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The Dawn of the Day-Star.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN.

WHEN first across the trackless path of time
The world began her isolated way;
When first grey shadows o'er the hills did climb
And sun brought from the depths the pristine day,
On that, the earliest morn that ever blushed,
While yet the rose 'neath night-dew bent its head
And wakening breezes soft the wild flower brushed,
A deepening shadow over all was spread.

Our father Adam, he whose fall had brought
This gloom o'er all mankind, looked through sad tears;
Far down time's vale his eager vision sought
The promised Light to shine in after years.
Yet 'twas not given our ancient sire to see;
In darkness walked he even to the tomb.
And many generations yet to be
Walked like to him beneath that sable gloom.

That Light must one day come the wise men knew;
Still, like lost sailors on a wild, rough sea,
They sailed 'mid shoals, and ere the night was through,
Their ships gave way before the morn could be.
Night had no moon whose beams could find their way
Around the cloud and shine on men below;
Day had no sun whose penetrating ray
Could pierce the gloom and let its radiance flow.

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Four thousand years of walking in the night,
Four thousand years with deepening gloom above;
Then, as the prophets told, the long-sought Light
Appeared at last,—the Light of Peace and Love.
Earth saw the cloud roll back from Bethlehem;
She saw the Heavens beam with His bright star,
Then angels joyed, and shepherds worshipped Him,
And wise men came with incense from afar.



Should Christmas Fall on December 25th?

EUGENE T. AHERN, '03.

THE discussion as to the true date of the birth of our Lord was begun as early as the year 200. About this time Clement of Alexandria, in a treatise on the subject, records the opinions of others that had dealt with the question. It would appear that even at this early time there must have been much doubt concerning the precise date of the Nativity, for St. Clement speaks rather slightly of those that claim to have definite information on the matter.

Ever since that time there has been more or less discussion of the question; but, so far, without any definite or satisfactory results. Indeed, so far from having succeeded in establishing the true beginning of the Christian era, those that write on the question, even at the present day, are content if they can succeed in establishing some favorite opinion concerning questions of a nature more or less remote from the point at issue.

Some of these questions are argued with a view to securing greater harmony between the sacred and profane writers that lived near the time of the birth of Christ. Others, again, have for their object either the defense of some theory based on the writings of St. Luke or St. Matthew, or the overthrow of the same theory by calling attention to the silence of contemporary profane historians on the points under discussion.

It need scarcely be said that this negative argument which relies for support on the silence of profane writers respecting early Christian history can not obtain much weight with Christian people. Were we dependent

on profane history for a record of the life and work of Christ our knowledge should indeed be meagre. Only when there is a conflict between the respective testimony of a sacred and a profane writer, does it become necessary to inquire into the cause of the disagreement; not, indeed, so much for the purpose of fixing the blame where it properly belongs, as with a view to ascertaining the truth.

Perhaps the most original argument, as well as the argument of most intrinsic worth, why December twenty-fifth should not be held as the true date of our Lord's birth, is that drawn from the inclemency of the weather which prevails during the rainy season in Judea. Now since the height of the rainy season is about December twenty-fifth it is asserted to be highly improbable that shepherds would keep their flocks in the open air during the night; hence the improbability of this date. This, however, does not in any way affect the reliability of St. Luke; on the contrary, it would appear to corroborate his testimony in another particular. For while Saint Luke does not associate the birth of Christ with any particular day of the year, he does mention it in connection with an important political event—the Census of Quirinius (Luke ii. 1, 2); and the same cause, namely, the inclemency of the weather, which would have made it unlikely that shepherds would be in the fields with their flocks at night, would likewise have made it improbable that the people should be asked to make long journeys to be enrolled at that time of year.

There is, however, a difference on this point between sacred and profane historians. Both St. Luke and St. Matthew place the time of our Lord's birth during the reign of Herod; hence, according to St. Luke, Quirinius was governor of Syria during Herod's lifetime. But Josephus and Tacitus assert that the governor of Syria at the time of Herod's death was one P. Quintilius Varus, and Josephus further says that the immediate predecessor of Varus was C. Sentius Saturninus. Here, then, is a direct conflict between the testimony of St. Luke and that of Josephus. However, the evidence of the early Christian writers appears to justify St. Luke.

Justin the martyr, in his first apology to the Emperor Antoninus, tells him that there is a certain village, Bethlehem, in Judea, where Jesus Christ was born; and he adds: "You may learn this from the returns made at the time of Quirinius who was your first procurator in

Judea." Tertullian also mentions the same fact, but refers to the Roman archives for proof of his assertion. But even with the establishment of St. Luke's reliability there is still room for doubt as to whether December twenty-fifth is the true date of our Lord's birth. In fact, it does not appear that this date was observed during the first two centuries of the Christian era.

It is true that in the commentary of Hippolytus on the Book of Daniel, A. D. 205, it is stated that the birth of our Lord occurred December twenty-fifth. The Philocatian calendar A. D. 336, and the Syriac Martyrologium, A. D. 412, also mention December twenty-fifth as the birthday of our Lord. It is also important to remember that in every calendar of the Western Church, from the time of St. Augustine, the feast of the Nativity was assigned to this date. It might seem that these facts should justify the assumption that this is the true date.

Modern investigators, however, are not disposed to accept anything—especially if it savors ever so slightly of that fascinating departure of literature known as "higher criticism"—without conclusive proof. Moreover, in this case, there is against this assumption direct evidence in the fact that prior to the third century in the West, and in the East even so late as the fourth century, the feast of the Nativity was observed on January sixth; and indirectly there is the opinion held by many that the establishment of December twenty-fifth as the day to be celebrated in honor of our Lord's birth was due to a desire on the part of the Church to supplant the heathen festival Saturnalia, which was celebrated December the seventeenth. It may be mentioned here that the Church still leaves this question undetermined. She has indeed set apart a day for the liturgical celebration, but further than this she has not seen fit to decide.

It will be seen, therefore, that while there is not any satisfactory evidence in favor of any other date (the half dozen conflicting dates mentioned by Clement of Alexandria are almost entirely without foundation), neither is there sufficient evidence in favor of December twenty-fifth to justify the holding that date as absolutely certain. Whether such evidence shall be produced in the future, or whether the result of investigation shall be to establish some other date remains to be seen.

A hateful spark, though small and tame,
May set a thousand hills aflame.—P. J. D.

The Preparation of the World for Christ.

WILLIAM D. FURRY, 1900.



It is said that when Constantine the Great was tracing the bounds of Byzantium, some one expressed surprise at the great amount of land he was enclosing; whereupon Constantine replied: "I am following One that is leading me."

The world has been slow to accept this great truth expressed by Constantine, and not until our own century has it been fully accepted; and in consequence the study of history has been revolutionized. History without God is an enigma unsolved, a lock with no key. It is the body without the soul, the incidents and events without the idea underlying them, and the effects without the necessary and antecedent causes. History will be, as it was to most of us, a jumbling together of events without a thread of reason to bind them together. To the Christian there is such a thread; and the study of it, though it has been somewhat neglected, may be used to defend the position of a Christian, as well as to reinforce the doctrines peculiar to Christianity.

There is a logic of events. The events of history have not happened as they have been, for the most part, written and studied, without any relation to the law of cause and effect. There is plainly discernible one unceasing and unfolding purpose running like a crimson thread through the whole complexity of events which disentangles the otherwise entangled skein of history, and reduces the incoherent and meaningless mass of human events to unity and purpose.

To perceive this unity and purpose in history, we must needs view history and humanity as a whole. Our view must be made from an elevated position, and we must look down upon the whole world and all past time. From such view we shall see that both Jew and Gentile are alike needful to the solution of the historic problem; and that Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Greece, Rome, England, and even America, with their pre-determined lines and limits, are but as mountain ranges, among which the streams of civilization follow diverse courses toward one sea.

The cross of Jesus Christ was the turning point of the ages. Toward that point the two streams of civilization flowed in ancient times; and from it has flowed the stream of modern

civilization. It is very easy to see that the advent of Christ was admirably fitted into time. Indeed the study of the world's history warrants us to say that at no other time in the world's history could He have been born. Then and only then had come the fulness of time. Just then there was an opening made ready by thousands of years of training which only He could fill.

Froude says: "Julius Cæsar came into the world at a special time and for a special object. A new life was about to dawn upon mankind. Poetry, faith and devotion were to spring again out of the seeds which were sleeping in the heart of humanity. But the life which is to endure grows slowly, and the soil must be prepared before the wheat can be sown; so before the kingdom of God could throw up its shoots, there was needed a kingdom of this world where the nations were neither torn in pieces by violence, nor were rushing after false ideals and spurious ambitions. Such a kingdom was the empire of the Cæsars—a kingdom where peaceful men could work and think and speak as they pleased and travel freely among provinces ruled for the most part by Gallios, who protected life and property, and forbade fanatics to tear each other in pieces for their religious opinions." The same author goes on to say that "if Europe and Asia had been covered with independent nations, each with a local religion represented in its ruling powers, Christianity must have been stifled in its cradle!"

The completeness of this preparation made by Rome is shown by an event recorded by one of the Evangelists. St. Luke, a Gentile by birth, sets his narrative of the life of Christ in connection with universal history. He tells us that "in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judea," there began the series of events which he proposes to record. He will write of certain transactions that took place in a particular province of the Roman Empire, and trace the descent of Jesus from Adam.

St. Paul speaks of the birth of Jesus Christ as having taken place when the fulness of time had come, meaning thereby not only that a certain lapse of time must have run out, but that a chain of historical events and changes must happen that have the coming of Christ for their sequence.

In the first twenty verses of St. Luke's Gospel, we have a most unique condensation of all history and all prophecy. The world

had reached its highest development without Christianity. Rome—the last of the world kingdoms contained in Nebuchadnezzar's dream—was in its Golden Age. The most complete political unity had been attained, so that a decree from the imperial palace would affect the entire habitable world. From the exalted throne of Augustus Cæsar was issued the decree "that all the world should be taxed," which determined the time and place of our Lord's birth. That event was the goal of all the preparations and the starting-point of a new era. Just at this time the celestial and terrestrial forces meet which had been for a long time approaching. No wonder that Froude says emphatically "that the empire of Cæsar was a preparation for the empire of Christ."

But it can be shown that all the previous history of the world contributed to the making of the Roman Empire; hence all former ages were also a preparation for the coming of Christ. Indeed the forty centuries between the Creation and the Incarnation are quite inexplicable upon any other hypothesis. Space will permit a rapid glance only of the events preceding the birth of Christ. Let us ascend the stream of history to the call and migration of Abraham. Here history separates itself into two parts—the world at large and the Hebrews. Two totally diverse experiments are set to work: the experiment of the Gentile and of the Jew. Both experiments signally failed to vindicate the virtue and capacity of man (Graves). St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans shows the lamentable condition of both Jew and Gentile; points out the successive steps of their deterioration, and the equal need of both of the righteousness of God.

Until the time of Alexander the Great, the stream of history was confined to the Orient. Egypt, Nineveh, Assyria and Persia, had, in turn, been the supreme power in the world. Cyrus, king of Persia, and dignified in prophecy as God's "anointed," opened the two-leaved gate and opened communication between the East and West. But just at this time history turns westward never again to return to the East. Alexander crossed the Hellespont in 334 B. C., and Macedon became mistress of the world, and the Greek language was widely diffused and became, indeed, the common language of the then civilized world.

But Macedon was too far eastward to remain the capital of Europe; and so the Roman ascendancy began in 186 B. C. Under the

Cæsars, Rome conquered the world, and the Roman roads led to its limits. "These roads were the world's great arteries radiating from the Eternal City as its heart. Every pulsation of that heart was felt at the finger tips of civilization. Men of every race flowed into Rome; and the torch of the Gospel flaming there might cast its light into every land."

The Jews also at this time were in a position unlike that in any period of their previous history. In 721 and 587 B. C. they had been carried into captivity by the Assyrians and Babylonians, and from that time, even until the very present, they ceased to be a local and exclusive people, and began to spread throughout the world in a movement that continues to this day. A large body of them had settled at Alexandria in Egypt, built a temple, and publicly observed their religion. They adopted the Greek language, so that it became necessary to translate the Old Testament into Greek for them. By this means the Old Testament became available to the whole civilized world, and also prepared the way for the coming of Jesus Christ, and more especially for the preaching of the Gospel taught by Him.

