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HOC

NOSTRAE DOMINAE UNIVERSITATIS

PROFESSORES ET ALUMNI

NEC NON A SANCTA CRUCE PATRES FRATRESQUE

II. AC R. R. HERMANO JOSEPH ALERDING, D. D.

WAYNE CASTRENSI EPISCOPO

HONORIS, VENERATIONIS ET AMORIS

PIGNUS

PIO CORDE ATQUE ANIMO VOLENTI

OFFEREBANT.

ILLUSTRISSIME AC REVERENDISSIME DOMINE:

CUR hodie festas reboat campana per auras?
Lætitia cur hæc gestit ubique domus?

Cur Nostræ Dominæ resonant concentibus ædes,

Ac juvenum plausu corda beata patent?

Cur sacris precibus templum redolere videtur?

Ignibus et multis cur micat ara Dei?—

Waynensis sedes olim viduata refloret,

Et pueris **Joseph** alter adesse cupit.

Ut natos decet amissum deflere Parentem,

Cui grati cordis solvere vota solent:

Sic tua quum facies cœpit ridere benigna,

Pastorem nostrum vidimus esse Patrem.

Regnat in cœlo Deus angelorum,

Quin ab infernis homines redemit

Christus, æternus Domini sacerdos

Vivit et orat.

Petrus in saxo sedet, ac Leonis

Ore divinus loquitur magister,

Pontifex Summus sapiensque Rector

Urbis et orbis.

Tequidem huc, Pastor venerande, Papa

Misit ut nostras animas doceres,

Et dares cunctis ovibus salutis

Pabula sacra.

Quem prius Sanctæ Fidei ministrum

Vidit, et servum populo fidelem,

Roma nunc summo fieri probavit

Munere dignum.

Si tibi caros habuisse natos

Contigit, plures etiam sequuntur

Filii, et grata dociles Parentem

Voce salutant.

Hic enim Nostræ Dominæ sub alis

Optimas artes pueri docentur,

Hic pio crescunt juvenes vigentque

Crucis amore.

Hic Homo Christus colitur Deique

Cor Sacrum Jesu veneramur omnes,

Virginem at recte tenero vocamus

Nomine matris.

Qui vicem Christi geris, hic Mariæ

Deditis, quæso, faveas alumnis,

Et domum nostram facias beatam,

Magne Sacerdos.

Sæpius nostros adeas labores,

Huc frequens nobis venias amicus,

Hic ames dici Pater et Patronus,

Optime Pastor.

The First Christmas.

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

THE air was cool, the breeze was balm,
 The moon lay in a pearly nest,
 And pure and peaceful was the calm
 That sank on every vale and crest.
 Unstained the spear, unbent the bow,—
 No sound of war in any land;
 To Rome, all men allegiance owe,
 And bow beneath her royal hand,
 While gently fell the midnight snow,
 Nineteen centuries ago.

The banquet o'er, in lofty pride,
 The great Augustus homeward hies,
 His coursers leap with mighty stride,
 While swifter still his chariot flies.
 His heart feels hot ambition's spur,
 He knows the world obeys his will;
 What cared he, then, what might occur
 Afar on Bethlehem's lonely hill,
 While gently fell the midnight snow,
 Nineteen centuries ago?

The peasant plodding up that height,
 Toil-worn and weary, seeks his cot,
 And little recks he of the light
 That streams from yonder holy spot.
 He passes on—how can he know
 The mystery conceal'd there?
 He can not see the heavenly glow,
 Nor hear the angel wings in air,
 While gently fell the midnight snow,
 Nineteen centuries ago.

Men go their way indifferent;
 But would they, if they knew that night,
 With all its calmness and content,
 Would usher in the Eternal Light?
 For while the universe stood still,
 Soft woke the new creation's morn,
 And in a manger on that hill
 "The Hope of Nations," Christ, was born,
 While gently fell the midnight snow,
 Nineteen centuries ago.

No bells rang out from belfry high,
 Sweet chimes to greet the coming Lord;
 No anthem swelling to the sky
 Spoke praises of the All-Adored.
 But from the inmost courts of heaven
 The Seraph choirs chanted then,
 "Glory to God on high be given!
 And peace on earth, good-will to men!"
 While gently fell the midnight snow,
 Nineteen centuries ago.

The First Christmas.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, 1902.



THE great cathedral of nature
 is dark. One by one the
 stars appear like burning
 tapers lighted by the hand
 of an unseen acolyte.

The hill of Bethlehem stands
 out as an altar against the
 blue firmament. The white
 covering of snow shimmers

in the starlight as a sheet of spotless linen.
 Joseph, the celibate priest, accompanied by
 Mary, his espoused wife, God's living taber-
 nacle, is completing a toilsome nightly jour-
 ney. Even now he approaches the hill of
 Bethlehem.

Tenderly he helps the weary Maiden up the
 ascent, till at last they stand at the entrance
 to the town inn.

The dim light there reveals their faces; the
 cutting night wind swirls snow about them.
 Sons of the tribe of David sleep in the open
 square of the inn. The fairest flower of that
 tribe is denied room to rest even in this
 uninviting place.

The man's face reveals no annoyance except
 that of solicitude for his Virgin Spouse.
 Her face expresses perfect sweetness and
 resignation. Greater thoughts than those of
 personal comfort fill and rejoice her heart.
 Back past the sleepers, Joseph and Mary wend
 their way to the cave, wherein the beasts are
 kept, to find there at least shelter with the
 ox and the ass.

The night is far spent. Lo! the priest has
 entered the sanctuary. Behold, from the
 East the tabernacle lamp—the same that is
 leading the Wise Men—is borne aloft by
 invisible hands!

The awful moment arrives. In the dark hour
 before dawn the Virgin brings forth her first-
 born Son, wraps Him in swaddling clothes,
 and lays Him in a manger.

For there was no room in the inn at Bethlehem.
 The world is indifferent. The Roman chariot
 whirls the haughty senator home from his
 midnight revels. In Herod's palace, but
 three miles away, the voluptuous sounds of
 music and of flattery have not yet died away.
 By the eyes of those in the inn, preparing
 for their early departure, nothing is seen

but an outcast man, mother and her babe. But to greet this Birth, the eternal gates of Heaven are opened. God the Father looks down with infinite complacency. Myriads of His angels dart through the realms of space, and hover about the humble crib, adoring and singing psalms of praise: "Glory to God, glory to God on high!"

A new impulse of joy thrills all the heavenly spirits. Their King lies in a manger. There was no room for Him in the inn. While the angels sing, the stars lean forth toward the lowly crib. The one brighter than all the rest shines, with scintillating light, in the heavens.

On the hills outside Bethlehem, shepherds are keeping night-watches over their flocks. A strange, joyful reverence thrills their hearts. Faint streaks of gray sparkle across the heavens. Clusters of fig-trees loom up against the beautiful dark blue sky.

They hear, or think they hear, music as of the sweetest voices wafted in melancholy strains on the perfumed air. Even the sheep lift their heads and pause in dumb wonder. Soon they are dazzled by a great light. The brightness of God shines round about them, and they fear greatly.

The angel says: "Behold I bring you tidings of great joy: for this day is born to you a Saviour. You shall find Him wrapt in swaddling clothes."

They vanish amid the flutter of invisible wings, singing "Glory to God, peace on earth to men of goodwill." And the shepherds see only the snowy hills and the studded sky. Coming with great haste they find Mary and Joseph and the Infant lying in the manger. They offer humble gifts and depart glorifying God.

A star is leading the great Wise Men; angels lead the lowly shepherds. The God of hosts is the lowliest of all—naked, weak and outcast. There was no room in the inn.

All over the world there is peace. Shield and lance have been laid aside. Kings, for a space, have forgot their thoughts of blood and conquest, and their minds are filled with plans of pleasure.

Herod in his golden palace feels a sickening dread. His senses are satiated with sweetest perfumes, enchanting sights and melodious sounds. Darkness, stable odors, sighing winds attend the Infant's first hour on earth.

Yet this Babe is the God of Heaven and earth—born in the majesty of silence, even

now under the shadow of the cross: The same deep eyes that beheld all the sins of men at Gethsemane and closed at last gazing from the cross upon the dark, trembling earth, are lifted now to the pure-faced Mother.

The hands that will be pierced with nails now catch His Mother's cheek.

He lies upon a bed of straw, for there was no room in the inn.

His kingdom reaches from east to west, from north to south, past the farthest stars and infinitely beyond. His will controls the innumerable planets circling with divine harmony in their measured orbits.

Comets with terrific speed, leaving in their trails, miles of sulphurous smoke and flames, dart from sun to sun in His infinite domain.

Stars created in the beginning have not yet shed their light upon the earth, so wide is this Babe's kingdom.

His abode from all eternity has been in the dazzling light of His Father's majesty; but now He comes to the tiny earth of all the heavenly bodies, and sinks Himself to the bottom of the ocean of air in which we breathe, where even the light of the sun, which would pale in its naked splendour before His subdued glory, is diffused into a ghastly light.

Stript of all His glory, His choicest throne a Virgin's embrace; His chosen priest a humble carpenter; the ox and ass, His companions; the lowly shepherds, His adorers. Men have turned Him out. There was no room in the inn. Nature, as if shocked at the indifference of men, now renders Him homage.

Lo! the golden disk of the sun spins above the eastern hills, as it never did before, as though in tardy delight.

The stars linger past their time amid the brightness of the young morn, reluctant to sink away.

The chill winds cease. The white mantle of the earth is resplendent with frosty gems. All objects are rounded with the flaky whiteness. No leaf of the crystal-laden pear tree flutters in the stillness.

The heavenly acolyte extinguishes the burning tapers. The great cathedral is ablaze with glory.

From out the balcony of Heaven, the angel choir still chants: "Glory to God, peace on earth to men of goodwill!"

Behold the night is spent, the day is at hand!

The Mistake of the Last Milestone.

ANTHONY BROGAN, 1901.



WHEN Bartley Halloran "got the feel of the sod" at Queenstown he felt elated, or, as he expressed it himself, "Like a lark in the Maytime." And no wonder he was joyful, for he had just set foot on his native soil after a sojourn of thirty years in a foreign clime. Aside from the love that most men bear their country, Bartley had another motive to gladden his heart. It was this: he had safely returned to pay a debt of twenty years' standing, or, as he told a confidant of his on the steamer, "to lift a load off me conscience, an' shorten me term in Purgatory."

He and David Halpin had been partners in a contract to build a railroad in Ohio twenty years before. Bartley got drunk, as contractors sometimes will, and made off with the firm's money, for he carried the purse. When he sobered up he found he had not a cent left. What was worse, his partner had been forced to flee, not having means to pay his workmen.

Halloran never touched liquor after that. With good ability and energy in business he became a wealthy old bachelor. For a long time he sought in vain after his friend, David Halpin, who with his family had gone no one knew whither. At last Bartley found out that the man he had ruined was back in Ireland, living in his native village of Corofin. He set out immediately to make reparation, and, consequently, felt happier at his safe arrival than he would under ordinary circumstances. Corofin, his place of destination, was on the opposite side of the island from Queenstown, in the County Clare. "The best county in all Ireland," Bartley used to say before the days of his abstinence from malt liquors, "for it was the one that sint Dan O'Connell to Parliamint."

After a ride of ten hours he was leaving the station a mile from the town proper. He declined all offers of a "side car," for he had determined to walk in and view the scenes of his youth.

Everything, he thought, was much the same as when he left; maybe the river had grown smaller, or his notion of a river larger. But the meadow down by its side was as green as

ever, and the *nonoins* sprinkled all over it looked like so many golden eyes with white lashes. So he walked on till he came to a graveyard he held well in mind.

"I'll sthop," said Bartley to himself, "an' see if many of the lads that hurled wid me in the medda below are here."

He walked slowly along by the railings, reading the names on the crosses.

"Ah, thin," he exclaims, "there's Mat Ryan, our best gool keeper, dead these nine years; an' there's Jack Casey, our whipper-in, berid these seventeen years, an' thin he was fifty-three. My! but I'm growin' ould!"

So he kept on recalling incidents of early and happy days until he came before a cross that made him clutch the railings in astonishment. He set down his satchel, put on his spectacles, and then read aloud as if to convince himself,

Sacred to the Memory of
D. V. Halpin,
Aged 62. R. I. P.

"My ould frind Davy, is it lyin' here you are? Did I venture across the ocean to right mysilf wid you only to find you undher the could sod?—May God rest your soul, an' have mercy on me!"

With bowed head and sad heart the old man plodded on toward the town. He was moved too much in spirit to do anything that evening; but next day he asked the keeper of the inn where he was staying, if any of Davy Halpin's children lived at Corofin.

"Yes, his daughter, Mary, is at home, an' as good a girl as you can find in seven parishes," answered the innkeeper.

When Bartley learned this he was for seeing the girl immediately. He easily found David Halpin's house on the outskirts of the village, and when he called Miss Halpin was in. After he introduced himself as the friend of her father, she reached out a small hand and said:

"You're very, very welcome, Mr. Halloran. I've often heard my father speak of you as the one real friend he had in life."

This little speech moved the old man very much, and the girl could notice his eyes beginning to fill.

"Well, your father had little rayson to hould me dear, for I was the poor frind to him," Bartley replied, still holding the young lady's hand. "An' for me to come back only to find him gone."

"Oh! I'm sure you're wrong, Mr. Halloran, for he always spoke so well of you that I

seem to have known you since I was very small. Lately, when his sickness came on and our friends were growing fewer, he used to speak of you very often, and regret that he had lost you forever.

"'Tis my fault, child, but he never understood. How long has he been—how long since he wint?"

"Three months almost. Dr. Hynes had great hopes that the sea air would restore him, but—"

"But what, child?" asked Bartley, noticing the girl stammer.

"Poor father couldn't go when mother died, and his health failed and trade fell off, and I wasn't able to help him at all, and so one day he told me we weren't as well off as we used to be, and by and by, he said, he would have to leave me all alone."

The girl's kindly dark eyes were turned away from the old man, but not before he noticed tears welling up in them. When she looked around Halloran was a limp mass in his chair. He had fainted. The keenness of the poverty and suffering of his friend had been too much for him.

Mary Halpin sent an old female servant, who had remained with her family for old time's sake, for a physician. When he came he said that the old man must receive very careful treatment. He could not be moved or disturbed in any way.

