had upon the faith of those who have been most eminent and most successful in the study of Nature and Nature's laws? Has it been to weaken or destroy their faith, or has it not rather been to strengthen it, and give them nobler and truer conceptions of God and His universe?

It would take too long to answer this question in detail, as it would involve a review of the entire history of science and of the lives of those who have most materially contributed towards its advancement. It will be sufficient for our present purpose to state what can easily be proved: that all the great scientists of the world have, with few exceptions, been men of deep religious convictions, and men who did not hesitate to make an open profession of their faith whenever circumstances demanded it. And this statement, broad as it is, is true in reference to leaders of contemporary science, as well as of those who lived and worked in times long past.

To confine our view to France alone, the mention of the names of those who, during the past few decades, have achieved most, and shed most lustre on science and in all its departments, would convince the most skeptical that our assertion, comprehensive as it is, has a solid foundation in fact.

All are familiar with the story of the great astronomer Leverrier, the celebrated discoverer of the planet Neptune, who was as distinguished for the ardor of his faith and for his genuine piety as for his marvellous achievements in the science of the stars. In the front rank of living astronomers stands M. H. Faye, of the French Institute. In his admirable work "*Sur l'Origine du Monde*," he says, in referring to science and the idea of God:

"And since our intelligence has not made itself, there must exist in the world a superior intelligence from which our own is derived. Therefore, the greater the idea one forms of this Supreme intelligence, the nearer will it approach to the truth. We run no risk of deception in regarding this intelligence as the Author of all things, in referring to It those splendors of the heavens which have awakened our thought, in believing that we are not alien or indifferent to Him, and, in fine, we are altogether

ready to accept understandingly the traditional formula: *God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth.*

"As to denying God, this is as if one should let himself fall heavily from these heights upon the ground. These stars, these wonders of nature, that they should be the effect of chance! That our intelligence should be from matter which set itself spontaneously to thinking! Man would then become an animal like others; like them he would play for good or ill the game of this life without an object, and end like them after fulfilling the functions of nutrition and reproduction.

"It is false that science has ever by its own movement arrived at this negation."

The most eminent of recent paleontologists was, without question, the illustrious Joachim Barrande. But, distinguished as he was for his investigations in the domain of the distant geologic past, he was no less remarkable for his devotion to Holy Mother Church. Almost the peer of Barrande, but in a different field, stand the erudite professor of geology in the Catholic University of Paris, M. A. de Lapperant, and the no less able geologist, Charles Sainte-Claire Deville.

Probably the greatest of living mathematicians is Hermite, the worthy successor of the pious Puissieux, and that prodigy of mathematical science, the no less pious Baron Cauchy. In the front rank of the world's most famous chemists stand Henri Sainte-Claire Deville, Michel Chevreul, J. B. Dumas, and the world-renowned Pasteur, four of the brightest ornaments of the great French Academy of Sciences, and three devoted sons of the Church. In physics we may name Foucault, and Ampère, the illustrious founder of the science of electro-dynamics. Foremost among physiologists and botanists we may mention Claude Bernard and the brothers Tulasne, an honor both to science and religion.

But, strange as it may appear to many, the most active and successful investigators, especially in those branches of science which are popularly supposed to be most inimical in their tendency to the permanence of dogmatic teaching, are to be found among the members of the French clergy. For some decades past quite a number of them have devoted themselves specially to the study of geology and prehistoric archæology—those alleged *bétes noires* of Genesis—and with a success that has commanded the admiration and elicited the applause of their bitterest enemies. Indeed one of the most serious difficulties that scientists and scriptural exegetists have ever been called upon to solve—the supposed existence of tertiary man—was raised by the researches and discoveries of two pious French ecclesiastics—the famous Abbé Bourgeois, and his scarcely less known confrère, Abbé Delaunay. Besides these two Churchmen we must mention Abbés Ducrost, Moigno, Arcelin, Valroger, Robert, Motais, St. Projet, and Renard, who, with a score of others, have, each in his own sphere, contributed fully as much towards the development of the sciences of geology and prehistoric archæology as have any of their contemporaries.