Let us now sum up. We have seen that Jesus Christ came at a time when the Jews were scattered throughout the world. They, by their devotion to the one, living and personal God and to the Old Testament, had become harbingers of the coming of Jesus Christ, when the conquests of Alexander the Great had carried civilization from Asia into Europe, and thus made the Greek language to become almost of universal usage, so that the Gospel of Jesus Christ might spread rapidly and easily; when the wars of Cæsar, Pompey, Brutus and Antony had come to a close and the temple of Janus closed; when philosophy had become untrue and unsatisfactory to men; when religion had become corrupt, in consequence of which a moral darkness covered the earth and a gross moral darkness the people—it was then that the "fulness of time" had come; it was then that the great Timekeeper of the universe struck the morning hour, and the darkness began to fade as the day began to dawn; it was then that the "Sun of righteousness" arose; it was then that God sent his Son into the world, for the "fulness of time" was indeed come.

LIFE grows rich when it grows old,
As the setting sun turns all to gold.—P. J. D.

Christmas.

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

THE sombre light of a Southern night
Shone in Judea's sky,
The Angels sang, while their harp notes rang,
"Glory to God on high!"
But from Heaven streamed, 'ere the morning beamed,
The glory of God's first ray;
And the shepherds sped to the lonely bed,
Where the God-Child meekly lay.
Pure Love's light grows warm to-night
In every Christian home,
And no spirits dare to the wise declare
A thought but of Him to come.
The weird mistletoe and the holly glow
On palace and cottage wall;
Our hearts are as bright as the pure sun-light,
For the Babe was born for all.
On this great day, so the pious say,
Heaven's gates are open wide;
And the souls glide in, freed from sin
By the Blood of the Crucified.
May the Christ-Child weave, on this Christmas eve,
New hopes as the years go by;
And around His throne, may at last each one
Sing "glory to God on high!"

The child gazed longer, and his eyes closed; his mother bore him to his bed. The star grew larger, and came closer to him, and beckoned him to it. He got on it and rode among the other stars; he took them in his hands, many of them, until he could hold no more; then he rode through the clouds and sat on the church steeple and looked all around him—men seemed so small, and he felt dizzy. Next the star brought him to the moon, and he grasped the moon with his two hands, for it did not try to get away; again he looked all about him, and could see nothing but myriads of other stars. Then the star brought him to an old castle, like that he had seen in his picture-book. Here the windows were large and the ceiling high, and many things were lying on the floor—soldiers, guns, drums and patrols; he stopped to seize these, but he was in a large forest with immense trees and palms. There was a swift running stream, and he walked to this; but again the star bore him through the air and set him on a large mountain. Here were apples and oranges and grapes, rich and luscious; when he had eaten he lay on a cot to rest, for he was tired; then the star left him and he cried out for it.

His mother bent over him and brushed his hair from his feverish brow.

Again he cried out, but it did not come back; and in his pain he awoke and asked his mother for it.

She brought him a small uniform which she had bought for him, and on it was pinned a large star.

He laid this by his side, and with his face toward his mother, fell into a peaceful sleep.

The Child and the Star.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1900.

IT was Christmas Eve. The snow had ceased to fall and lay crisp and white on the ground, dazzling in the electric glow.

In a garret, with his tiny nose flattened against the frosted window, a child gazed out into the night, at the street below with its crowds, at the heavens above with its stars. The stars glittered in beauty, and one large one twinkled and outshone its fellows.

"Mother," said the child, "is that large star God's star?"

"Yes," answered the mother, as she raked the dying embers to give more heat.

"And does He give children anything at Christmas?"

"No," she said; "Santa Claus does."

"Will he give us anything? We never get anything."

"Yes," she answered, as she put back some great emotion arising in her.

The Holy Name.

ANDREW J. SAMMON, 1900.

WHAT is it that awakes today
Such joy in every Christian mind,
That looks in love to where He lay—
The Infant Saviour of Mankind—
So meek and low by Mary's knee,
In manger laid in stable cold?
Oh! thoughtless Christian, look and see
What heavenly love that night has told.
Why wouldst thou, man, profane that name—
Adored of old by three great kings,
Who, bearing gold and incense, came—
And yet enjoy what Christmas brings?
'Tis thy fair name, O Bethlehem!
Thy precious Treasure born there;
'Tis Mary's love and His for men,—
Inspiring nations everywhere,
No matter what their creed may be—
That makes us all with one accord
To-day, on bended knee,
Adore the new-born Infant Lord.

As it Was—As it Should Be.

CHRISTMAS A. D. I.

A LONELY cave, in the dead of night,
'Neath the silent gaze of the pale moon-light,
Welcomes God.

CHRISTMAS A. D. 1899.

Many a heart, from the sons of men,
Pure as a lily from the stains of sin,
Welcomes God.—*P. J. D.*

Reveille.

FRANCIS O'SHAUGHNESSY, 1900.

GENTLE breezes from the Southern Ocean blow through the palm trees. In groups about the camp fires men are clustered; their coats thrown carelessly on the sod. Their rifles are stacked and, from these are slung canteens and haversacks. The flames splutter and crack as the dry branches break into ashen fragments. The sun is down behind the hills for some hours past, and a few straggling stars appear where the white clouds break in rifts. The men are ranged in circles. Some are lying; some sit with their chins resting in their hands; all are silent—a stolid quiet that seems more profound in this forest tangle.

It is Christmas Eve in the Philippines. The men are soldiers in the service of their country. Twelve thousand miles of ocean lie between them and their homes. In the crowded thoroughfares of distant cities are companions of theirs mingling with the throng that look forward gladly to the sunburst of the world's holiday. Across that stretch of sea are those to whom the soldier's heart is turned by ties of love—parents, sisters, friends. There are merry groups from which are missing some that led the happy crowd. The stories from a father's lips of the bullet-torn flag advancing at the head of marching columns, when they walked bare breasted to the trenches of the red-mouthed cannon, had fired the martial spirit in their young hearts, and now some one had said: "Where the flag is planted there it shall remain." Home, friends and all that men love were given up for a chance of a soldier's fame—or a soldier's death. To-day four boys of the regiment were killed—shot in the breast as they ran with their company in pursuit of the fleeing natives. They ran through the ruined

village where bamboo homes were burning when these boys were shot and the fire-baked sods drank in their blood. The soldiers dug their graves and buried them, and word was sent to Washington.


The soldiers sit around the camp fire to-night and look into the sputtering blaze. The blue smoke curls up from the embers, and its warming seams blend in whiteness against the night clouds. The soldier's lips are sealed by his military oath, but there are no fetters on his heart; and to-night when the camp is still, his heart is speaking, not of war, for war is triumph over fellowman, and the human heart is compassionate. It is speaking not of a soldier's glory, for the heart knows not ambition. It speaks of love; love of son for mother, love of home,—and Christmas is the feast of love.

Where children's merry prattle makes welcome the approach of Christmas a grey-haired mother sits. There is no smile upon her wrinkled face. A distant stare is in her calm, sad eyes. She is looking out, away from where the children play. Her vision travels over sweeps of prairie where the snow is tossed in drifts by the biting winds; she looks beyond the cold grey mountains and the leafless timber wilds, beyond the great ocean with its foam-capped breakers that beat against two worlds. Her vision penetrates the jungles of a tropic island in the East, and its flight is ended when it finds her soldier son. If it could only speak for her—but that is not ordained. Its power is contemplation, and fancy paints only in bright or sombre colors. Is her son one that fell to-day; or is he not the same young hero that pressed a parting kiss and bade her have no fear? The church bells have sweetest tones on Christmas—they only ring for joy. Unhappy is the soul that grieves to-day; for when is sorrow half so deep as when it is alone?

The camp fire slowly dies and the thin flame is quenched as the damp night air descends in silken mist. The soldiers wrapped in blankets lie stretched upon the ground like long black shadows. The sentries tramp their lonely beat as the night drags toward the dawn. "Post Number One, twelve o'clock and all's well." The sentry's cry is heard from post to post, and another Christmas has turned into the calendar. A feast day for the world has come; a feast for the lowly born and for the rich as well; but the greeting that accosts the waking soldier is not the holy chant of "Peace on earth to men of good will." His Christmas greeting is the shrill, cold bugle call of Reveille.

Christmas in Ireland.

HUGH S. GALLAGHER, 1900.

HRISTMAS is a season of gladness wherever Christianity prevails, and in no place, perhaps, is the fact acknowledged more fully than in Ireland. There faith is simplest, and at the same time so firmly rooted in the people as to form an important part of their existence; and there, consequently, the feasts of the Church are most heartily welcome. The old hail the approach of Christmas, for it reminds them of the bright days of their youth, and it disperses the gloom of impending years; the young rejoice at its presence to see old hearts glad and themselves in abundance. The rich get an opportunity to exercise their gratitude in charity; the poor, for a time, forget their needs. Families reunite, old friends renew their acquaintance, the Church puts on her brightest garb, and everywhere reigns universal peace.

Preparations begin early. For more than a month ahead the drapery-shops begin to feel the glad season's approach. Dressmakers are obliged to keep long hours, tailors begin to hasten their stitches, and there is a brisk demand for barley. As everywhere provisions improve in quality. The gobbling of turkeys is rapidly ceasing, the cock's crow at dawn is scarcely heard, and children have the greatest amusement teasing the old in playing geese with the throttles of dead victims.

It is among the peasantry and poorer classes that the greatest joy is felt. This is but natural, for many of them have not seen the leg of a goose independent since the preceding Christmas, and few hope to see it till the next. All the same it is from them especially that we can deduce what Christmas in Ireland really is. Though poor they are happy; though simple, wise; and though farthest from church they are the first at services and the last to leave. To them the star in the East first appears, and they hasten to greet the new-born King at Midnight Mass. The lukewarmness of the rich in this respect is made up for in many ways. These are most happy in having an opportunity of displaying their kindness toward the poor.

Christmas presents, of course, are customary everywhere, but among the Irish the practice is sacred. "Give away" is the motto of shopkeepers during the holidays. Presents from abroad also form an important fashion of the

time. It is amusing to attend the post-office of a little village during these days, when a crowd is gathered there awaiting the arrival of the post. Wives are expecting letters from their husbands, mothers from their sons and daughters.

"It's sick or maybe dead, indeed, Paddy is, if I don't get a letter to-day," hear a middle-aged woman remark: "I dhramed last night I saw a boat going down the big meadow, swimmin' on dhry land, mind ye, an' Paddy himself rowin' an' callin' on me to save him. An' ye know that's norra good sign."

"Ah! howl yer tongue," comes the rejoinder, "an' sure then it's maybe that ud be better nor livin', as they say, with a black naeger woman in Georgia."

"I don't know what ails our Mickey this time," is heard from another corner; "he niver was so long without writin', and this time last year do ye mind the fine silk handkerchief he sent me, an' ten pounds to his father to help to pay the rint an' out with the winther?"

The post comes, a messenger of joy to some and of anxiety to others. It bears with it, too, a few passengers who are coming home after a year or nine-months' service. This is a time of renewal in the family. Terms of service expire, or if not leave to come home at Christmas has been stipulated for in the contract. Great is the welcome before them, as well for themselves as for the help they bring. Poor though they were before, they now have their fill, and it is seldom they come without a turkey or a large goose in their bundles. A keg of porter is procured, and festivities begin. Very often in fact the enjoyment has had a good start before the day is at hand, at least Christmas eve is deemed the most glorious of all.

The activity of the day before Christmas is well worth noting. Farmers with their wives flock to the villages to procure provisions fresh for the next day. Butchers flush with business, grocers are weary waiting for the day to come to an end, the stress of pulling lasts out of new shoes is telling on the shoemaker, and tailors feel stiff the next day. This, too, is a bright time for the musicians. There is not a corner without its piper or fiddler, who is surrounded by a crowd of admirers, youngsters of the village, or some ardent patrons from the country.

The greatest source of amusement, perhaps, in country places is card playing. Then those

addicted to such gambling find themselves most at home around a table ornamented in the center by a large well-dressed turkey, or more often by newly scraped pig. The pig has in her mouth a cabbage leaf to indicate that she was of sound body when she died, otherwise she would be averse to the tasteless vegetable; but very often the contrary is the case, for this is the season of disorders among her kind. However, gambling there, is gambling for its own sake. "You must feed the mind as well as the body," they will tell you; and to do this the nearest source is card playing. There are as many in the game as the pack will admit, and as many more looking on waiting for a turn. Though advertisement is not done in print, yet wherever there is anything to be played, it is known for miles around, and thus the price of the article is doubled.