His old partner's child tended him as if he were her father. As she said, he seemed a very old friend of hers, for David Halpin had never thought that Halloran meant to wrong him. He got the idea into his head that his partner met with a violent death somewhere. When Bartley in three days came out of the delirium he had fallen into, the first thing he saw was the sweet face of Mary Halpin bending over him. Her eyes looked tired, for she was wearied out with many nights of watching.

Old Bartley muttered a feeble thanks. In a few days more he had recovered some of his strength, and, of course, began to talk to the young girl about her father. She never answered him more than to shake her black curls, and put her finger up to a pair of lips that were pressed tightly together. After Dr. Hynes had learned the cause of the old man's nervous prostration, he forbade the girl to speak about her father to Bartley. One day the old man had her sit down by his bedside while he told her the story of his former life,

"An' now, girlie," he ended, "tell me somethin' I can do for your father's child. Isn't there wan thing you'd like above all?"

Mary blushed very hard, but she assured the old man there was nothing she should like better than to see him well again. Old Bartley knew there was something behind the red face and averted eyes of his amiable young nurse, yet he could never prevail on the girl to tell him.

At last chance threw in his way what he never might have found out otherwise. One evening the girl had to go from home, and she left her servant, a garrulous, good-natured dame, to care for the old man. Now there was one thought always uppermost in Bartley's mind, and that was to do some kindly act for Davy Halpin's "girlie," as he was fond of calling Mary. The talkative servant was not with him very long before she began to say:

"Indeed, sir, Miss Mary is the kind girl to me. 'Tis I'd be happy if I seen her married to Tom Jordan. Sure they've been makin' eyes at aich other since they were that high."

Here she indicated a space from the floor with her hand, which, if it were the exact height, told of a very early love indeed.

"Why can't she marry him?" asked Bartley.

"Well, Sir," answered his informant heaving a sympathetic sigh, "her father would never sthand for it. Oul' Ned Jordan an' him was partners wance, an' they broke up. An' though the two young wans were made for aich other, I've heard Mистер Halpin say mysilf 'Mary'll never marry any man that thinks he's takin' her for charity.' But sure, Tom Jordan ud have her if she was as poor as a church mouse. Miss Mary thinks too much iv her father's word. An' it's the money that comes betune the oul' people."

Here the good dame was silenced by the appearance of Mary herself.

Old Bartley had what he called another bad "spell." When Mary nursed him back to consciousness this time he would speak of nothing but making her happy.

"Mary, girlie," he whispered, "I've enuff good American dollars to make you the aquil of any man."

Dr. Hynes told Miss Halpin the best physic Bartley could get, would be permission to grant her a dowry so she might marry Tom Jordan. He warned her to let her father's name and his misfortunes alone in the old man's presence, for he deemed Bartley somewhat insane on that subject. Mary gave a

blushing consent, and it was not long before everything was arranged for her wedding.

Old Halloran was delighted. He was able to leave his bed and move around a little. The thought that he was going to render the "girlie" happy did him a world of good. He had grown so well that one evening a month before her marriage Mary told him she would give him a very pleasant surprise in a few hours. After supper both she and the old servant went away from home leaving him alone.

Bartley felt rather contented now, for he reasoned thus: "If I didn't get Davy himself, I'm doin' the best I can for his child. An', indeed, she's a rare fine girl." All in all, he was very well satisfied this August evening, smoking his pipe in the sitting-room; the door was partly open, and he had heard the thrush sing his last note for that day; the scent of the hay from the meadows close by sweetened the air. He was puffing away cheerfully, thinking of railroad tracks he had laid in Ohio, when the door was suddenly shoved open, and he beheld a sight that bid fair to bring on the final "spell." He saw no less a person than his dead friend, David Halpin.

There was no mistaking that right hand lacking three fingers, and the deep scar on the right cheek. These were the result of an accident when he and Davy were blasting for the Pipe Line Co. in Pennsylvania, and Halpin sat on what he thought was an empty dynamite keg to take a smoke.

The spirit looked much surprised. Bartley made the sign of the cross, and forbade it come nearer. But nearer came the ghost.

"You're him, after all," it began; "you're Bartley Halloran?"

"I am, but in the name of God and His holy Mother, I forbid you come closer."

"What ails you, man? I'll not lay a wet finger on you. What do you think I am wid your eyes poppin' out o' your head?"

"You're a sperit," answered the frightened Bartley. "Keep off! Hould away! I bid you by the Cross!"

"Now, look here, Bartley, I'm no sperit. I'm Davy Halpin in flesh and blood. But where's Mary, an' how did you come here?"

Old Halloran began to think that, after all, there might be a mistake somewhere, so he replied:

"I think you're me oul' partner, Davy Halpin; but I don't understand. If you're alive,

as you say you are, why have you a tombstone over you in the graveyard.

"What ails you a tall, Bartley, yourself an' your tombstone? I just got back from the say-shore where my daughter, Mary, sint me wid the money her mother left her. But give me your hand, Bartley, man; give me your hand! I thought you were under the sod."

The two old friends shook hands, and Bartley began to relate what had happened since he came to Corofin. David Halpin did not seem to know of anything except that his daughter wished his consent to marry Tom Jordan.

"I'll never let her, Bartley," he said, striking the table with his clenched hand; "I'll never let her; he's the son of a blaguard."

"Well, Davy, I don't see how he cud help that. An' besides, you'll make the best girl in the island miserable for life if you don't."

Here Mary broke in on them, and after embracing her father, declared that she intended to give them both a surprise, but missed him on his way back from the station. The two old friends sat up late that night discussing matters that had occurred many years ago. Before they parted Halpin promised to clear up the mystery of the tombstone on the morrow.

The following noon saw Mary, her father and Bartley down at the cemetery.

"There, ye can see for yerselves!" said old Halloran triumphantly, as the trio stood outside the railing before the tombstone that had startled the old man at his return home. "I can read it without me glasses."

"Come inside the fence, Bartley. Thin put on your specks and read it."

Bartley did so, and was dumfounded when he saw the inscription ran:

Sacred to the Memory
of the wife of D. V. Halpin,
Aged 62. R. I. P.

"You see now it's the grave of me wife, Kate. You wor mistaken all the time."

Bartley admitted his error, but made good use of the occasion. Taking Mary's hand he said, greatly to the consternation of that young lady:

"Now, Davy, here at the grave of her mother, I want you to make our girlie happy by sayin' you'll let her marry Tom Jordan. Come, man, if her mother cud spake up she'd jine me."

David took his old partner's hand and closed the bargain,

A Flower of Love.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

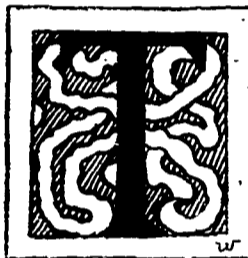
A Violet.

FIND between these pages here
 A violet
 That holds fond memories even yet;
 The flower fades, but love-words dear
 Grow sweeter still that linger near
 This violet.

Merry Christmas!

WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, 1901.

Rejoice! Our Saviour He was born
 On Christmas Day in the morning.



O an American of the present day, Christmas has not the significance it was wont to have in merry old England. Then the approach of the festive day was a summons to the

folk throughout the land to assemble at their respective homes to be present at the burning of the historic Yule-log and to participate in the merriment and jollification that followed. The American does not experience the thrill of pleasure and the rallying of the affections, as Irving says, that disposed the Englishman in the old days of good fellowship for a fit celebration of the feast that announced the religion of peace and goodwill to mankind. For him Christmas is an occasion to be spent pleasantly, but the extensive preparations and giving up of oneself to the observance of this blessed feast day are not to be found.

In the Southern States of the Union there was a vestige of the ancient customs preserved before the war. The negroes on the plantations after a sumptuous feast in their own cabins, which were arranged around their master's dwelling, came over to the plantation mansion, and, gathering on the veranda, they sang Christmas carols and jubilee melodies in a real old English spirit. The master then dismissed the negroes and they returned to their cabins where they sang and made merry among themselves. In the meantime the old master and his family visited each cabin, and conveyed to the merry-makers the compliments of the season in the form of a substantial gift.

But these revivals of the ancient customs

bear no comparison to the rural observances and gorgeous pageants given in honor of the birth of Christ. In England the children of a household came from near and far; the Yule-log was lighted in the old massive fireplace in the spacious hall with great ceremony; an elegant banquet was served, and the later hours beguiled in song and dance. The jollification lasted through the holiday season, and consisted in continuous amusements of divers kinds, ending in a grand ball or cotillion.

The festival of Christmas, in consequence of the waning interest and lack of observance, has lost a great deal of its charm. The beautiful festival on which we celebrate the grandest event in the annals of the human race, is deserving of more consideration than the worldly spirit of the age is inclined to give it. The sin of ingratitude, we are told, is the most unpardonable of all offences against the divine will, and if mankind would please Him, to whom we owe everything, suitable recognition and observance should be accorded so sacred a day.

Of course we keep Christmas here in America in our own way. We deceive children with strange legends of a mysterious personage that we call Santa Claus, and enter into the pleasure of the occasion to some extent; and we attend church services in which the feast is celebrated with the pomp and glory it deserves. But the former of these customs is falling into disuse.

The child of ten years nowadays would feel hurt if you expected him to believe in so childish a story as that of Santa Claus and his deer. We have become too worldly, and have lost the characteristic homeliness and domestic tone of our diversions. As Washington Irving says, "there is more of dissipation and less of enjoyment. Pleasure has expanded into a broader but a shallower stream, and has forsaken many of those quiet and deep channels where it flowed sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life."

The Christmas time, it is true, does not require great ceremony to touch a responsive chord in the bosom of every Christian soul. The season and its peculiar fitness for such an occasion prepares the most ungrateful heart for some appreciation of the festival. Let us, however, return to the old games and traditional customs of antiquity, and in honor of the beautiful Feast make merry and rejoice with the faithful like truly grateful Christians.

The Star of Bethlehem.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

LO! in the East a star appears,
And shines anew in the sky above,
And the sages hear from the angels' voice:
"Follow the star to your God of love."

And they follow the star through the desert brown,
With a faith unshaken by the weary way,
And see! it stands o'er the lowly cave,
Where the new-born King in the manger lay.

And they enter in and breathe their prayer,
And the place is filled with holy light;
Hosannahs sound from the angel choir,
In praise to the Babe on Christmas night.

But the star shines on through the ages still
In the mellow glow of the altar light,
And bids us come like the kings of old
To worship Him on Christmas night.

The Pair of Skates.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.



AS these skates were his first pair, the novelty of their possession did not wear off in two or three hours, as with other toys. Lennie Steele did not get them until many tears

had been shed, and he had refused all consolation. His mother had insisted upon Santa Claus presenting him with a suit of new clothes for Christmas. But Lennie could not see the logic of this. He had no belief in Santa Claus. Besides he knew that clothes would come when needed, and he objected to being supplied with his yearly quota at Christmas time.

At last Mrs. Steele yielded with grave fears to the ambition and solicitations of her boy. She knew that the skates would bring him to the creek, and of this creek she had a mortal fear. A boy had been drowned in it four years ago by breaking through the ice. Lennie might be the next victim. She had warned him so often to keep away from the creek that it had become of daily occurrence.

For three or four days before Christmas, Lennie had been very busy emptying buckets of water in his back yard preparatory to the arrival of the skates. This ice pond was not formidable, but it was his own creation, and to him all-sufficient. He used his imagination extensively in describing the skates to his

mates. Every detail was known to him, and these he impressed firmly upon the village tribe. He had declared that he could "skate better'n all ov them." When Homer Gleason dissented he had silenced that worthy. "My skates are the best in the world," he continued. "My pa says so and he knows." Nobody objected to this; but when he began to individualize with "They're better'n yourn, Hir'm," Hiram Jones denied this stoutly. After many "there ares," "there ain'ts" had been passed, two pudgy bodies were locked in war-like embrace, and two mothers brought their weeping offsprings home.

All Christmas morning he had spent on his ice pond in the back yard. His skates, which were a good pair were very sharp, and he was oftener sitting down than standing up. This was his first attempt at motion upon skates. At first this ice pond was sufficient, but when he saw Harry King and Hiram Jones with their skates tucked under their arms, go over toward the creek, and as he saw many others follow them, his contentment with this ice pond began to leave him. They shouted at him, but he pretended not to hear them. So when Will Reeves came close to his fence and asked him if he were going to the creek, he was in open rebellion.

"I dunno," he said as he looked at the new suit with which his mother had clothed him that morning.

"You're scared of your mother," said Will.

"I ain't," said Lennie, as he looked cautiously toward a window. So he decided to go.

In the afternoon he stole out through the back yard gate, after carefully looking over his territory. On the corner of the next street he met Will Reeves, who likewise had come against his mother's will.

At the creek they parted. Lennie sat on a log and put his skates on. A crowd of small boys and girls were skating hither and thither with more or less skill. He now remembered the assertion he had made a short time before, that he could skate much better than Homer Gleason. Then he had measured Homer's skating ability by Homer's physical prowess. But now as he saw Homer gliding up and down the ice with skill and ease, his courage left him, for in his heart Lennie knew that he could scarcely make a stroke.

His skates on, as soon as he reached the ice he sat down. He crept back on all fours and made a second attempt. This time with more success. It is true that his strokes were

somewhat uneven, but he had gone about twenty yards when he saw Harry King bearing down upon him. He tried to avoid Harry, but his skates went from under him, and he fell very hard to the ice. Somewhat stunned he sat there for a short time; then he tried to get up, but when he was halfway he fell again. Small children began to gather around him, and among them some of his henchmen. The latter began to lose respect for their fallen chief. The crowd continued to grow larger. It would not do for Lennie to remain longer in this disgraceful position so he attempted to rise. As he made his first stroke, somebody pushed him and he struck the ice with a thump.

"Lennie Steele saw stars!" shouted the little vixen, Minnie Phelps—and the crowd took up the chorus, "Lennie Steele saw stars!"

"I didn't," shouted our hero as he felt the back of his head, but his action denied his retort.

It is a peculiar thing, what punishment a tribe of youthful barbarians can inflict upon each other, by calling nick names or dogging each other. For in outraged pride a boy certainly suffers most.

"I thought that you could skate better'n all of us," now piped out Homer Gleason.

"Wait until I ketch you, Homer," was Lennie's retort.

"Ketch me now," shouted Homer, and off he glided.

Lennie now realized that he was losing caste. He tried to inspire the others with awe by crying after Homer: "You just come here, and I'll lanner the stuffin' out of you." But others who were smaller than Homer, even wee tots, began to taunt him. If he could only keep his feet, he could fight until he either conquered or was conquered. Under the present circumstances he could do nothing.