All the scientists just named are noted for their eagerness in the pursuit of science. They never had any misgivings as to the results of their investigations. They were never tormented by any fears lest the conclusions to which their researches would lead them should prove antagonistic to faith, or subversive of any of the Church's teachings. During their long and arduous studies and explorations they never experienced any waverings or doubts in their religious convictions. Far from it! They met with many and grave difficulties, it is true; but then it must be remembered that one is always meeting with difficulties, whatever the branch of knowledge he may pursue; difficulties that, for a time, are quite insoluble; difficulties, too, which often increase in magnitude and importance in proportion as one's investigations are more thorough and profound. But intellectual difficulties, however great,—nay even apparent contradictions,—do not frighten the lover of truth. The Catholic scientist, contrary to what is so often asserted, does not know what it is to fear truth. Persuaded, as he is, that God is the Author of both Nature and Revelation, he is certain that the declarations of the one cannot contradict, however much at times they may appear to do so, the teachings of the other. He may at times,—and this very often occurs—be unable to reconcile the testimony of the rocks and the testimony of the Book of books; but, then, far from being troubled in his religious beliefs, he is content to wait for more light; to look to the future—and with a certainty that it will be forthcoming—for that illumination that the present does not vouchsafe.

The study of science, then, far from weakening the faith of the true Christian or destroying it altogether, only tends to strengthen it and increase its vitality. He may, indeed, change many opinions he formerly entertained about God and Nature—it would be strange if he did not,—but this change does not and cannot affect any of those articles of faith which are a part of the positive doctrine of the Church. Every advance in science, every new acquisition made in any of the departments of natural knowledge, is a step towards a truer and more exalted conception of the God of the Bible, as

well as of the God of the visible universe. The effect, therefore, of the study of science upon religious beliefs, far from giving rise to, and developing, skepticism and agnosticism, as is so often charged, is the very opposite, both in its tendency and results. Hence it is that the Church has always encouraged the study of science, and hence, too, the reason why the Holy Father, Leo XIII., has so frequently, in his admirable encyclicals, especially in his masterly *Æterni Patris*, dilated on the importance of mastering the physical and natural sciences, as well as the higher sciences of philosophy and theology.

J. A. ZAHM, C. S. C.

Books and Periodicals.

FATHER BRIGHTHOPES; or, an Old Clergyman's Vacation. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepherd.

Most people think that to write a successful "boys' story" requires less ingenuity and literary skill than other species of composition. To have amused a generation of children is taken now to imply no very great merit in an author. The truth is, however, that no literary venture is so precarious or attended with so many of the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis as this very writing for the young ones. To be able to unstring oneself wholly from the tension of experienced manhood, to reach back to the thought and idiom and incident of boyhood without falling into the palpably ridiculous, is a matter of no small difficulty. Some invidious critic said of Wordsworth that "he aimed at simplicity and achieved simpleness." With more truth can this be said of many writers who attempt literary work for the young; for the power of writing a good boys' story is a rare gift indeed. Mr. Trowbridge has this gift. He writes in perfect sympathy with boyhood, and his books are filled with that abundance of stirring incident which delights the heart of youth. "Father Brighthopes" (he is not a Catholic clergyman as one might infer) is a delightful old personage, genial, kind and, withal, deeply religious. The children in the book are sprightly, vivacious little tots, usually "nice," but sometimes mischievous. The moral of the story is at times too prominent to be artistic but this is almost the only defect in a book that has many merits.

THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Like a voice from the grave comes Lowell's last book—a voice that speaks for true art with sympathetic appreciation of the good, and apostolic denunciation of the false. Those who have known Lowell, whether as friends or readers, will know just what to expect in this volume; because the great critic was nothing if not consistent. He chose a very difficult period for study in these essays; for the minor lights of the Elizabethan age are shadows rather than lights when put into juxtaposition with Shakspere. But with a sympathy and a delicacy of perception which would have been impossible to anyone else, Lowell approaches the precursors and the contemporaries of the bard of Avon, weighs them in the balance, and does not find them wanting. He feels that he owes them this duty, for they were his favorite authors in early youth, and perhaps more than any others they were the formative influences that moulded his mind. His critiques are masterpieces of literature, full of that light, intangible, evanescent quality which seems always within reach of definition, yet is always slipping away, like a veritable fairy sprite. The book is beautifully bound in crimson and gold, and has all the excellencies that mark the work of the Riverside press.

SUN-PRINTS IN SKY-TINTS. By Irene E. Jerome. Boston: Lee & Shepherd.

The author of this charming Christmas book remarks in her preface that its title is not techniquely correct. But at least it is a beautiful title for a very beautiful book. A series of delightful sketches, full of vigor and animation, tastefully arranged and artistically reproduced, forms the bulk of this handsome volume. With each sketch goes a poetical selection which serves for a text, thereby enhancing the value of the poem itself and furnishing a key to the appreciation of the illustration. The poetical selections, however, would be more acceptable if the compiler had not quoted so extensively from poets who are comparatively little known. Many sketches with larger possibilities than any disclosed even in the work of this charming volume, might be found in the "grand old masters," and for such illustrations the world would be devoutly grateful. Nor do we find here any suggestion of that rugged scenery which frequently marks New England landscape. In this respect indeed the book is wholly unrepresentative. But it has so many merits withal, and its art is so fine (in the true meaning of this much-abused word) that one is moved to gulph down whatever disappointment one may have experienced at first. The mechanism of the book and the design of the cover are hardly less artistic than the body of the volume.