Christmas Day is noted for football and hurly, and so are all the other days to Epiphany. This is called Little Christmas in some places, in others the Father of the Twelve Days, for the reason perhaps that it was formerly deemed the gala-day in athletics.

A custom that has almost died out is that of burning a log on Christmas while the family is grouped on each side enjoying themselves as best they can. Imagine how long it takes this log to burn—one end is in the fire, the other is at the door.

On New Year's Eve in many places, where old rites are still observed, a rod of any kind, carefully measured, is left outside the door during the night and its changes carefully noted in the morning. If it increases in length the year will be a fruitful one; if shortened, it is an ill omen. They believe, too, in success following a white Christmas.

In passing over these phases of Christmas in Ireland, religion must not be overlooked. If the Irish are loyal at all in this respect, they are doubly so then. I think that it is on this account more than for vanity that they try, if possible, to have something new in dress. They deem no garb too good in which to hail the King of kings. Midnight Mass is common, and crowded churches, too, even at that hour. The large collection on Christmas Day is an indication of their beneficence toward their pastors. Rich and poor, young and old, give freely, and if there is anything in particular that has served to keep the true faith actively alive in them, it is doubtless the respect and simple confidence they have always placed in their priests. No wonder they are happy!

A Christmas Thought.

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

BEHOLD in yonder Babe that lies
In swaddling clothes, whose open eyes
Forever gaze in glad surprise—
A hidden God.

In yonder monst'rance, all aflame
With myriad lights, there is the same
Meek, heavenly Babe that to us came,—
A hidden God.

The Four Herods.

JOHN M. BYRNE, 1900.

ON reading the New Testament we frequently meet the name of Herod, but distinction must be made among the four principal ones. The first of these is Herod the Great. He was a son of Antipater, an Idumean, whom on account of services Cæsar honored with the dignity of Roman citizenship and made procurator of Judea. Herod the Great was born about seventy years before our Saviour. When he was twenty-five years of age his father made him governor of Galilee, and afterward by a decree of the Roman Senate he was made king of Judea. He undertook to restore the temple of Jerusalem to that grandeur in which it was before its fortifications were pulled down by Pompey and its interior stripped of ornaments by Crassus. He built theatres in Judea, and instituted public games after the fashion of the Romans. His government was strong, but cruel and burdensome, and his house was full of disorder.

He killed his beautiful wife Mariamne, an Asmonean princess, because she was displeased with him for murdering her brother Aristobulus. He afterward killed two of his own sons that were born of her. He massacred the priests and nobles, and he decimated the Sanhedrim. His hands reeked with blood, and he did not hesitate to put out of the way anyone that opposed him. During the last years of his reign he was greatly tormented by his guilty conscience, but he had gone so far in crimes that, although suffering from a loathsome disease and almost consumed by worms, he plotted wickedness upon his deathbed. He massacred the children in Bethlehem (Matt., ii.); and that he might have some tears shed at his

own death he ordered his sister to kill all the nobles, but the command was happily not obeyed. There is no other character in history so repulsive, yet there is some similarity between him and Henry VIII. in their last days.

The second Herod, surnamed Antipas, was a son of Herod the Great by Malthace, the Samaritan. He did not receive the kingdom of Judea from his father, but only the tetrarchy of Galilee and Perea. By divorcing the daughter of Aretas, king of the Arabs, that he might espouse Herodias, the wife of his brother Philip, who was still living, he brought upon himself an unlucky war with the Arabs. On account of the unlawful union John the Baptist reproved him, but Herod cast John into prison where shortly afterward the Precursor was beheaded at the request of a dancing girl.

It was to this Herod that Pilate, the Roman governor of Judea, sent our Lord to be examined. That tetrarch was glad to see Christ, because he had heard of His miracles, and expected to see some wonder performed; but our Redeemer showed great sternness toward the man, and refused to answer him. Then after insulting and mocking our Lord he sent Him back again to Pilate. The anger of God fell upon this man, and Tiberius banished him to Lyons, in France, where he and Herodias died miserably; and it is said that the dancer falling through the ice had her head separated from her body (Matt., xiv, Mark, vi, Luke, xxiii).

The third Herod, called Agrippa, was the son of Aristobulus, whom Herod the Great killed. On becoming emperor in A. D. 41, Caligula made him King of Batanea and Trachonitis, and afterward of Abilene. When Caligula wished to have his own statue placed in the temple of Jerusalem for adoration, Herod was in great danger between the emperor and the Jews; but by his shrewd diplomacy he prevented the execution of that abominable design. Herod afterward received from Claudius the Roman province of Judea in addition to his other dominions, and he governed them to the satisfaction of his people. This Herod was very cruel to the Christians. He killed James, the brother of John, and would have murdered Peter also had not the apostle been delivered out of his hands by the angel. As Herod was one day giving an audience to certain supplicants of Tyre, his gorgeous robe being exposed to the sun glittered with great brilliancy. When the flattering parasites saw the effect of the sun's rays upon the silvery

garment they cried out: "He is a god and not a man!" Herod received the impiety with pleasure, but in punishment was struck by a disease in the bowels. Preyed upon by vermin he died in A. D. 44 after a reign of less than ten years (Acts xii).

Agrippa II., son of Herod Agrippa, was the last of the Herods. He was living at Rome with the emperor Claudius when his father died; but as he was then only seventeen years of age the emperor detained him for five years, and meanwhile made the kingdom a Roman province. Upon the death of his uncle, a ruler of Chalcis, he was presented with that territory, but it was taken from him again, and in its stead he received an important kingdom consisting of the provinces of Batanea, Gaulonitis, Trachonitis and Abilene. To these Nero soon after added Julias in Perea and a part of Galilee on the west of the sea of Tiberias.

When Festus was made governor of Judea in A. D. 60, Agrippa and his sister Bernice came to Cæsarea to congratulate him. In the course of their conversation, Festus mentioned St. Paul's trial and appeal to Cæsar who at that time was Nero, the sixth of the twelve Cæsars. King Agrippa expressed his desire to hear what St. Paul had to say, and on the following day was given that privilege by Festus. St. Paul related to him how he had been converted from a furious persecutor of Christians to a zealous preacher of Christ. Agrippa was so charmed with the grandeur and sublimity of the discourse and with the apostle's gentle address that he declared he himself was almost persuaded to become a Christian. He then signified to Festus that Paul might have been set at liberty had he not appealed to Cæsar. (Acts xxv, xxvi.)

He was harsh in his treatment of the high priests, and failed to secure the good will of the Jews. When his countrymen rose up against Roman authority he did all in his power to dissuade them, but when he was not able to compel them to submissiveness he sided with the Romans against them. After Jerusalem was taken by Titus in A. D. 70, and the temple destroyed by fire, Agrippa with his sister went to Rome, where he died in the seventieth year of his age, without leaving anyone to perpetuate the name of the Herods.

A THOUSAND griefs may rend our hearts
And change our hair from black to grey,
But a single joy and a hearty laugh
Can chase the gloom of an age away.—P. D.

Saint Jerome at Bethlehem.

ANDREW J. SAMMON, 1900.

SAINTE JEROME was born of Christian parents at Stridon in Dalmatia, Italy, in the midst of barbarous races, about the year 346. He studied rhetoric and philosophy in Rome under Donatus, and was soon noted for wisdom and eloquence in the practice of law. For some time he led a licentious life, until his father contrived to send him to Treves where his stay was short.

Then came the critical point. Melania, a charming Christian woman of Spanish blood and with immense fortune, had been a warm friend of Jerome, who was himself a member of the best society. After the burial of her husband and three children she secretly abandoned the city and her one remaining child.

About this time (341) the people of Europe were learning for the first time of the Christian custom of monastic life. This custom was produced by the reaction of noble and enthusiastic natures against the depravity, luxury and licentiousness of the times. The social condition in Rome was such that retreat to the solitary caves and recesses of Egypt or the Holy Land seemed to be the only safety for devout Christians.

Reflecting on the sacrifice made by his friend, Jerome also listened to the stories of a few companions who spoke of the powerful influence of the Fathers of the Desert, whose history was then being learned in Rome. He joined the meetings of his companions and was baptized. With four or five others he started East under the guidance of Evagrius, a priest, who was returning to Antioch. Many incidents on the way served to strengthen his great mind in its present tendency toward monastic life. He spent several years in profound study in the deserts. The letters written by him to noble ladies in Rome during those years were learned by heart, and twenty years later Fabiola could recite them to him at Bethlehem. His reputation as a man of profound erudition was then so widespread that on his next appearance at Antioch, Paulinus, the Roman bishop there, desired to ordain him.

"Father," he said to the bishop before ordination, "I have not asked for the honor of the priesthood, . . . but if with it you do not ask me to cease to be a monk, I accept. Yet if by this means you intend to bring me back to

a world I have forsaken you will be deceived."

His exceeding awe for the sacred mysteries made him reluctant to say Mass, and he tried whenever possible to delegate that duty to others. After ordination he spent three years, 379-382, at Constantinople with St. Gregory Nazianzen. In 382 he returned to Rome.

During this visit he met that noble lady, afterward the illustrious St. Paula, whose life is so closely connected with his own. She and her daughter Eustochium attended conferences at which St. Jerome explained the Scriptures, and his influence on her was such that she gave up the grandest home in the city to live in the deserts of the East. We might say here that Jerome was the beacon light of the early Church for the elevation and spiritual direction of women. He was, in fact, the women's Saint, and despite the complex nature of the time in which he lived, he is still venerated by the "weaker" sex—as he called them—for whom he did so much good.

In August, 385, Jerome left forever the city that had for him so many disappointments, despised as he was by the wealthy pagans whose wives and daughters he had converted to Christianity. Some months later Paula, whose husband recently died, divided a portion of her immense patrimony among the three children left at home, and with Eustochium joined Jerome at Antioch.

Together the party visited Jerusalem, that Holy City from which a short time before the Emperor Adrian had endeavored to wipe out every vestige of the crucifixion, but where now the Christian world offered prayers over the spot where the Saviour of the world died. At every point along the journey the one desire of Paula was the anticipation of Bethlehem, and when at last they arrived, she told Jerome that she actually saw the Divine Child, the Virgin Mother and St. Joseph. Samaria, Galilee, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea were visited; the life of our Lord from His birth to His death was studied by this, the most learned band of pilgrims that had made the same journey before or since. They visited also the tomb of St. John the Baptist, to which from all parts of Samaria come patients possessed of the devil, seeking relief. As these latter hovered round the tomb, howling like wolves, barking like dogs or hissing like serpents, Paula was so amazed that she wept and prayed at the same time. Jerome daily added to his store of knowledge, for, as he said: "He who travels in Judea can more easily understand the Bible

Next the pilgrims turned toward Alexandria to visit the "City of Saints," where fifty monasteries were governed by one rule and abbot, and where the solitaries dwelt in caves so arranged that the inmates could neither see nor hear one another. When about to enter one of these Paula was addressed: "Stop, madam; you may enter here, but you may never come forth again." One hermit named Serapion was called to Jerome's notice. At the bottom of a pit was his cave, containing only a plank used for a table, a cross and an old Bible. Yet Serapion knew Rome, spoke Latin fluently, and loved to talk of the noble Patrician families with whom he was acquainted.

After returning to Bethlehem Paula supplied the means necessary to build three monasteries—two for women, over which she and Eustochium ruled, and one for men to be in charge of Jerome. "Thus equipped," she said, "should Mary and Joseph visit Bethlehem again they might find an inn at which to stay."

Jerome's religious life is said to begin here. All three monasteries were soon thriving. They received many recruits from the best Roman families. For many years Jerome was one of the staunchest defenders of the faith, writing and speaking against each new heresy. Nor was he without enemies, even among the friends of his youth and the clergy.

The closing years of these holy pilgrims of Bethlehem saw also the decline of the Rome they had abandoned. In 491 Alaric with his barbarous hordes swept down on Rome where soon his slaughter of women and sacrifice of maidens caused many to flee for safety to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, as they thought the end of the world was at hand. Alaric, however, struck by a superstitious fear, spared the Basilica of Sts. Peter and Paul, saying: "I come to make war upon men, but not upon the Apostles," then he continued to apply the rack and torture, regardless of rank or sex.