The crowd of schoolboys and girls grew larger and larger. Lennie again struggled to his feet and started for the bank. Minnie Phelps came close to make a face at him, and Homer Gleason emboldened by his former success, and not wishing to see him escape so easily, gave him a shove from behind. Lennie fell, and as he fell he grabbed the nearest object which was Minnie Phelps. Both of them went to the ice together. Minnie began to howl, for her nose was bleeding profusely.

"Oh! Lennie Steele, you've done it," shouted some angel child. And the entire crowd began to draw away from him. Lennie felt like a

murderer, and his only alternative, as he sat on the ice, was to take off his skates. This he did, amid the cries of his former mates. Even his henchmen deserted him. Minnie Phelps started home, both hands on her badly injured organ, and the air resounded with her wailings.

His Christmas afternoon had certainly been an eventful one. He had disobeyed his mother's orders, lost his standing in his tribe, and sent Minnie Phelps bawling home to her mother. As he took a circuitous route home, he did not think on the frailty of the flesh or the vanity of friendship, but he tried to devise a scheme by which he could wreak vengeance on Homer Gleason for his perfidy. He came into his yard secretly through the back gate and then hung his skates, which were dripping with snow-water, in the basement. Then he took out his bob-sleigh, and without any noise started for Lincoln Avenue.

His mother was sitting close to the front window awaiting his arrival. She had heard of his escapade with Minnie Phelps from Mrs. Phelps, and then had sent his sister Ruth to the creek to tell the erring lamb that he was expected home. But Ruth and Lennie did not meet, and when Ruth returned her story of Lennie and Minnie Phelps was highly colored by the local imagination.

The bob-sleigh was doing yeoman's service. He had hitched it onto wagon after wagon with great success. It is true he had several narrow escapes from being run down, but this he did not mind. He had forgotten all about his new suit, and the seat of his knickerbockers were very wet, and the ribbon near his knees badly frayed. Dusk was coming on. The novelty of the "bobbing" had begun to wear off; but he determined to take one last ride before retiring for the night. Old Schultze's milk wagon was coming along. Schultze had been annoyed by the persistency of the "bobs" behind his wagon, and he determined to make an example of the next one. Unfortunately this was Lennie's last ride, and when Lennie slipped his rope between the iron bar and the wagon, somebody grabbed the rope and another somebody whipped up the horse. Along went the horse at a fast rate of speed and the "bob" with its lone occupant swinging from side to side. While Lennie was taking this wild journey his brother, Bob, who had been sent out to look for him, saw him. As the horse turned a sharp corner old Schultze gave the rope a quick pull and then let go. Lennie and the "bob" rolled in a heap in the

dirty snow. He was too cold to cry, and sad and miserable he towed his bob-sleigh home behind him.

The stairs leading into the basement were very dark and he stumbled and rolled to the bottom of them. He sat in the basement and began to weep. At first he determined to remain there over night, but as nobody came down stairs to look after him, he put his skates over his shoulders and started up stairs. He fumbled with the door knob and finally walked into the kitchen. His mother was setting the table, and as she saw him she took him by the arm, brought him under the gaslight and looked him over carefully. His eyes were swollen with crying, his knickerbockers wet, wrinkled and shrunken, his tie unstrung and his new skates rusted from negligence.

She took up the skates and looked them over separately. They certainly bore little resemblance to the bright, shining pair he had received in the morning. Rust lay in large quantities all over them, and the runners were badly dented and scratched.

Mrs. Steele never said a word, but motioned him to a chair. He would like to have her say something so that he might know exactly how to act. But as he sat in the chair he felt a large lump gathering in his throat. When the table was set, his mother sent him supperless to bed.

A large Christmas tree was blazing in the parlor. Boxes of candies, nuts and oranges were on the cupboard. All these delicacies he saw, and all these delicacies he would miss. In the darkness of his room he began to weep. He thought of many dire and dreadful things. Occasionally he heard the hum of voices below, then a jolly laugh. Here alone, deserted by all, he wished to die. Some day he would make them all feel sorry; he would never forgive them.

While thus ruminating the door was opened and his aunt Alice appeared. She had begged him off a second time. But now when he saw her, tears began to flow more copiously. He darkly hinted that he was the victim of a conspiracy, and he refused to be comforted. Finally she persuaded him that he ought not to die, and as he came down stairs behind her, a burst of laughter greeted him. He felt like a lost lamb among strange sheep, and as he took a seat in an obscure corner, he heard his sister Ruth say, "Mamma has locked up Lennie's skates."

Ireland.

FULL many a night when wrapt in dreamy sleep,
I tread again a far-off verdant land,
Where blue waves wanton on the pebbly strand
And fairies chase them back to join the deep:
I view once more the embattled bridge's sweep
Where died my fathers in a futile stand—
Brave hearts they failed, yet was their struggle grand—
A vigil o'er their dust the crosses keep.

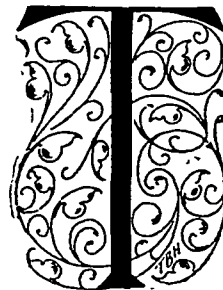
I feast my eyes upon each varied scene—
The emerald fields, the laughter-loving sea;
And as I gaze where lie the valiant dead,
My soul aspires to be what they have been:
Faithful in life to Truth and Liberty;
Resting in death, the cross above my head.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

Hunting the Wren.

JOHN JOSEPH HENNESSY, 1902.

Cet opelet, qu'on nomme roytelet,
Encontre l'aigle à débat et querelle.
Tousiours est gay, tant masle que femelle:
Et tousiours chante, aymant estre seulet



THE history of no race is more interesting, more widespread and, I might say, more marvelous, than is that of a group of small insessorial birds called wrens. This bird is found in Europe and America, and ornithologists have found many varieties, among which is the *Troglodytis parvulus vulgaris*, or as we say, the kittty wren. The total length of this bird is less than four inches, and its wings are short and rounded. It is very retired in its habits, and never makes free with man, as does the red-breast. It confines itself to the gardens where it flits from bush to bush, or from stone to stone, never going as high as a tree. Despite this pettiness, it has at all times, and by almost every nation, been looked upon as a very important bird.

Socrates and Pliny speak of the wren as disputing with the eagle the kingship of all birds. The Greeks called him βασιλευκος, little king; the Romans, *regulus*, petty king; the Germans, *zaun könig*, hedge king; the French *roitelet*, little king; the Swedes, *kurgs fogel*, king's fowl; the Danes, *fugle kong*, fowl king; the Dutch *winter koninkje*, little winter king. A French painter, under a portrait of a wren, has written the opening quatrain of this sketch, which may be put into English:

That little bird, we call the wren,
 In argument and strife the eagle faces.
 'Tis always gay—both cock and hen;
 It ever sings and loves the lonely places.

If ever you have seen the kitty wren, you will never forget that little round-bodied, brown-colored bird, with its short ever-cocked tail and long slender legs. Most inquisitive and familiar little bird, that sends forth a strain of music so loud and sweet that you wonder how such a little throat could find room to emit those melodious notes, which never cease till death destroys its life. Its spirited warbling is heard throughout winter, and it cheers the farmer, as perched on a cow in its stall, it makes that stall re-echo back its joyous song.

The nest of the wren is perhaps one of the greatest curiosities we have. It builds in the crevice of an old wall, in a clump of furze or in a white thorn bush. The outer coating of the nest corresponds in color to whatever surrounds it so as to escape detection. For the size of the owner the home is very large, but the entrance is scarcely big enough to admit the finger; yet if you succeed in putting your finger in you may feel at least eighteen eggs, or what is not very uncommon, nineteen young ones. It has been observed that one of the greatest miracles of which we may daily take notice is that the wren feeds nineteen young ones, each as large as the mother, without passing over one of them, and without giving any of them more than its proper share, and all this it does in the dark.

On examining the wren's nest we find that the entrance is on the side rather than on the top. There is a curious legend connected with this strange fact, which runs somewhat like this: Once upon a time after the wren had become king of birds, the Creator called him to give him all the instructions necessary for the welfare of his subjects, and these he was to transmit to them. He was taught how to build a home to protect him from cold and rain and for the rearing of the family. Of course he had to tell this to his brethren, but he was a clever little fellow and determined to try how a trick would work. He called all his children together and delivered to them the instructions which he had received, but when he came to speak of the nest, he said: "My children build for yourselves comfortable homes, and be sure to leave the opening for your entrance on the top, so that the rays of the radiant sun may enter and comfort your

household." He did not tell them to look out for the rain, but he looked out for it himself, and made his house domed on top, with a tiny hole in the side for a door.

The wren, however, has his misfortunes, when the schoolboy has his greatest joy. At Yule-tide the kitty wren is persecuted to death, and why? there is apparently no reason. Visit Ireland on Saint Stephen's morning and see for yourself what is going on. If you are an early riser, the first sounds that greet your ear are:

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
 Saint Stephen's day was caught in a furze.
 Though he is little his family is great,
 Put your hand in your pocket and give us a treat.

Mechanically your hand goes into your breeches pocket and you give the suppliant a penny. Now they finish their tune for you. We hunted the wren three miles and more; three miles and more,

We knocked him down and he could not see,
 And we brought him home in a holly tree.

You at once realize that they have killed the all but sacred wren, and now carry him as in sport, tied by the legs on the topmost branch of a holly tree, which is plentifully decked with ribbons of all colors. Look closer, and you will notice that the branch on which the wren is tied is in the form of a cross. They kill their most-cherished bird, their sweet little warbler, without the slightest reason. It is a mysterious custom. At no other time of the year will a schoolboy attempt to injure this bird, but as soon as Christmas approaches, then all delight in chasing the wren.

The wren hunt was indulged in, in South Wales on the the feast of the Three Kings; in the South of France, on Christmas day the same practice once existed, and Ireland still keeps to her old custom of hunting the wren on Saint Stephen's Day. The Irish people have many legends or traditions in defence of their conduct, one of which I will give here. Once upon a time, when a host of Northern invaders overran Ireland, the Irish king determined to attack them secretly. Very early on Saint Stephen's morn the Irish forces approached the camp of the enemy, who were nearly all asleep and none of whom expected trouble. Nearer and nearer they approached, but then—then on that frosty morning, a wren perched on a drum at the entrance of the enemy's camp, began pecking it violently with its sharp bill, thus awaking the enemy in time to arm themselves for the onslaught.

Not Quite Beyond Recall.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, 1902.



ROCKWELL for the tenth time involuntarily adjusted his eye-glasses, smoothed his pet bald spot with caressing hand, then again held up the evening paper. He had spent a certain time about every night for the last ten years in a similar occupation. Still Rockwell had not changed much. The bald spot was a bit balder, and real business ability with a corresponding financial easiness added dignity to his manner. His face was strong; but, then, it had always been so. He was not so old,—forty is but the prime of life; yet he had some way slipped into the groove of smooth-running bachelorhood. There he had stuck. He had come to glory in the fact too.

How so good a possibility had thus escaped designing match-makers forms the quandary. Rockwell had certainly beat his way through the maze alone and unwedded. Perhaps, however, there is just the smallest skeleton in his closet; perhaps there is just one heart-scar left to mark the days of his twenties; perhaps *she*,—but who dares to say?

At length Rockwell throws aside the paper as if bored by its endless exaggeration. He moves to rise, but, obedient to his own comfort, sinks back for a brown study on familiar lines. Of a sudden, he starts and muses: "Jove! old man, I near forgot your letter. Slipped it into my pocket during office hours unread. Yes,—some more rot, I'll warrant!"

He gets up, yawns, goes to the wardrobe, takes a letter from his day-coat, holds it to the jet to open it.

"The same old stuff, sure enough,—same advice!" he mumbles to himself,—he had not yet reached the pet-animal stage.

"For a wager, the letter'll run,—'Cheer up, old man, get out of that dotage of yours! Run down and see Mollie and me and the boy!' Postscribed something like this: 'There's nothing like married life. Why don't you get out of that rut you're in and forget yourself?' Very good, Charlie. You are a rare fellow if you have wasted the last ten years trying to pair off your useless old friend. Why, I'd be reconciled to marry were I as cheery as you. Yes, I'd be bound if I shouldn't try my luck

for once,—" For a moment Rockwell stood motionless by the chandelier,—“and didn't I try once?” he said aloud, and languidly dropped down into the Lethe of his old chair.

Rockwell's trance, however, was brief. A dozen or so years make most anything but a saint of a person. He bravely held the page to the light and read:—

“DEAR JOHN:—I've got some news,—but I won't tell it now. I'll put that by until the postscript just to make you think this is from a woman. No,—the sweetest woman you ever knew is in Oldham for the holidays. If I mistake not, you knew her extremely well at one time. Anyway, run up for New Year's dinner with us. I say, I can't make her into a Marjorie Daw. This isn't fiction, you know. But, John, she has the sweetest, light-haired, romping lass you ever saw. She'll never be as pretty as the mother,—will the girl, eh, John? Come up,—*yes* is the word.

“Affectionately, CHARLIE.”

As if to seek protection, John dove for his pipe. He partially filled it, but laid it down unlighted. He bent forward and smoothed the wrinkles from his trousers, then adjusted his head-cushion and deliberately braced his head against that worn relic of bygone days. He did not mumble any more; instead his eyes took on a far-away expression. So he sat. And some time after Charlie's friend dropped his head forward on his breast, saved by his evening nap.

“Helen, Helen, come here!” Mrs. Cairns called, in answer to which a ten-year old girl puffed up to the storm-door.

“Where have you been? I've looked every place for you?”

“Oh, no place much, just playing with Charlie Sand!” the little one said as the door shut them inside.

“Say, you know what Charlie Sand said?” and Helen's eyes beamed with a true womanish relish for gossip. “He said his pa used to know you when you were a girl! Now he didn't, did he?”

“Yes, my child, Charlie's papa was a little boy when I was a schoolgirl in Oldham.”

“Charlie's pa wasn't saucy like little Charlie is, was he?” Helen impatiently asked coming over to sit on her mother's lap.

“Indeed his papa was bad enough. He was a bundle of pranks. How he used to tease John Rockwell!” Here Helen's mother laughed heartily and continued: “Who was John? Oh!

John was my very first beau. How far away those times seem now."

"Tell me about when you were a girl, mamma. Did you have dirty faces and torn dresses, and get scolded all the time for talking too much?" Helen asked picking away at her mother's rings.

