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The Nativity.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

IN heaven's placid brow
The stars are whitening now,
The sun has sunk behind the naked hills;
The pallid moon on high
Peers like a sleepless eye
Upon Earth's wretchedness and human ills.
Some heavenly light must purify
The hearts of sinful men, else will all mortals die.

From Nazareth, behold
Out through the piercing cold
A man and maiden move toward Bethlehem.
None mark their arduous way;
From dawn till purple day
They've plodded on, poor clothes to shelter them.
The winter winds rage fierce and wild,—
It is an awful night for one to be with child.

Under the lowly gate
They pass, the night is late,
No herald sounds their entry to the land;
No forkèd lightning gleams
Darting its fiery beams,
No thunderbolts are hurled from heaven's hand—
Only the winds about them beat,
And smouldering fires of heaven guide their tired feet.

Here in a lowly cave
Where the mad breezes rave,
Warmed only by the breath of ox and ass,
Upon the lowly straw
The Virgin Mother saw
"The Word made Flesh" that now had come to pass—
Her smiling Babe, The Holy One,
Light of the world that did outshine the flaming sun.

Sweet peace unknown before
Spread now from shore to shore:
The shepherds felt the calm upon the hill;
The weary-worn slave
Whose heart to worry gave
Heard a soft music saying, "Peace, be still,
This day hath Mary given birth
To One whose sacred Blood must purify the earth."

The Christmas Star.

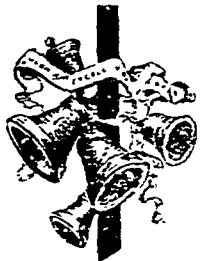
ONE winter's night arose a wandering star
 To cast its silver gleam across the snow.
 Men wondered at the stranger from afar.
 As through the sky it flung its lambent glow.
 Ah! fair to see of old that starry light,
 And fairer yet the presage that it brought
 From God of One who, born that very night,
 Should bring to us redemption so long sought.

Loud choirs of angels made the welkin ring
 With glad hosannas mounting to the sky,
 "To-day is born the Christ, our heav'nly King"
 Exulting rose the chorus from on high.
 The shepherds woke in fear and heard a voice:
 "Fear not," it said, "be of good heart, rejoice."

H. L.

Her Answer.

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.



T was Christmas Eve. Outside the light flurries of snow flitted peacefully to the earth, and the blessedness of this, the holiest night in the year, fell over everything. Up in the heavens every star shone out in clear brilliancy, for it was Christmas Eve, and stars are meant for Christmas time. It was twelve o'clock in the city, and the great cathedral spires reached up into space, great tall spires pointing heavenward; while out from the steeple and over the solemn quiet of it all flowed the chime of the Christmas bells.

The people poured into the church captivated by the strains of the great organ, and once inside knelt in raptured awe at the myriad lights transforming the great altar of St. Patrick's into a brilliant sheet of flame.

It was Midnight Mass and men had come in peaceful mind to pay their homage to the New Born King. Slowly the procession came forward, acolytes leading guided by a child; then came various officers garbed in white and followed by priests vested in gold, gold and white, and the great circle formed around while the Bishop ascended the altar. Services had begun.

There was a slight flutter up in the choir,

for Helen Carol, the new soprano, had just come, almost late, but at last she had come.

Two squares away in his den sat the man—the man about whom this story is told. In his favorite chair before the fire he sat. There were no lights save the fire's, and in its blaze he looked and tried to read. O the tales and secrets the fire-blaze tells and the greater ones it keeps. Maybe it's just as well it does, for the coals burn up and the smoke goes and the ashes whiten and next day they're thrown away; cold grey ashes, the ashes of secrets and dreams. There was a man once,—but then he died, poor devil, and you wouldn't care to know his story. He just died, that was all; but he told his story to the fire-blaze and that too burned up, and so the maid never learned the secret, for the ashes didn't tell.

Gravesend, for that was the man's name, had read of this man, and now like him sat before the great fire-blaze and told his story.

"You know she said she'd send her answer to-night," he said, and picking up his notebook he hurried through it.

"Paris, Monday, August 22.—Met her to-day, have followed her from New York to Antwerp, from Antwerp to Vienna, from Vienna to here, and to-day I met her. She was coming from the opera, and with her was her mother and Count de Castile. They had been to hear Calve. I only got a glimpse of her and she flushed as she saw me. At the hotel afterward I met her, that was all, only Wednesday evening they dine with me."

"Wednesday, August 24, 1 a. m.—From my room window I can look down and see Paris. Avenue de l'Opera is crowded, the carriages hurry by and the streets are filled. Gay, laughing Paris—Paris which only begins to be at twelve. This evening at dinner we sat over in a corner, she, her mother, and I. Wheeler, of the American embassy, was dining alone and we invited him to join us. Wheeler winked at me when I asked him. He's a wise man, he is a good talker and knows a dozen languages. His hair is perfectly white and Art is his dissipation. He has others too but—Well I got him talking to her mother, her mother raves about Murillo, etc., etc., so does

Wheeler, but to-night he was helping me out."

"Jack," she began when we started about it, "don't talk that way; not now, anyway. Listen."

And we both listened. From behind the screen of palms came *Il Trovatore*, sweet, pathetic, swelling; it spread over everyone there in that *café*, filling them with its sweetness, its beauty, its love. Wheeler stopped, her mother too, and she just looked away, her heart swelling up, and in her eyes I could see the animation of the music's spell.

"There it is," I broke out, "that—that's what I feel; that's what I want to tell you, hear—" but she stopped me.

"Jack," she began,—yes, there it is, but not what you mean. It's the art that I love, the music of it—it fills me up and I want to sing it. No, Jack, it can never be. I want it, a career, my career, my art. It—can't—be."

Then the music died away, and in the low appreciating applause that followed she regained her composure. Wheeler continued his story to her mother and we started another.

"Yes," she said, "of all the men I know, you are the man, but I don't care in that way; may be some time, but not now."

"Listen," I said, "to-morrow I go home; will you promise to answer me next Christmas Eve?"

"Yes," she said, "next Christmas Eve you shall know."

"Thursday, Aug. 25.—To-day I left Paris, sad but hopeful. Next Christmas Eve!"

Here Gravesend closed the book and let it fall in his lap. He still gazed musingly into the coals, it was just twelve o'clock and the fire shot flickers out on him; he lit a cigarette and waited.

"It's Christmas Eve, old fire-blaze," he said, "and to-night you know she said her answer would come. To-night, to-night." The clock struck the twelfth time and Gravesend looked up.

He stopped his musing, the note-book slipped to the floor, the cigarette dropped from his fingers and he stood up impulsively his hands went up, and for a second a look, strange, full of joy, spread over his face. It was as though some

tuned chord had laid long in him, and now the magic finger touched it, the one tuned responsive chord in his whole being. Unconscious of his movement he walked to the window and looked out. Across through the night it still trebled, trilling the silent air with its heavenliness, its clear exquisiteness.

"*Venite—ve—ni—te*," it trilled clear and sweet.

"*Venite*," he groaned, "where shall I come?" and the spell was broken.

He groped back to the chair and looked into the coals. Through the clear night the voice from St. Patrick's still trilled in its golden sweetness, but each splendid step cut him through. Then from its height the voice died away, slowly, pleasingly; the sweetness grew lower and lower till only the echo remained. He looked sadly into the fire, but it was going out, and now the flickers came fewer and some coals near the edge were black.

He stooped down and picked up the note-book. It was still open on the page: "Christmas Eve you will know." He knew.

He pressed the book to his lips, closed it, then threw it on the dying coals. For a minute the pages caught the fire, but soon burned away.

"What a voice she has," he murmured. "Her voice, her career—" He sank forward, his face in his hands, and looked into the heart of the fire still glowing. But the heart of a fire will die, and when he awoke in the morning the coals were dead and the ashes grey.

Bethlehem

J. LEO COONTZ.

COME with me,
I'd have you see
A castle golden-hued,
Myriad lights imbued,
Within a sacred hall
Ever music falls,
From angel choirs unfold,
Gilded hymns of gold,
Music born of melodies,
Flowing wide as seas.
For gorgeous throne you'll see
A sainted Mother's knee;
A halo for a crown
Girds His temples round,
A King of kings is He.

The Christmas of a Blue-Coat.

Christmas Dawns.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

Winter's Flower.

FORTH from its fiery bed
The day-star broke,
And in the womb of light
The Babe awoke.

T. E. B.



HE night was still
upon the battlefield.
The large camp-fires
threw a yellow sheet
of light over the
white ground, the
dim red light of

the hospital lamp blinked in the frosty air, and the steady
footfall of the sentry as he guarded his post were the only sounds
that ruffled the silence.

A wounded blue-coat lay upon his couch
sleepless and in a burning fever. He had
had a hard struggle for life; he had spent
days and nights in pain and suffering,
but he was slowly getting the better of
it and expected soon to be well. Some-
times his fever would disappear for long
intervals and leave him in peace and
contentment; sometimes he would feel
strong enough to walk around the tent,
but on a sudden his body would glow
like the fanned embers of the hearth, his
eyes become like living coals till at last
his heavy lids would close in a deep
slumber.

Christmas day had now slowly worn
away, and as he lay upon his bed think-
ing of the poor lonely Christmas of
soldier life, the fever had crept upon him
with the shadows. His heart beat faster
as the fire reddened in his cheek; his
veins throbbed in his limbs; his head
whirled and whizzed, and everything
became a blur before his eyes.

Now he fell into a deep feverish sleep and
his surroundings vanished from his mind.
The leaping flames of the camp-fire were
gone, his companions were no longer
groaning around him. No more the steady
tread of the sentry and the clear "all's
well" broke upon his ears. He was back
in his native city with a fair young girl
who had grown up by his side, fresh
and bright as the wild rose of spring.
It was a moonlight Christmas night
and he was taking her to a party. They
passed again along the cold hard streets;
they saw the flicker of the drowsy gas-
lights, and heard the icy clank of the

THE soft-eyed rose is warm
Within its mother's womb;
The Babe of Light alone
Is the white winter's bloom.

T. E. B.

car bell as the car slid over the tracks.
Again they ascended the great stone
steps and entered the hall, and as they
did so a flood of light broke upon them
that dazzled their eyes. He saw her
standing by his side in her dress of lily
white and heard her soft voice whisper in
his ear. He remembered the deep green
chair in which she sat later on in the
evening, the chandelier of heavy brass
with its numberless lights that hung over
her, the gigantic sideboard of mahogany
at her back.

The party was over; they had both enjoyed
it to the full, and again he took her
back to her home. These were as happy
moments as he had ever spent, and his
heart was wild with delight. He walked
back to his own home at a brisk pace;
the light was still burning and he knew
they had waited for him. He entered and
found his grey-haired mother and father
sitting by the hearth musing over the
scenes of by-gone Christmas days and
telling the tales of childhood. How vivid
it all seemed to him. Now he joined them
and sat with them till the last ember
whitened to coldness; now he pressed
his lips against the wrinkled face of
his dear old mother, and all retired to
their beds. He could not sleep; he was
thinking what a happy day it had been
for all of them. He heard the wind
whistle as it darted by his room, and
as the night grew colder he saw the
frost throw its white stain over his
window.

He awoke suddenly from his sleep with a
fire burning in his brain and raised his
head from the couch. He heard the sharp

crack of the rifles in quick succession, the cry of the army, as it surged back and forth in the night, and over all the deafening boom of the cannon which almost racked his aching brain. Now a horseman would dart by the tent carrying an important message into camp; now the heavy wheels of the hospital wagon creaked in the snow as it passed him; the tent was being filled with the mangled

and wounded, and the cries which came from every quarter were pitiful. He sank back on his bed, the hot tears trickling down his cheeks. What a scene of blood and horror and suffering it all was, and how different from the bright happy one he had just gone through. Yet it was a true Christmas, a Christmas of suffering and self-sacrifice, a hero's Christmas—the Christmas of a Blue Coat.

The New Year and the Old.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07.

I fell asleep on New Year's Eve and in some foreign land
 I saw the Old Year meet the New and take him by the hand.
 Says he: "Now, look here, youngster, my boy, I've set the pace
 And you'll have to keep a-moving if you want to make a race.
 I've done so much in my twelve months that if you don't move, spry
 You'll wish as though you hadn't been when word comes round to die;
 So, now, before I shuffle off I thought it might be good
 To tell you what you shouldn't do, and a few things which you should."

Now first of all I formed a club, 'twas called the "Down and Out;"
 Elijah Dowie joined it first, Depew came with the gout.
 From Gotham came McGraw and "Grif," the rest came one by one;
 And shouting still for I. M. O. in walked poor Eddie Dunne.
 Then up stepped "Yellow Journal Hearst," who sadly signed his name;
 Then William Jennings came along, that man of world-wide fame;
 The crowd stood up triumphant-like and gave an awful shout,
 But William smiling shook his head, and said: "I'm down, *not* out."