Bethlehem was eagerly sought by many. The convents were taxed to their utmost. Devout widows, maidens and virgins crowded around Eustochium, while Jerome labored to shelter all bearing any title of ecclesiastical rank. Notwithstanding his charity on such occasions, among the waifs thus drifted to Bethlehem, there arose men small enough to reward him by the vilest ingratitude. Notable among such persons was the heretic, Pelagius, who came from the distant shores of Britain. Though detected in his error by most of the leading bishops, this audacious monk went on,

and after receiving the endorsement of the Bishop of Jerusalem, through deceit, he arrived a second time at Bethlehem. Jerome immediately saw and condemned both him and his errors.

This step led shortly afterward almost to the complete ruin of the Bethlehem monasteries. From the few clerics that took up the heresy of Pelagius, its foul influence spread to the laity, many of whom turned against Jerome. Mrs. Martin's Life of St. Jerome says:

"As the excitement spread it was not safe for Jerome's friends to venture out of doors. An excited band of peasants led by Pelagius attacked the convent of Bethlehem. One of Jerome's deacons was killed during the onslaught on the men's monastery. Another troop attacked the helpless women, broke in the doors and set the convent on fire. The inmates fled through fire and smoke to a tower of defence built by Jerome. Much blood was shed, and final destruction was averted only by the interference of some friendly citizens of Bethlehem." Jerome himself, then old and feeble, made no remonstrance other than a reference in his Commentary on Jeremiah: "Though Ananias should be opposed to Jeremiah, though Semias should put the prophet in irons, and the priest Sophonia should sustain the lies of the false prophets, all they can do is to chain the preachers of truth; but truth itself they can never conquer."

Eustochium and Paula—granddaughters of Saint Paula—sought redress, however. They wrote to the Pope himself. John of Jerusalem was reprimanded; but as he died before the reprimand reached him his successor banished Pelagius from Jerusalem.

For two years more Jerome lead a life of melancholy silence. Broken down by age, austerity, sorrow and ill-health, pierced to the heart by the misfortunes that befell his beloved country and spiritual friends at Rome, he gave up his noble life in 420, about the age of seventy-four years. During his last days he was so weak he could rise from his couch only with the aid of a cord fastened to the roof of his cell. Thus half reclining he said his prayers and gave orders to his monks. According to his desire he was buried not far from the graves of Paula and Eustochium, close to the manger in which the Infant Saviour was born.

If you love yourself more than anyone
Don't seek the mirror with your night-cap on.—P. D.

Whisperings.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1900.

FROM the throbbings of my heart,
 Comes a whisper soft and sweet,
 "Turn your eyes to higher things,
 For a land beyond compete.
 There's another land than this
 Where eternal flowers are born,
 'Tis a place of love and bliss,
 'Tis the land beyond the morn."

Comes a whisper soft and sweet:
 "Seek the great and good Unknown;
 He is o'er the wide-eyed stars,
 O'er the silent moon—His home.
 Round His throne the angels sing,
 Dazz'ling in their garbs of white,
 Flutt'ring myriads in a ring,
 Brighter than the lamps of night."

Comes the whisper from my heart:
 "Turn your eyes to higher things;
 Lift your soul from out the mire,
 Cleave the misty air on wings.
 Seek the great and good Unknown,—
 O'er the pale and drifting moon,
 You will find Him not alone,
 In the blue-domed halls of Noon."

—◆—
 "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

FRANK F. DUKETTE, '02.

A UNIVERSAL peace hardly burdens the close of civilization's nineteenth century; so many, unfortunately, glory in war. They that deem scriptural injunctions too prosaic generally take pleasure in ranting on Utopian Brotherhood Unions. We generously allow these persons guns and powder in plenty, for the nature of their argument requires an emphasis of brimstone. Most good things may appear beyond mortal reach, but this is not true of good will. Too few try to feel this blessing. Thus good will is likelier left to modest persons having little in common with worldly cares. And for their pains these sincere souls are thought petty and insignificant. As the anniversary of our Redeemer's birth draws close, armies are out and hostile bands are working away at destruction. This year the announcing angels must pass living sentries, and the burden of the angels' song must penetrate much before it reaches those powers that have the making of wars and peace.

Let us brush away this sorrowful picture

and veil it over with precious prayer. This rightfully is the joyous season when homes are sought after long absences. The sons of the city separate to treasure up enough real sincerity to atone in part for a year's hardened hypocrisy. Nearly forgotten faces are again looked up, and haunts of the past revisited. At carol-time even the oldest pass pleasantries. Sad faces are discarded for the nonce, and no mention is made of the empty chair at the board. The men of the past breathe prayerful benedictions on the men of the present. Dissension and jealousy can not prosper in a true holiday atmosphere,—nor should remembrance of what's lost spoil the feast. Let the savor of this one of all noonday meals ascend with a sacrificial incense as in olden time. This much to the pleasure of God.

The slabs have grown in the acre, and snow lies unevenly on new-made graves, yet this is no time to mourn. Many of the hardest sought blessings have failed to come; still, no matter how elusive these proved, blow away disappointment's shadows now. Hope is always left, and opportunities, some way, are very fickle. At all odds opportunities may come again, and if they never do, have good will and accept peace.

The mean neighbor now thrives on his dishonest gain, while the laden saint bends badly with misfortune,—nevertheless that must not matter. Diamonds are pinned on worldly slaves, and they are punished most in that they know not how they slave. Preferment, like heavenly rain, has dropped on both, what if the unjust got the bulkiest share? The wheels of an unwearying world can not stop, and in their motion lies our lot; for like those mills of fate they are bound to do some fine grinding. Every bit of Christianity should be at the surface now. Are we simple-minded peasants that we must be shown miracles? Or perhaps we should be better if we but desired miracles more.

A hot-house rose smells as sweetly if the true warmth of nature's sun did not paint its petals. If harmony and brotherly love come hard, let each one do his best, though his actions still must smack of the artificial. Like hot-house roses our attempts may deceive mortals, and God Himself, for our good intent, may pardon the semblance. The bells do not ring through a same ether now, neither is the keenness of their quaver made by earthly frost; the clarified air is God's Christmas greeting.

Parker's Balanced Ledger.

JAMES F. MURPHY, '99.

WELL Parker, I hope you will spend a merry Christmas to-morrow," said Harry Jones as he entered his partner's office.

"Merry nothing!" returned Parker, closing his ledger and pushing it to one side. "I am too busy to spend any time in celebrating Christmas; besides I think the Christmas celebrations are all nonsense."

"All nonsense, eh!" said Jones as he picked up the evening paper and glanced through its columns.

Parker pulled down a block of paper and began writing. The fading sunlight lit up his features showing the many lines and wrinkles in his stern face. Finally, he stopped writing, and listlessly chewed the end of his penholder. His eyes rested on a calendar that stood on the desk. The picture was of a merry gathering around a Christmas-tree. It coincided exactly with his notion of Christmas. He regarded it as a day upon which his wife would spend a lot of money buying useless presents for her friends, and then worry herself sick over the uncertainty of getting any herself.

"Yes, it's all foolishness," he concluded as he swung around in his chair.

"So you don't believe in Christmas," began Jones laying aside his paper.

"No, I don't," answered Parker.

"Well I do, and I am going to celebrate it in the proper way to-morrow."

"What's your programme?"

"I have no definite one, but I shall give you a general outline. I intend to start the day by going to church."

"I thought so," said Parker with a touch of sarcasm.

"Then my wife and I are going over to father's for dinner. We are to have a little family reunion."

"What then?"

"Well, I presume we shall wind up the day by going to the theatre in the evening," said Jones, as he looked at his watch. "By Jove! it's almost supper-time. I'll have to run to catch that next car."

Parker watched his partner until he left the office and then started to lock up for the night.

The next morning was spent in his office. At dinner his wife informed him that her

brother Tom was to have a party at his house that evening and had invited them over.

"Now, John," said Mrs. Parker, "be sure to come home early to-night so that we can get there on time."

"I am not going," said Parker.

"Not going!" exclaimed his wife. "Why, John, what will they think of us if we don't go?"

"I can't help that. I never enjoyed myself at a party in my life, and I don't intend to suffer for three or four hours for the sake of pleasing Tom, Marlow or anybody else. If you want to go you can go, but for my part I am going to stay at home."

"John Parker, you know very well that I can not go unless you do. All the other women will be there with their husbands. And I shall have to stay at home just because my husband is too headstrong and selfish to put himself to the least inconvenience to please me." As Mrs. Parker said this she burst into tears and left the room.

Parker was apparently unaffected. Putting on his coat, he went back to his office and worked the greater part of the afternoon.

"There," he said as the clock struck five, "I am done. Now I will have to run over to Smith's with this bill and then I shall go home to supper."

In less than ten minutes Parker was knocking at the door of a stately house on Washington street. Smith himself answered the call.

"Why, hello, Parker!" he exclaimed, as he opened the door. "You are just in time. Come on in."

"No, I can't," said Parker. "I must go to supper. Here is that bill I promised to bring over."

"Come on; it's not supper time yet. You see my wife is away, and I thought I would take advantage of her absence and give a little punch-party. Now, I want you to come in and try it."

"Well, I'll go in for a few minutes," said Parker.

He went in and was surprised to find the party made up of old friends of his. They were all jovial fellows, who were bent on having a rollicking good time, and they had it. Of course, the glasses were filled in honor of Parker's appearance.

"Well, Ballard, go on with your story, or begin it over again so that Parker will understand it," said the host.

Ballard did so, and his story was greeted with laughter on all sides.

"That reminds me," said Smith, "of one I heard the other day."

In this way each one took his turn and even Parker got off a pretty good one. After a few more glasses of punch the cigars were passed around and everyone sat down to a game of cards. About eleven o'clock Parker suddenly remembered that earlier in the evening he was in a great hurry to get home; so he decided to go at once. Before leaving, however, he swore that he never enjoyed himself so much in all his life. On his way home a reaction set in. The picture of his wife, alone all day, brooding over her misery flashed before his mind and made him feel somewhat guilty. He had refused to take her out to a party that evening, and then went to one himself. For once in his life he felt that he had committed a breach of their domestic peace.

"By jove! I'll bet she spent a miserable day, and the worst of it is she will raise such a row about my coming in late. Let me see," he muttered, stopping to think it over. "I'll tell her that I found a mistake in my books and it took me until now to straighten them out."

He paused on the doorstep for a final rehearsal and then crept in cautiously hoping that perhaps he might find his wife in bed. If such good luck favored him he would make it a point to get down to his office in the morning before she was around, and thus he thought that by the time he would get home for dinner he should find her in a good mood for arbitrating the matter. This little calculation was soon upset. No sooner had he placed his hat on the hall tree and laid aside his coat, than he heard a very significant "ahem" from the drawing-room. "Sounds more surly and determined than ever," he said to himself. Then he stepped into the room and found Mrs. Parker sitting before the grate with her mandolin in her lap. Neither spoke until he had seated himself at a table somewhat behind his wife.

"W-e-ll?" she began.

"Er, been playing for your self to-night, have you?" he responded. "It's rather late."

"It is indeed. It is a pity you did not think of that before."

"Well, now I'll tell you—"

"No explanations are necessary,—thank you; this is not the first time you have done the very same trick."

"Here, now, madam, don't be quite so fast. I discovered several mistakes in our books and I've been straightening them out."

"Mistakes seem to grow in those books

lately. You have been up there on various nights for the past two months straightening them up. It's queer they should be so important as to keep you in your office until midnight on Christmas. Where did you have supper?"

"I didn't have any."

"Where were you about half-past five?"

"I was in—"

"You were *not* in your office, Mr. Parker, for I was there and the door was locked."

"I was over at Smith's with his bill."

"And where were you about half an hour ago? You were not at your office then."

"Er—oh!—no, I don't believe I was. I was called back to Smith's again."

"Aha! yes, I see, you went back to that old scamp's house to sit and drink with him while your wife was at home alone and his was away."

"Nonsense, I was there on business."

"Smith is likely to talk business on Christmas Day, and especially when he has a party in his house."

"Who said anything about a party?"

"John Parker, I know—"

"Well, it's just as I thought. You've been around watching me as if I were a child."