"Yes, I was like all little girls. They tell me I was quieter than some I know. Probably I wasn't, or if so, that was my cross or maybe [Mrs. Cairns looked beyond the dimpled cheeks of her daughter] it was but a shadow of what life-happiness I should have."

Charlie Sand walked to and fro in his wife's kitchen sputtering away:

"The deuce take the old bachelor! Why couldn't he have come up for to-morrow's dinner? That's the way it always goes when you try to do what's square by a fellow!"

"Well, what was John's excuse?" Mrs. Sand asked as she venerated a layer cake with a frosting such as cooking-schools could never turn out.

"Oh! said previous engagement. Previous engagement be hanged!" Charlie ejaculated while he chewed viciously on an unlighted cigar. He went on: "Now, look here, Celia Cairns couldn't come Christmas, for we asked her then. When she's given her word to be here New year's, why John flunks! Everything always did go wrong where those two were concerned. John was invariably doing the right thing at the wrong time. I'm quits now. As like as not John'll say I am manœuvring him into the half-million Cairns left at home when he froze to death in that cold snap back in ninety-three. I don't want Cairns' money any more than John does; could never bear the fellow!"

"Now, now, Charlie, be careful!" His wife chimed in.

"Perhaps Cairns was all right"—Charlie shrugged his shoulders—"but he wasn't good enough for Celia Thayer, was he? I leave it to you—no, I'm blamed if I shall, for all you girls were crazy over the fellow because he was so infernally good-looking!"

"Look out, Charlie Sand, I'll hit you with this!" Mrs. Sand threatened holding high a well-floured rolling-pin.

"Don't throw, Mollie!" Charlie begged—"don't throw it!" And when she had put the weapon down, he said: "For you'd be sure to break the window back of you! Laying all nonsense aside," Charlie added seriously,

"I'm going to send John a telegram to-night telling him if he doesn't come up to dinner to-morrow I'll tell Celia Thayer he's forgotten his old friends. Confound it, there's surely a bit of heart-softness on that score yet!" With this Charlie bolted out of the house.

The New Year's dinner at the Sand's Villa was as delectable a happening as food-loving mortals could wish. It was sort of a family affair, you know; one in which the children might spill the nice things to the ruin of Sunday frocks and carpets from a small table all by themselves. Charlie Sand carved the turkey; his mother-in-law sat in state at his right, while his genial-souled old father smiled across the table at him. An aunt or two and a fair sprinkling of cousins not further than the third remove graced the occasion. Mrs. Cairns sat at the guest's place; but no John Rockwell was to be seen. Charlie wearied with apologies, had long since taken on an air of placid indifference.

Several hours later, however, the bell rang, and Rockwell to the amazement of all, was ushered in. John, more red-faced if possible than his best company redness, began to enlarge on that previous engagement, remarking that he could not deny himself this uncommon privilege of remeeting so many childhood friends, etc., etc. In fact, he thought he had wired Charlie as much. At this big one, the man of the house looked several species of daggers at him.

"And Mrs. Cairns," John said, bowing low and taking her offered hand, "I am more pleased to see you again than I can say!"

Before Celia Cairns could return the compliment little Helen edged up, and, looking critically at Rockwell, spoke out:

"Mamma, isn't this the man who used to be your beau?"

A death-like silence for a moment held the room. The delf china clock alone withstood the calm. As in years gone by John swallowed the misfortune, and led the blushing culprit to a chair where he took her in his arms,—imagine how gracefully,—and started at once to discuss, "when mamma was a girl." Helen's predisposition for family history would not be slighted. But her childish instinct showed true, for her confiding little heart took wholly to Rockwell. Thus the embarrassment blew over.

Charlie Sand itched to take a few good thrusts at Rockwell on general principles, but

such startling developments were even too much for him. Charlie Sand, Jr., however, stalked in, coolly reviewed the situation, and concluded, since one of Rockwell's knees was still unoccupied he had best take that before some one else got ahead of him. Accordingly, John, besieged on both sides, took his medicine manfully. But he had gained one strong champion—he had long possessed another—the new champion was little Helen.

Apparently the lateness of the hour would come to Rockwell's rescue, for Mrs. Cairn's carriage was announced. When this occurred, Rockwell was at the climax of an Indian story, so Mrs. Cairns waited for the miraculous escape of the hero and the hearty plaudits of the children. She and Helen then went for their wraps. While Mrs. Cairns adjusted the child's hood, Helen whispered:

"Let's have that man go home with us!"

"Hush, hush, Helen, you've made me enough trouble already!" Mrs. Cairns said reprovingly, then addressed Mrs. Sand: "We have had a delightful time, Mrs. Sand, I am indebted to you."

Sand and Rockwell came up to say good-night, when the incorrigible Helen blurted out:

"Say, Mr. John, mamma says I mustn't ask you; but won't you come home with us? I want you to, even if *she* don't!"

Rockwell hemmed and hawed scarcely in breath from his previous experience, and faltered:

"Why,—my little love, I'd do most anything for you, but I—I—"

"Yes, Mr. Rockwell," said Mrs. Cairns, herself smoothing corners this time, "come down, there's an evening ahead of you yet. Charlie can spare you for a while, and uncle Lyman was asking about you only the other night."

"Go on, John!" Charlie said nudging John in the ribs. And as he hurried him into his top-coat in real valet fashion, he whispered:

"Go on! go on! be a man for once." After rather strained adieux the coach door was slammed shut on John still fidgeting with his gloves. Mrs. Sand ran back to the house and screamed with laughter. While Charles Sand, Sr., to the utter collapse of Charles, Jr., balanced one of the very daintiest rosebud chairs on one finger and shouted:

"At last the ice has been broken! Bravo Helen! John wasn't dead exactly,—he was merely sleeping!"

The Lily Spotless.

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

SWEET Virgin, link that binds the Lord to earth,
 Before thy splendour fade
 The glories of the night.
 Unsullied mirror of the Almighty's shade,
 All stainless from thy birth—
 Of human flowers thou alone wert bright.
 Through thee Light came to us, refulgent gem,
 Set in heaven's diadem.
 No shade of sin might know
 Thy heart, far purer than the purest snow,
 Where the Godhead deigned to dwell.
 Thou camest like a white-winged, spotless dove,
 Or jasmine bud that fell
 From God's own hand, His masterpiece of love.

A stainless lily Eden's vale perfumed,
 But fairer yet the Rose of Nazareth bloomed;
 For God to fit thee for thy royal state
 First bade the heavens all their graces bring
 To deck the destined Mother of their King,
 Then crowning all,—made thee Immaculate.

Church Music.

JOHN H. LILLY, 1901.



ALL art is the expression of the beautiful,—not necessarily the expression of a beautiful model, but any model portrayed so as to produce the beautiful. Literature is the expression of the beautiful in words, painting in colours, sculpture in figures, architecture in lines, and music in sound, or in a combination of words and sounds.

Modern music is the youngest, and, since it is purely subjective, I might add, the most difficult of the arts; but in the hands of men that will carry out the traditions begun by Beethoven and Mozart, the time is not far off when music will stand at the head of the arts as the best expression of the true, the beautiful, and the good, which are the constituents of all art. As a fine art, music is about four hundred years old, but in a crude state it existed long before the coming of Christ.

Three thousand years ago Homer pictures Achilles as "comforting his heart with the sounds of the lyre." And the myth of the Sirens, from whose alluring song Ulysses escaped only by stopping the ears of his companions with wax and having himself tied to

a mast, shows what power the primitive Greeks attributed to music. Plato looked upon music as a tonic that does for the soul what gymnastics do for the body; and he declared publicly that only such music ought to be tolerated by the state as had a moral purpose, while enervating forms should be suppressed by the lawmaker. "The Greeks," says Neuman, "firmly believed that sweet harmony and flowing melody alone were capable of restoring the even balance of the disturbed mind and of renewing its harmonious relations with the world. Playing on the lyre, therefore, formed part of the daily exercises of the disciples of the renowned philosopher, and none dared seek his nightly couch without having first refreshed his soul at the font of music, nor returned to the duties of the day without having braced his energies with jubilant strains."

The Chinese and Hindoos looked upon music as something supernatural; the former affirm that it had the power "to make heaven descend upon earth;" the latter thought it able to give emotion to inanimate objects. In the halls of the chieftains of the North, next to the master of the house, sat the bard who sang and played. And no one was more honored than the musician. When music exercised so great an influence over the primitive and uncivilized men, shall we then wonder at the extraordinary power it exerts upon men at the present day?

Music is universal. But its noblest employment is in connection with the exercises of religion. The power it possesses to excite those feelings of awe, love, and reverence, through which man approaches his God and is transported, as it were, to the very threshold of heaven, is inestimable.

Music is heaven's special gift, and was introduced into the Church by our Lord Himself, when He and the Apostles sang a hymn at the institution of the Blessed Eucharist.

The Ambrosian chant was the first regular form of music adopted by the Church. Ambrose fearing that the music of the Church, which up to his time had been handed down by oral tradition, would be lost, endeavoured to preserve and restore these traditions to their original purity by writing and teaching them to the clergy. This chant had no rhythm nor metre but the quantities of the words, and is now obsolete except in Milan.

The Ambrosian chant was followed by light and dissolute music, taken from the pagan temples, which, instead of elevating the prayer

of the Church, threatened her destruction. Pope Gregory the Great banished this florid music by composing the chant that still bears his name, and is even to-day the universal music of the church of Rome.

Thus from the very beginning music has been one of the essential characteristics of the Church, and has contributed greatly to her life and development. All the arts are connected with the Church, hence she has been justly called "the mother of art." As the picture of our mother may change our life and lift us to better and nobler things, so the pictures and statues that adorn our churches, by bringing God and His saints before us as real, not abstract entities, inspire us with greater love and devotion. Architecture, by giving us beautiful churches, renders honor and glory to God and illumines our vague knowledge of His majesty. Napoleon on entering one of the beautiful cathedrals of France exclaimed: "How difficult it is to be an unbeliever here."

But music enters into the very life of the Church as a component part of her being. Without song all the solemn ceremonies of the Church, as High Mass, Vespers and Benediction, would be flat and devotionless. Music puts life and animation into the whole function, and inspires in the worshippers a greater feeling of awe and reverence.

Thus we see what an important part music plays in the ceremonies of the Church, and the necessity of having such music as will harmonize with the true spirit of religion. Although the celebrated Masses of Mozart, Haydn and Gounod are most beautiful and sublime compositions, they are not church music. The true music of the Church is the chant prescribed in her liturgy. When Saint Augustine first heard the plain chant at Milan he exclaimed: "O my God! when the voice of the congregation broke upon mine ear, the sound poured into mine ears, and Thy truth entered my heart." When Haydn heard the psalms of praise sung by four thousand children in Saint Paul's he wept for joy, and jotted down one of the tunes. Afterwards he affirmed that that simple melody affected him more deeply than any other music.

Plain chant intensifies the words that it accompanies, and by this combination of words and sound an elevating influence is exerted over the soul. Figured music, on the other hand, trifles with the words, and arranges them in the manner best suited for its own

effect; and, in many cases, instead of arousing sentiments of piety, love and devotion, it transports us in spirit to the stage or ball-room. The sole object of music when placed to words is to intensify them, to make their meaning more intelligible and their impressions more lasting; unless it does this the end has not been accomplished. Whether figured music intensifies the meaning may be seen from this illustration. In one of our modern "Glorias" we find: "Cum Sancto Spiritu, in gloria Dei Patris, Amen, in gloria Dei Patris, Amen, amen, amen, amen, amen, amen—Cum Sancto Spiritu, in gloria Dei Patris, Amen." In the next twenty lines "Cum Sancto Spiritu" is repeated twelve times, "In gloria Dei Patris" seventeen times, "Amen" forty-five times, interrupted by sixteen operatic interludes.

Such music has no mention in the liturgy, and should be abolished since it serves only to gratify the hearers and to afford the soprano an opportunity to display her voice.

La Tombe Dit à la Rose.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

La tombe dit à la rose:—
 Des pleurs dont l'aube t'arrose
 Que fais-tu, fleur des amours?
 La rose dit à la tombe:—
 Que fais-tu de ce qui tombe
 Dans ton gouffre ouvert toujours?

La rose dit:—Tombe sombre,
 De ces pleurs je fais dans l'ombre
 Un parfum d'ambre et de miel.
 La tombe dit:—Fleur plaintive,
 De chaque âme qui m'arrive
 Je fais un ange du ciel.

* * *

THE TOMB AND THE ROSE.

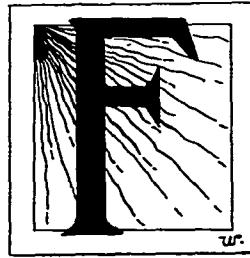
Said the tomb to a rose that bloomed above,
 "What dost thou do, O flower of love
 With the dew-drops the dawn bestows?"
 "What makest thou of the fruit that falls
 Between thy gaping, abysmal walls,
 O tomb?" retorted the rose.

"Sorrowful tomb," replied the rose,
 "I make in secret a breath that blows
 Of amber and honey leaven."
 "Ah! plaintive flower," answered the tomb,
 "Of each of the mortals that to me come,
 An angel I make for Heaven!"

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

Fons Bandusiae.

EDWARD A. RUMELY, 1902.



FOR the lover of the classics, Archæology has a peculiar charm. A tunnel piercing the barren site of some ancient city rouses in him feelings of mystery, of expectation and of hope. Schliemann's excavations furnish the scenes in which we set the great war-drama of the Mæonian bard. Strange, indeed, it is that now, more than three thousand years since Agamemnon, the shepherd of the people, led his hosts against sacred Troy, we have a fuller knowledge than the Greeks themselves of the origin, the customs and the laws of the flaxen-haired Achæans. The knolls that checker the sandy plains of Mesopotamia have told us of the glory and the fall of Sayon of Accad. The crude flint implements and the kitchen-middens are the only remaining traces of our Aryan forefathers who roamed over the plain of Central Europe. From such records, scanty though they are, we are enabled to fill in the unwritten pages of man's early history. If ponderous volumes are written about Egypt as early as 6000 B. C., we should not be surprised to see men spend years in locating places mentioned in the classics.

Many commentators hold that the spring described by Horace in Ode III., 13, is purely ideal—a creation of the poet's imagination. The very dedication, however, to the "Bandusian Fountain," as well as the decisive choice of epithets, militate against such a view. "You are clear as crystal, the heat of the dog-days does not penetrate your thickets—worthy of sweet wine, to-morrow the blood of a yearling will redden your waters, you too will become one of the famous fountains," like Castalia of Parnassus and Hippocrene at Helicon. The last promise alone would prove that Horace, like so many other poets, wrote this delightful ode to a favorite fountain of his.