Oh, many things have happened in the year that just has passed:
 We've busted trusts, gave Cuba peace, a meat bill's passed at last.
 Why, Graham, Sinclair, Lawson Co., have howled my twelve months through,
 And if you don't suppress the press, they'll do the same to you.
 Across the waters Russia's rule has suffered quite a jar;
 They called a Duoma, but, by George, they haven't killed a Czar.
 We married Teddy's daughter, she was dressed in Alice blue,
 And—say—I'll have to stop at last. It's time to say "adieu."

The New Year smiled and said: "Old man, don't worry 'bout this child.
 I'll start out in the U. S. A. and drive you, Old Year, wild.
 You've seen the red-hot message of our President, perhaps,
 And how he hopes to make white folks out of the heathen Japs.
 He's going to tax all millionaires according to their size;
 He'll stop all lynching and he'll hang muckrakers who tell lies.
 He's going to save the country; '06, I tell you true,
 And now, old man, your time is up, give me a chance—"skidoo."

I woke, the sun had shed o'er all its rays of purest gold;
 '06 was gone and in his place stood the New Year, clear and cold.
 When up between the sun and me there rose a shadow thick
 And there was our own Teddy a-standing with his stick.
 He murmured: "I'm delighted!" then he said, "You needn't fear,
 I'm at the helm, and 'pon my word, we'll have a strenuous year."
 My heart leaped up, my fears had fled, with confidence I knew,
 Though winds and storms beset our craft, yet, Ted, will steer us through.

A Parting.

FAREWELL, Old Year, now crossing the grey bar;
 Farewell ye days, ye happy hours, adieu,
 For me you have been as the burning star
 Weaving of thought a light of silver hue.
 Here standing in the dusk I shed a tear,
 And bid a long farewell to you, Old Year.

T. E. B.

The Call of Society.

ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08.



MISS TOOMEY laid the letter in her lap and said: "Billy is coming home in a week. Just think of it, a week from to-morrow will be Christmas and—

"Billy will be here," interrupted the young woman's grandfather.

"And Billy will be here," answered the girl.

Billy came, and he was not bad either. He was a great big young fellow, with shoulders like an ox, with a long broad back supporting them. The quickest way to tell it is, Billy was just a nice big boy whose name just suited him. Everyone liked him (a disadvantage, but he didn't know, because he was just Billy). All the mothers were glad to have Billy take their daughters any place; they invited Billy to dinner, to supper, to breakfast, any time in fact; they thought nothing of asking Billy to run over to Mrs. Griffin's, or Mrs. Schell's, to impart to that particular individual that the Ladies' Home Society was to hold a meeting that night and to be sure and come; or to inform Billy that their long-lost country cousin was coming and he must be "nice" to her. And Billy did it, for the same reason—he was Billy. And Forest City would have found it hard to get along without him. But all this about Billy is a waste of time, for it wasn't Billy; it was the man who was just a man, that committed the unpardonable sin in Forest City society.

Billy and Harrington—that was the man's name—took Ethel Toomey and Miss Wills

in to dinner. Miss Wills was a most strikingly beautiful girl, with a strong fine face and a most composed presence. In appearance, though, she was inclined to look rather cold and haughty. She lacked, it was said, all the requirements that are demanded of a society woman. She could neither sing, nor play, nor paint; nor did she ride, drive, golf, or canoe, in fact, there was nothing she could do as well, let alone better, than any one else. She had lived alone with her mother for many years, Mr. Wills, her father, having died when she was but a mere infant.

With her mother then as her only companion she had drifted into twenty-four years, and yet at that mature age of womanhood she was still free, living her own life, filling her own sphere of usefulness. The man had never appeared who could give her all she asked. She did not ask much, only love. All women ask that; but perhaps it was the kind she demanded that was hard to find, at least so it appeared. Miss Wills had long ago been pronounced impossible, and had been tolerated because there was something about her which commanded respect and admiration; yet to save their lives no one knew what it was. She had a few friends, women who liked her, her mother who loved her; but those who knew her best and admired the clever things she said and the things she did, saw the little impossibilities in her for which they were sorry—the real glimpses of herself—and those were the things they did not like. She had then practically lived alone, devoid of all true friendship and with but one love—her mother's.

The dinner was an informal affair, composed of a most delightful choice of people gathered to give honor to no one, unless perhaps it was Billy's friend, Mr.

Harrington. For everyone else knew everyone else, and each in turn could recall the days of short dresses and knickerbockers, and the violent love affairs of youth.

The ring of the sleigh-bells could be heard now and then when the talk sunk low. The creak of the board walk bending beneath the weight of some passer-by, and the banging of the wind against the side of the house, made the open fire in the far corner which was cracking and snapping with the breaking of pine knots, appear all the more comfortable and enjoyable. Health and happiness were dwelling in their midst, and truly the scene was a pleasant one.

A lull in the conversation left but two people talking, Ethel Toomey and Harrington. The young woman had just said: "Well, for my part, I would love to be in a great city on a night like to-night—New Year's Eve,—where things are going on and everyone is hurrying down the streets, happy and contented, hastening home to their families. I am afraid I wouldn't have come out here to our little country town on a night like this if I lived in a great city like you do, Mr. Harrington."

"You wouldn't?"

"No, indeed, I wouldn't. I would have remained where things are happening; where there are lights and people and noise. Tell me, how did you ever let Billy drag you out here?"

"I came after something."

"Came after something? Well of course that is different. But may I ask what could we have out here that one would come after? Tell me," she said, carried away with her solid conviction that they in the country possessed nothing that one could come after, "what did you come after?"

"I came after a girl, a woman," replied the man without even turning his head.

"Oh!"

"No, not that. I came after a real woman, a woman to love; and," he continued, "I have found her."

They had finished eating and had pushed their chairs back slightly; but the women did not leave; they remained to enjoy seeing the men smoke, discussing in the meantime anything that might give cause for discussion. The last remark of Harrington's

had caused a general stir among the women and a look of interest among the men. It had put an end to all further discussions on the discussable subjects, and several sentences were left unfinished. All eyes turned in his direction; for the manner in which he had made the remark gave every evidence of truth and bore no signs of table flirtation. Billy only looked, as did all the others. No one spoke, for there appeared to be nothing to say, unless some ass would ask who she was, but no one did.

Harrington was flicking the ashes of a cigarette he was smoking into his coffee cup. Picking up a fork which had been left unnoticed near his plate, he eyed it critically for a moment, but, without laying it down, he said:

"Yes, I have found her, a real woman. Does it not occur to you that I have found something wonderful?" He appeared to be addressing no one in particular, as he was still eyeing the fork he had picked up; but his question demanded an answer, and as he had been conversing with Miss Toomey, she, to relieve the tension which was settling over the party, exclaimed:

"A real woman! well, Mr. Harrington, I had imagined there were any number of real women most any place one cared to look. I can not believe that one need come out here to find a real woman, when your city affords thousands of them. Had you said you had found an unreal woman, then I am sure we would all agree with you, that you had made a wonderful discovery. But as for discovering a real woman, I fear we can not term your work remarkable."

There was a polite murmur of something, whether it was intended to imply assent or dissent, but no one spoke. Billy, it was noticed, gave no expression by even a murmur, nor did Miss Wills.

Billy looked at Harrington as though his friend were about to make one last effort of his life, and that there before his very eyes he stood ready to win all or lose all. Miss Wills simply bowed her head a trifle lower and continued toying with her spoon. For fully a minute there was a dead silence, then Harrington laid down the fork he was still holding; he pulled his chair closer to the table, and placing his hands under his chin he began:

"I see," he said, "that you do not agree with me. That you do, in fact, disagree. You insist that it is the unreal woman that is hard to find. Did it ever occur to you that it might be the genuineness of a thing which would make it appear unreal?" Again no one spoke, and he went on:

"Did it ever occur to you that women in general are unreal; in other words, that the unreal woman is the easy one to find, and the real woman the hard one?" He did not wait for an answer this time, but picking up the fork again he continued. His voice had grown hard and cold, and when he spoke again he talked like a man addressing the shrinking criminals before him.

"I insist," he said, "that the real woman is the hard one to find; the woman who is simply and purely a creature of God, living and breathing as it was intended that she should; a woman upon whom the call of society, demanding her to smother her true self and form her being into a malleable, pleasurable substance; upon whom the multitude may feed and in return give admiration for her beauty, and when tiring of her allow her to marry because she is losing her tact, her diplomacy, her hypocrisy, her possession—termed hold on her following—because she is looking for happiness, is wasted. You maintain that all women are real; that they are not molded and made into what their surroundings demand. I ask you, did you ever read the remarks made by a very learned man upon Individual Liberties, 'maintaining that they scarcely exist in the most profoundly independent state; wherein every man has a hundred masters; wherein the circle of society in which he moves draws its silent and tacit legislation around him, ever fretting him into mute but servile obedience; his actions controlled by his doctor, his agent, his broker; his tongue governed by the minute and silent legislation that regulates minor moralities of life; his dress ordered according to the imperative fashion; his gait guided by law; his speech must be attuned to regulations as arbitrary as they are absurd, and the only sense of freedom he ever feels is when down by the seaside for a week or two of emancipation from the millstones of life, he flings himself in his

shirt sleeves, upon the heather of the seas, stretches his arms, and cries, heigho! lights a cigar and declares in the teeth of an angry civilization that he will be a boy for at least one hour of his weary life.'"

"And now the woman, what of her—her chance against the demanding call? She has none. Man may go apart and be termed queer, unreasonable, inhuman, but woman, never. She is afraid; she dare not. She must allow herself to be molded and made, for she dare not stand alone. She must be governed by what we choose to give her; she must conform to the rights of man; she must listen and agree (for disagreement brands her as an advocate of woman's suffrage and woman's contemplated rights). She dare not live the life of 'Do unto others as you would be done by,' for she would court disrespect, and she would get it."

So carried away by his convictions Harrington had risen to his feet and towered above the people around him. Turning so that all might answer him if they dared, he asked:

"How many of you women who are here to-night would sooner be here than any place else?" But he gave no one a chance to answer had any one been so inclined, instead he answered for them.

"You are here because you were invited, and having no available excuse you were compelled to come, or upon refusal to be ejected from your circle of society, branded with the infamous crime of human selfishness. It has afforded some one else pleasure, your coming, and you were compelled to grant it. You dared not refuse; you dared not seek your own happiness because you were afraid—afraid of the call of society."

The look of surprise, indignation, reproach which had in turn rested upon the faces of the women around the table had gradually changed into glances of pitiable appeal, begging him to say no more, informing him that he had already transgressed every rule of society and had laid bare every miserable truth which commands a shield. He had in one week's time dared to come boldly before them and denounce what they themselves were part and parcel of. Fully aware of what he had done, but affected not in the least by it, Harrington

stepped behind the chair Miss Wills was seated in.

"I have found her. Here she is;" and placing his hand on her shoulder, he said: "I have found her, a woman who is simply a creature living as God intended she should live; upon whom the demanding call is wasted; whose love when given will be unquestionable; who neither acts nor displays, but with her faults and her virtues does the best she can; a woman who is real, because she is but human. Here before all of you I offer her my love. I have known her but a short time I admit; but my love is founded not upon what you would have made her, nor upon what society would have molded her into; it is founded on nothing other than—herself.

Singulariter in Spe.

NOVEMBER?"—Can the eye deceive,
When Autumn looms such garnish weave,
Instinct with tinted height and down—
The landscape sere, the chrome of brown?

Late Autumn days were Summer deemed;
Green frondlets on the elm tops gleamed,
Methought the peach would burgeon yet.
Its new twigs varnished fresh and wet.

Nay, look ye, somewhat's in the air!
Doth Winter venture from his lair?
No, surely: white the apple tips,
With honey fraught the blossom drips.

'Twas yester, saw these very eyes
Three mocking-birds, serenely wise,
O'er wild plums float, beyond the rails,
On white-flecked wings and spreading tails.

Or sang they 'Hail' or 'Farewell' meant?
'Twas one to them, 'tis one to me:
The bolls of white on shrub besprent,
And dog-wood bloom—aye, snow may be!

So, slowly, tho' mantle of Winter may fall
God's colors and Mary's could ne'er be a pall!
For greening to eastward the vistas of hope
Lure, never in vain, the leal sons of the Pope.

Two mornings of sunlight have seen me arise
To sacredest Orders the angels might prize:
Glad Noël's To-morrow, on my own native sod,
Shall see me uplifting the Chalice of God.

QUONDAM SCHOLASTICUS.

Christmas at Notre Dame.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07.



CHRISTMAS at Notre Dame—how little it means to the great body of Notre Dame students. Christmas, a merry Christmas, nearly always means Christmas with the old folks; for most of us Christmas away from the company of mother and father and the dear ones is almost of necessity a day of gloom. "There is only one place to eat the Christmas dinner and that is at the family table." So, when the great day draws near all eyes turn homeward, and *Alma Mater* is forgotten. But all the time she is enjoying Christmas in her own quiet way. The great majority of the students have left for "home, sweet home," a few remain here, however, and the faculty is nearly always on hand.