"No, I wasn't watching. I—"

"Then how did you know about Smith's party?"

"Well, I passed his house on my way home, and my friend told me all about it."

"On your way home! your friend! Where were you, and who is the friend?"

"Mr. Robbins; he's a delightful fellow. I met him at Tom's party and he brought me home. I stopped at the office on my way over to see if I couldn't get you to go. You were not in; I stopped on the way home and you were not there. Mr. Robbins was telling about Smith's party, for he was invited himself. Now I know where you spent the evening."

"Yes, and I know where *you* spent the evening while I was there. I know you were not at home alone, as you were grumbling about a minute ago."

"No, indeed, I wasn't. I just made up my mind that if you didn't care to go you didn't have to. I went alone and had a glorious time. That Mr. Robbins is simply charming. He was there alone, so he just made up with me, and he made himself so pleasant, too. I hope he enjoyed the evening, for I'm sure I did."

"Well, Margaret, I am glad you did. I had a fairly good evening myself; but hereafter I think we had better celebrate Christmas together."

To Robert Burns.

ANTHONY BROGAN, 1901.

WHEN "wrangling winds" from out the North
Adown destruction's path swept forth,
And ruined your home e'en at your birth,
Men little thought
The burning spirit to this earth
The chill blasts brought.

Meet usher for your fiery heart
Did its wanton ways to you impart:
To sweep the wild with sudden start,
To moan and sigh,
To croon love-lays with tenderest art,
To sob and die.

You faced the light and loved the day;
Before men open was your way,
While insult, injury was your pay,
And bitter need;
And you heard the secret sinner say:
"See this man's deed!"

Toil oppressed and fancy crushed,
Your "warring passions" madly rushed
To deeds we fondly wish were hushed
For your fame's sake,
Through whom the flood of heaven gushed
Sweet strains to wake.

You dressed rough truth in painted speech,
Made plain what preachers failed to teach,
And touched the soul that naught could reach
With sweetest song.
Yet why will men fore'er impeach
Your mite of wrong?

Oh! surely you of angel song
Must with the higher spirits throng,
And now in heaven those notes prolong
That we heard here.
The o'er-flowing soul that men did wrong
May saints revere!

Fra Lippo Lippi's "Nativity."

VINCENT D. DWYER, 1900.

THE Nativity has always been a favorite subject in religious painting, and nearly all the great artists have represented in one phase or another the birth of Christ. As a result of recent discoveries in the catacombs pictures of the Nativity, that date as far back as the fourth century or about the time of Constantine, have been unearthed. These represent the Nativity as we know it to-day, with the Infant in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger—the traditional ox and ass are present. In later centuries the greatest subject for the pencil

and brush, that even Christianity has supplied, grew more in favor.

With the ending of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century came much progress in art. Fra Lippo Lippi is a typical representative of that period, and he was the originator of many of the innovations that characterized it. Although the date of his birth is not well known, it is probable that he was born at Florence about the year 1412. His father died when Fra Lippo was only two years old, and his mother shortly afterward. He was then entrusted to the care of his aunt, Monea Lapaccia, who kept him until his eighth year, when, on account of her poverty, she entered him at the convent of the Carmine. Here he spent his youth as a novice, and here also his talent for art was encouraged and developed. While at sea one day he was seized by corsairs and carried to Barbary. After some months he regained his liberty. In 1438 we find him painting in Florence. Here he executed many important works for Cosmo de' Medici, who was his greatest patron. He died at Spoleto, in 1469.

The "Nativity" that Fra Lippo painted for the Convent of Santa Margherita has withstood the ravages of time, and it is now in the possession of the Louvre in Paris. In the eyes of those that do not grasp the spirit of the artists of the fifteenth century this painting is strange looking, indeed. The ideal type of beauty known to Italy later on must be disregarded if we would understand the art works of that period.

This "Nativity" represents a wretched hut partly gone to ruin, on the floor of which the Infant Jesus is lying. He is adored by the Blessed Virgin, who is kneeling before Him, and by Saint Joseph, who assists at this divinely enacted scene with most tender devotion. The symbol of the Holy Ghost, at each side of which is an angel with hands joined, in trailing garments and hovering in the clouds, adorns the upper part of the picture.

In the background through the opening of a fallen wall may be seen the ox and the ass, and farther still stretch the pleasant gardens and fields upon which flocks feed. Altogether, the painting of Fra Lippo is remarkably natural. According to competent critics, however, he shows complete ignorance of the secrets of coloring in this picture. Brilliant yellows and intense reds light up

a background altogether too tame, and these detract very much from the importance of the principal figures. Likewise the excessive care with which accessories are worked out betrays an inexperience as deplorable. On the ruined walls of the stable, where the Infant is sheltered, are innumerable strange details that amuse the spectator. Parasitical plants grow between the crevices of the stones; a lizard lazily warms itself in the sun; and upon a piece of wood that juts out from the wall a goldfinch in beautiful colors is perched.

The foreground is filled with tufts of grass made to order and small stones too artistically shaped. The general effect, however, is in keeping with an exaggeration that expresses whatever it observes. This, too, was the spirit of the artists of the fifteenth century that wished to reproduce everything even to a blade of grass.

In this picture of Fra Lippo's the expression is more brilliant than the style. The two angels that soar in the clouds are, it is true, of a bold setting, and the curves that show the folds of their garments are not without grace. But the Divine Infant has an unhealthy plumpness. Saint Joseph lacks nobleness and the Blessed Virgin is without beauty. Sometimes, even if exquisite beauty and Italian elegance are wanting in the figures of Fra Lippo, these qualities are compensated for artistically by the deep emotion that they express. The Blessed Virgin in meditation before her Heavenly Son, prays with a fervor that is truly tender, maternal and replete with adoration.

Friendship.

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

DISTILLED amid the gloom of night,
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn,
Till noticed by th' approaching light,
It glistens in the smile of morn.

The moon retires; her feeble power
The sun outbeams with genial day,
And gently in his kindest hour
Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus on affliction's sable bed
Deep sorrows rise of saddest hue,
And gathering round the mourner's head
They bathe the cheek in chilly dew.

Then pity shows her dawn from heaven,
And kindly brings assistance near.
"To friendship's sun alone is given
To soothe and dry the mourner's tear."

The Film of Castle Olyde.

HARRY P. BARRY, 1901.

UNCLE EDWARD was a great storyteller. He was a sailor on an English merchantman and had circumnavigated the globe several times. Like other sailors he always appeared to be happy, and tried to humor his friends by his jokes and stories. Aside from his ability as a story-teller his eccentricities made him a very interesting individual. He had not cut his hair nor trimmed his beard for a period of five years. His hair would grow about six inches long and then [break off.

Uncle Edward had come to spend Christmas with his sister, a typical English lady, who delighted in celebrating Yuletide after the customs of her ancestors. She always observed the English fashions with very few exceptions. Turkey took the place of the boar's head and the wine was served in glasses instead of in the wassail bowl.

He had arrived at his sister's home several days before the Christmas holidays, and in a short time his nephew and his nieces were well acquainted with him. Christmas day was cold and stormy. Uncle Edward's good humor had made sunshine in the house, although there was none without. A day that had been bleak closed with a stormy evening, when the wind came up and drove the snow with such force as to fret the window-sash.

"I pity any one that is out to-night," said Robbie, as he peered out into the darkness.

"This sounds like a storm at sea," said the sailor as he looked out of the window. His attention was called to the "oak leaves" formed by the frost on the panes of glass, and he amused the little group by prophesying and fortune-telling by the profile of these "oak leaves."

"Robbie soon became tired of this amusement, and turning to the sailor said: "Uncle Edward, tell us a story."

"Very well," said their uncle, "if the girls keep quiet I shall tell you a story."

"We shall be perfectly quiet," said Agnes as her eyes sparkled with mischief.

"I will tell you about 'The Masque of the Red Death.'"

"O please," entreated Katherine, "not that horrid thing!"

"Tell us about the ghosts you have seen," pleaded Robbie.

"I will tell you about the 'Film of Castle Clyde,' if the girls promise me that they will not become frightened."

"You can not scare us with ghosts," replied Agnes tossing her curls.

Uncle Edward nodded his head as much as to say, "we shall see," and then began.

"One day our ship, that had not touched port for many months, sailed into the Firth of Forth. The crew, of course, were very anxious to get ashore. The captain told us officers that it would take three weeks to get our cargo, and that we might go where we wished and see the country. I was always anxious to visit Scotland and especially the old Roman Wall which you know extends from the Forth to the Clyde. After resting a short time I set out to see as much of the country as possible. One day I was walking along the road in a singularly dreary part of the country. I became weary and sat down beneath an old tree. The heat was oppressive. Great clouds were forming in the west. They looked like mountains of foam in the distance. I fell asleep on the grass and did not wake up until rain-drops were falling on my face. I looked around for a place of shelter and saw an old castle not very far off. I then remembered the village folk had told me some very queer stories about this castle. They said the place was haunted and a great sum of money was offered to any one who should stay there over night. They related how years ago an English soldier had been treacherously killed by one of the followers of the famous Robert Bruce in the reign of Edward I. The castle was surrounded by a moat and a stone wall. The moat was dry and choked with weeds, and the stone wall was battered down in many places by the English and Scotch in the wars. Inside this wall were bushes and weeds without name.

The wind began to blow, and I saw that a terrible storm was coming up. Nothing daunted by the tales of the village folk I resolved to seek shelter in this building. I soon reached its outside walls and made my way through the wet weeds and brush into the castle. Indeed, it was a dismal and desolate looking place. The air was damp and smothering. The walls were covered with fungi, and a close observer could see strange figures engraved in the stone. The storm raged outside, and the wind moaned as it

swept through the old castle. The rain was dripping through the crevices in many places. Darkness came on and a feeling of terror pervaded my body. As a sailor I have no abhorrence of danger except in its effect—terror. At intervals, when the storm abated, I heard a low, indefinite sound coming from the walls. My attention was next attracted by a hysterical laugh in the direction of a large window; I looked around and was horrified to see a gigantic monster that appeared like a film on one of the large windows. It contracted and expanded and then changed into a huge dragon with glaring eyes. It soon turned into a cadaverous human head, and appeared to be chewing a bone. At this moment I heard a wild scream and a noise as if some one were fleeing in terror. I did not turn my head, but kept my eyes on the film on the window, and I noticed it was watching me intently. I heard a creaking noise, and suddenly the window began to rise. Something like a magnetic force seemed to be pulling me toward the window. A shudder overspread my body as I saw the hideous thing approach me. I made a super-human effort to resist the force that was drawing me toward it, and sprang to a little stairway which led to a higher room in the castle. I slammed the door after me and tried to shut out my pursuer. The door creaked and bulged with the pressure of our struggles. I could not hold it as the strength of the film was mysterious and appalling. I looked around for an opening to get out and saw that the only means of escape was through a small window. I made a last attempt, jumped through the window, and fled aghast from this terrible castle. As I cleared the outer wall I looked over my shoulder and saw the hideous face of the film close behind me. Its cold breath struck me on the face, and its icy feelers touched me several times. My terror rose to desperation. At this moment my toe caught in the root of an old tree, and oh! I pitched headlong to the ground!

As Uncle Edward exclaimed, "Oh!" he clapped his hands together like the report of a pistol. Agnes, who could not be frightened, screamed and clutched Katharine for protection. Robbie fell off the chair, and Grace's heart beat so loudly that it could almost be heard all over the room.

"Now," said Uncle Edward smiling at Agnes, "let us have some pop-corn, Katharine."

Christmas Carols.

JAMES H. MCGINNIS, 1900.

MANY persons falsely think that obsolete customs show a nonsensical simplicity in the peoples of olden times. This is the opinion of a great many concerning the celebration of Christmas by the early Christians. Still, despite the excesses of the "Bulls' Head" celebrations, much can be said in praise of some of the practices of those days. In this paper I will refer to the custom of caroling.

The origin of the custom can be said to begin with the angels' chant on the first Christmas morning. Saint Luke, in relating the story of Christ's birth, says, that a multitude of angels appeared to the shepherds that were minding their flocks, and sang this song of praise:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
Peace to men of good will.

After the shepherds had learned of our Lord's birth they immediately set out to visit Him. On their return they sang, "glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen."

Milton pleasingly paraphrases the scriptural account thus:

His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a choir
Of squadroned angels hear His carol sung.