—An appropriate and artistic accompaniment to the celebration of the Golden Episcopal Jubilee of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., which occurs on February 19, will be found in the "Jubilee Hymn" just published by Messrs. J. Fischer & Bro., 7 Bible House, New York. The words are by Miss Eliza Allen Starr, so well known in the fields of literature and art; and the music is in the best vein of Cav. Decio Monti, the distinguished member of the St. Cecilia

Academy, Rome. The work is issued in various styles, from cheap cardboard, suitable for school exercises, to ornamental sheet music. Orchestral parts will be furnished in MS. by the publishers.

—We have received the first number of the *Carmelite Review*. It will be published monthly by the Carmelite Fathers at Falls View, Ont., in the interest of the Hospice at Niagara Falls. It promises to be an entertaining and instructive periodical, meriting an extensive patronage.

Local Items.

—A Happy New Year!

—Oh, there's my Willie!

—Do you weigh "154 pounds"?

—Now beginneth the long session.

—Ice cutting has begun on the lake.

—Let us sing No. 7, on the large card.

—Sleigh-riding was fine Monday evening.

—Read the "Holiday Notes." 'Twill do you good.

—Mac's style of prefecting was quiet but effective.

—Mr. Stemhaus was the first one back, returning last Monday.

—The "Staff" has been slowly toiling back during the week.

—Freddie's violin has been ominously quiet during the holidays.

—Two new princes have arrived from the city of the World's Fair.

—The old settler avers that never was there better sleighing in these parts.

—The Seminary singers gave concerts during the holidays in several neighboring institutions.

—Joe begins to think that the express from Kentucky has been greatly delayed for some unknown reason.

—Captain John has sent to Minneapolis for snow-shoes by means of which he intends to win the "cake walk."

—We welcome the arrival of Mr. C.V. Larkin, '84, who will be numbered among the Faculty of the University during the present year.

—The Minims' Christmas tree was a splendid affair. A certain dignified member of the Faculty played the *rôle* of Santa Claus.

—If our genial P. M. had a supply of those ten-cent Columbian stamps, they would "go off like hot cakes on a frosty mornin'."

—The billiardists of Brownson Hall will be delighted to learn that B. Paul has had the tables recovered and has purchased a number of new cues.

—The princes, encouraged by the success of the Christmas examination, have started in downright earnest to prepare for the one in June. Success to them!

—It is said that some Texans are subject to fright just as well as people from other states. How this is, we cannot tell. We know merely that there are no such exceptional characters in Sorin Hall.

—Hennessy, Cullen and Heer returned last Wednesday from Kalamazoo, Mich., where they spent New Year's with Mr. Jos. Henley. They were much taken with the city, and made many friends during their short stay.

—A student of Brownson Hall has missed a suit of under clothing (white flannels all wool) and four pocket handkerchiefs. A great favor will be conferred by returning the same to Bro. Bernard, Prefect of the trunk room.

—Lost—On Friday, the 6th inst., by a student of Brownson Hall, in either trunk or smoking room, a valuable scarf-pin. Finder will confer a great favor on the owner by returning the article and leaving it in care of the Prefect of Bronwson Hall.

—The heaviest fall of snow in the memory of the oldest inhabitant took place on the 4th and 5th insts. On the latter date it assumed the proportions of a veritable blizzard. The snow is over one and one-half feet deep on the level.

—The recently finished gymnasium of the Seminary has been furnished with a complete set of calisthenic implements by the Rev. Prefect of Discipline of the University. The students of the Seminary hereby return thanks to the generous donor.

—On the evening of the 2d inst., the Brownsons made a friendly New Year call on the Sorins, and were pleasantly entertained in the latters' reading-room. Card-playing, dancing, boxing and story-telling were engaged in till the hour for retiring. The honors in the fistic exhibition were awarded to Flannigan, while Mr. Tim Smith carried off the laurels of the dance.