Naturally the question arises where was this spring, does it still exist? Chapmartin de Chaupy, in his work on the villa of Horace proved from a papal bull issued in 1103 that there was a spring called the Baudusian Fountain near Venusia, the birthplace of Horace. Basing their views on this, some commentators have supposed that this ode was written by the poet after his visit to Apulia described in

satire 15. There is an air of probability about this explanation, but closer investigation dispels it. If it was composed so early in the poet's life, why was it not published sooner? Certainly there was no reason, political or personal, for withholding it. Horace was fond of telling the little incidents in his own life, and he would certainly have dropped some intimation of his visit to the spring in his epistles. Again, the promise of wine and of a sacrifice imply that Horace was at his own home where he was master over the flocks and *amphoræ*. We must then limit our search to the Sabine Farm.

Dijentia is the only stream that flows through this villa (rediscovered 1767) at present. Let us now see how the poet describes the *Ammis* known to him. "A fountain with a continual stream near to my house," "a spring that gives her name to the river." In another place it is expressly named Dijentia, and is characterized as "cool, cold, refreshing, salubrious and perpetual." Of course, the connection between the river itself and the spring is very intimate: it is hard to separate them. Still, the characteristics of one are shared also by the other, and no confusion can arise. If we apply the epithets cited above to the rivulet now known as Sicensa, it will be evident that Sicensa and the *Ammis* of Horace are one.

Now we have but to search the Sabine Farm for some trace of the fountain itself. The task is easy, for the grounds are well preserved; even the ruins of the poet's house remain. At the main source of Sicensa there is a spring that answers the requirements. First, it is near the house; secondly, it is clear, pure and extraordinarily cool; thirdly, the heat of summer does not affect it. In August, 1885, measurements were made that indicate a steady flow of 12 liters per second at 57° F. In travellers' guide-books many other springs are designated as Horatian, but the claim of Sicensa to that honor is irrefragable.

The name Bandusiæ has become Sicensa. The wind and waters of two thousand years have caused even a greater change in the appearance of the spring. The overhanging holm-oak and the vaulted rocks are gone. The water has found another exit lower down, and now gushes forth in two distinct places. The merry babble, so vividly described, has merged into a listless trickle of ripples. Notwithstanding these changes I can see in my mind's eye Horace strolling along its banks. All hail, thou Christian bard of pagan times!

The Minims' Greetings to Very Reverend
President Morrissey.

BELLS are ringing, hearts are singing,
For we celebrate to-day,
Feast of him, who is our patron,
And to whom we homage pay;
While to you, his zealous client,
Do we offer from our hearts
Greetings, as we learn the lesson,
That St. Andrew's life imparts.

First his name symbolic teaches
What each one of us should be,
Andrew in the Greek means "manly"—
From all sign of weakness free.
And we know that he was loyal
In those early days of strife,
Giving all to Christ to prove it,—
Aye, he gave his very life!

And if loyal as Apostle,
Then St. Andrew in his youth
Must have walked the way of honor,
Must have loved the virtue, truth.
And to-day your grateful princes
Pledge themselves henceforth to be,
Like St. Andrew, staunch in honor,
With their watchword "Loyalty."

Loyal unto God, our Father,
Loyal to loved Mary's name,
Loyal to our home and country,
And to dear old Notre Dame.
For we know that you would have us
Types of manhood, noble, true;
Like St. Andrew,—and, dear Father,
Let us add it—like to you.

Manhood is the thing for Princes,
And no models can we find
Better than the world's great heroes,
With the seal of sainthood signed.
Take our promise, then, dear Father,
That we'll e'er be good and true,
As we offer festal greetings
On Saint Andrew's Day to you.

Read by Master Kenyon W. Mix.

In Slavery Days.

GEORGE W. BURKITT, 1902.

HELLO Jeff!"
"Yas, Marse Dean."
"Have 'Twilight' ready at half-past seven. We're going over to see Dolly to-night," said a tall, broad-shouldered young man to his dark servant.
"Huh, 'twarn't no use Marse Dean tellin' me to hab 'Twilight ready dis ebnin', kase he done go down dyar mos' ebery ebnin'; but

Lucy she down dyar, Jeff got no 'jections."

At half-past seven Jeff, seated in the buggy, was doing his utmost both by abuse and coaxing to keep Twilight from destroying Mrs. Owsley's flower beds on either side of the road.

"My Gawd! Marse Dean," Jeff exclaimed, "dis hyar hoss sho' am pesky to-night. She keep rearin' an' pitchin' terribil'"

"Well, Jeff, we'll take some of the life out of her before we get home."

"No, Majah, yo' ole w'ite raskill, yo' can't go; kase we'se got nuff trouble, let 'lone lookin' arfter dorgs. Marse Dean, bettah go by de long road, kase we wants fou' wheels on dis hyar buggy when we gits home."

"All right, Jeff, it's a little early, and a long drive won't hurt us anyhow; unless you're so anxious to see Lucy that you can't wait a few minutes."

"G'long, you'se alwuz pesticatin' me 'bout dat gal."

As they turned into the avenue that led up to the old mansion, Dean said:

"Well, Jeff, you'd better put Twilight in the barn, and go and see Lucy. I'll be here two or three hours. I'll whistle when I'm ready."

"All right, Marse Dean."

About one o'clock Jeff heard Dean's whistle.

"Ma gracious! honey," exclaimed Jeff, as he stumbled over the wood pile, "git a lantern it's powahful dark; an' you'd bettah come he'p me wid dat hoss."

"Law bless ma soul, Jeff, you'se done dribin' dat hoss? All de niggahs tells me dat's de wuss hoss in dis part ob de country; I'se 'feerd you'se gwine to smash up fo' you gits home. Marse Dean he so reckless, no tellin' whar he gwine to dribe dis dark night."

"Doan' worry, Lucy, Marse Dean he go thru' anythin'."

"Well, Jeff," said Dean, leaping into the buggy, "it's so late we'll have to go by the short road."

"Fo' Gawd sake, Marse Dean, doan' do it; it's done pas' midnight, an' dis am a awful dark night to go by dat hanted house."

"That will make the drive more interesting; you know there's no such thing as a ghost."

"Oh! Marse Dean, 'deed dey is; kase ole Missus tole me 'bout 'em when I warn't more'n so high, an' Lucy sed she seed 'em one night. Now, Marse Dean, you knows I ain't 'feerd o' no libin' man; but I draws de line at skelligans."

"That talk is all nonsense, Jeff. I have to

take the early morning train for the city; and if we go by the long road, it will be two o'clock before we get home."

Jeff, seeing that further remonstrance would be useless, with a deep sigh settled back in the cushions prepared to meet his fate. Dean gave Twilight a slight slap with the reins and turned into the short road.

They had nearly passed the haunted house.

"You see now how foolish—"

"Lawd 'a mussy! I'se a gone niggah."

Twilight made a wild plunge that almost broke the king-bolt, and tore down the road. Grasping his revolver, Dean fired at the white object that was madly leaping at the horse's bridle.

"Dead?" quaked Jeff through his chattering teeth.

"I think so," answered Dean as he strove to control the thoroughly frightened horse.

Just then Twilight made another violent leap, the spectre was at the colt's head again, and as quick as a flash Dean fired.

"Oh, Lawdy, Lawdy," moaned Jeff, "dat am de debil sho!"

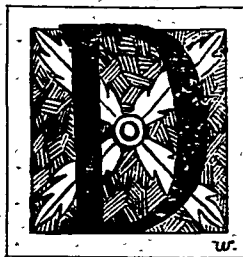
During the next ten minutes Dean fired every time the object reappeared; and just as the horse and buggy crashed into the barn he jumped and discharged his last cartridge; then the figure with arms stretched out leaped toward Jeff who sat paralyzed with fear. The aim was true this time, and the object fell lifeless across the wheel of the buggy.

The noise of the runaway and pistol shot aroused the entire plantation, and the negroes rushed with lanterns from their quarters.

"Bless Gawd!" exclaimed Jeff, "if it ain't ole Majah wid a cannon ball clean thro' 'im."

Almost a Brand from the Burning.

HARRY P. BARRY, 1901.



DICK LIVINGSTON was a gay youth till his forty-fifth year, and then he resolved to mend his ways. His reformation was brought about rather suddenly, but before we tell how it is well to glance at his previous career.

Dick was a Scotchman. He left home at twenty, and became a sailor. He had all the virtues that are attached to that calling, but still he was not a saint. Dick sailed the seas high and low until he was forty-five, when

by some mischance he got so far inland as the state of Illinois, and never saw the billows until we have to do with him. He settled in La Place as a house painter. Here he made fair wages, and faithfully drank them each Saturday night. He was a great favorite with his fellows, for he could spin yarns indefinitely: telling of foreign lands he had seen and of foreign beverages he had drunk.

He who had gone from Calcutta to Santa Cruz, from Cape Cod to Terra del Fuego, now narrowed down to the weekly routine of going to work on Monday morning with blacksmith's hammering inside his head, and quitting Saturday night with the good intention of staying sober. Now, Dick might have ended his days moving in this circle if he had not one Sunday morning, while in his cups, taken a notion to run down to Granton to see there the society of "Preservers" he had heard so much of. He sobered up during the day, and when in the evening he saw the captain of these brethren and sisters Dick's boyhood days were over. He fell in love head over heels.

He first saw the Captain on a corner of one of the principal streets, leading the pious in a hymn. She appeared to be about twenty-six, and had a rather pleasant face. But her voice, which could be heard above all the others singing "He brought me out of darkness into light" is what took Dick's heart. When the hymn was ended he threw a dollar on a drum that was placed in the centre of the devout circle.

Inside of a week Dick Livingston moved to Granton, and inside of two he stood in the circle of "Preservers," and right opposite the Captain. His past was "all shoved behind him, long ago and far away." Henceforth he was going to be a steady man and a useful citizen. He contributed lavishly toward the charities of the "Preservers," for they were a kindly band. It was not long, of course, before many of the brethren saw that Dick's faith entirely centred in the Captain. He was gradually winning her favor, for although until recently he was but a youth he knew a few things about the heart of woman. He would have made far better progress were it not that he had a rival, who, as the ex-sailor put it, "did not fight fair, and wouldn't stay in the ring." This rival was also a house painter, and the soberest and stingiest man in town. Dick, however, was beating him in the race for the fair Captain, as the ex-sailor could

relate "experience's" for the benefit of the erring, that none of his brethren could come near. Matters were much in his favor. One night, however, about ten o'clock, while on his way home, he was stopped by a rough, powerful fellow, who grasped him by the hand exclaiming:

"Darn me, if it ain't Dick Livingston!"

Dick looked hard at the unshaven face of the speaker, and recognizing him said:

"Well, well, Micky Stanton! How did you ever get to Granton, I thought you were on a whaler?"

"I don't know in blazes how I got here, Dick, but here I am, and dead broke too."

True enough, here was one of Dick's shipmates, and one who was very intimate with him during sinful days. For the shake of old times he took Micky home. As Livingston had spent most of his money in charities, he could not help his former mate financially, so he brought him down to the hall of the "Preservers." When he explained that a brother was stranded, a collection was taken up for Micky. Although Stanton did not approve of Dick's change, he liked this part of his religion well enough. The next morning he bid Dick good-bye.

Dick, according to his wont, was on the platform in the hall of the brethren the evening of that same day. He was recounting some choice experiences when he heard a stentorian voice in the audience that made his blood run cold. Micky was shouting,

"Ho! Dick, that's too nice. Tell 'em how we jumped that board bill in Liverpool, and then walloped the head off the landlord."

Here Micky started up a hymn. He was as drunk as a conscious man could be. Livingston felt it was all over with him, and so it was. For Micky stopped singing, and began to relate deeds of his and Dick's that horrified the band of "Preservers." Dick rushed at him, and yelled: "Who brought you back here, Micky?"

"That skinny bloke over there," answers Micky. The skinny bloke was Dick's rival. Livingston forgot all his good resolutions. He rushed at his rival, and before anyone could interfere he had battered him out of all recognition. General confusion, and the Captain faints at the sight of blood.

Next day Dick and Micky with arms linked were seen staggering to the railway station, singing that good old sea song "It's Time for Us to Go," and it was.

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—The SCHOLASTIC in its last issue of this session thinks it meet to thank those who faithfully stood by it during the past four months. The members of the Staff usually filled their assignments promptly. Now it may seem there is nothing in this worthy of commendation since by virtue of their position it was merely a duty. We must consider, however, that it is an easy matter for a member, or a half dozen members of the Staff, to shirk their work if they felt so inclined, and yet the SCHOLASTIC must perforce remain dumb. To complain against the men chosen to fill its columns would be unseemly, since they were elected first and foremost because of their merit. There was no need of anything like a complaint, however, and, hence, this expression of public gratitude to them. To the men who had regular weekly columns to fill the SCHOLASTIC is especially grateful. There was no time that these editors were found wanting or even dilatory in handing in their work.

To the contributors who helped to fill the "Local" pages we are also thankful. Their articles were always gentlemanly, and the writers never debased themselves by lampooning their fellows. So judging from the good work and willing spirit of all its contributors,

the SCHOLASTIC need not be thought over sanguine if it expects even better things in the future. For the present it wishes all a joyful Christmas and a happy New Year!

—Before 1900 makes his parting bow we shall look back over the circle we have moved in during this session. The retrospect will naturally be cheering for our world of the college is a pleasant one. Properly constituted it means progress, and, progress always begets satisfaction. The college world is one where growth never ceases. Notre Dame must feel this in glancing over the course she has run during the session about to close. She has set up a higher standard of scholarship; which is high enough now to make any son of hers, who gives his co-operation, a man suited to fight the battle of life, and, what is more essential, a man who will not falter when death himself enters the lists. She lives according to the law of progress.

If we judge by the work of the students in the weekly debates, Notre Dame need not fear that her oratorical laurels will wither before there are others to replace them. The speakers show an interest in their work that is commendable in young men. Usually they prepare their talks and do not wait for an inspiration that never comes. What is better still, many of the auditors are on their feet looking for a chance to speak as soon as the question is open for general discussion. This is owing in part to the management, for no question is chosen to be mooted that is not of interest to the majority of the members.