The first Christmas carol, therefore, was sung by the angels; and the shepherds imitated their simple song of praise.

It is probable that the first Christians assembled every Christmas morning to sing the praises and blessings of Christ in imitation of the angels and shepherds. This theory is somewhat authenticated by a large sarcophagus of the second century, on the front of which is a sculpture that represents a Christian family singing in honor of the nativity of Christ. It was customary, even as late as the sixteenth century, for bishops and clergy to join with the laity in singing songs of praise in Christ's honor on Christmas morning.

A carol written by Pope Saint Damasus for such an occasion still exists. It is in Latin, and is partly translated thus:

Christ, sovereign of all things that be,
Wisdom and word of God! we see
A new-born world spring forth from thee.
God born of God, and who dost share

His reign supreme; how didst thou bear
The vesture of our dust to wear?
Unto our race thou didst belong,
Didst speak and mingle with the throng
To bear, to triumph over wrong;
Who sped aloft the heavens, the day;
Who built the world—lo! clothed in clay
Hid 'neath one human bosom lay.

The following, though a poor specimen of literary form, is a good example of the early carols. It is taken from the Coventry plays:

St. Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing—
"This night shall be born
Our Heavenly King.
He neither shall be born
In housen, nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise
But in an ox's stall."

The chief merit of this carol seems to be in its simplicity and religious sentiment. The carol at this period was truly a religious song, and it was used for devotional purposes. It was customary to spend the hours that intervened between the celebration of the Midnight Mass and the subsequent two Masses on Christmas, singing such songs or hymns. As time wore on, however, Christians became more worldly; and the religious carol soon changed to a mere secular festive song. Then it came to be accompanied by instrumental music and dancing, till the once praiseworthy custom of caroling finally ended in the riotous feasts of the "Bull's Head" celebration.

Though at present we never hear of Christians assembling on Christmas morning to sing carols, some writers bring out short Christmas poems which are typical carols. The following verses are taken from a poem in one of the Christmas numbers of *Scribner's Magazine*. I quote them to show the similarity of thought, simpleness, and even of style to the old carols of the Coventry plays—

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan;
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

In our day, when everyone's attention seems to be riveted on giving and getting, we can not appreciate the beauty, the pure joy and the religious fervor that this ancient custom of caroling connotes. It may be safely said, that to many nowadays Christmas brings more gifts than peace; and the day set apart as the greatest feast of the Church is fast becoming a mere holiday of frivolity and feasting.

The Prophets that Foretold the Nativity.

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

LONG ages ago, in the very infancy of the world, we could have seen our first parents, terrified and trembling, in their celestial garden while listening to the thundering voice of Jehovah who condemned them to exile, to labor and to death in punishment of their disobedience. Still, before God pronounced the sentence of banishment on Adam, He showed him, under the figure of the malediction of the serpent, the salvation He intended for him and his posterity. When the Almighty cursed the serpent for seducing the woman, He declared that "of her should be born one who would bruise the serpent's head." This consoling promise sustained man through that period of time which preceded the deluge. Even when the primitive religion came to be weakened, and ancient traditions were enveloped in clouds, the one relating to the Messiah resisted the action of time, and rose above the ruins of the old creeds like the Persian plane-tree at Babylon.

This prophecy was not fulfilled till four thousand years after it was first made. God thought proper during this long interval to unfold it by degrees and repeat it more distinctly. So the promise made to Adam was afterward confirmed by another given to Abraham, who was destined to be the head of a people peculiarly devoted to God. "Go forth," said the Lord, "out of thy country, Abraham, and come into the land which I will show thee. I will make thee a great nation, and in thy seed shall all the people of the earth be blessed" (Gen., xii). These last words import that the Saviour of the world would be born of the progeny of Abraham.

This prediction was succeeded by the grand prophecy of Jacob. The dying patriarch, who beheld in spirit the condition of the twelve tribes, announced to his sons gathered around his death-bed, that Judah had been chosen to be the father of the Messianic line of kings. He designated the coming of Christ in a precise manner: "The sceptre shall not be taken away from Judah, nor a ruler from his family, till He come that is to be sent, who shall be the expectation of nations." (Gen., xlix, 10). Thus we see how light is gradually thrown on the promise first made to Adam and afterward reiterated to Abraham.

The prophet "saved from the waters," who was divinely called to collect and consign to writing the ancient traditions of the human race, does not fail to lend the support of his testimony to the prophecy of Jacob. He confirms the coming of the Messiah: "The Lord shall raise you up a prophet out of the midst of your brethren like to me; fear ye him" (Deut., xviii, 18). Thus did God keep his people in the constant expectancy of the Saviour promised to their forefathers.

In proportion as the time approached for the coming of the Redeemer, the predictions relating to Him became more clear and circumstantial. The Deity seemed wholly occupied with the prosecution of this grand object. He deputed prophets from time to time to announce His arrival, and each of these was directed to point Him out by some particular feature, such as might be proper to note, and to make Him known at His appearance. Thus the history of the Messiah was written and divulged before He showed Himself in person.

David is one of those, who, by the inspiration of the Almighty, speaks most openly of the Saviour. He calls Him "Lord" and owns Him for the "Son of God." He says: "His empire shall extend over all the regions of the globe and shall know no other limits than those of the universe." David foretells His birth and the virginal parturition of Mary.

Isaiah, who lived three hundred years later, describes our Lord with equal perspicuity; he sees Him "spring from the root of Jesse" and have a "virgin" for His mother. He styles Him "The admirable Child, the Father of future ages, the Prince of Peace," and lastly "God."

The other prophets saw no less distinctly the coming of Christ. One foretells that Bethlehem, the smallest town of Judea, shall be ennobled by His birth (Mich., v, 2). Another speaks of the rejoicing of nations at the birth of "the Teacher of justice" (Joel, ii, 23). While a third proclaims the glory of the second temple, which the "Desired of nations" will honor with His presence.

The prophet Daniel determines the period and the precise epoch of His coming. While he is considering the captivity of his people, the Spirit of God raises his soul to things more important, and he prophesies that after seventy weeks of years, or a space of four hundred and ninety annual revolutions, the end of another and more oppressive captivity will be attained through the birth of a Redeemer.

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Reporters.

—To all ye good folks,—even members of the Faculty included,—to the health of our compassionate readers—and that may not be of the very best if they have read many of our verses,—to ye gracious gentlemen, in particular, who have contributed to our columns; to all ye sowers in the field of college journalism, who, by this very fact, leave the world better and jollier because they live; in fine, to the success of old Notre Dame we propose a toast: Rise ye all with one accord, and in all sincerity let each one respond to a "MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

—If there is anyone at Notre Dame that, besides being a true gentleman, is a true sportsman it is John F. Farley, the "Tiger Lily." For three seasons he has been the idol of the rooters, and to them it will be welcome news to learn that he was unanimously elected captain for next year's Varsity. If his players can keep pace with their leader, Captain Farley will head the greatest team in the West.

In connection with this we may mention

the fact that the retiring captain, John Mullen is deserving of the best that Notre Dame could give. Anyone that observed his playing during his four years on the Varsity could not fail to notice the earnestness with which he worked. He set a worthy example to every one of his players, for in his training and in every game that he played, he forgo, that there was such a person as John Mullen, and worked only as the team's captain whose duty it was to watch for that team's interest.

The athletic situation in Indiana when the football season closed was left as follows: Notre Dame, Purdue and Indiana had contested for the championship. Notre Dame finished without taking defeat from any other team in the state. Purdue and Indiana were each beaten once, the former playing one tie game and losing one; Indiana won one, lost one; Notre Dame didn't lose at all, won one game and played the other to a tie. That is the way the finale came. Let experts decide where the championship belongs, for we are not bold in making any claims

—The session now closing has been very gratifying in every respect. The register shows a material increase in the number of students; the percentage in class-work shows a high general average, and the friendly spirit exhibited on all sides shows the best kind of fellowship all around. The professors have worked persistently and with much success in the interest of the students; they, on their part, responded nobly to every call made upon them. It would seem, if we judge from the past four months, that any hopes to make Notre Dame a seat of solid, thorough education cherished in the hearts of the Faculty, are to be realized in the work of the students.

—Professor Paradis' lectures on art are deserving of very large attendance, much larger in fact than they are receiving. They are conducted solely in the interest of putting the student body in possession of a few principles whereby they may be able to appreciate works of art. The main object of the course is simply to give to the young men, otherwise fairly well educated, sufficient knowledge of painting and drawing, that they may look upon a good picture with a little

more interest than they would have in looking at a page of Sanscrit or a collection of hieroglyphics. It is painfully evident that the ordinary student knows as much about this ancient mode of expression as he does about painting or drawing. Now the course of lectures on art is free to all; the lectures are given on recreation days at a time most convenient for all to attend. The students that will not take advantage of an opportunity so offered, are woefully indifferent or apathetic to such an extent as not to care whether they acquire culture enough to associate with men of education and refinement, or stay in the background as men of little consideration. Professor Paradis is not talking for amusement or for self-improvement. He lectures in the interest of the boys; the boys will advance their interests by being present.

—Whether the football season at Notre Dame might have been better or worse is not our purpose to discuss now. It is all over, and there is no occasion for any *post mortem*. It is part of our policy, however, to give credit where it belongs. In behalf of the men that directed our eleven we have this much to say: Mr. Hering, who acted as coach until the Indiana game, worked very hard and consistently. He followed the same system that he employed during the past two seasons, and with about the same degree of success. Mr. McWeeny, who took full charge of the men after the Indiana game, worked as faithfully, and, we may add, as successfully, as any coach could work with the team. While he kept complete control of the players, his services were always at their command. Aside from coaching the Varsity, Mr. McWeeny also found time to drill one of the junior teams; and so he may locate some valuable men for coming seasons. Trainer Engledrum must not be forgotten, for if there is anyone that puts his whole soul into his work, it is Jack. Whatever superiority in physical condition our men had over their opponents was due to his careful training. Then there is Dr. Berteling who is always on hand to look after the fellows. Never a bruise or a sprain but is carefully tended, for the Doctor is the friend of our athletes. In return he is held in generous appreciation, and many a man that left the game on account of injury, will not forget the willing hand that was ready to offer relief.

PAUL J. RAGAN.

Our Men That Dared and Did.

IN the afterglow of the football season there is little to be recorded. Critics, cranks, penny-a-liners and others have written and rewritten the same matter over again so much that it is practically impossible to add anything to what has been said about the game. In previous issues the SCHOLASTIC endeavored to keep its readers informed of whatever progress or reverses we met during the season, hence further remarks along that line may be readily spared.

Passing aside the game in itself, we have yet to introduce our players. It is an established custom at Notre Dame to present a photograph of the Varsity in the Christmas number of the SCHOLASTIC, and with that, brief sketches of the individual players. Following that custom we give the appended personnel of our '99 team:

JOHN MULLEN (*Capt., Right End.*)

This was Captain Mullen's fourth year on the Varsity, and it is to be regretted that he will not be with us next season. His work this year was most characteristic and very prominent. He went into the plays with a recklessness and dash that was pleasing to spectators. When it comes to breaking up interference and downing the runner, he is in a class by himself. He is quick in getting down the field under a punted ball, while in carrying the pig-skin he can generally be relied upon for ten yards or more. His loss will be keenly felt by the team of 1900, as the position of right end is not an easy one to fill. The Captain is twenty-four years old, weighs a hundred and sixty-five pounds and is five feet and ten inches in height.

ARTHUR HAYES (*Right Half Back.*)

As was predicted last year, when he was trying for the team, Hayes developed into one of the best half backs that ever stood behind a Notre Dame line. The games he put up at Michigan and Purdue are positive proofs of the above statement. It is a beautiful sight to see him hurdling the line, his knees drawn close up to his body and the ball tucked tightly under his arm. He hits the line hard, and in defensive work he is equally fast. "Art" is nineteen years old, six feet in height and tips the scale at one hundred and sixty-five pounds.

ERNEST DUNCAN (*Full Back*).

Not a flaw was to be found with Duncan's full-back work at any time during the season. He is young, but an aggressive player. He carries the ball well when sent against the line, and is a hard, sure tackler. This was his first year on the Varsity. Duncan is twenty years old, five feet ten inches in height and weighs one hundred and fifty-eight pounds.

JOHN F. FARLEY (*Left End*).