—At the request of many friends and admirers, and among them a priest from Ireland, who wrote asking a picture of the Very Rev. Father General with his autograph and blessing, the venerable Founder gave some sittings on the 27th ult. to Mr. McDonald of South Bend which resulted in some of the best pictures ever taken of Father General. A circumstance that greatly enhances the value of the photographs is that they are souvenirs of the Golden Jubilee of the Founding of Notre Dame.

—Certain biologists who had gone out on a pleasure hunt saw, it is said, an object glaring in the twilight like a police lantern of some kind. Concluding wihout further investigation that the object half hidden behind the fence-post was the night watchman's lantern the best marksman of the party was selected to annihilate the light. This he did with his faithful rifle and a No. 22; but, alas! closer investigation made evident their mistake. The light that had been blown out had proceeded from the light-orbs of a squinting tom-cat.

Holiday Notes.

On the evening of December 21 the Senior refectory presented a rather desolate appearance. Instead of the merry, buzzing talk of two hundred and fifty students a whisper from across the large room could be heard. For a little while it made those present feel perhaps a little melancholy at the thought of "Home, Sweet Home."

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At the first few meals a solitary table, here and there, with a few students partaking of the palatable food, was to be seen; but soon we were moved to more congenial quarters where we were more together; for in unity is strength. There we could hear something at times a little above a whisper. Talk about a whisper, but that was a whisper in dead earnest. In fact, it was an old-time and an old-fashioned whisper. We feel sure that they must have enjoyed a "Merry Christmas" at that table. There was no use to unite in arms to fight the battle for we always expect a calm after a storm. And so it happened. After that our good neighbors got along very nicely, and having wished them a "Merry Christmas," we now wish them a happy and a prosperous New Year!

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We shall now give a glance at the Seniors' study-hall the day after the big rush for home. We see dotted here and there an industrious, happy youth at his desk reading Christmas stories from the SCHOLASTIC or from the *Ave Maria*. The routine was something like this: At nine o'clock p. m. *la clochette* rings, and night prayer is said. *La clochette* rings again, and we we are on our way to bed. What is to be seen in this department? A bright gas light illumines the spacious room. Seventy-five or more beds are in rows, all in perfect order, each covered with a spread as white as newly-fallen snow, presenting a neat and a Christian-like scene. Here and there is my darling pet and my darling boy in solitary silence, gently lifting the cozy bed clothes, and in a few minutes all are sound asleep. The gas is turned off till a very dim light remains, and no sound is heard.

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Joyful Christmas morning comes, and at half-past five we are in the study-hall again, ready to go and receive our Blessed Redeemer and attend the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. In the beautiful Church of the Sacred Heart at this early hour of a cold wintry morning, when the stars in the firmament were yet visible, we meet our zealous and devoted friends of Sorin Hall and other departments of the University who are assembled for the same devout purpose. The sanctuary was beautifully illuminated, and so was the rest of the church. So many candles were burning on the main altar that the latter seemed a bunch of fire, while the statue of the Blessed Virgin had not been forgotten.

The ceremonies were very solemn, and the music grand. The large and powerful pipe organ did its duty, while in excellent tones the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* and the *Adeste Fideles* were sung. The first two Masses over, we proceeded to visit the crib of the Infant Jesus located near one of the side altars. Arriving there we knelt and for a minute offered our prayers to the same God who was born to redeem mankind nineteen hundred and ninety-two years ago. The crib was a perfect piece of workmanship so truly did it represent the stable of Bethlehem. The walls were beautified by green boughs, while the different arches, made of the same material, were ornamented with roses and lilies.

The sermon preached at the 10 o'clock Solemn High Mass by Rev. Father Walsh was eloquent and appropriate. It would require a better pen than mine to give a fitting account of it; but without fear of exaggeration I may safely say that it was one of the best sermons preached within the walls of the Church of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame in many a day.

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The weather from the 23d to the 27th was quite cold, so much so that one could hear that peculiar creaking under his feet when walking on the crisp, frozen snow. By this, of course, I do not mean to say that it is as cold here as in Iceland at this season of the year. On the 23d for the first time this winter at Notre Dame the jingling of sleigh-bells could be heard, and ever since have been heard quite often. On that day also thick snowflakes were falling all day on the already fallen snow, and the trees presented a perfect wintry scene.

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The visitors during the holidays were: Rev. P. S. O'Connor, Dubuque, Iowa; Rev. Chas. M. Carroll, D. D., New Hampton, Iowa; Captain Crandall, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. M. Finnerty, Denver, Col.; Mrs. J. P. Flaherty, Niles, Mich.; Mr. and Mr. James McMaster, St. Joseph, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Worthington, Omaha, Neb.; Miss M. Egan, Chicago; Miss Isabel Metzler, Rochester, Ind.; Marie Lewis Chamber, Cedar Rapids; Charles O. Chamber, Detroit, Mich.;

G. C. Walsh, Wayne, N. Y.; Miss Annie Gilbert, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. A. J. Allenbough and son, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.; J. Lucine Gray, M. D., Laporte, Ind.; Mr. Edward White, New York city.