The choir, band and orchestra have never before displayed so great ability. Our musicians and their director certainly deserve praise. The examinations in all branches show earnest work on the part of the students, and a standing equal to any former period in the history of the University.

No complaint can be made in athletics. Those who fought for the gold and blue this session have made as good a showing as their predecessors. Close to the season's end, when the outlook was, in a measure, hopeless, the players put enough vim and determination into their work to make up for former defeats. This is the test of real men: that adverse circumstances but spur them on all the more. Summing up the result of the half year's work, we need not guess or fear about what the future has in store for our common mother.

Observance of President's Day at Notre Dame.

ON the Feast of St. Andrew the students of Notre Dame feel how deeply the Very Rev. President is concerned in their welfare. The observance of the day is no mere formality, but the occasion is used to express the genuine appreciation and gratitude of the students toward the Very Rev. President and toward the men that are associated with him in an unselfish life-work.

Last St. Andrew's Day was observed here in a fitting manner. At eight o'clock the Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey sang Solemn High Mass. A sermon was preached by the Rev. John Cavanaugh. It was of great import to his youthful hearers, for he trenchantly set before them how great is the necessity of a vocation; how important it is for every young man to have clearly before him the chart of his life's course. He developed the idea "that no young man can afford to be thoughtless," and that no one is except a trifler; for who else would waste talents and opportunities of which he must render an account when the final *audit* is made up? Father Cavanaugh's words sank deeper into the minds of his hearers than sermons are wont to do.

THE AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

Washington Hall was filled early in the afternoon by the student body, and by a large number of visitors. The exercises in honor of the Very Rev. President were opened with an address by Mr. William J. O'Connor, 1901, on behalf of the student body. Mr. O'Connor reflected credit upon those he represented by the masterly and dignified manner in which he delivered his brief but pointed speech. This his fellows showed by their fervent applause. His address is as follows:

REVEREND FATHER MORRISSEY:—In the early history of Notre Dame, her course was directed by able and far-seeing men. The grand Institution, with its numerous and well-appointed buildings, its scores of instructors, and the enviable reputation that Notre Dame has established throughout this country and even in Europe, have not been the work of chance. This result has been brought about by the skill and untiring zeal of learned, patriotic and religious men. Too much praise could not be given these servants of God who made most generous self-sacrifices to be able to accomplish these things.

Great is the reward and glory of a soldier, and great too is the reward of civil officers and men in worldly life when they perform any unusual work, but meagre is the praise offered the silent but earnest workers for the salvation of man's soul. These men of noble ambitions, generous

impulses, and unswerving fidelity to the cause of God, not only evercame during every hour in the day temptations which other men indulge without the slightest prick of conscience, but frequently they throw themselves between man and vice, and if necessary perish for truth.

As Notre Dame grew in size and prestige, the affairs of the Institution became more complicated. And the rectors of this University, since the time of the beloved Father Sorin, have been men of remarkable powers. Nothing could demonstrate this fact more clearly than the wonderful progress the Institution has made. But of all the men who have held the office of President of Notre Dame no one of them has more truly deserved that high honor than the present incumbent. Father Morrissey, we who are with you constantly can appreciate your worth as well as those persons that are only here from day to day; but we are restrained from giving expression to our feelings because, understanding you as we do, we know that your modesty would be offended. Nevertheless, in recognition of the remarkable success of your labors—very arduous labors, too,—we can not refrain from a few remarks of gratitude on this occasion. This is especially true since you are our sworn personal friend, as well as our honored rector, and the opportunity permits of it. A fortunate thing for the student here is that he can in all truth call the President his friend. For whether you meet him in the class-room, in the University buildings, or on the campus you have a cheering word from him. And I tell you, Father Morrissey, we appreciate it. We are not given to showing our appreciation of such things, but deep down in the heart of every student of Notre Dame there is a lasting affection for our Reverend President. And in the name of the student body I take pleasure in expressing to you to-day my gratitude and devotion, and in wishing you God-speed in your noble work.

Master Kenyon W. Mix next appeared on behalf of the Minims. The little man acquitted himself in a praiseworthy manner. His neat and gentlemanly deportment certainly does honor to those who trained him. The address appears in another part of this issue. After he left the stage the Notre Dame Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Frank Dukette, rendered an overture, the prelude to an opera, which was the principal part of the afternoon's entertainment.

This opera, "The Chimes of Normandy," was given by students chosen from Holy Cross and Carroll Halls. It was the first of its kind ever attempted at Notre Dame, and was a splendid success. There was not a dull moment in the whole opera from the raising of the curtain until its fall. The cast of characters is given in the local columns.

All did creditable work both by voice and action. Some, however, were especially good. Mr. Euart's acting was far beyond that of an amateur. Many a man has won a reputation in light opera playing the part of Gaspard. Those who are competent to judge say that

Mr. Euart's rendition of that character was better than that of some professionals.

Whoever has seen the "Chimes of Normandy" played will remember how easily in some places Gaspard might fall into the ridiculous. Our young actor always had control of his part, and never went beyond the just bounds. At the scene of Gaspard's ravings, when the opera reaches its climax, he won round after round of applause. His singing also was pleasing.

Mr. Wimberg as Henri, Marquis of Corneville, did the part assigned him well. In conformity with the character he played, he was calm and dignified throughout. His song, "With Joy my Heart has often Bounded," was well rendered, and his hearers were always pleased when he took part in the other songs.

Master Kasper, as Germaine, did as well as could be expected of a youngster. He has a full, round voice, that at times was a source of pleasure to his hearers. He certainly deserves credit when all his work is considered.

Master Rabb made a pretty Serpolette. His voice was sweet and clear, and was very pleasing in his song "I May be a Princess." He carried his part very well. When we remember that he missed a number of rehearsals because of sickness, his good acting is to be wondered at. There was no time that he was not pleasing.

Mr. Leo Heiser, the baillie, has an unusually good, resonant voice, one the listener does not tire of hearing. His "Buffo Song" was amusing because so well rendered. Like all the others connected with the entertainment his acting was of a good order.

Mr. Frank Cornell, who took the part of the Notary, showed by his work that he could represent a character far more difficult.

The minor parts by Masters George L. Shaw Paul J. McBride, Louis E. Wagner, William J. Winter and A. J. Winter won the favor of the audience.

Now a word about the Director of the opera, Mr. D. J. Roche. It is a very mild statement to say he was the spirit that animated the whole performance—the soul of the play. His presence on the stage begot confidence in the young men he had labored so hard to train. Besides his acting, which was very natural and in keeping with the character of Grenicheux, added materially to the effect of the entertainment. His singing, of course, far surpassed that of any of the other players. This alone was a sufficient reason why Mr. Roche should have

taken a part in the opera, although his wish was not to have done so. It is most certain that all those who heard him sing "On Billows Rocking," and "That Night I'll Ne'er Forget," were glad that necessity compelled him to do more than the training. For that work itself he deserves unlimited praise. The rendition of the choruses showed very careful work on the part of Mr. Roche. The "Bell Chorus" was a most pleasing bit of harmony; "Silent Heroes" had a powerful swing that won praise on all sides. The servants' triple chorus was the most difficult, but all joined in making that effective. There were three separate melodies in one chorus, yet in the rendering there was no lack of harmony, no confusion. It was the last of many pleasing melodies.

The figure dances between the acts by a number of the Minims were rather graceful. The chameleon effects of the calcium lights were exceedingly striking, and added a good deal to the well-executed movements of the little men. It might be well to add that in one evening the intelligent little fellows learned the second dance they performed so well.

When everything is considered, those who took part in the entertainment have good reason to feel satisfied with their work. The greatest share of the merit, of course, is due to Mr. Roche. He first chose a light opera that he felt his young men would be capable of performing. It is gratifying to know his perseverance produced effects so excellent, for it is admitted on all sides that the opera is the most pleasing entertainment that has been staged at Notre Dame in a number of years. The Notre Dame orchestra, composed entirely of students, were commended on all sides for their excellent work. Mr. Frank Dukette won high praise for his skill in leading the orchestra. He had perfect command always.

The scenes painted by Prof. F. X. Ackermann added a good deal to the stage effects. There were no scenes in keeping with the opera available, but Mr. Ackermann overcame the difficulty by painting some artistic ones.

The afternoon exercises were closed by an impressive talk of our Very Rev. President to the students. When Father Morrissey had ended his feeling remarks there was not one of his hearers but felt that the heart of the Reverend President is in his work. All were glad that the exercises of the afternoon showed in a small degree the students' appreciation, and left the hall affected for the time, at least, by Father Morrissey's closing words.

Bishop Alerding at Notre Dame.

Tuesday last was observed as a holiday at Notre Dame. It was the occasion of the first official visit of the Right Reverend Joseph Alerding, the newly consecrated Bishop of Fort Wayne. Both the Faculty and the student body strove to make his stay among us as pleasant as possible. The exercises in the morning opened with Solemn Benediction. The Bishop officiated, assisted by many of the clergy, and the ceremonies were very impressive. After the services, a reception in his honor was held in Washington Hall. An interesting program had been prepared and was well rendered. After the opening selection by the University Orchestra, Mr. George J. Marr delivered a Latin address to the Bishop, that was well received. A chorus by the Operatic Society followed, after which Mr. Joseph J. Sullivan gave the address of welcome which runs thus:

RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP:—If you came among us but as a bishop, we should welcome you. For we should see in you a transmission of that power and jurisdiction which has come down to our own day from the Master through the disciples. We should see in you the embodiment of that grand old institution, which had its origin under the reign of an Augustus, and which for

nineteen centuries has possessed the truth, the learning, the culture and the civilization of Europe; and which has stood out like a beacon light amid desolation and chaos, when the Huns gave Europe to the sword and knocked at the gates of Rome, and the Vandals cast their tents on the campagna.

But more than this, you come not only as a bishop, but as a pastor to the faithful, as a shepherd to his flock.



The bond of union is closer drawn, our hearts go out to you, and in all sincerity we welcome you.

You have seen fit to let us feel the pleasure of your first official visit; in fact, your first visit since your consecration. For this we are thankful. Notre Dame always feels grateful to those that take such interest in her welfare, to those that watch and aid her in the struggle against the gross, the material, as she opens up to man a broader, richer and nobler life. On one in your position she especially depends for an honest co-operation. The contact and intimacy is so close that she feels as you feel, thinks as you think, and would act as you would act.

In your letter of greeting you called for the establishment of schools to develop the mental man, and lay deep the foundations of morality, culture and religion. Nothing in life is nobler or more glorious than these aspirations.

You represent authority, and we respect authority. Without it there could be no liberty, no religion, no morality, no culture. All would be confusion, and like a derelict buffeted by the sea we should be borne hither and thither on the current of popular content or discontent. We have seen the atheists and the anarchists of the eighteenth century call for the unhampered, unchecked liberty of the individual; we have seen too the result of a man's unbridled passions

becoming his chief motive-force. True liberty consists in respect for authority; and when we look to your authority, we are seeking what is highest and best.

From contact with men like you, we learn to know the worth of knowledge, of culture, of faith and of religion; we learn to struggle for ourselves, in ourselves and by ourselves—to bring out the talents which a wise Creator has placed in us. This self-activity gives us our experience, develops our desires, and shows us a nobler and truer light. You hold out to us the highest doctrine of Christian perfection, truth and beauty. You teach us as Plato would have us “to imitate God according to our power, for this is the highest exercise of the human mind.” We learn to look to a richer and wider life—not to seek perfection in the material but in the ideal, the spiritual.

We may look to Mr. Herbert Spencer, Darwin and Huxley, as the master-seers in science; but if they rob us of our faith, do they adequately make up for what they have taken from us? Is not one ray of good honest belief in a merciful Creator worth more to us than a thousand idle dreams or theories in an intangible, unknowable or pantheistic god? You tell us that there can be no true morality without religion, and those scoffers who take from man his true means of intellectual happiness; religion and morality, forget that they tear down the house of government which will some day crush in its falling them or theirs. What great use to humanity is the scientist or philosopher who believes not? Science without religion is blind; philosophy without religion teaches neither belief nor love—for philosophy alone can never satisfy the yearnings of the human soul.

For thirty-two years you have struggled zealously in the cause of education. We scarcely know of this, for, like the pioneer who worked marvels unseen by men, you have worked arduously, in secret. Time alone can test what you have done. We understand that you hold for the development of a sound, active mind in a strong, healthy body; that the development of the one without the other leads to weakness; that the one should not be developed to the neglect of the other, but that there should be an honest harmony between them. We understand further that your ideal scholar is not that lean, cadaverous individual, the personification of a bad appetite, nor your ideal athlete a Hercules or a Samson—a man of brawn and no intellectuality; but you call for the blending of the grace and symmetry of a healthy body with the activity of a sound and intellectual mind in the production of the perfect man.

That you believe in athletics, you find in us staunch admirers, and that you believe primarily in true education where the heart of man is developed and purified, where the intelligence of man is made more active and keener, where the will of man is strengthened in all that is noble and true, you find in us ready disciples. We look to you to co-operate in this great work of Christian education, for you have come among us as a friend and as a pastor, but we expect to find you a father. In the name of the students of Notre Dame, I bid you welcome.

After another selection from the “Chimes of Normandy” Mr. Louis J. Carey favored the audience with a violin solo. Mr. Carey is a skilful young violinist, and his rendition of a selection from the opera Faust, was the best heard here in many years. A very clever reci-

tation by Mr. Harry V. Crumley brought forth great applause, and he was forced to respond to an encore. The “Bell Song” by the chorus then followed. An excellent recitation was given by Mr. Wm. M. Wimberg, which was thoroughly appreciated. After the rendition of the favorite song “Juanita” by the University quartette, the programme ended with an address from the Bishop. In the course of his remarks, he explained the meaning of education—*education* in the true sense, which consists in the development of body, mind, and heart. A man educated in this manner he said is the truly ideal man. In conclusion he asked the co-operation and support on the part of the students and Faculty of Notre Dame for the work of his new office. After the exercises in the Hall, the Faculty and students entertained the Bishop at dinner. Then followed an informal presentation in the parlor of the University building.

The clergymen present to receive the Bishop were: Very Rev. J. Guending, Very Rev. Dean O'Brien, Very Rev. A. Oechtering; Revs. W. R. Connor, J. Bleckman, P. P. Cooney, D. J. Hagerty, N. Stoffel, P. Baart, P. Lauth, J. Paanakker, V. Czyzewski, C. Raczynski, J. Cavanaugh, M. Quinlan, T. Crumley, J. De Groote, P. P. Klein, J. Lauth, J. Saulnier, P. Johannes, M. Messmann, T. Vagnier, J. Biro, H. Jurascheck, L. Moench, C. Thiele, J. Scheier, J. Rogers, L. J. L'Etourneau, T. Maher. J. P. H.