During the holiday period one who stays at Notre Dame can not but be affected by the calm and stillness which reigns supreme. Sorin, Corby and Brownson no longer re-echo with the shouts and laughter of the students, the smoking-rooms usually wreathed in the incense of the weed now seem surprised at their own clarity. The mail wagon pulls in at the regular time, but it is no longer freighted as when in the school period it carried the letters of hundreds of loving parents to as many loving sons. They are gone now; and the wind especially seems to bewail their absence.

Across the lake covered with a shimmering coat of ice it blows; up by Dujarié Hall, in between Corby and Sorin it moans hunting in vain for the cheery laugh of the happiest of all mortals—the college boy; down the long avenues of trees, past the statue of the Sacred Heart and on to Science Hall it continues its search, but its labors are still unrewarded, no sound breaks the stillness of the vacant laboratories; down to the Music Hall it sweeps; here too all is quietness, the reeds and horns lie idle, the pianos no longer respond to the magic touch of Gallart or Shea; with a sad, complaining

tone the wind passes on to the Gym, silent and gloomy the big building stands; here too there is nothing doing. As a last resort in great gusts the wind hurries on to Cartier Field, the athletic field which only a short month before rang with the yells of joyful rooters. Here the quiet is even more intense, one misses the noise of the rooters. O shades of Beacom and Bracken, rise up and break this dull monotony! A farmer's wagon lumbers along, a little boy at the driver's side looks up and asks what that means "C 6, S 4;" the man shakes his head, the wagon jolts on and all is quiet again. Something is lacking. The life, the energy of the SOO is gone and one can not fail to miss it.

But it must not be thought that Christmas at Notre Dame is a gloomy one. How could it be, spent as it is under the protecting shadow of the Mother of the Messiah! Christmas proper begins with the Midnight Mass when on the high altar of the stately basilica of the Sacred Heart the Christ is born. Why speak of the solemnity of the occasion. Who that has ever attended a Midnight Mass would attempt to describe the feelings aroused by the grandest of all ceremonies. The silence of the time, the extraordinary fervor inspired by the peace, the quiet and the loveliness, the feeling that for one blessed hour one is face to face with God while all the rest of the world slumbers, produces a never-to-be-forgotten effect on all who come under its spell. Mass over it seems

only a few hours till daybreak, and then Notre Dame, a much smaller Notre Dame 'tis true than in the school year, is alive. At times it's hard to be cheerful, it's hard to keep the refectories from looking lonesome when dinner-time comes around, but glad hearts and willing hands can almost work miracles. No matter where one spends Christmas if he spends it in the proper spirit it must be a joyful day. Long years have passed since the angels' song "Peace on earth to men of good will," but the ages have not made the Messiah forget the promise of His messengers. The beaming faces, the heartfelt "Merry Christmas" which greets one at Notre Dame assures him that peace and gladness reign in the hearts of all.

So passes Christmas at Notre Dame: in peace and quiet joy. Night comes on, and as the bell from the old church tower tolls out the slowly passing hours, it tells that another Christmas is almost gone. Lost in the darkness of the night towers the statue of the Virgin Mother, now and then silvered by the rays of the moon as he peers forth from behind a bank of clouds. Silent the Mother stands, guarding those who have been with her all the day; and who will say she has forgotten her sons scattered all over the nation in hundreds of homes? In the beauty of the night Christmas at Notre Dame passes away and the Mother of the Messiah, calm and beautiful, watches over all.

A Yule Remembrance.

WHEN many rich and pompous maids
 Shall come to visit you,
 And tell you fibs of different shades
 You know are all untrue;
 When fagged so that you can not think,
 You'd give the world to see
 A friend that storms could never shrink,
 Oh, then remember me.

I've been with you in thick and thin,
 We've walked the road together,
 I've seen you through the city's din
 In stormy Yule-tide weather;
 And though it was our fate to part,
 Some time when you may be
 A little blue and sick at heart,
 Oh, then remember me.

The time is long, the days are drear
 When autumn's fled away,
 Eager we wait the passing year,
 To hasten on the May;
 But winter days were always bright
 In Yule, and full of glee,
 When you and I were there—to-night,
 Dear friend, remember me. T. E. B.

Peace to Men.

THE heart is freed from every care,
Sorrow and troubles cease
When Christmas shakes upon the air
The golden branch of peace.

F. T. M.

Across the Table.

PAUL R. MARTIN, '09.



JOSEPH MORROW, comedian, better known to his intimate friends as "Dusty," drew a deep sigh of relief, as he stepped into the elevator that was to take him from the eleventh floor of the Masonic Temple down to the level of the street. The afternoon had been tiresome in the extreme, and as Morrow buttoned his overcoat more closely around him, lighted a cigarette and stopped in the lobby, he felt that the bracing breeze of Lake Michigan and a good supper were the two things that would combine to make him feel himself again. From two-thirty that afternoon he had been cooped up in the stuffy rooms of the Chicago chapter of the Actor's Church Alliance and had pretended to enjoy the annual Christmas tea of that well-meaning society. True, he had met a good many friends there, and the program hadn't been half bad, but Morrow had the blues; and when he was in that condition it took more than stupid programs and more stupid friends to cheer him up.

There is a saying among theatrical people that when an actor has the blues, it can be traced to one of three things: either his salary is unpaid, his work is not making good with his audiences, or there is a woman in the case. It had been a good many years since "Dusty" Morrow had known what back salary meant, and press and public alike were loud in their praise of his work, heralding him as the premier light-opera comedian of the day; but with all this he was exceedingly down in the mouth, and his thoughts were constantly turning toward one woman who, to all

appearances, had gone out of his life forever.

After leaving the lobby of the Temple, Morrow made his way through the crowds of hurrying Christmas shoppers and took a short cut through a side street to the Lyric Theatre, where he was to open an extended engagement the following afternoon in his latest production, "The New Governor." Arriving at the theatre he immediately sought the stage and the mail-rack, and drew therefrom a handful of letters.

Seating himself on a roll of canvas, "Dusty" started to tear open the letters and read them through. An actor's mail is a strange thing, containing, as it does a conglomeration of tailor's bills, friendship letters, requests for autographs, patent medicine, advertisements and appreciations from unknown admirers.

To Morrow the reading of his mail was purely mechanical, for there seldom was a letter that he cared for; and this afternoon the process was more mechanical than ever, for his mind was far away and he was entirely lacking in interest. The first letter he opened was of the usual type, a request for seats from some person who had once rendered him a small service; the second was from a photographer who wished to use his picture on a souvenir calendar, and so they went on down until near the end when Morrow stopped with an exclamation of surprise. What he held in his hand was a small square envelope of a peculiar shade of grey. The address was written in a hand painfully familiar to his eyes. The postmark was Milwaukee and the letter had been mailed that morning.

"Well, what the blazes do you think of that!" said "Dusty," half aloud, arising from his seat to turn on a nearby electric light. "Of all the people in creation from whom I expected a letter, she is the last."

He tore the missive open in haste and holding it close under the light read:

"DEAR DUSTY:—You will receive this on Christmas Eve. Don't be surprised, for you know all women are just a little bit sentimental. Do you remember one year ago to-night? It must be fate that booked you into Chicago at this time of the year. If you have one bit of romance in your comedy makeup, go to the College Inn at seven-thirty and eat your dinner at our

old table. If you fail to do this intuition will tell me all about it. If you do it I will know that there is poetry in your soul.

"Sincerely,—D."

"Dusty" slowly folded the letter, placed it in the envelope and then sat down to think it out.

Did he remember a year ago to-night? Would he ever be able to forget it? How vividly that scene came to his mind. How happy had been that Christmas Eve as he led Dorothy Sheridan in to dinner. She was a member of his own company, and he had loved her—almost worshipped her for nearly three years. At last he had spoken and had been accepted. His ring was on the third finger of her left hand, and her picture was deeply engraved on his heart. It was to be a happy Christmas for them both, and they built beautiful air castles about spending their next Christmas in their own flat. The dinner was a dream; but it became a nightmare; for after he had taken her home, a quarrel had arisen,—a silly lover's quarrel,—she had jerked his ring from her finger, thrown it on the floor, and then walked haughtily from the room. He started to follow her, but his pride checked him. He left the house and went to his own hotel sick at mind and sick at heart. The next morning he had pleaded severe illness to his manager and his understudy took his place in the cast. Then Morrow had given regular notice and left for New York where he soon joined a Broadway show that was good for the rest of the season.

Dorothy, too, had soon left the show, for after her anger had cooled and she realized what a poor miserable little fool she had been, she couldn't bear the sight of familiar scenes and the old companions with a stranger in "Dusty's" part and speaking "Dusty's" lines.

She soon secured an engagement with a Western production that promised a long Pacific coast run, for with woman's reasoning she believed that the farther she could get away from "Dusty" the better she would feel.

And then came the climax of "Dusty's" misery. Deep down in his heart he thought that some day things would be straightened out; but one day while riding on an

elevated train, his eye chanced to catch a staring headline on the front page of a San Francisco *Examiner* that was being read by the man in front of him. His heart sank and he could read no more for it was enough for him to know that Miss Dorothy Sheridan, a well-known opera singer, was soon to be married to a California millionaire.

And here was "Dusty," a year from that other Christmas, seated on the bare stage of a theatre, trying to fathom the mystery of the letter he held in his hand.

"Am I crazy or just a d—d fool?" he mused, turning the letter over and over as if to see whether or not it was real.

"So Dorothy is in Milwaukee and knows that I am in Chicago. I wonder if her precious millionaire husband is with her? Ugh! I can see him now, a fat, bald-headed old codger, for of course he is old, they all are—with nothing to give her but money, money, money. She can't love him; she married him just because he had money and to spite me. "Oh, the devil take it all! Women are everyone alike; all the whole bunch of them care for is money, and they don't care where it comes from either."

"But what the deuce did she write that letter for? To make sport of me, I suppose? Does she think for one instant that I am a love-sick Romeo to be eating dinner in solitary state in honor of the anniversary of my turn down? That might do for a blubbing dago, but for an Irishman—not by a d—d sight. But then, O God, O God, I love her still."

A few moments later "Dusty" found himself in the lobby of the Sherman House, looking around for a sight of a familiar face. Suddenly a hand clapped him on the shoulder, and he faced around to meet face to face his old team-mate, Leo Moriarty. "The Irish Twins" they had been called in their old vaudeville days; and although they had professionally drifted apart long since, the bond of friendship was still strong between them.

"Why, Dusty, old man," exclaimed Moriarty delightedly, "you are just the boy I am looking for. I have engaged a table downstairs in the College Inn, and am waiting here for a couple of newspaper

friends of mine who are going to dine with me. Now we have four places at that table and you must be the fourth man."

"Delighted, I assure you," said Morrow, glad of a chance to get away from the thoughts of the letter in his pocket; for the temptation was strong within him to follow its dictation, although he didn't want to confess that to himself.

"What time are you eating?"

"Well, the fellows should have been here before this, but you never can tell about these come-and-go journalists. I guess you might as well go down now and they will be here soon."

As "Dusty" looked at the big clock over the clerk's desk he noticed that it lacked just fifteen minutes of being seven-thirty. He followed Moriarty down the steps into the brilliantly lighted *café*. The orchestra was playing some familiar music and the place already thronged with a merry crowd.

How natural it all was. Dear old Chicago—the one place in all the world that seemed like home to him. How many times he had come here with her; how restful it had been after the tiresome work of a performance to seek the table they liked best back in the corner, and there to sit and talk during the course of their midnight meal.

To-night as "Dusty" and Moriarty threaded their way in and out among the tables, the thoughts of the latter were not intent on where he was going. At last they stopped at the reserved table, the four chairs turned up to prevent others from occupying it. "Dusty" glanced hastily around and dropped weakly into a chair. He was seated at their table, the table he had resolved to avoid above all others to-night.

"Why, Dusty old man, you actually look pale," said his friend. "What ails you?"

"Oh, nothing, Leo, except that I am a little bit tired, and I spend the afternoon up at the Actor's Church Alliance."

"I don't blame you for getting white in the gills then," said Leo; "I never did go much on the society."

"It is as much as I can do to go to Mass regularly on Sundays. I don't relish these pink teas on weekdays, with a lot of old women who try to talk shop and know as much about our business as a

dog knows about the holiday we are now celebrating."

"But where on earth are the others? If you will excuse me a minute, I'll go up stairs and get a line on them by telephone."

"Sure thing, go ahead," said "Dusty," glad for a moment's respite during which he could be alone and collect his scattered thoughts.

His mind was almost a perfect blank, for the events of the evening had been so coincidental that he had hard work to make himself believe that he was awake. He picked up a menu that lay by his plate and began to scan the list of soups. Of a sudden he was aware that someone was seating themselves opposite him, and he glanced up expecting to see his friend Leo; but instead his startled gaze fell upon the vision of her—of—Dorothy Sheridan.