Farley, better known among the students as the "Tiger Lily," is, without a doubt, the most popular player on the team. Whenever there was a necessary gain to be made the "Tiger Lily" could always be depended on to make it. End runs of forty and sixty yards were not infrequent when he was called upon to take the ball. On a punt he is down the field like a flash and tackles his man in a way that the runner is thrown back with a loss of two or three yards. This is his third year with the Varsity. He is twenty-two years old, five feet and nine inches in height and weighs one hundred and fifty-eight pounds.

MICHAEL P. McNULTY (*Right Guard*).

Never before in the history of Notre Dame has such an indomitable football spirit been shown by a player as that displayed by McNulty. He was in every game played this year, and on several different occasions sustained serious injuries, but could never be induced to leave the field. He showed much ability in stopping mass plays and in offensive work. This is his second year on the Varsity, and we hope to have him with us next season. He is twenty-three years old, weighs one hundred and ninety-four pounds and measures six feet.

JOHN W. EGGEMAN (*Center*).

The position of center was well taken care of by "Big John." His size and weight, coupled with his knowledge of the game, gave him a decided advantage over many of the men who stood before him in play. His offensive work was very effective. It was a common thing to see him break through the line for five yards or more on a mass play. He is twenty-three years old, weighs two hundred and forty-eight pounds and stands six feet and five inches in height.

F. W. WINTERS (*Center Rush*).

Winters is a man that can be put in any position in the line with the best of results. He played guard on the Varsity last year, but when the season of '99 opened he was sent

in to try for center. During the early part of the year he and "Big John" took turn about playing the position, and when Eggeman left the team, Winters was put in permanently. Very few gains were made through his position, for he played low and got under rushes very effectively. He tackles hard and follows the ball surprisingly well for a man of his size. He is twenty years old, weighs two hundred and ten pounds and stands five feet, eight inches. His home is at Pittsburg.

WILLIAM MONAHAN (*Full Back and End*).

To a close observer Monahan's playing is not phenomenal but scientific and steady, particularly so in defensive work. He knows the game and can play end equally as well as half back. Though a light man he hits the line hard and could always be relied upon for good gains. He carries the ball well on end plays, which is partly due to the close manner in which he follows his interference. Monahan is twenty years old, five feet and nine inches in height and weighs one hundred and forty pounds.

EARLE WAGNER (*Left Tackle*).

Earle had a thorough knowledge of the game before he came to Notre Dame. In '96 he played tackle for Purdue. He is a quiet, conscientious player, and can be used at half back as well as tackle. In defensive work he plays very low and tackles hard. He is twenty-four years old, weighs one hundred and eighty-eight pounds and measures five feet and nine inches.

J. S. SCHNEIDER (*Sub. Guard*).

Had he come out earlier in the season he would, no doubt, have made a regular position on the team. His ability to break up interference and tackle will certainly give him a place on our Varsity next year. He is twenty years old, weighs one hundred and eight-three pounds and is six feet in height.

ANGUS D. MACDONALD (*Quarter Back*).

Macdonald is a wonderful punter. In this feature of the game he has not a superior in the West outside of O'Dea. At Michigan he sent the pig-skin seventy yards, and in one game here with P. and S. he kicked eighty yards. He is fast on his feet and very effective when leading the interference. In tackling he always leaves his feet. He is twenty-two years old, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds and stands six feet and one inch in height.



VARSITY FOOTBALL ELEVEN, 1899.

CHARLES DALY (*Sub. Quarter Back.*)

This was Daly's first year on the Varsity, and he gives promise of becoming a fast man. The injuries he received in the Chicago game kept him out of practice until very near the end of the season. He is twenty-two years old, five feet and seven inches in height and weighs one hundred and forty pounds.

D. K. O'MALLEY (*Left Guard.*)

O'Malley proved to be one of the best new men we had this season. With a thorough knowledge of the game before entering the University he had very little trouble in securing a position on the team. He manages to keep in every play and is always right after the ball. He weighs one hundred and ninety-eight pounds, is six feet and one inch in height and is twenty-two years old.

FRANK HANLEY (*Right Tackle.*)

At right tackle our line was much strengthened by the presence of Hanley. He runs low when carrying the ball and is quick in opening up an opposing line for our backs. His offensive playing is very fast. Frank is twenty-six years old, five feet and ten inches in height and weighs one hundred and eighty-six pounds.

RALPH GLYNN (*Left Half Back.*)

Glynn played his first year on the Varsity and he proved to be a valuable man. He is not afraid to dive into a mass play, and not only does he break up the interference, but very often he succeeds in picking his man out of the bunch and bringing him down by a hard tackle. He is, without a doubt, the greatest find of the season, and we hope to see him holding a regular position on the team next year. Ralph is eighteen years old, five feet and ten inches in height and weighs one hundred and fifty-seven pounds.

GEORGE J. LINS (*Left Half Back.*)

Lins left the Varsity before the end of the season, but while on the team he played his usual fast game. He was a hard man to tackle when carrying the ball, and when it came to hitting the line he was always good for big gains. He weighs a hundred and seventy-nine pounds, stands six feet one and a half inches. He is twenty-one years old.

G. W. KUPPLER (*Left Half Back.*)

Kuppler has played regularly at left half back when Lins left the team, and his work was very creditable. He is a hard worker

and one of the most steady players on the team. He is very strong in defensive work. He is twenty years old, weighs 160 pounds and measures five feet, eight inches.

A. G. FORTIN (*Sub. Tackle.*)

Fortin, the youngest man on the team, is the hardest and most conscientious trainer of any of the players outside of the regular team. In his games at Chicago and Purdue he proved himself to be a great defensive player. He is fast on his feet and watches every little point in the game. The only fault that could be found in Fortin's playing was a slight weakness in offensive work. He is seventeen years old, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds and measures five feet and eleven inches in height.

CHARLES FLEMING (*Sub. Quarter Back.*)

Fleming was given very little chance during the season, but when he was put in a game, his quarter-back work was clean and fast. He is a long and sure punter, and when tackling a man he strikes him low and hard. There is nothing timid about his work, no bad passes or hesitation in signals. "Chuck" is twenty-one years old, five feet and nine inches tall and weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds. His home is at Detroit, Mich.

In connection with the regular team we feel it our duty to say a few words about the work done by the scrubs. Day after day, they sacrificed their "rec" hours, lined up against the heavy Varsity men, tackled, dropped under mass plays and withstood many hard knocks. All these things they did with practically no recompense whatever. Many will join us in saying that the splendid condition of the Varsity during the season of '99 was partly due to the strong practice games, put up by the scrubs. Many of them have acquired a thorough knowledge of the game, and if they return to Notre Dame next season they will be likely candidates for the big eleven. The following are the gentlemen who, with the substitutes mentioned, made up the scrub eleven and who are deserving of much praise:—Aloysius M. Hierholzer (Center); Paul J. Ragan (Quarter Back); John E. Hayes (Right Guard); John J. Cooney (Left Guard); Howard Pim (Right Half Back); Peter B. Lennon (Left Tackle); Charles D. Coleman (Left Half Back); Philip B. Weiss (Full Back).

HARRY V. CRUMLEY.

Exchanges.

DURING the course of the session now drawing to a close we have omitted mention of St. Mary's *Chimes* merely as a matter of self-protection. Had we come out as many times as occasion justified it and spoken our high opinion of the articles this magazine contained outsiders might have accused us of partiality toward the *Chimes'* gifted writers merely because they are somewhat akin to us and are a part—painfully distant, however,—of our *Alma Mater*. Still at this season, when it would be contrary to all laws and customs to think mean thoughts, we should run no danger in complimenting our cousins. The last issue of their paper is very creditable. Contributions on "Macbeth" and "Othello" show that St. Mary's has given her pupils a great taste for working on the higher tragedies, and teaches them fully how to inquire into their construction and study them in a critical manner. The paper on "Paradise Lost" is well written, and the Literary Jottings are always so. The verses of Miss Lillian Tormey and Miss Margaret O'Neill are clever both for their rhythm, for their ideas and for their happy and suggestive similes.

The editorial columns in the *Round Table* are invariably the most praiseworthy portion of the magazine. We notice that the editor has joined with many another overworked scribe in trying to excite a little more enthusiasm among the students toward contributing to their paper, and especially toward writing college stories. His remarks are very timely, and might well be applied here.

The University of Chicago *Weekly* differs very much from the journals we receive from other large universities inasmuch as little or no attempt is made by its board to present literary articles. It is conducted more on the plan of a general news publication, dealing more particularly with local happenings.

For some weeks we have missed our jolly visitors—the *Lampoon*, the *Tiger*, the *Wrinkle* and the *Widow*. We shall await their coming after the holidays with much pleasure, and assure them ahead of time that a warm welcome awaits them at our table.

Personals.

—Miss M. Tuohy of Chicago was a recent visitor at Notre Dame, the guest of her brother Joseph of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. Horace Wilson (student of '94-'97) is now practising Law in Seattle, Washington. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him all success.

—Miss K. Powers and Miss G. Moxley of Chicago spent some days at the University, the guest of their brothers in Corby Hall.

—Mr. W. Geoghegan, a member of the famous class of Engineers of '99, is employed as one of the chief engineers of the Pittsburg Bridge Co.

—Among the recent visitors at Notre Dame were Joseph and Mercedes Madero, Misses Mercedes and Rafaels Madero, of Parras, Mexico, who were visiting their brother at the University.

—Mr. Frost Thorn (Litt. B. '92), an old staff member, called at the University a few days ago while on his wedding tour. He was married last Thanksgiving day at Tyler, Texas. To the new couple we wish every happiness and success.

—Mr. George H. Sweet, a student most of the years between '85 and '95, has set up a very prosperous business in far away Manila. Having gone there last April, he obtained a position in the United States Custom-House. After a short time, he found it to be more lucrative to join with others in forming a partnership as U. S. Custom-House agents. They employ six clerks and are rushed all the time. While at college, George was a favorite athlete and prominent in the musical societies. In Manila, too, his ability and integrity have received recognition in his appointment to the office of director and treasurer of the Manila Country Club.

—The sad news of the death of Rev. Father Andrau was received at Notre Dame a few days ago. Rev. F. Andrau has been the Rector of St. Augustin's church, Jeffersonville, Indiana, for many years. To all at Notre Dame the news of his death is a great blow. Father Andrau was the nephew of Bishop de la Hailandière, who was the cause of the coming to America of the Very Rev. Father Sorin. When Father Sorin arrived at Vincennes after a long voyage across the ocean he was received by Father Andrau and was well taken care of until the bishop had returned from a trip to the East. Father Andrau has also been a great benefactor of the Catholic Archives of America. He has given to it many valuable historical papers, among which are all the letters and writings of Bishop de la Hailandière besides many books of great value historically.

Local Items.

—The next term will open January 5, 1900.

—A banquet was tendered the Anti-Special football team last Thursday afternoon.

—The work done by the Art class in drawing will be on exhibition in the University parlors Sunday.

—Dr. O'Malley is conducting a series of lectures for the upper classmen on Dante's "Divina Commedia."

—Prof. McLaughlin's second lecture on music was a great success and drew a large and appreciative audience.

—We offer our sincere condolence to Messrs. Winters of Pittsburg who were suddenly summoned from the University by the death of their grandmother.

—Under the able musical wonder Teddy, the Turk is rapidly developing into a singer. At all times he can be heard humming the tunes of such popular pieces as "Paradise Alley," "Sweet Marie."

—Ten hours after the Art Lecture last Tuesday, when he thought everyone was fast asleep, Michel Macnulto climbed to the highest point of the dome, and gazed long and wistfully at the beauties of nature, which he was sure existed around him.

—General William A. Olmsted, C. S. C., is in receipt of the year's book of the Society of Colonial Wars and of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. He has also the Historical papers of the Commandery of the State of Indiana Military Order of the Loyal Legions of the United States; he is a member of these societies.

—Some of Father Cooney's old friends among the G. A. R. men found occasion to honor their comrade a few days ago. Mr. J. H. Mooney of South Bend gave to the venerable Chaplain, two works of literature, in one of which he is greatly interested as it contains much about the part Notre Dame took in the Civil War. The presentation speech was made by Hon. T. E. Howard. Others present were T. J. Lorden, E. M. Merriman, J. B. Stoll and F. A. Miller.