As usually is the case on very special occasions, the Minims had a part in the programme of welcome tendered to the Right Reverend Bishop Alerding. Though the splendid exercises of the morning, the ringing of the big bell, the solemn services in the church, the subsequent entertainment in Washington Hall and the banquet served in the refectories, belonged primarily to the College proper, the little fellows did their part so splendidly that all who were present felt that they would have something to regret if they had missed this part of the day's festivities. There was a beautiful address, read by K. W. Mix, vocal and instrumental music, a recitation and a particularly novel and entertaining number in which the ringing of bells was accompanied by calisthenic exercises. In conclusion the Bishop addressed the Minims and gave them his blessing. He expressed himself as especially pleased, complimenting the Princes in a manner that might make them feel proud of their accomplishments.

Our Brave Men and True.

NOW that the football season, with its many hard struggles, its failures and successes, is at an end, and the moleskins have been laid aside for another year, there remains to be said something of the men who fought so nobly and so well to maintain the prestige of Notre Dame on the gridiron. A difficult task it was that confronted the squad of this year to equal the excellent record of our strong eleven of last year, but with all credit to those men we may say that the wearers of the Gold and Blue of this season can well divide honors with their predecessors of 1899. One unfortunate game detracts from the work of the eleven for the season. In the other contests in which our fellows were called upon to show their prowess, they proved themselves worthy of the trust placed in them and came out of the strife with not a little glory. Until the contests ended and the fortunes of the day were plainly in favor of their opponents, the indomitable determination to be the victors never wavered. All glory then to the Varsity of 1900 and to the coaches and trainer who were important factors in its success.

JOHN FARLEY (Capt. Right Half-back).

After three years of clever work on a Notre Dame eleven Captain Farley began the season with the brightest prospects for a glorious close to his brilliant football career. Unfortunately he was injured early in the season, and the great promise he had shown in the preliminary games faded away. A more courageous nor a more capable athlete never wore a football suit. His long end runs and his fast work going down the field under a punt will never be forgotten. John is about twenty-three years old, five feet and ten inches in height and weighs one hundred and fifty-eight pounds.

FRANK WINTER (Centre).

On Winter, our clever centre, rested the responsibility not only of remaining fixed to the piece of earth he covered when our opponents were charging at him, and of incidentally stopping a few speedy backs, but "Fat" also had the goals to look after as well as the kick-offs. He was a competent man for the position. His last feat in the P. and S. game has established a reputation for Winter that will keep for a long time to come.

ARTHUR HAYES (Right End).

The second year that Arthur Hayes has worn a Notre Dame moleskin was even more brilliant than his first. His fast work of last year had given Art a strong hold on the affections of the rooters, but his playing of this year has earned for him the much-abused title of Star. Art is truly deserving of what little honor we can give him here, and he can have the best we hold. Hayes is twenty years old, six feet tall and weighs one hundred and sixty five pounds.

GEORGE LINS (Full-back).

Lins spent his third year as a member of a Notre Dame football squad. During the first two seasons George established for himself the name of a steady, consistent player, and this year he improved very much in his work. Lins is one of the best line-buckers that was seen near our campus. He is twenty-two years old, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds and is six feet tall.

CLEMENT STAUDT (Right Guard).

Prospects for an eleven worthy of the name looked gloomy at the beginning of the season. There were three big holes in our line that we had grave fears of ever being able to fill. Fortunately some one directed Staudt our way, and one of the big orifices was comfortably filled. Staudt proved to be a clever man on both defensive and offensive work. Staudt is twenty-one years old, six feet in height and tips the beam at one hundred and eighty pounds.

GEORGE W. KUPPLER (Left Half-back).

Kuppler has played two years on the Varsity. As left half-back he has done steady and creditable work. His defensive play earned a reputation for him last season, but this year he added to his work some clever offensive play. George acted as Captain during Farley's absence from the eleven. Kuppler is twenty-one years old, is five feet eight inches in length, and carries around one hundred and sixty pounds.

JAMES FARAGHER (Left Tackle).

When the football men were called out to practise, and James Faragher stood in Hanley's old position, the unsuspecting were not aware of Jim's capabilities. They have learned since, and Faragher is the idol of the rooters. Jim stands six feet from the ground, weighs one hundred and eighty-nine pounds, and is twenty-four years old.

ALBERT FORTIN (Right Tackle).

Fortin was the youngest man on the eleven last year, and, with one or two exceptions, he can claim the same distinction again this season. Al is a conscientious and heady player and is always in the game. He did some clever offensive work in the Indiana game especially. In another season Fortin should be the equal of any tackle in the West. He is eighteen years old, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds and measures five feet nine inches.

CLARENCE DIEBOLD (Quarter-Back).

The absence of Angus McDonald left the eleven badly in need of a quarter-back. Diebold fell into the position after Pick left, and has filled it with entire satisfaction. Diebold's only weakness was his failure to catch punts. He plays a brilliant defensive game. Clarence is nineteen years old, stands five feet seven inches, and tips the scales at one hundred and fifty-five pound.

SAMMON (Full-back and End).

Sammon came to us an unknown quantity, but the season was young when he had many admirers. Sammon had never played end before he came to Notre Dame, but we were in need of ends, and he was put in the position. Sammon's place is full-back and he has few superiors. His work in the Michigan game was excellent. Sammon is five feet, ten inches in height, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds and is twenty-two years old.

RALPH GLYNN (End).

Glynn is one of the cleverest players that ever played the game. His brilliant work in the Michigan and Wisconsin games stamps him as an end of unusual ability. He is fast and gritty, and plays hard at all times. Ralph is nineteen years old, stands five feet, ten inches high and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds.

NACE GILLEN (Left Guard).

Gillen is the wit of the team. He also played a strong game of football. Nace is not a grand stand player, but he fills the position he holds to overflowing. Few visits were paid Gillen's position when he was not home. Gillen is twenty-two years old, weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds and measures five feet ten inches in length.

JOHN PICK (Quarter-Back).

In the beginning of the season Pick had full charge of the quarter-back position, but

he was hurt in the Indiana game and he played no more until he relieved Diebold in the P. and S. game. John is a capable, conscientious player. He is twenty-three years old six feet in height and weighs one hundred, and ninety pounds.

HENRY J. MCGLEW (Sub. End).

The only opportunity that McGlew had of showing his ability was in the Michigan game, and he did very creditable work. McGlew is small and rather light, but he makes up in aggressiveness what he lacks in weight and size. He is five feet seven inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds and is twenty-one years old.

JOSEPH J. CULLINAN (Sub. Tackle).

Cullinan played a good game, the only chance he had to show himself. He has the build and aptitude and should be a strong candidate for a tackle next year. Joe is twenty-one years old, weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds and stands five feet, eleven inches high.

DOMINICK K. O'MALLEY (Left Guard).

O'Malley came out to practise late this year, and before he could get into condition his old position at guard was taken. He did good work when most needed. He weighs one hundred and ninety-eight pounds and is twenty-three years old.

FRANK B. McWEENEY (Sub. End).

McWeeny is a new man at football, but the short time he has given to the game has been spent well. McWeeny will make a good man next season. He is twenty years old, weighs one hundred and fifty pounds and is five-feet, ten inches tall.

Davitt, Quarter-back, Kirby, Half-back, Bouza, Guard, McAdams, Centre and Desmond, Tackle, are deserving of a great deal of praise for the practice they gave the Varsity.

A word about Coaches O'Dea and McWeeny will not be out of place. Their men had the greatest confidence in them up to the very end, and well they might, for both "Pat" and "Mac" worked faithfully to develop the team. They were the hardest players in the daily practice, and this materially aided in finding the best man for each position. McWeeny is deservedly popular with the boys; Pat O'Dea came among us a few months ago an entire stranger, but because of his gentlemanly and genial nature he has made a host of friends for himself at Notre Dame. W. J. O'C.



VARSIY FOOTBALL ELEVEN, 1900.

The Gymnasium Building-Fund.

The Gymnasium Building-Fund now is \$2599.00. The response is encouraging, especially that from friends who are not alumni, and the committee is grateful.

The alumni contributed \$684.00 of the fund. I was looking over a Notre Dame song to-day, and one Kiplingesque stanza expressed this familiar asservation:

"Should we scale the fleecy clouds
We will blaze your name on high;
You will find it, could you look,
Upon our soul;
Should we reach the land of ice
Where no sun lights up the sky,
We will blaze thee, grand, triumphant,
On the Pole,
Notre Dame!"

That is touching; but what do you fellows of the alumni think of blazing your names on a small check? This cutting "Notre Dame" on polar ice is a charming deed, but we have an ice-plant of our own that stamps "N. D. U." on every cake, and the cakes are no good for building purposes. The work on the building is going on rapidly. The men are putting the tin on the roof of the gymnastic room, and the trusses are partly in place above the track-hall. The list of contributors is as follows:

Wilton C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.....	\$100
The Rev. P. A. Baart, Marshall, Mich.....	25
Friend, Notre Dame, Ind.....	100
Friend, South Bend, Ind.....	1000
W. A. McAdams, Williamsport, Ind.....	25
The Very Rev. F. O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich.....	50
George Cartier, Luddington, Mich.....	25
J. G. Kutina, Chicago, Ill.....	1
O. H. Woods, Avon, Ill.....	1
Lucius Hubbard, South Bend, Ind.....	50
Dr. F. Schlink, New Riegel, Ohio.....	5
Chute Bros., Minneapolis, Minn.....	10
F. T. Slevin, Peoria, Ill.....	10
The Rev. A. Messman, Laporte, Ind.....	25
O. Chamberlain, Elkhart, Ind.....	10
T. T. Ansberry, Defiance, Ohio.....	5
The Rev. P. J. Crawley, Lebanon, Ind.....	20
W. H. Welch, Chicago, Ill.....	10
Miss Lizzie Ryan, Philadelphia.....	5
William P. Grady, Chicago.....	10
William P. Breen, Fort Wayne, Ind.....	100
A. M. Jelonak, Chicago, Ill.....	2
Ed W. Robinson, Chicora, Wayne Co., Miss.....	15
Gilbert F. McCullough, Davenport, Iowa.....	10
A. M. Prichard, Charleston, W. Va.....	5
Friend, Lafayette, Ind.....	10
Austin O'Malley, Notre Dame, Ind.....	25
John H. Sullivan (for son John, St Edward's) Valparaiso, Ind.....	25
Peter F. Casey (for son Grover, St. Edward's) Chicago, Ill.....	25
J. A. Creighton, Omaha.....	250

Durand & Kasper, Chicago.....	100
Augustin Kegler, Bellevue, Ill.....	5
John C. Ellsworth, South Bend, Ind.....	100
Alfred Duperier, New Iberia, La.....	5
G. T. Meehan, Monterrey, Mexico.....	50
The Rev. E. P. Murphy, Portland, Ore.....	10
F. C. Downer (for son Henry and nephew Edward Kelly, St. Edward's Hall)..... Atlanta, Ga.....	50
Earl W. Brown, Sheldon, Iowa.....	5
Edward C. Brown, Sheldon, Iowa.....	5
Wyman & Co., South Bend, Ind.....	100
E. A. Zeitler, Notre Dame.....	5
The Rev. N. J. Mooney, Chicago, Ill.....	50
A. J. Galen, Helena, Mon.....	5
Samuel T. Murdock, LaFayette, Ind.....	100
The Rev. Francis C. Kelley, Lapeer, Mich..	15
Frank B. O'Brien, Sorin Hall.....	25
Patrick Murphy, Chebanse, Ill.....	10
N. K. and W. H. Mills, Thornton, Ind.....	5

Books and Magazines.

There is a calmness about the *Ave Maria* that reminds one of quiet waters in summer days. The ordinary magazine teems with the thousand and one stirring things that take up the present life of man, and the *Ave* does this too but with a tone that says as much as "Never mind, consider these present necessities, but look beyond." It is an ideal paper to occupy a peaceful evening.

* * *

The *Cosmopolitan* is a magazine within the reach of all and yet does not make a bid for popularity by sounding its own trumpet. It has no need, however, for its pages are filled by such well-known writers as Grant Allen, Wells, Edgar Saltus and Kipling. These are recommendation enough.

* * *

We marvel how so excellent a magazine as the Christmas issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal* can be sold so cheap. The illustrations and literary matter are of a higher order comparatively speaking, and of a varied scope.

* * *

The latest number of the *Literary Digest* that we have at hand—December 8—is, like its predecessors, full of concise and useful information. For a busy man, the *Digest* is very valuable since it virtually does all his reading for him.

* * *

Among the books we received this week was a Catholic Catechism by the Rev. James Groenings. We also received a "Lives of the Saints for Children," Benziger-Bros., publishers.

Exchanges.

The prudent man will avoid comparisons and especially of his *confrère*. They hold a dangerous weapon similar to his, and time alone can tell what they may do. However, to one who has conscientiously labored to avoid the duties which Providence and an editor-in-chief have imposed upon him, the criticisms of the different exchange editors and the exchange columns themselves, whether they contained criticisms or clippings, have always been interesting reading. Certainly it is humorous to watch an ex-man criticise in a few bold lines an essay, theme, story or bit of verse which a careful student has worked months at. Often the critics disagree over a sonnet, and we hear contrary opinions from a half dozen infallible sources.

The *St. Mary's Chimes* and the *Mount* appreciate as well as they criticise. We find in the *Chimes* that cordial sympathy which exists only when the writer is in harmony with the subject treated. This harmony is nearly one-half of the criticism.

Each college paper has its peculiar opinion as to what an ex-column should contain. This opinion is sacred. Some think as the *Albion College Pleiad*, *The Blackburnian*, *Earlhamite* and *Athenæum* that the ex-column should be made of news items, clippings from other papers; others, as the *Ottawa College Review*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *Xavier*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, *Georgetown Journal*, *Minnesota Magazine*, *Stylus*, *Dial* and *St. John's University Record*, hold that an ex-column should consist of appreciative or critical criticism of the papers reviewed; and a third class, as the *Red and Blue*, and the *Wellesley Magazine*, devotes most of its space to bits of verse culled from other magazines.