"Well, Dusty," she said pleasantly, "we are poetic after all. I knew you were, and I can't tell you how I longed to see you. Had you disappointed me to-night I could never have forgiven you, never."

"Dorothy, what on earth are you doing here?"

"I came over from Milwaukee to see you; aren't you glad to see me?"

"But your husband—the California millionaire?"

"Why, you silly goose, didn't you know? That was merely the fake notice of my overzealous press agent."

"Then you are not going to be married to any millionaire?"

"No. I have long ago discovered that I have been a foolish girl, entirely too serious in my way of thinking, so to even things up a bit I had better marry a comedian; that is, if he will have me."

"Dorothy!"

"Dusty!"

Their hands met across the table, the waiter obligingly turned his back, and the orchestra began to play, "We Really Ought to be Married!"

Pity.

© IS sad when the heart yearns
For the stronger light,
And in anguish burns
Like a star at night.

J. L. C.

A Song of Christmas.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07.

WHEN give us a song of Christmas Day,
 The rousing song of a boy
 Whose heart leaps up, whose bright eyes gleam,
 As he thinks on that day of joy.

But first sing a song of the night before,
 Of the stockings all in a row
 That patiently wait for good St. Nick
 As they hang in the fire's bright glow.

Then comes the joy of the morning;
 What a hubbub and rollicking din
 As the children tumbling out of their beds
 With a shout come trooping in.

How the whole house rang with laughter,
 How mother beamed with joy,
 And "dad" forgot his silver locks
 And once again was a boy.

Then sing of the Christmas dinner
 Of the boys and the girls so fair,
 And father doing the honors
 In the old familiar chair.

Oh, I would away from all worldly cares
 That fret and worry the mind,
 And live for a day at home and at peace
 Where every heart is kind!

The evening comes with lingering steps,
 And its shadows one by one
 As they creep through the house in silence tell
 That Christmas Day is done.

Santa Claus.

FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08.



HE needs no introduction—the little old man with the tight-belted red coat, the long white whiskers, the fur cap and the top boots from whose depths seem to rise the chuckles of good-humor and kindness that fill his face with laughing wrinkles and bulge his eyes with merriment. You all knew him intimately once, in the rosy days of childhood; then he was your cherished and dearest friend and held a place in the sanctuary of your heart which he shared with none other outside the family, except Aunt Mollie and Cousin John. Aunt Mollie—your eyes grow dim at the remembrance,—well, she was another sort of Santa Claus, only she lived down south in Ohio and came to see you on the train, while Old Santa

made his yearly visit on his "Reindeer Limited," and lived far off in the heart of the North Land in a marvelous palace of icebergs. Here was his workshop, and here he worked all the year round making those swift sleds and the skates, the air-guns, the games, the dolls, and all the other things that so delighted you; and back of his house was an orchard where the trees bore candies and nuts and sugared cakes and other good things. He whistled away at his work, and the smile of content played on his lips as he thought of the matchless reward in your joy, and your child laughter that awaited the delivery of his wares. Then when the snowflakes flew down from the heavens like white-winged birds he knew it was time for him to begin his rounds. Quickly he harnessed up his fleet reindeer—Hurry, Scurry, Fleetfoot and Prancer and a score of others—and set off for the homes of good little boys and girls. Some homes there were that he could not reach, though the little boys were good and the little girls loving, for a grim old wolf stalked

about the yard and kept off all such visitors as he.

Yes, in those bygone days Santa Claus was your best-beloved friend. No childish sorrow was so great that the thought of Christmas could not charm it away. When the Fourth of July was past and gone and Aunt Mollie's visit a thing of last month, and cousin John was not around to tell stories or take you fishing, there was no higher entertainment, you thought, than to talk over the glories of Christmas and Santa Claus. And when that joyous season daily drew nearer hailed by blasts of the north wind, by flurries of snow, and the ice in the rain-water barrel, you grew noisy in the evenings after supper in your demands on grandma, mamma, and cousin John to tell you *all* about Santa Claus. As you listened to their tales you fancied you could almost catch the pawing and the snorting of the reindeer on the roof, the silvery tinkle of their bells, and the merry laugh of old Kriss Kringle. How anxious you were on Christmas Eve to stay up for a glimpse of your jolly old friend from the North Land, and to watch him fill the stockings that hung in a row from the mantelpiece and over the backs of chairs. But after an hour of faithful vigil the sounds outside and the sounds inside, the rush of the night wind among the trees, the sweep of sleet against the window-pane, the talk of the grown folk and the sharp crackling of the fire united in a soothing monody that closed your eyes in slumber.

All night long in your dreams you rode with Santa Claus behind his wonderful reindeer team that whirled you along over the crisp snow faster than the winds. You laughed with glee to see the glitter of the stars and hear the merry jingle of the bells and feel the swift wind brushing your cheeks. With a bound the reindeer reached the roof of a house, and Santa with you under his great coat and his big pack on his shoulder went down the chimney. You helped fill all the stockings, for you and Santa seemed to be doing the work on a partnership basis. Old Santa's face was full of smiles and he seemed just bubbling over with chuckles. As he turned to go he stopped just a moment for a loving glance toward the bed where the little

owners of the stockings were dreaming with smiles on their chubby faces. Some one shook you and said: "Wake up, George, it's Christmas." Instantly the charm was broken and you were awake and out of bed. Santa had come and gone, had filled your stockings, gazed lovingly on you, and departed for other homes.

But that was long ago; since then you have grown very much wiser. Do you remember when you first found out "for true" that there was *no* Santa Claus? There are no tears more bitter than you shed that day. What a cruel world it is. Since then you have grown accustomed to see your brightest dreams turn out deceptions and the things you love most perish and decay.

What a blessed time childhood is! Then heaven lies close about us and the bright skies seem just beyond the treetops. When God drove our First Parents from the Garden of Eden to dwell amid the thorns and thistles His Heart was still tender toward their fallen race, for He has always permitted the children to spend their early years in Paradise chasing the butterflies and smelling the flowers and not so much as dreaming of thistles; till some day, along about their sixth or seventh year, the burden of their sad heritage falls upon them and they must go forth from the pearly gates. Happy are they if their sojourn there was long enough for them to pluck a few of the sweet flowers to cheer and refresh them on their journey through life and to keep in remembrance their true native land. Blessed are they if a kind mother, a dear Aunt Mollie, and a sympathetic cousin John think it no guile to prolong their sojourn there by indulging all their childish dreams and fancies. Blessed again are they, and doubly blessed this time, if some crabbed old spinster of a neighbor or distant relative does not insist on "opening their eyes" and discovering to them that the flowers wither and the butterflies perish.

Though he has lived some sixteen odd centuries Santa is still in the prime of life; his heart is young and his voice is full of laughter. What potent elixir keeps him so young and fresh? None other than his work—loving the children and striving to make them happy.

The Child's Christmas.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

WHEN the crimson embers sparkle,
 Darting spears of red and gold,
 And the heavy shades of even
 O'er the frost-stained windows fold;
 When the children hang their stockings
 By the hearth in youth's surprise,
 All the gloom of years is brightened
 By the lustre in their eyes.

How these simple, big-eyed children,
 With their souls so pure and white,
 Flood with happiness and sunshine
 Our old hearts in their delight,
 While they wait for old St. Nicholas
 As the shadows longer creep,
 Till the ghosts of the white embers
 Kiss their little eyes to sleep.

Would they could be so forever,
 But that joy will fade away,
 And their hearts will swell with sorrows.
 And the golden locks turn grey.
 They are but the buds of springtime
 Dancing in the golden sun,
 Knowing not the wind of autumn
 That will sear their childish fun.

The Heart of Christmas.

PATRICK M. MALLOY, '07.



CHRISTMAS morning.—From my window I look out through the paling dawn upon a dead, dead world. A snow-clad stretch of leafless trees, of withered ivy, of crusted drift. The sky is overcast with fleecy drifting snow clouds. A winter sun is just now breaking from its Eastern confines to shed a momentary blush of glory on the world, and then to hide among the shifting nebulae through which it throws a fitful light on all below and adds intensity to the greyish gloom.

Already there is a goodly procession of early worshippers forming on the streets, men, women and children, of all sizes all ages, of every conceivable cast of face and stature, a throng of human souls belonging all to this same man specie, yet each of a distinctive mold and type. A "Merry Christmas" here, a "Merry Christmas" there; a "Merry Christmas" everywhere.

I forget my sunless skies, my frozen landscape, and its gloom, in contemplation

of this cheery aspect, and hurry out to mingle in the jostling crowd of happy morning folk. It is a biting wind, a chilled damp atmosphere that greets me. But these are things unnoticed, at the sight of friendly faces lighted up with pleasant smiles, of old familiar voices sounding out the joyful salutation, of firm hands clasped in fervent hand shakes. The bell in yonder steeple gives one low, tentative stroke, as if uncertain of its tones on such a day—another, and the morning air gives back the echo; but with repeated effort comes an added strength, until with each succeeding peal the frosty air is rife with melody, and every bell takes up the glorious strain, and thus in blended harmony proclaims again the simple story of God made Man, of Christ—a little Child.

Thus amid the clangor of a dozen church bells, the gladsome shouting of a happy throng, and the general good feeling that seems to permeate everyone, and be a part of all, I am ushered into a great cathedral, where solemn dignity and quiet joy prevail. The services concluded, I am rushed back to my cousin's home, and arrive there with a keen sense of stirring emotions and a whole-souled desire to take

anybody and everybody by the hand and from out the fullness of my goodly feeling wish them "A Merry Christmas."

Christmas Day.—The morning passes, the middle-day comes on, and with it brings the festive board laden with palatable luxuries—time-honored, best-beloved of all the feasts—the Christmas dinner. But as the morning wastes into noon so too the noon wanes into darkening eventide. The very elements seem to undergo this evolution of the changing day; for morning mist turns into sleet, and now I notice that these little crackly ice chips have given way to fluffy snowflakes that wrap up all the world in whitened fury.

Thus have I passed the day within the warmth of my cousin's happy household; thus have I found infinite pleasure in the society of the childish, open heart; and drawn a happiness ineffable from the outpourings of its exuberant spirits. I say I have entered into all the heart-joys of this blessed Day, and, too, have found a secret relish in the warmth of my inside world in the contrast that it presents to the gloom without.

The fading western light that feebly streaks across the pictured walls, hints of a nighttime coming on. The lighted lights, the candles, twinkling there among the greenest Christmas hanging, and the great fire flaming in its grate shed a glow about me that settles in my soul; but with it all I fancy, too, that in the whisperings of the rising night-wind I hear the wails and moanings of a desolate nature, wrapped within the folds of darkness and buried in its white, white sepulchre.

Christmas night.—Pull down your window blinds, keep fast your door and huddle round your warming fire; for it is to no purpose that you look for starry skies and peaceful snows to-night. Your poor weak eyes can not pierce this outer darkness, nor find night's gems behind the clouds. But what of that! for though to-night your sky was decked with jeweled lights, the blue of heaven unmarked by one small cloud, the earth wrapped in the folds of spotless snows; I say, no

matter if every nook and corner of God's great world outside was trembling with the glory of winter's beauty, and yet you neither understood nor felt within your soul the sacred happiness of the childish heart at Christmas time; your search for Christmas joys in spangled skies and white-robed earth would be as vain and useless as my search for stars to-night amid the storm.

For sky and earth, and stars and snow are so much pulseless beauty; are nothing more than settings for the soul. So sit down here with me a while inside this joyous household; sit here around this Christmas tree, laden down with gifts; garlanded with holly, all shimmering in its green—all radiant in its candle light. Listen to the laughter of these three young urchins, and notice too the light that leaps from out the mother eyes, and the smile of supreme joy that lingers in every line of that fatherly face; and tell me now, you scoffer at the sentiment of open hearts, you mocker of childish simplicity, you cynic of the world—tell me if you've not found within these little walls the *only* joy of Christmas. Tell me 'if you've not found what I have felt, that in the family home alone, these joys hold sway supreme. In this scene, for you, my friend, and I and everyone, there is a peaceful strength and softer light that steeps our souls in holy thoughts and makes us better men; that makes us turn and linger lovingly in fancy's school of childish memories.

The children sleeping in their trundles overhead; the candles all burned low, and the softening glow of a grate fire flickering out, tell me that my Christmas is almost gone; that to-morrow, to-morrow—but why pursue the thought—it is quite enough heartache to know that this day is nearly spent. But in its fading spirit, I find a wealth of holy thoughts. I know to-night that Christmas joys and Christmas happiness are made for open hearts. That all its beauty, all its gladsomeness, yea, all that Christmas means or signifies, is born of innocence, simplicity and undoubting love; and that it has its source within the human heart—a heart set jewel-like in the sanctuary of a childish open soul.

The Common Fate.