—Some eleven Corbyites, captained by one, MacDonald, all dressed in suits of armor, appeared on Brownson campus last Sunday afternoon for the purpose of teaching as many Brownsonites the art of football. A few hours later these same Corbyites departed 'mid the jubilant shouts of the Brownsonites, a sadder but a wiser lot, with a score of seven to zero marked against them. Land, Riley, Lennard and Fleming did good work for the Brownsonites. Capt. Donovan and Kelly also played well. Higgins did the best playing for the Corbyites, his forty yard run being the chief feature.

—Eleven courageous ex-Minims of Carroll Hall, who had heard a great deal concerning

the much-talked-of teams of Captains Bassi and Taylor, went over to the Minims' campus Sunday to take the conceit out of the Princes. They returned much disappointed; for they were unable to score, while their smaller adversaries pushed them over the line for a touchdown. The contest was exciting, and played with the snap and rush of a Varsity game. The following Minims represented St. Edward's Hall: L. McBride, Crane, Quinlan, Phillip, Sweeny, Taylor, Bassi, Butler, Ervin, Schaus, and P. McBride.

—Miss Eliza Allen Starr, an old friend of Notre Dame, and one well known for her knowledge of art, has recently published an elegant little book containing seventy pages and illustrated with fifteen half-tones from paintings by renowned masters. The booklet is tastefully bound in white, the cover decorated with a vignette, stamped in gold. The title given to this little work is "The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art." Any student going home for the holidays who would wish to take one of these along for a gift to some friend can secure a copy for 75 cents by addressing Miss Starr at 209 Huron Street, Chicago.

—A FABLE—In the good old days about five years ago, there lived at Notre Dame one, Algernon Softed. To himself he was known as the irrepressible, dashing Algy. The "irrepressible," of course, had many admirers among the ladies, and when some one told him one day that it was only a few moons until Christmas and that presents would be in order, Algy was in a great quandary; he wanted to send Miss Millyuns an appropriate present, but his one-lobed brain could not find anything more suitable than a diamond. About this same time, Chappie Pinkdimple, likewise irrepressible, decided to send a little token of regard to Miss Millyuns. Wiser than Algy, he thought twice before selecting a present, and after passing all kinds of rings, pins, etc., sent a copy of the Christmas SCHOLASTIC. She that was Miss Millyuns is now Mrs. Pinkdimple.

MORAL.—By all means send *her* a Christmas SCHOLASTIC.

—The mystery of the midnight assault, or "who did it?" grows more and more mysterious every day. Lovers of justice and righteousness engaged the learned team of lawyers, Dinnen and Sedgie, to sift the case for Sorin Hall. They were instructed to spare nothing in finding the culprit. The lawyers found so little evidence, and that was circumstantial, that they called in Judge Malachi Hoban to assist in the prosecution. Wise isn't saying a word, and the lawyers think they have a good witness in him. When asked about the matter he refuses, positively, to talk, but he will be forced to tell his whereabouts on the night of the assault at the next session of the police court. Big John is dreading a mob

who swear they will lynch the criminal when caught. It would be expedient on the part of the police to take the prisoner secretly to Bertrand when they arrest him.

—Miss Anna Caulfield's lecture on the "Queen of the Adriatic" was a thoroughly enjoyable one. Nearly every person at Notre Dame had gathered in Washington Hall last Tuesday when the hour for the lecture to begin was at hand. The same crowd left the hall later on well pleased with what they had seen and heard. Like Burton Holmes, Miss Caulfield illustrates her lectures with stereopticon views. Those she presented were unusually good and greatly appreciated by her audience. Miss Caulfield is a charming talker. She has travelled much, and is able to speak with no small amount of authority on topics that are not familiar to most of us. In small digressions from her subject she led her listeners through Rome and Florence, pointing out many things of interest therein. It would be a great pleasure for the students to have Miss Caulfield return and favor them with another lecture.

—The Corby Hall braves built a monstrous snow fort last Sunday afternoon. They worked diligently for an hour or more until our vigilant scout, Hot Water O'Brien, gave the alarm. Scarcely had the alarm been given when twenty or thirty stalwart sons of Sorin, awakened from their usual siesta, appeared fully equipped for the onslaught. At the command of Captain Mullen a gallant sally was made in the direction of the fort. Fatibus Winters had mounted the fortifications, and from his dizzy height reconnoitred the movements of the approaching Sorinites. As they came closer the firm voice of Fatibus rang out: "Fire, boys!" At that instant a ball accurately hurled struck the protuberating solar plexus of the bulky watchman, and he rolled headlong from his perilous height unfit for further service. The Sorinites encouraged by the sudden downfall of Fatibus, the recognized leader of Corby Hall, advanced fearlessly, and with such fury that they drove the disheartened enemy from the place. Captain Mullen then mounted the dismantled fort and planted the flag of Sorin Hall amid rousing cheers from his followers. Then the victorious Sorinites marched back to headquarters, the boiler room, to the air of Yankee Doodle played by Hot Water O'Brien.

—George Weidman's crack team, the Anti-Specials, ran away with the Dowagiac High School eleven last Saturday. They were no equal to their opponents in weight, but in skill and team work they completely out-classed the visitors. Coach McWeeny showed them how the Varsity plays, and they gave a more than creditable imitation. Weidman at quarter-back ran the team perfectly well, using good judgment in directing the plays against the opponents' weakest points. His place kick was very well executed. Quinlan's end runs and Petritz's

tackling were very fine. Davis and Kuykendall, the half backs, put up splendid games as also did Kelly at full back. The line men held their ground well on defense, and on offense quite readily disposed of the men on the opposite side. All in all, it was a splendid victory for the Antis, and made a fitting close to a successful season. Manager Clark and Captain Weidman are to be congratulated on their fine schedule and the way in which it was played. The line-up of the team is as follows:—left end, Quinlan; left tackle, Hogan; left guard, Hubbell; center, Krug; right guard, Phillips; right tackle, Stephan; right end, Petritz; right half, Kuykendall; left half, Grover Davis; full back, Kelly; quarter, Weidman. The score of last Saturday's game was:—Anti-Specials, 16; D. H. S., 0. Umpire, Cornell; Referee, Hayes.

—The members of the Philopatrian Society tendered a reception to the Faculty in the University parlors last Wednesday evening. It was their first appearance for the season, and the occasion was a very marked success. The young men carried out a cleverly arranged programme in a highly satisfactory manner, and all present reported an enjoyable evening. For the first time in its history the society has an orchestra of its own, and the presence of this added much to the success of their entertainment. The orchestra is composed of about fifteen members some of whom belong to the University band. They opened the evening's programme with the "Corps de Garde" March; Mr. Clarke followed with a recitation. The next number was a difficult piano solo, an *Agitato*, by Schuloff. It was well rendered by Mr. Chas. Rush. The debate: "Resolved, that gymnastics should be made compulsory for all students," was next in order and was well handled by Messrs. Pancratz and Hughes on the affirmative, and Messrs. Kennedy and Scott on the negative. When they had finished their talks, Messrs. Lahey and Ferstl gave Wohlfurth's "Andante for two Violins." Mr. Schoonover's musical recitation followed and was pronounced one of the best numbers of the evening. The music was furnished by J. Lahey and G. Farabaugh. Mr. Scott played Leybach's "Fifth Nocturne" on the piano, and then the orchestra closed the entertainment with the "Pet of the Regiment" March. Rev. President Morrissey then addressed the society, complimenting them on their successful entertainment and requesting that another might be given soon. He thanked Bro. Cyprian and all that had been instrumental in directing the young men, and said that he would expect much in future. Besides the President, the following members of the Faculty were present: Fathers French, Fitte, Regan, Kirsch, Quinlan and Ill; Professors Carmody, McLaughlin, Benitz, Barry, and Maurus.

—McInerny was heavily laden with trouble the other day, and all on account of Curry's beautifully engraved, smokeless corncob pipe. Curry prizes his pipe very highly because he received it direct from the Pennsylvania Mills for only three soap-wrappers and forty cents in stamps. McInerny had often expressed a desire to obtain Curry's prize, but a wholesome fear of Curry's wrath had kept him from doing anything rash until the other day when his valor overcame his prudence, and at the same time Curry's pipe. Curry was bewildered when he discovered his loss, and wondered whether it had gone on a promenade of its own—the pipe had lately developed an awful crust—or had been captured by some curio seeker. After a fruitless search of three and one half minutes official Waterbury time, he fixed his suspicion on Mac. Mac's conscience had begun to bother him about this time and his old fear of Curry's wrath and right arm had also returned, so he deemed it advisable to return the pipe. But Curry, instead of being thankful began a tirade of abuse against the culprit that caused that person's left shoe to wobble perceptibly. The more the shoe wobbled the greater it increased Curry's wrath. Quotation after quotation from the Bible and from law books, interspersed with a few quotations and punches on the side and in the face were hurled against Mac. At this stage of the proceedings Mac thought it was about time to do something desperate to save his right shoe from wobbling, and conscious of the fact that he is—or rather was—regarded as a "kidder," he strove to show his ability as such on Curry. But in this he made a fatal mistake, for a terrific left hook over the right kidney followed by a well directed slap on the jaw, gave him a chance to study some of the heavenly bodies and the various colors, Red, Brown, White, etc., of the rainbow. When Mac returned from his informal visit to Mars and some of the other planets, he complained that he did not have anything to drink during the trip, as the people of the heavenly bodies are strong temperance advocates, but when Coffee was brought to him he felt greatly relieved. Finally a truce was patched up between Mac and Curry on condition that Mac should supply him with tobacco during the rest of the year, give six and a half yells for the corncob pipe on the eve of every Christmas, and wobble his right shoe whenever Curry or any of his friends are around.

—Some time ago, Senator Crum Lee of Laundryville, O. M. Alley from Hogan's own, and X. Ray Wrenn, an Urbanaite, met on the campus in a blinding snow-storm and formulated plans for the furtherance of manly sports in Brownson Hall. Arguments arose between them as to what would be the best game for the winter season. Marbles, crokinole, tag, checkers, and tiddle-di-winks, were mentioned, but after a lengthy speech by O. M. Alley,

during which the trio were nearly buried with snow, crokinole was adopted. The next day the Senator announced the result of the meeting to the students, and added that since then they had succeeded in clubbing their interests together, and as a result thereof were enabled to make the munificent offer of three tobacco tags, a beautiful yellow-backed A. P. A. agate marble, and the title of "Champion" to the player who should defeat Mendota, the then recognized champion. A week passed and Mendota still sat in the reading-room defeating all comers with a twelve-inch grin of satisfaction on one side of his countenance, and a two-by-four Solomon look on the other. Fate, however, had decreed that another week should not pass before somebody should wipe the grin of satisfaction and the Solomon look off Mendota's features. One Edgar James Jay Murphy, a modest youth of huge proportions, had often stood with his hands in his pockets and a formidable looking but harmless cigar between his ivories, a silent witness to the downfall of many. One day James Jay resolved a deep resolution to play Mendota a game. This resolution was the cause of Mendota's downfall, for although he played the game of his life, it was of no avail against the long-armed, nervy, cool-headed playing of his opponent, and he was forced to acknowledge his defeat. This victory gave Murphy the title of champion crokinole player, and the other awards. The new champion received a grand ovation on account of his brilliant victory, and is now a popular idol. We should be obliged to deem ourselves very ungrateful, if we did not publish the news of such an achievement, therefore we give below a short history of the champion's life:

Edgar James Jay Murphy, as he is familiarly called by others, was born some time in the present century and has lived ever since in Lafayette, Indiana. Not long after his birth he became noted in the town as a great advocate of Free Street-Car Transportation, and deeply interested in newspaper work. These glories in his native town, however, were not sufficient to satisfy the restless, ambitious spirit of the champion, so he decided to leave home and make a name for himself. He walked two blocks at a rapid gait and then walked back again. Since that time he has been noted for his shrewdness. One day he came to Notre Dame and soon afterwards made himself famous by his great "pig-iron act" and by his beautiful, roof-cleaving baritone voice. His latest achievement, however, overshadows all others, and has endeared him to the hearts of all except Mendota. The champion is only six feet three inches tall with his shoes on, and weighs one hundred and three pounds with one shoe off. He has a compounded magnetic smile peculiar to himself, is sweet-tempered, and can laugh a hearty tee-hee at a joke. He will go home Christmas.