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Any ambitious youth armed with a scissors and paste-pot can select news items—this method of filling an ex-column is more mechanical than literary. We believe in culling clever bits of verse, for they add to the appearance and perfection of a paper, but we believe primarily in criticising either appreciatively or critically the different exchanges. The *Ottawa Review*, *University of Virginia Magazine* and the *Xavier*, do some good critical work, especially the *Ottawa Review* whose ex-column is as clever as it is interesting.

Personals.

—Mr. Frank Houser of Brownson Hall, whose mother died on Thanksgiving eve, has the sympathy of the students. The SCHOLASTIC joins with them in regretting his loss.

—We are glad to learn that the Rev. S. Clement Burger (A. B. '95) has been given charge of a new parish in Lancaster, Pa., the bishopric of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Shanahan.

—Mr. John R. Wilhelm, a prominent citizen of Defiance, Ohio, died suddenly last week. Mr. Wilhelm was educated at Notre Dame, and was held in esteem by those who knew him while here.

—We regret that Mr. Fred J. Powers, Sorin Hall, had to leave for his home, in Wooster, Mass., last week because of his father's illness. It is hoped the speedy recovery of his father will enable Fred to return soon.

—Mr. M. J. Henehan, of Providence, R. I., who is well known in the East as a promoter of the Celtic language, made a short stay at Notre Dame this week. We wish him success in his mission to the West.

—Mr. Fred Carney (student '89-'90) visited the University this week. He is a member of the Lumber Company of Carney & Milligan of Marinette, Wisconsin. Mr. Carney married recently; the SCHOLASTIC congratulates him.

—Mr. John Eggeman, our athletic manager, returned from Lafayette, Ind., last Tuesday where he attended a meeting as a delegate to the Indiana Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association. He says the Track Meet for the Indiana Championship will be held at Lafayette on May 1st, because that city is the most central point. John obtained a concession, however, by having the meeting decide that the next event of the kind would be held at Notre Dame.

—While John Eggeman was at Indianapolis attending to athletic matters he met Maurice Neville (C. E. '98). Maurice has been promoted to Assistant Engineer Maintenance of Way of the P. & E. Division of the Big Four R.R. He has three other engineers under his charge. "Maury" is steadily climbing to the top, but not any faster than those of us who knew him and admired his pluck and talent expected he would do. The SCHOLASTIC joins with his friends in wishing him further success.

John also met Sherman Steele, who, he says, is now foremost among the young lawyers of Indianapolis. This would be phenomenal progress for anyone else outside of Sherman, for it has been only a few years since he left the University. The unusual readiness and capacity he has shown in politics during the stirring months past has aided materially in advancing him.

A Note of Sympathy.

The Faculty and students join in condoling with Mr. and Mrs. Abercrombie over the loss of their son Joseph. The young man had been at Notre Dame a number of years, and many here feel a personal loss in his death. He was a bright and cheerful lad, and the parents who have lost him are certainly in need of commiseration. A short illness terminated a very hopeful life, leaving them without a son in whom their affections were centred. The funeral services took place at the Church of the Sacred Heart, the Reverend President, Father Morrissey, celebrating Mass, and Rev. Father French, Vice-President, preaching a feeling sermon. Joseph was buried in Calvary Cemetery, Chicago.

* * *

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His infinite mercy to call to His eternal home our friend and fellow-student, Joseph J. Abercrombie; and

WHEREAS, We deeply sympathize with his bereaved parents, be it, therefore,

RESOLVED, that we tender his parents the heartfelt sympathy of the members of Corby Hall. And be it further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be published in THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC and a copy sent to his bereaved parents.

ARTHUR P. HAYES,

WM. P. HIGGINS,

H. V. CRUMLEY,

GEO. T. MOXLEY.

Local Items.

—Mr. Roche wishes to publicly express his gratitude to the many kind friends who gave him help in staging the light opera, "The Chimes of Normandy," on President's Day.

—All hail to the "Rough and Ready!"—the modern chimera.

—Tom Cox has been elected Captain of the Brownson Basket-Ball Team.

—Santa Claus informs us that it all depends on the bulletins: "Come, sinners, get ready!"

—Between five and seven thousand copies of the Christmas SCHOLASTIC will be printed.

—FOUND.—A watch-charm. Owner may have same by applying to William Dames, Saint Joseph's Hall.

—Last week Albert Fortin was unanimously elected Captain of the Varsity eleven for the season of 1901. Compliments, Al!

—We notice one of the students has set a

good example; who is going to follow him and keep this winter's snow out of the gym?

—Some young men like blondes and some young men like brunettes, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!—Jack Muslin.

"Dad" Moulton, who has been training teams of all kinds during the past twenty years, says that he never met a more gentlemanly gathering of young athletes than the football men of Notre Dame this season. There was no malice or animosity shown by any of them to another player while they had been companions on the gridiron or in the training quarters. The boys always showed a willingness to co-operate with their trainer, and "Dad" feels he will not forget them suddenly.

—The Law classes held a joint meeting in the Law School, Friday, December 7. Professor Hoynes acted as chairman and Mr. Gibbons was clerk of the meeting. The Law Debating Society was organized, and the following officers elected:—Director, Very Reverend A. Morrissey; President, Colonel William Hoynes; 1st Vice-President, John P. Curry; 2d Vice-President, Leo Cleary; Recording Secretary, C. C. Mitchell; Corresponding Secretary, Thos. O'Meara; Treasurer, J. Clyde Locke; Critics, H. P. Barry and J. J. Sullivan; Sergeant-at-Arms, Frank Burke. The subject chosen for debate at the next meeting, Dec. 15, 1900, is Resolved, that the retention of the islands acquired by the United States through the recent war with Spain is imperatively dictated by considerations of utility and public welfare. Affirmative, J. J. Sullivan and C. C. Mitchell; negative, William McNerny and H. P. Barry.

—"Whew! who's shoeing a horse?" cried Crimmins, as the "jollier" walked into the reading-room puffing at a "Lawyer's Daisy."

About twenty minutes after the above remark Albert Kachur fainted. However, we are glad to learn that the "Lawyer's Daisy" was not the cause of Albert's fainting spell. After investigating we find that the following "freaks" were made by the "jollier" in Albert's presence.

"Why should young ladies like to be followers of Herr Most?"

Because they are called an-ar-chist.

Who first brought the electric light to Sorin Hall?—Dwyer.

What would George do if he couldn't go home to see his best girl this vacation?—Cypher.

What letter would make a big change in O'Dea?—R. It would make O'Dea, O'Dear.

—A Celtic friend of ours relates one of his Christmas adventures in the following dialogue:

"Merry Christmas to you, Nancy!"

"Same to ye, alanna!"

"Wid ye gess what I dramed of lasht night?"

"What wuz yir drame, Own?"

"Sure, thin, I dramed that I was in the ould sod, sittin' at the fut o' Shlieve Cullane, an'

me waitin' to walk wid you to the Christmas Mass."

"Arrah! go 'long, yir only foolin'!"

"Be me soukens, 'tis the truth I'm tellin', an' nary a lie!—an' thin ye come along, an' I sang f'r you, 'Nancy, agrah, ye're the flower o' the flock,' an' afther that, I thried to kiss ye, but ye gave me a clout that woke me up, an' spoilt me sweet drames."

Faix 'tis the lucky drame ye had, Own, f'r ye knows drames always goes be conthraries, an' sure it sthands to rayson, thin, that I won't object to yir kissin' me.

(Side remark) "Arrah, but that wuz the merry Christmas, bys."

—UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB'S BANQUET.—For a number of years past Father Regan has been President of the University Boat Club, and under his happy auspices the membership has largely increased. He takes a lively interest in the several crews, and is seldom absent from the rowing practices. This is all the more appreciated by those acquainted with the many duties devolving upon him as Prefect of Discipline. But to a man of his untiring energy and genial disposition these duties are as the proverbial drops of water on the duck's back. He finds time to perform them all, and cheerfully discharges additional ones. This must have occurred to those who partook of the banquet which he had provided for the Boat Club in the Senior's refectory on last Thursday afternoon. The members of the Boat Club wish to acknowledge the honor done them by the Rev. President and Vice-President of the University who were present at the banquet, and they take this opportunity to extend to Fathers Morrissey, French and Regan the season's hearties greetings.

—The Chimes of Normandy, "Les Cloches de Corneville," presented by the Operatic Society of the University of Notre Dame on President's Day, Nov. 29, 1900.

The Cast of Characters:

Germaine.....Francis P. Kasper
 Serpolette.....Donald S. Rabb
 Henri, Marquis of Corneville, William L. Wimberg
 Gaspard.....Charles S. Euart
 Jean Grenicheux.....Daniel J. Roche
 Thé Bailli.....Leo J. Heiser
 The Notary.....Francis B. Cornell
 Gertrude.....George L. Shaw
 Manette.....Paul J. McBride
 Suzanne.....Louis E. Wagner
 Cerise.....William J. Winter
 Louise.....A. J. Winter
 Officials, Peasants, Servants, Sailors:—Messrs. J. J. O'Connell, M. K. Gorski, H. B. McCauley, V. P. Henehan, W. Lavin, W. J. O'Donnell, M. T. Szalewski, F. W. Hock, J. A. Dempsey, W. O'Brien, C. L. O'Donnell, G. J. Marr, E. A. Davis, T. G. Welch, A. D. Blume, L. J. Heiser, J. J. Mannion, E. P. Burke, J. H. Lawton, C. A. Winter, H. G. Schaus, A. J. Burger, W. M. Pollitz, M. H. Johnson, B. Taylor, M. J. Walsh, E. Marker, F. Zipperer, W. G. Touhey.

Dances between the Acts by the following young gentleman:—W. McBride, J. P. Gallart, J. F. Berteling, R. H. Madero, C. Paxton, A. C. Bosworth, C. Van Phul, W. J. Kasper, B. J. Mulligan, S. R. Dee, G. A. Remp,

W. F. Gasman, J. L. Weist, P. Soler, E. Kelly, J. L. McBride.

—The Philopatrians gave a reception to the Faculty in the parlor of the University Building Wednesday evening. All the visitors were delighted with their pleasant time, and the Rev. President complimented the young men highly. He insisted on Bro. Cyprian, the Vice-President of the Philopatrians, introducing the young men to the members of the Faculty present. The programme given below was very well rendered, especially the musical recitation:

RECEPTION TO THE FACULTY

BY THE

PHILOPATRIANS.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 12, 1900.

- Song Without Words.....Mendelssohn
 CHAS. E. RUSH.
 Recitation—"Liberty Bell,"
 PAUL LYMAN.
 "Clarence's Dream,"
 Clarence—W. J. McCORMICK.
 Brackenbury—H. TALEOTT.
 Piano Solo—"Sonatina,"
 L. WAGNER. Kuhlau
 Recitation—"Ole Abs'f'm,"
 R. E. STANTON.
 Violin Solo—"Mazurka De Concert,"
 S. B. LAHEY. Ovide Musin
 Musical Recitation—"The Old Minstrel,"
 A. DWAN.
 Music—"S. LAHEY, C. RUSH.
 Vocal Duet—"O Morning Land,"
 F. KASPER, D. RABB.
 Recitation—"Somebody's Mother,"
 J. VAN SANT.
 Violin Solo—"Berceuse,"
 P. MARTIN. Renard
 Vocal Selection—"My Old Kentucky Home,"
 J. QUINN, H. KNOTT, D. RABB, F. KASPER.
 Closing Remarks.

REFRESHMENTS.

—The inter-hall basket ball season opened at Notre Dame on the evening of the 8th of December. As a result of the first of a series of games Carroll Hall showed championship possibilities, defeating Brownson Hall by a score of thirteen to eleven. Judging from the interest manifested in the game, one might expect that the spirit of friendly rivalry should be kept up for some time to come. Though Brownson outplayed Carroll in team work, the tide of victory was turned by the accurate throwing of Crowley, Uckotter, and Captain Quinlan. Their skill in this line was not quite counterbalanced by either Captain Kelly's phenomenal accuracy in scoring for Brownson, the valuable assistance rendered by Groogan and other members of the team. The following were the participants:

BROWNSON HALL		CARROLL HALL
Cox	Centre	Quinlan
Moon	Forward	Crowley
Kelly	Forward	Uckotter
Richon	Guard	Medley
Groogan	Guard	Farabaugh

Referee, Reihing; Umpires, Hayes, Cornell; Time-keepers, Lantry, Uffendell. Time of thirds, 15 mins each.

The Preps.

After glancing at the record made by the Preps during the last two years, one may well regard them as the most remarkable of minor athletic organizations that have made a name for themselves at Notre Dame. It is certainly noteworthy that in the seventeen games played in the two seasons of their history they have lost but one game, and, while scoring 286 points for themselves, have allowed their opponents to score, in only three games, a total of 23 points. No little

making the line impregnable, and in carrying the ball when occasion demanded. At the ends Petritz and Farabaugh took praiseworthy advantage of the opportunities given them for breaking up interference, and getting down the field on punts, the latter excelling particularly in making long gains that resulted in victory. Quinlan, the sub-end, was handicapped only in weight, being a reliable player in almost any position and a good punter besides. Stich at quarter and Kelly sub in the same position left but little to be desired in handling the ball. Stich excelled at kicking, Kelly at passing the ball quickly and accurately. Davis



credit is due Coach McWeeny for the valuable assistance given them.

Lack of space makes it impossible to say more than a passing word about the merits of each. Captain Krug, who is a central figure in the accompanying picture, played his position at centre in a manner that at no time left his work open to unfavorable criticism. The guards, Stephan and Uckotter, showed sufficient strength and skill not only in withstanding the attacks of opponents, but also in assisting the advance of the ball, the former in particular showing the results of experience with last year's team. Hubbell and Phillip, the tackles, were likewise reliable, doing their share in

and Warder, the halves, were the mainstay of the team in tackling and in carrying the ball. Davis was easily a star among the Preps. Reihing in the game with Benton Harbor showed very clearly that he has the grit and skill which go to make up a good full-back. As sub-guard Hughes needed only an opportunity to show, as might be seen from practise, that he is a cool, steady player.

The following is this season's schedule:

Sept. 23, Preps, 17.....	Brownson, Picked Team, 8
Oct. 7, Preps, 6.....	St. Joseph's Hall, 0
Oct. 18, Preps, 27.....	Laporte High School, 0
Oct. 8, Preps, 0.....	Benton Harbor College, 10
Nov. 17, Preps, 38.....	Laporte High School, 0
Nov. 22, Preps, 6.....	Benton Harbor College, 0