ONCE there was a little boy
 Who though mamma's pride and joy
 And sister Katie's charm and great delight,
 "Wouldn't stand at all for kissin',"
 (Didn't know what he was missin'.)
 But this youngster much preferred to stand a fight.
 "Can't see no fun," he'd say,
 "Of actin' in that way,
 For cooing doves got no appetite.
 When they make a pass at me
 What I think is, 'Hully Gee!
 Here's another hungry woman goin' to bite.'"
 But he's changed, they say, of late;
 Alas! he yields to common fate.
 Since the cunning Archer Boy to shoot began;
 Now a little High-School Miss
 Teaches him just how to kiss,
 And he takes his lesson nightly like a man.

F. T. M.

An Old-Time Christmas Dinner.

WILLIAM F. CUNNINGHAM, '07.



LONE in a strange city, with just seventy-five cents in his pocket—such was the state of affairs in which Frank Ashley found himself Christmas morning. For two weeks he had been out of work and his little store of savings was almost gone. His only hope lay in a half promise of employment on the morrow, and if that failed there would be nothing for him to do but to work his way back home as best he could and acknowledge that he was beaten. Now as he aimlessly walked along one of the streets in the business district of the city he was becoming more and more conscious of one fact; he was hungry. A frugal breakfast of coffee and rolls, followed by several hours of brisk walking in the cool air, had aroused in him an appetite which would have done credit to a ploughman, and Ashley knew it was about time to make one more demand upon his rapidly diminishing treasury.

With this end in view he began to examine the different restaurants he was passing. It was almost noon, so many were crowded with patrons. Some appeared too high-priced, considering his present financial condition, while others appealing to his pocket-book by the cheapness of

their bill-of-fare were at the same time most repulsive, because their exterior gave clear proof of the filth and dirt which would be found within. Finally, however, as Ashley walked along his eye caught a large sign across the street on which he read:

Come and try our old-time Christmas
 Dinner.

50¢ Fifty Cents 50¢

Just like Mother used to Cook

The appeal went home. In a moment Ashley had decided to forget his troubles and give himself up to the pleasure of a Christmas dinner. Earlier he had resolved to spent much less than fifty cents for a meal, but at the reading of the sign a certain feeling of home-sickness seized him, and visions of what "mother used to cook" dispelled all fear of the future. On entering the place he noticed with satisfaction its cleanliness and home-like simplicity. The patrons too appeared to be of the middle class, many of them probably strangers in the city and come to this place to go back home for their Christmas dinner, in spirit at least, if not in reality.

The tables were all taken and Frank was ushered to a vacant place at a double table somewhat apart from the rest. The other place at the table was occupied by a young lady. Frank did not like the arrangement very well, for he would rather have been alone, but in the passing glance while taking his seat, he thought he detected a certain faint resemblance to a certain other person way back at home of whom at one time he had thought very highly. At least there was something which distinguished her from the city girls as he had learned to know them. A rather dark complexion, a mass of light brown hair, under which sparkled a pair of eyes of a peculiar greenish tint, these characteristics associated themselves in Frank's mind with some place far removed from the toil and trouble of a large city.

But his reflections were abruptly cut off by the appearance of the waiter with a steaming tray of roast turkey and the other requisites for a good Christmas dinner. In spite of the attraction on the other side

of the table, although of a more refined nature, Frank was soon all attention to what lay directly before him, his dinner. After some time, however, he became dimly conscious that the young lady opposite had finished her meal and was preparing to leave; but something seemed to detain her. Frank's curiosity was aroused. He looked up, and to his surprise he saw that face which just a short time ago had appeared so attractive, now disfigured by the expression of pain and distress. The young lady looked up, and he detected two large glistening tears trickling down two of the prettiest cheeks he had ever seen. She caught his look and in that brief moment there went forth from her bewitching eyes an appeal far stronger than any words could make. Frank's sympathy was thoroughly aroused, and he said in the most friendly manner possible:

"Pardon me, but you seem to be in trouble. Is there anything that I can do for you?"

"O, sir," she replied with a blush that made her even still prettier, "I can't find my purse. I am almost sure I brought it along, but I must have lost it, or else it has been stolen."

"Maybe it is on the floor," and suiting his action to his words Frank looked. Both searched everywhere that it might possibly be, but it was all in vain. The purse could not be found.

"Oh! what am I to do?" she almost sobbed. "Here I have taken dinner in a strange place, and now I haven't a cent to pay for it. They will surely arrest me."

"O I guess not," said Frank, "I will pay for the dinner."

"But, sir, I can not take your money; you are a perfect stranger to me."

"Yes, I was up to a moment ago," admitted Frank smiling, "but now I hope I am not quite so much of a stranger as I think the manager of this restaurant would be in case you couldn't pay for your dinner." So she let him pay it and went away much embarrassed.

"It's what one gets," she said to herself, "for trying to be smart and spring a surprise on people. I was certain that was where the woman's club was giving its Christmas dinner."

Then she thought. Looking around she saw she was on North East Street. "What a fool I am," she burst out, "to be fooled on that street and living here twenty years." Then she hurried on till she came to North Street and turned east.

"Oh!" came from twenty feminine throats, "we waited and waited for you. Where did you go?"

Then followed a deal of jumbling, of interrogations and attempts to answer, and the prodigal finally confessed how she just stole away and found the wrong place, and how she sat down and ate all the time wondering why some of them didn't come. But that was all she told them.

In the meantime Ashley wondered what he was going to do about paying for dinner. Once or twice reasoning gave way to fancy, and the girl's face pale and embarrassed came back. Then he would begin reasoning again how to get out of it.

When he arose he had resolved upon a plan as little likely to succeed as it was bold. Walking up to the front of the restaurant, apparently unconcerned, he bought a cigar with ten of his remaining twenty-five cents and then mingled with the crowd of men before the cashier's window. But he made it a point to keep on the edge of the crowd as if waiting for a friend to pay for their dinners. Approaching slowly he at last arrived opposite the window, and then as a man left the window Frank started to follow him toward the door. He had not taken two steps when he was stopped by the grasp of a strong hand on his shoulder. For a moment it seemed that his heart stopped beating. Fear and a feeling of shame overwhelmed him. Then he was seized with a wild impulse to dash through the open door to freedom, but he mastered himself, and summoning all his nerve turned around.

"Well!" said Ashley indignant. It was his only game now. He rubbed his eyes a minute. "Hendricks! by— say, Jim, I'm glad to see you. Delighted, de—Hello there, another cigar," he called to the man behind the case. And he threw down the last fifteen cents. They lighted up and went out.

The other day Mrs. Frank Ashley had Jim Hendricks up for dinner; but then that hasn't anything to do with this story.

Rondeau.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07

GOOD-BYE, Old Year, how grey and sore
Beside the new-born you appear;
The world cries out in accents cold:
"Ring in the new, ring out the old;"
But I, old friend, would shed a tear.

Your sands are run, and now I hear
The New Year's chimes peal fresh and clear
And with their sound your knell is tolled—
Good-bye, Old Year.

I welcomed you in winter drear,
'Twas half with gladness, half with fear;
But rich with blessings manifold
With quickening speed each glad day rolled
Till now the parting's hard to bear—
Good-bye, Old Year.

The Messiah in Prophecy.

WILLIAM A. BOLGER, '07.

PROPHECY, in the scriptural sense may be defined as the "supernatural and certain account of things to be realized." The mission of the long line of prophets from Moses to Malachias was primarily to prepare the chosen people for the coming of the Messiah who was the "end of the law." They accomplished this purpose by keeping up the constant and familiar intercourse between Jehovah and his people. They declared the divine will, fearlessly denounced idolatry, and forcibly inculcated the essential, spiritual, and moral character of the true religion.

Anxious longing for the advent of the Messiah was the dominant note in the life of all true Hebrews, just as the imitation of the virtues of the Messiah has always been the Christian life ideal. The names which patriarchs and prophets applied to the Messiah are especially indicative of the universal expectancy of the ages preceding His coming. Saviour, the name now hallowed by centuries of Christian usage, was also dear to the Jews. Seven hundred years before the angels had announced His birth to the shepherds, Isaias had exclaimed in holy transports,

"Let the earth be opened and bud forth a Saviour." In Genesis, He is the "Expectation of Nations;" the Patriarch Jacob calls him the "Desired of the Everlasting Hills;" the Prophet Aggeus, the "Desired of all the Nations;" the Prophet Jonas, "The Hope of His People;" the Prophet Isaias had called Him a "Strength to the Poor," a "Redeemer of Sion," "Emmanuel, or God with us," and that singularly beautiful name the "Prince of Peace."

Among the Jews, the belief in the coming of a Redeemer was as ancient as the story of Adam's fall from original justice. The same chapter of Genesis which relates the fall contains also that passage which all succeeding generations have regarded as Jehovah's promise of a Redeemer.

Addressing the serpent devil God said, "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." In the words of Bossuet, "It was by this divine germ, or by the woman who should bring forth this germ, that the ruin of the human race should be repaired, and the power of the prince of this world be destroyed."

God's promise to Abraham has likewise always been interpreted as a Messianic promise. "Because thou hast done this thing, and has not spared thy only begotten son for my sake, I will bless thee and will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand that is by the seashore. And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice."

Moses the greatest of prophets is filled with the Holy Ghost and says: "The Lord said to me: they have spoken all things well, I will raise them up a prophet out of the midst of their brethren, like to thee; and I will put my word in his mouth, and he shall speak all that I shall command him." While the years hasten on toward the realization of all expectation of Him, "who is about to come," the life and office and character of the Messiah were more clearly and distinctly manifested as prophet after prophet "added each a line to the limning of this portraiture which foreshadowed the advent of Divinity." Moses saw him a prophet equal to himself; to the royal Psalmist he was a King, who was to be called the Anointed of God, the

Christ, the Messiah. The Prophet Michael points out his birthplace, "and thou Bethlehem Ephrata,—out of thee shall He come unto me that is to be the ruler of Israel."

Daniel foretells the time of His birth. Isaias predicts Galilee His native land, and gives Him a virgin for a mother. "A virgin shall conceive and bear a son." "He will preach the good news to the pure and humble of heart. He will enter Sion mounted upon the foal of an ass. He shall be despised and rejected, led to the slaughter as a lamb; His vestments shall be parted, lots shall be cast for His tunic; His hands and feet pierced; vinegar shall moisten His lips."

Prophecy had thus reached this stage of completeness and definiteness, when Malachias, the last of the Seers appeared. It was his mission, in a particular manner to prepare the people for the advent of the Messiah. He was the first to foretell the Precursor who was to usher in and point out to the men of his generation, the Lamb of God, the Messiah. "Behold I send my angel and he shall prepare the way before my face. Presently shall He come to His temple, the Saviour whom you seek and the angel of the Testament whom you desire. Behold He cometh, sayeth the Lord of Hosts." The angel of the text of Malachias is the Holy Precursor. The work of the Seer was done. Four hundred years elapsed before the "gloria" of the angels announced the birth of Him who was to be the fulfilment of all prophecies.

The Clock.

OLD slave, within those desolate walls,
Within those drear and misty palls,
Thou hast no lover, none,
Save a friend.

Thou art old, and Time himself
Has called on thee to guard his pelf;
So slow thou movest, it speaks,
Of weariness.

So think we gay—at most—ingrates,
Who stalk among our different states;
But when grim death—he will—
Comes flitting down,

We call blindly, nay, beg of thee
Stop, stay, we crave a moment—see—
Slave, thou must wander on—
Eternity.

J. LEO COONTZ.

The Other Half.

LEO J. COONTZ, '07.



IT was Christmas Eve in the Hebrew quarter of the city. The drizzly rain, riding over the soggy streets went shambling on to the murky river, there to render hoarser the muffled bellow of the water rats as they chugged through the sickly waters. The sidewalks were black with the circle of mud-heels, and it would have been hard for one to find where the curbing let off and the street began. The only life apparent was here and there a few broken bodies, muffled in rags of dirt, muttering, mumbling as they shuffled along; their silhouettes thrown upon the grimy streets in grim, fantastic shapes by dirty lights behind dirtier windows.

Stores, not stores but filthy shops, still showed Christmas presents; and what Christmas presents they were—tin, brass, nickel, unworthy of any name, bizarre and tawdry they were, strewn for the eyes of passers-by.

Dirty urchins with sickly faces, and glistening eyes slipped to the windows and pressed their noses flat against the glass and gloated over the display through its soiled thickness, now and then rubbing the pane with their dirty hands.

At this particular section the streets came together in the form of a crow's foot, and among the squalid, foul buildings that stood opposite the juncture of the "toes" was one more stained and discolored than the rest. It was a small building disproportionate for want of a second story, with low, small, double doors and windows whose squareness attracted attention. It was patriarch of the others, dirtier, more ramshackled and miserable.