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Notre Dame never fails to make things as pleasant as possible for the comparatively few students who remain to spend the Christmas holidays within her hallowed walls. The twenty-eighth inst.—a beautiful day—will be a memorable one to the Juniors and Seniors of the holidays at Notre Dame. At nine o'clock a. m. two large carry-alls drove up to the main entrance of the University, and in less time than it takes to write it, the Juniors and Minims in great glee were off on a most delightful drive to Mishawaka.

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On Monday forenoon, December 26, skating by the different departments began to take place on St. Joseph's Lake. About three inches of snow was on the ice, but through the industry of the skaters and others a large space was soon cleared, and a very pleasant recreation on the ice has been enjoyed ever since.

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We extend our heartfelt thanks to Messrs. McCullen and Hennessy for the enjoyment afforded by the music which they rendered on several evenings during the vacation. We shall not forget the latter for the quadrilles and Virginia reels with which he favored us, nor shall we forget the two Murphys' Christmas boxes.

R. DELANEY.

Examination Averages.

SORIN HALL.

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EXCUSED FOR CAUSE:

G. Coady, F. McKee, C. Corry, A. Hartman, D. Monarch, E. Roby, P. Stephen.

A Visit to St. Mary's.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

The most enjoyable treat of the holiday season was given us on the afternoon of New Year's day in the nature of a visit to St. Mary's. On arriving there our steps were, of course, most fittingly directed towards the church. Entering therein, we proceeded up the centre aisle and knelt for a few moments in adoration and prayer before the main altar. We lingered before the crib of the Infant Jesus, which presented a very beautiful and impressive appearance, though the materials composing it were simple. But this made it all the more sublime, since the God-Man was born into the world in a poor stable. We admired the magnificent stained-glass windows depicting events in the life of our Lord and His Blessed Mother, the three marble altars and a statue of the Blessed Virgin of the some material, wearing a golden crown—all perfect works of art.

As we were about to leave the sacred edifice a motherly Sister made us a sign to follow her. We obeyed with pleasure and leaving by a side door found ourselves in a very long hall-like passage used as a covered way between the church and convent during stormy weather. Following our kind guide we soon emerged through an exit on our left, and were then in the court on our way to the delightful and cozy little chapel of Loreto. The walls within are finished so as to show the natural brick of a dark color giving an appearance of poverty. In the roof, directly over the altar, is an opening or window allowing light enough within to give the altar and its ornaments a very attractive appearance. At the foot of the altar was again the crib of the Infant Jesus, which was very delicately constructed. After a few minutes of adoration there we retraced our steps and were conducted by the good Sister to other beautiful departments.

We were on our way through a continuation of the hall above-mentioned, and passing opposite the department of music, when I heard our director remark that there were fifty pianos altogether used in the teaching of music in that institution. Each instrument is in a separate department and so affords every advantage to students. The writer has visited some of the largest and best ladies' schools in the country, but never found one so well equipped, with musical instruments as St. Mary's.

We were next taken into the Seniors' study-hall. Some of the visitors regretted that the pupils were not present. However, we did not fail to be impressed with the truth that girls have more regard to neatness than boys. The room was not so very large, but by its neatness, its beautifully ornamented walls, and in the order everywhere observed, it presented an indescribably pleasant and attractive appearance. The desks did not show the least wear nor scratch, and two of them about an inch apart, made a row. This showed that young ladies there make use of pen-knives for paper and not for whittling wood; and, better than that, do not whisper much to one another during study hours. In one corner, near the desk, was a splendid upright piano, and I concluded that it was used when hymns are sung before studies.

We were then shown the refectories, the neatness of which would please anybody. We were then and there informed that they had reading, and that silence was observed during meals.

We were next ushered into the visitors' parlor. While there, it would have been appropriate for one of us to represent the students by extending our heartfelt thanks to the good Sister who had been so kind as to teach us an interesting lesson from observation, and to extend to her and the rest of the Community our wishes for a happy and a prosperous New Year. But I trust that it is yet time to do so through the columns of the SCHOLASTIC, while our visit to St. Mary's will be among our most pleasant memories. We also thank the Brother Prefect who accompanied us there and to other places of historical interest on our way home.

BROWNSON HALL.