Beneath the rear of the building was the most abject and wretched of rooms that ever befell the lot of a poor unfortunate human being to occupy. Seamed were the walls, black as age and dirt could make it was the floor, and the shadow of a rug that lay beside a bed was sickening to the eye. A few pieces of

cardboard that hung on the walls were only phantoms of pictures, shriveled and curled, wrinkled and grime creviced beyond cognizance.

Within keeping with the environment was a woman whom senility had left a battered and shattered useless hulk. No converse did she ever hold with any person; few of those who through association came to this quarter, and those who drew the cloak of refinement close about and descended to this basement, but received for all questions curses and imprecations.

Scrutiny of that wretched face disclosed a falcon ebony eye which lay sheathed as a hawk's until anger set them scintillating with piercing glances. They spoke of a tenacious spirit and a mind that worked like a mill-race, though the body outwardly gave evidence of a useless existence.

It was near half-past nine when a decrepit individual, bearing more the characteristics of a dog than a man, arose from a seat near a shivering stove in the upper room, gave the four or five smouldering coals a vicious poke with an iron bar and then shambled toward the front of the building uttering at intervals low guttural growls not unlike the prototype above mentioned.

Gaining the door he opened it cautiously and cautiously peered out, and apparently being satisfied with what he saw, drew the door a little more apart and sent a search-light glance, first along one of the toes of Crowfoot and then along the other. A lowering cloud that was settling over his face gave way as he saw a form come out of the gloom like a wraith, and glide swiftly along the streets within the shadows until it reached the curbing of the opposite street. Here the figure in the door evidently made a sign as the form on the curbing peered most carefully up and down the street, then struck out through the mud, not stopping his progress until he came to the stove in the old building. As soon as he crossed the threshold Schrieb closed the door and slipped the catch on the inside, and shuffled after his heels.

"Where's the fire," mumbled the newcomer as he began to take off his rags. "Out," muttered the other.

"You knew I was coming, why didn't you have one?"

"Ugh! what?—A fire, you fool—takes money."

"Money! that's what you always say; that's what you think, money, money! Curse you, your money'll send you to hell."

"Sh—h—h—h—she'll hear!"

"What 't I care."

"Make a fire," and here the stranger took up the iron bar and began to beat on the stove.

"Give it here then," said the other, muttering curses at him under his breath. Taking the poker he raked together a few coals, and going behind an old counter brought from some hole a few pieces of coal in his hand and put them in the stove. By this time the new arrival had finished divesting himself of his remnants, and stood hovering over the stove trying to absorb some of its warmth. To see him now one would not take him to be the same person that so stealthily, feebly made his way along the deserted streets a few moments before. He stood now fully six inches taller, his face, now easily seen, was a hypocritical face, with deep-set, shifting, shunting eyes and a sallow skin that showed a greenish yellow in the hollow, sunken cheeks. Suddenly his face took on a sneering scowl, and he hoarsely whispered:

"Where's t'other?"

"He ain't come;" answered the coward who turned to face his companion, but was not capable of looking him in the eye.

But t'other had come; he had seen old Schrieb come to the door, had hid in the corner, and watched Shayne make his way across the street, and he was standing outside now, peering through a crack in the glass, and what he saw made him gurgle fiendishly to himself:

"He'll do it, oh, yes, he will; he's got to have the money, but he'll never get it," and his eyes became distorted and bulging. "I'll make 'em. They're afraid of me," and he grasped and clutched the air as if he were throttling them.

Oh, what a face that was as it stared through that crevice; what a ghostly, hellish grin those features of his were set in! The tendons of his face and neck were drawn

like whip cords—a little more and they would burst; his long, bony hands were like the steel jaws of a set trap.

As he watched, those inside began to grow restless, and he knew he must act. Going to the door he tapped lightly on the glass. The figures in the rear started, one stepped back in the shadow of the stove and the other shuffled to the door. Unbolting it, he was met with a storm of curses for having kept the wayfarer outside. Schrieb said nothing; he feared Ruef.

Ruef had threatened to kill him once, and would have done so had not Shayne interfered. When they had sat down about the stove, Ruef began talking.

"Schrieb, you want the money."

"It's not me, it's you—"

"Shut up, d'ye hear?" Schrieb snapped.

"I do."

"You are to give us what's left after you get yours—is that all right?" Schrieb's eye glistened.

"Yes," he mumbled, and still lower:

"I don't want the money."

"What's that?"

"Nothing" said Schrieb.

"What time's it?"

"10:15," replied Shayne.

"D'ye reckon she's in bed?"

"Yes, at 10 o'clock."

"Where does she keep her money?"

"Under the—"

"Shut up; let Schrieb talk—he knows."

"She keeps it in a hole under the rug by her bed."

"Well, let's hurry up. I ain't going to stay all night for nobody's gold," said Ruef.

"Here, Schrieb, take this," and he pulled from under his coat a ragged butcher's knife, and thrust it toward him.

"Don't use it, d'ye hear? Stand by her, and if she wakes threaten to kill. D'ye hear that?"

"I don't want to; let Shayne."

"I said you, and if you don't I'll brain you." Schrieb took the knife.

"Blow that light out and lead the way."

Down the stairs they crept. Every step gave a creak that sounded like some giant explosion whose sound went surging, roaring, reverberating to the bottomless depths of their sunless consciences. They paused at the door and listened. There came a

sound which struck them dumb with terror. It was a crackling voice—she was praying; there came to them the murmur of her prayer.

Stealthily they stole upstairs, cursing their luck and the God that made them. They waited an hour before they ventured down again. This time all was still as they stole to the door. Ruef tried it, and as he bent over the lock, Schrieb raised his arm aloft, the knife within his clenched hand to strike him down, but Shayne caught his arm.

Ruef cursed them and told them to stop; not even looking around. Once inside they halted. The beams of the risen moon were filtering through the soggy panes and falling across the face of the hapless, wretched woman.

"Be careful," was the admonition of Ruef. "Quick, and all will be done." The currish work would soon be over. They who thieved from the helpless and infirm were welling with pride at the thought of their-loot.

No, devils, the work will not be over soon, nor never shall be as you contemplated.

The form on the bed heard the distant melody of gold in her dream, and awoke—a fiend. A demon face hung hideously before her eyes, a human face and she knew its outline. She rose with a shriek, and her countenance was set in a fearful image as she seized Schrieb, drew his body down and sank her teeth in his neck. He tried to shake her off, to wrench loose, but all in vain, she was mad.

He drew her from the bed in his astringent pain, and struck her, once, twice, three times, near the heart. At each blow there was a rendering, tearing sound and each time the hand drew back, one, two, three drops of blood fell to the floor.

Schrieb felt a weakness in his own body; a tingling, tickling sensation in his neck and on his chest told him that the river of death had only one more pillar to wash away and the bridge of life would be no more.

But the end was not yet come. Time sat by and mocked his pleadings; it was not to be cheated, not to be hurried. She expired and the ceasing of her breath made him writhe. Manacled in the jaws of a

corse that specimen of depravity awaited the finale of its life. Silence closed the door and left him with the sound of rushing waters in his ears.

The wild distorted, purple-faced child, Remorse came and sat wailing at his feet. The sight of the contorted body, the face with the parted blue lips and bursting eyes made the child smile. It sat still awhile, then drew forth its arrows of torture and began shooting them into his brain.

The dying body lay as it last fell, it could not move, it was doomed, but the wandering eyes partook of the little left, they feasted within their circle, and raving

within their shackles they beheld the beams of the moon and sought their source, and saw through the window, faces; saw loathing eyes set in malignant twisted faces. The malevolence of the vision overpowered the body, it strained and something hot flowed like burning lava.

Let us not contemplate the final destruction of the last span. The heaving, convulsing, yawning, rocking mass, weltering in the life-blood of another being, lay struggling, imploring the end.

It came, and with the opening of the vestibule door of eternity there sifted in the first faint sound of a far-off tolling bell.

Christmas in the English Poets.

VARNUM A. PARRISH, '09.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:

The moon is hid, the night is still;

The Christmas bells from hill to hill

Answer each other in the mist.



As the Nativity has been the subject of some of the masterpieces in the art of painting, it has likewise been the theme of many literary gems. Springtime inspires the poet because it is a period when the grass, the trees, the flowers and all of nature take new life and fresh vigor. Christmas fills the poet's heart because it marks the time when the soul of man was given new life and fresh vigor.

Of the early poems treating of the Nativity, one of exceptional beauty is the "Burning Babe," by Southwell, in which he describes an apparition. Out in the snow of a winter's night he was suddenly surprised by a "Babe all burning bright" that appeared before him. The Child was burning for the love of man and He was shedding floods of tears. His faultless breast was the furnace in which burned this fire of love. In this furnace are wrought men's defiled souls and made good. The Child then said that He would "melt into a bath" and wash these souls in His blood; then the vision vanished. The author called to mind that it was Christmas Day.

Milton's "Ode to the Nativity" is one of

the best of Christmas poems. In this poem he tells us how the Son of God forsook the heavenly courts and chose to dwell with us. Milton then asks the Muse for some hymn with which to welcome the Infant.

Then in the hymn he describes the Child, in the wild of winter, meagerly wrapt, lying in a rude manger. Nature had taken off her gaudy apparel as if to sympathize with her Master. The earth covered her shameful face with pure snow thus to hide, as it were, her deformities from her Maker:

Peace reigned over all. Everything was still save the wind which gently kissed the waters and whispered the new joys abroad.

The stars stood with their gaze turned toward the stable of Bethlehem. They even refused to leave at the approach of day and stayed till their Maker bade them go.

Even the sun seemed reluctant to rise and withheld his speed as though afraid to show his head for shame, for his light was much inferior to that which now enlightened the world. He felt that his rays were no longer needed as they had been so far eclipsed by the "greater Sun."

The shepherds were startled by music such

as they had never heard before, heavenly music. "The air," he says, "such pleasure loth to lose, with a thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close." Music so sweet that if it enwrapt our fancy long sin would leave our bodies and hell itself would no longer exist.

The oracles were made dumb and pagan gods were displaced by the coming of this Child. In describing this we may use the figure of the rising sun dispelling the shades of night:

So when the sun in bed
Curtain'd with cloudy red
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And yellow-skirted fays
Fly after night steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

Milton then ends the hymn by telling how the Virgin laid the Babe to rest, and the stable was surrounded by angels.

Whenever a writer wants the scene he is picturing to be impressive he describes it as it appears at Christmas time. We have Lowell in his "Vision of Sir Launfal," describing the return of Sir Launfal as taking place at Christmas, and the fact that he does so adds to its impressiveness. When one reads the following verses he can hardly keep from wishing that he were in the hall described. One can not help feeling its coziness:

Within the hall are song and laughter
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide,
The broad flame pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering, as in fear,
Go threading the soot forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

And again in the verses following the ones above, as he describes the wind making a harp of Sir Launfal's gray hair and singing a Christmas carol in a dreary monotone, one can feel the bleakness of it all much more than he could if it occurred at some time other than Christmas.

Song of the Crib.

WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08.

SLEEP my Babe, my Son,
Upon my breast!
My God, my Holy One,
Now take Thy rest.

The stars like sapphires burn,
On heaven's vault.
All creatures to Thee turn
In man's default.

Deep in Thy God-lit eyes
So wondrous bright,
The Soul of heaven lies—
My heart's delight.

Sleep, then, while shadows creep
Across the skies,
Angels Thy vigils keep
Sweet Babe of Paradise.

The Mother of the Messiah.

WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08.



CHRISTMAS, the universal feast of all christendom, has again returned. Its signification is well understood by all. From the tiny tot taking its first uncertain steps to the aged man tottering under the weight of years; for each, Christmastide comes laden with its joys and treasures. All Christians rightly rejoice in the festivities of the season and deservedly pay homage to the Infant Saviour in the crib. None, however, should ignore Her through whom the Redeemer chose to manifest Himself to men.

As we believe and know Her to be the Mother of this same Infant, and as we recognize in Him the "Word made Flesh," so do we recognize in her the "Virgin of Isaiah," the Woman of the proto-gospel, of whom the promised One was to be born. She is, therefore, the Mother of Him sent by God to redeem the world, the only Son of God equal to the Father in all things. She is consequently the Mother of God Himself.

This Catholic belief in the Divine Maternity is a doctrine little known and still

less generally accepted by those who are not Catholics. The essential idea of the Incarnation, the actual descent of God into the womb of Mary to be born of her in time, unbelievers in the Divine Maternity fail to understand. They can not conceive that the Catholic himself believes what he would have them believe. Their idea of the Incarnation is wrong in principle as well as in fact. They either ignore the Catholic doctrine of the Divine Maternity, or attempt to explain it away by argument. They believe Mary to have been the Mother of the human nature of Christ, but assert that to His human nature, in some way, was afterward united the divine. To believe this is to go contrary to the Gospel narrative: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee, and therefore the Holy that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." What can be more convincing than the last words of this text. Besides, in this age when everything is sought to be explained by natural causes, is it not easier to believe that God, since He deigned to become man, would adopt a natural course instead of first creating a human nature and then uniting to it the divine? Is it not easier to believe that from the very moment of the Incarnation this hypostatic union existed than that this union should take place after the birth of Christ? Christ was always God because He was born of the Father from all eternity. From Him He had His Divinity, His Divine nature. Before the Incarnation He had no human nature. This He took from Mary, His Mother; this she gave Him. Though Christ possessed two natures, the divine and the human, yet He was not two persons, but only one—a divine person. The human personality which He would have possessed had He been a mere man like other men was in His case supplied or replaced by the divine personality and this with no detriment to His human nature, to His being as truly man as other men. But as human nature can never subsist apart from a person or personality, Mary is therefore truly the Mother of God, because she gave birth to the "Word made Flesh;" that is, she gave birth not only to Christ's human nature,

but to that human nature subsisting in the divine nature. She is, therefore, the Mother of the Word, Second Person of the Blessed Trinity made man, that Person is God. Here then is the reason and explanation of all the honor paid to the Mother of the Saviour of mankind. She is honored because she is the Mother of God.

The honor bestowed upon the lowly Virgin of Nazareth is more than the human mind can comprehend. St. Anselm, in proclaiming her dignity, says: "If we have the honor of having a Father and Brother such as the Redeemer of the world, let us unhesitatingly proclaim that we owe this favor to the most Holy Virgin and her blessed fruitfulness, to whom this dignity was in such a manner accorded that without her fruitful virginity our nature would never have been thus elevated. If, amidst the abasements of this life our nature was so ennobled that it was admitted to an alliance with God, and if we acknowledge, as we must, that all this is infinitely beyond our comprehension, how shall we be able to contain ourselves when we behold our Brother crowned with glory and seated on the throne of honor?"

Again, if our human nature in the persons of the Apostles, Disciples, and friends of our Lord was privileged to enter into such familiar relations with Him, what heights of honor were bestowed upon Her whom He chose to be His Mother. The nearer the approach of the creature to the Creator the greater the dignity bestowed upon it. Earthly potentates are deserving of honor because of the power given them from above; those who administer the law, by reason of God's justice working through them; interpreters of the law, because of His wisdom manifesting itself in them; the virtuous on account of the beauty of the divine virtues exemplified in their lives; parents, in whom there is a reflection of His goodness and His divine care over us. Hence, in proportion as the human reflects the Divine is the greater or less the degree of honor to be shown the creature.

Christmas of all others is the feast of Christ. It is not at least human to think that Jesus Christ will regard as derogatory of the worship due to Him the veneration paid His Mother.

Tolling Bells.

LEO J. COONTZ, '07.

THERE still rings in within mine ear
 Tolling bells, now far now near,
 Rolling, swelling, flowing, still,
 They follow though from distant hill.
 I hear them oft-times in the night,
 A youthful solace, my delight,
 Where'er I turn unto the close
 Of day, they creep to my repose.
 In night's gloaming oft-times weary,
 I wander long i' dusk paths dreary;
 Spread o'er my soul, the rising fields
 Lift up their midnight breath of shields.
 'Tis then I hear sweet angels calling,
 No, 'tis but bells of hills a-tolling.
 Dim forms—oh more, I canst not see,
 Only coming veiled to me,
 Where swaying bodies grey-grief walls,
 Stream-clad in cruciate palls,
 Countless hands all passion white,
 Pray'r frozen stretch'd to merciless night,—
 The musk of bells fee-grief of life.

A Question of Money.

ROBERT A. KASPER, '07.



SOME years ago I came into possession of a large sum of money, being the only heir on my father's side. I had been counting on it, and often drew in fancy the things I would have, and the good times that I would enjoy. I thought wealth made one happy; and with this mistaken notion uppermost in my mind, I concluded that the more wealth a person had the happier he must be. I did not go any farther into the thing, and as a consequence I was not aware of the trouble that large inheritances gave some people. The golden lustré of the dollar blinded me, and I imagined that the sun would ever shine for those who had the metal brightness, thus rendering a double daylight. But these mistaken notions soon passed from me, as I began to labor under the burden of money. Burden, I say, and I believe those who have had the opportunity of investigating the matter will fully agree with me.

Upon the death of my father, the papers

came out with full accounts of the wealth that had come to me, and the amount was even over-estimated, as it generally is. People grew kind and considerate; but there was at least one man who proved otherwise. I had never met the gentleman, nor did I even know he occupied a place in the great and wonderful space we call earth. He had heard of my luck, and decided that he needed some of the money, of which I had no immediate use. He carried his thought into execution by first kidnapping my eldest son, a lad of eighteen years, and then writing me about it. I thought it kind and obliging on his part until I drew to the close of the letter, where he explained to me that if I thought the life of my son worth \$25,000 I should apprise him of that fact by handing over that amount. I think he said small sum; but of that I am not quite sure, nor can I find out, since the letter has been destroyed. "Bring \$25,000 to the fifth tree from the third cross-road on Navarre Place at 10 p. m. Sunday evening, Oct. 19," he wrote, "and if you refuse your son will cease to be. It will be foolish for you to attempt to capture me, for your son shall not be with me; but in the hands of an accomplice, who shall not set him free until he receives word from me."

I was entirely at sea. The letter was plain enough. I decided at once that the police should not attempt to capture the man until after my son had been returned. I placed the case before the chief of the force, and he fully agreed with me in regard to the matter. He promised me aid should I desire it; but "go alone to-night, and we can start on the case to-morrow when your son will be safe in your hands," he said.

I was up against it, and knew it. I procured the sum required, and began my eventful journey on the evening mentioned in the request. The appointed place was about two miles from the city, so I left my home at eight o'clock leaving two hours in which to make the trip. I slipped a revolver into my pocket, not because I intended to use it in capturing the kidnapper, but because I had fears of being waylaid on the road, for it was a dark and dreary place.

As I came within a quarter of a mile of the required place I saw a man standing in the middle of the road not six feet ahead of me. I paid no attention to him; but as I was about to pass he thrust a revolver into my face and commanded me to halt. My first thought was to draw my own gun; but this I at once dismissed as folly. I was positive that he of the black hat was a highwayman, for the kidnapper certainly would not hold me up, since he could secure the money with less difficulty. These thoughts ran hastily through my mind, and I was thinking of the foolishness of trying to convince the kidnappers that I had been robbed, when 'the man behind the gun' interrupted my reverie with a question:

"See that gun?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, "but for God's sake let me pass as I—"

"This is a good gun," he interrupted, "it contains six bullets, any one of which will mean death."

I resolved on pleading with him my urgent engagement, realizing that to go back and obtain more money would be folly, since I would not be able to return with it in time to meet the kidnapper. Then, again, where could I obtain such a sum at eleven at night. With these thoughts foremost in my mind I said:

"Man, have you no pity? The life or death of my only boy hangs in the balance. If you take my money, he will die; if you allow me to go on unmolested, he will live."

The robber looked at me with a twinkle in his dark and treacherous looking eyes, and responded:

"I don't want to hear any more of that kind of stuff. I wish to impress upon your mind the fact that I have a good gun, one that never fails, and the sooner you—"

A happy thought flashed through my mind, or at least I thought it so for the moment, and I interrupted him by saying:

"Let me see the gun, and I will pass my judgment upon its merits."

"Oh! you think I am a fool. Let you see the gun, ha! ha! ha! That is the best I ever heard. Let you see the gun, ha! ha!" He continued thus:

"It is not my custom to converse with those I waylay; but I'll make an exception to my rule this time, since you have proved

to be a great character. From the way you speak and plead, I take for granted that you have a good deal of money on your person. At first I thought you carried but a few paltry dollars; but now I am convinced that I shall receive quite a swag. You were foolish in venturing out here alone; still the rich people must be foolish at times or else we poor creatures would starve. I am not going to harm you unless you prove stubborn. Remember, don't make a false move, for if you do all the money in the world will not put life into your body."

"Well, sir," I said, "I am at your mercy. I would sooner die a thousand times than cause the death of my son. If I fail to deliver this money over to the parties with whom I have an appointment this evening, my son shall die. I therefore propose that you allow me to fulfil my mission, and I promise you on my word that I shall pay you \$25,000 to-morrow. The matter shall be kept a strict secret by me, now and forever."

My pleading evidently hit the required spot, I thought, for he answered in a pleasant tone of voice.

"But why must you pay that money over to-night? Why not pay the other party to-morrow?"

"My son has been kidnapped, and I received word from the guilty party that I must pay \$25,000 at ten to-night, if I considered the life of my son worth that amount."

"But why did you come alone?"

"Because that was part of the stipulation."

"I have heard enough," he said "and now to the point. I'm the agent for the 'Blunderbust' hammerless gun, and am putting it upon the market. It is perfectly safe, and one trial means the possessing of one. If you think of investing call at 406 West St.—Frank Jones is my name, and I'll prove to you that it is unexcelled. Good-night."

I was thunderstruck. I thought of capturing the agent and spoiling his joke; but it seemed he divined my thoughts, for he retreated very cautiously. I called upon him next day, and found him very agreeable. I met the kidnapper, who is still at large, paid over the money and my son returned the following morning. Rockefeller's policy of being a pauper is at least passable.

To a Leaf on My Window Ledge.

J. LEO COONTZ, '07.

COME hither babe of storm-nipp'd birth,
 Come rest thy weary sides beneath my ledge,
 Here winds from visitation shall be girth
 As sisters, bound by wall of crevice wedge.

Here 'lone shall deepest crested winter wing
 Come violate thy sleep-sunken crest;
 Here I shall to thy presence come and sing,
 Cradled in thy sunless rocky nest.

Forbid the tho't, but mayhap one of those,
 Who dwell secluded ribb'd within their niche,
 Dare seek of thee to grace his bleak repose,
 Fostered boldness, to the wanderer in the ditch.

For recompense sweet solitude shall be
 Thy comforter, wherein thou wish for them
 Who are thy mates, most desolate in thee,
 Filling up the rents in Nature's hem.

Be quiet, ere thou art borne swift away,
 Thy sister list to wooing wanton wind,
 But sighing worn she shall cease her play,
 And die for kindled longing of her kind.

Isaiah in Literature and Painting.

IGNATIUS. E. MCNAMEE, '09.



UCH has been said in prophecy concerning the birth, life and death of Christ, and nearly all the prophets have touched upon one event or another. But probably no man stands out so pre-eminently because of his careful narration of the great truths that were to come with the advent of the Saviour as does Isaiah, the classical genius of Judaism, the Prophet of the Nativity. Indeed, so painstakingly and so vividly does his prophecy foretell details of those thirty-three eventful years that it has been called a history of infant Christianity, though it was written fully seven hundred years before the Christian era.

Isaiah is truly the Prophet of the Nativity. Moses, David, and Solomon before him,

spoke of the promised Redeemer, but it remained for Isaiah specifically to say: "Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel!" Lest this general utterance be misapprehended, in the ninth chapter he speaks more explicitly: "For a Child is born to us and a Son is given to us, and the government is upon his shoulders; and His Name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace." And again in the eleventh chapter, predicting with the distinctness of the poet of the second psalm, the universal peace that shall reign in the Roman Empire at the Saviour's birth, he says: "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb; and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the calf and the lion and the sheep shall abide together, and a little child shall lead them." And lastly we read the emphatic announcement that "the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh together shall see that the mouth of the Lord hath spoken."

The Book of Isaiah may be divided into four general parts and any of the divisions would suggest a theme for the painter. Obviously the limitations of the painter's art would preclude anything broader than a characteristic view of his subject. From the mere feature that we get in the painting, we find the whole countenance reflected with marvelous suggestiveness in the prophet's own writings. The first twelve chapters foretell that the present prosperity of Juda under the reigns of Uzziah and Joathan should be destroyed and that Isreal should be brought to desolation; in them is also announced the birth of the Child, Emmanuel. The second part, from the thirteenth to the twenty-seventh chapters, contains chiefly a collection of utterances, each of which is styled a burden, predicting the doom of Babylon, Philistia, Moab, Ethiopia, Egypt and Tyre. The third division overlaps the last five chapters of the second and extends as far as chapter forty. It forewarns the Assyrian invasion. The last twenty-seven chapters form a separate prophecy distinct from what went before and for that reason criticised by some as to its authenticity. It has for topic the comforting assurance of the deliverance from Babylon by Cyrus; a prediction of the return of Isreal from exile, which is spoken of repeatedly but in such general terms as admit of being applied to the Messianic as well as to the literal restoration; and various practical exhortations founded upon the views of the future already set forth.

The gift of inspiration won for Isaiah his chief renown; yet, if the reading public were more intimately acquainted with his writings, the Evangelical Prophet's ability as an orator and a poet would find wider recognition, would be more fully realized. How many orators to-day could enthuse their people with the eloquence of those highly-wrought passages from verse five, chapter ten, to verse six, chapter twelve, which space economy forbids me to quote? Or what writer in our times can equal the superb rhetoric of that wonderfully picturesque vision displayed in chapter fifty-three, verses one to six? The fourteenth chapter, verses three to twenty-three, is an ode of triumph well worthy of a Milton or a Dantè.

Even the English version contains a stately epic swing, a grand movement of both thought and form that place the chapter among the most poetical passages in all literature.

But Isaiah's genius was not confined to poetry and eloquence. He displays a wide knowledge of civic conditions and a practical judgment for remedying the economic evils of his time. Add to these qualities oratorical skill and an inflexible will, and we have an ideal statesman, which Isaiah certainly was. Powerful in physical proportions and indomitable in courage, he was a man who could stand before a king and utter the most unpleasant truths in the plainest fashion. It was his bold stand for integrity and right living that won for him a martyr's death at the hand of his son-in-law, Manasses the king.

To many an artist has Isaiah appealed as a worthy subject for a model. Each one has treated him differently; still, it is only natural that no two men should form the same conception of one possessing such varied activity. One has him pictured as an Italian poet and another as a French statesman, but it remains for an American to regard him in his true greatness as the orator and the prophet.

In one of his decorative panels—the Jeremiah panel, executed for the Boston Public Library—Sargent, the American painter has given us a conception of Isaiah closer to the reality than has any European. Yet, even Sargent's creation, wonderfully wrought as it is, may hardly be said to be realistic. It does not correspond fully to our historical knowledge of the man. Jeremiah, standing in the foreground of the panel with Isaiah, is made to appear as tall, if not so broad-shouldered and deep-chested, as the son of Amos. We have proof of Isaiah's descent from a powerful line of sturdy kings and we know he was a giant in stature even among his own family. Jeremiah, on the other hand, was frail, delicate, sickly and not above the ordinary in height. The constitutional difference between them is noted by the artist, but not so the disparity in stature. However, this inaccuracy is only of minor importance and may be explained away on the ground

that it was done for artistic effect. But another fault makes Sargent's picture unrealistic and this lapse is too marked to be passed over without reference. The outlines of the face are not those of an Israelite. True, the prominent cheek-bones and the broad forehead are suggestive of his race, but the nose, eyes and mouth are too English, too American, if you will; they are not Hebraic.

If one asks, "Is Sargent's Isaiah the Prophet of the Nativity?" the answer seems foregone. Assuredly he is not. When one has good news to tell, naturally enough, he becomes filled with the spirit of his message. The happiness he is about to impart strikes a responsive chord in his own heart and he is glad. To the Jews laboring under the curse of Adam for centuries there could be no more joyful word than the promise of a Redeemer, the assurance that their heritage would be reopened to them through the birth of a divine Babe. We infer that the confidence and explicitness of Isaiah's prediction would thrill them with renewed hope in the coming of the Messiah, therefore that the prophesy was undoubtedly made with jubilation. It is patent to everyone that the Isaiah of Sargent's fancy does not express this sentiment. The extended arms, bent with the palms of the hands raised to heaven, the head thrown back, the mournful eyes and half-opened mouth, are clearly indicative of sorrow, nay more, of abject woe. Sargent does not picture the prophecy of Israel's liberation. The Isaiah of the American painter is not foretelling the triumph of Juda over her enemies, nor is he recounting the glories of the past; he is the intrepid orator and statesman, proclaiming the utter desolation of the present and predicting the terrible cost of the world's redemption. The expression of the face in the picture is too gracious and too subtly chosen to be translated into words other than the prophet's own: "With desolation shall the earth be laid waste, and it shall be utterly spoiled; for the Lord hath spoken this word. . . . All we like sheep have gone astray, everyone hath turned aside into his own way: and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all!"

Christmas Carols.

LOUIS M. KELLY, '07.



It is now Christmas" writes Nicholas Breton, "and not a cup of drink must go without a carol." Such was the spirit of the olden days, a spirit that is felt no more. With a longing akin to home-hunger we look back at the simple openheartedness of the Christmas customs of our fathers, we hear the echoes of the touching songs of the waits, we gather snatches of Christmas legends that were repeated before the roaring fire; and we wish for more of these songs, more of these legends.

But when we take down the yellow manuscript from our library shelves, and decipher some of these old songs, our hearts are not moved. We do not feel the thrill that our fathers must have felt when these songs were sung in the rude halls. Then we close our book and feel that with the customs we too have changed. These songs are not for us. Their words are caged upon our shelves, but their spirit is away across the fields of snow, singing to great hearts and simple souls.

It is not the song alone that produces all the charm it is the time, the place, the listener. Those who have heard a band of choir boys make holier the holy stillness of a Christmas night by the sweet strains of a Christmas hymn, or those fortunate individuals who in accordance with a beautiful custom have been awakened for the Midnight Mass by the clear tones of a cornet playing the "Adeste Fidelis," have felt something of the heavenly that our ancestors experienced on hearing the sacred carols.

The convivial carol was sung where the delightful odor of the overladen tables urged on or perhaps distracted the youthful singers. But the listeners were so full of joy that irregularities were not noticed. Songs were interrupted by sly laughs beneath the mistletoe, by the shouts of the Lord of Misrule and his motley crew. We must go back to such rejoicings, mingle with the rich and poor, join in singing

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is King of Israel,

(Concluded on page 228.)

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—Years ago men wrote about Christmas, and Christmas joys have been favorite topics for centuries. Men like to write of the

Yuletide, the great log fire and

Christmas the merriment it means. All the

Time world loves Christmas time, and

so on that day all the world rejoices and sends up its praise in resounding hosannas. At Notre Dame the holiday atmosphere begins to exist long before December 25. The rumbling of wagons, the tossing of trunks and the exit of happy students tell one quite [provokingly that Christmas time is here and that home is the place for one on that day. It is a time to be glad, let all the world lay aside its cares, and let it raise its voice in prayer to the New Born King. Let it forget the past and its troubles and turn to the present with its peaceful joys.

Great are the joys and blessings of Christmas, and the SCHOLASTIC wishes everyone, President, Faculty, Teachers; and Students a Merry, Happy Christmas.

So ends the Old Year in peace. It was a year of victories and defeats, a year of struggle and work but it left us on the threshold of a New One, which, let us hope will be one of Peace, Prosperity, and Good Will.

President's Day.

Tuesday was President's Day. Around the College and on the campus, the good feeling and jollity plainly told that it was The Day of the year. In the morning Solemn High Mass was sung, Rev. Father Cavanaugh was celebrant with Fathers Crumley and Maloney as deacons. At noon a banquet was tendered the student body. Throughout the dinner the University Orchestra rendered selections. At 2 o'clock the members of the faculty, the visitors, and the graduates donned in cap and gown, assembled in the University parlors and escorted the President to Washington Hall.

President O'Connell of the '07 class gave the address and in a magnificent effort spoke as follows:

From time immemorial it has been a custom among nations of the earth to establish and observe certain days of the calendar in honor of a character embodying national ideals; days when men acknowledge and pay homage to one of their kind because he stands for something that is best in life, something that appeals to the heart and breeds higher aspirations. These anniversaries serve another purpose in that they afford men an opportunity for reflection and for measuring progress or deterioration.

This custom has been observed not by nations alone, but by all organizations, societies, and institutions; and it is in accordance therewith, and to show our esteem to one who, like his predecessors in the presidential chair of this great University, has identified himself with its work, and who is himself a living example and inspiration to the young men under his care, young men striving for all that is high and noble, that we to-day are celebrating President's Day.

Less than three quarters of a century ago, Notre Dame was but the voice of one crying in the wilderness; to-day, the renown and influence of this University is world-wide. How account for such rapid and marvelous growth? Shall we say that Providence has discriminated and favored Notre Dame in a special way? Truly, we see about us the results of God's protecting care. Her history shows such development and such far-radiating influence that we may not exclude the Providence of God and attribute all to man. And yet in what more forcible manner did or could God give expression to His future plans for Notre Dame than by placing at her helm presidents who have ever put the best energies of heart and brain into directing her upbuilding, and placing her among the leading universities of the land? All her executives without exception have been men of the hour, and herein lies the keynote of her greatness.

As the sun rose on the eastern horizon each morning since 1842, it brought along new and often discouraging problems. Yet, our Presidents' never

for an instant lost heart. They held the steady tenor of their way and guided affairs with unfailing wisdom. This University is filled with students from many lands and teachers trained in diverse fields, both categories being composed of strong and differing personalities. Ours is a University whose President has as many personal charges as there are individuals to demand his attention; one in which a mountain of dull routine business presses on him from morning till night throughout the year, and in which he must direct every channel of activity, assume the personal responsibility of every movement. That, despite these multifarious duties, Notre Dame has always been at peace with herself and has prospered is no small tribute to her executives' ability.

With all their greatness, the presidents of Notre Dame have been simple, sincere men, genial and unaffected. The honors heaped upon them, the national and international fame, coming to them through their position, never for an instant affected their modesty of bearing and genuine humility of spirit. They have always been considerate, approachable men—the companions of their co-workers and the best friends of their students. If they asked much of those around them, they demanded more of themselves. If at times they were obliged to inflict pain, they suffered more than those they punished. And because they had this sympathy and this tenderness of heart the pages of the history of *Alma Mater* teem with deeds of sacrifice and self-denial.

This has been the type of men that Notre Dame has had for presidents; able and active, God-fearing, humanity-loving men. Their magnificent powers would have brought them in other fields the things that men most desire. Their hands the "rod of empire might have swayed."

Their work lives on and multiplies as it lives. The nobility of character, the high ideals, the very personalities of the presidents have been imparted to the students of the University, and when these in battling with the world encounter forces apparently unconquerable they will not yield to despair. The qualities instilled into their lives here will assert themselves, and they, too, will be strong to do and dare.

Yes, to-day is President's Day. You would know it from the joy on every countenance. Utterances of affection, loyalty, and devotion fill the atmosphere; on all sides are evidences of heartfelt joy. The right to set aside a day for honoring the President of the University has been insisted upon with more emphasis this year than ever before. The University to-day ranks among the greatest institutions of the world. It stands pre-eminently for truth, for lofty ideals, for highest and purest Christian education. It stands for that sort of training that makes great nations greater, and noble men nobler. It radiates that power which draws men nearer and nearer to the purpose for which God created them.

The students of 1906 and 1907 recognize that our actual President, like the men who have preceded him, is a man of the hour. He grapples with the problems of to-day as ably as did Sorin with those

of the forties. The questions of to-day are as mighty and present as much discouragement and difficulty as the questions of any period in the institution's history.

And so to-day, Father Cavanaugh, we congratulate you. The past year has been one of new achievement in all directions, of unparalleled victory in competition; a year in which the students of the University have found you their nearest and staunchest friend; a year in which ineffaceable impressions have been made upon the minds of all with whom you have come in contact; a year in which we recognize that your principal aim has been to uplift the souls placed under your paternal care, and urge them on to inspirations higher, to desires more elevating, to lives more noble.

We congratulate you upon Notre Dame's standing to-day, and upon the grand success which has already crowned your labors. We wish you, upon this your day, boundless joy and the fullest measure of God's best gift to man,—true peace of heart. May the success already achieved during your administration be continued and increased from year to year; and may Notre Dame, your University and ours, flourish in triumph as long as endures our republic.

And when the finger of history shall trace the names of Notre Dame's great men upon the marbles of immortality, none shall be higher or deeper than that of Our Friend—Our President, Father John Cavanaugh.

Mr. O'Connell was greeted with great applause. Then came "King for a Day." It starred Mr. Aloysius Dwan, who is famous in dramatic circles at Notre Dame. Dwan ably filled the bill, and was every inch a king. He has great talent and it is to be hoped he will have a chance to show more of his ability soon. Hilton, McElroy and Sorg supported him in a very creditable manner, others to bring forth much favorable comment, were Downing, Von Puhl, A. Dolan and McGurty. Still not a few, but all the players are to be thanked. The production showed much hard labor and care, and reflects great credit on its promoters.

When the play had finished, the Rev. President responded in his own masterful way in the following remarks:

Gentlemen of the University: An ancient custom as well as a just appreciation of the spirit of affection and loyalty manifested to-day imposes on me the grateful duty of saying a formal word to you at the close of these pleasant exercises. Insensible indeed would he be who could fail to be cheered and fortified by such evidences of attachment to the University as have been expressed on your behalf by Mr. O'Connell. The pride you feel in your *Alma Mater* is the best proof that she is worthy of your devotion, and shows that you are worthy sons of her! Conceived in the hearts of saintly men who were at once dreamers of great dreams and doers of heroic deeds, born in the primeval wilder-

ness, nurtured by adversity and cradled in sacrifice this noble old University feels pulsing in her veins today the same exuberant blood that nourished into greatness her infancy and her early youth. Trailing clouds of glory after her as she moves majestic down the decades of her history, crowned with the garlands of conquest and acclaimed with pride and affection by a multitude of loyal sons scattered through every commonwealth of America, she looks clear-eyed and hopeful into the future in the serene confidence that under the blessing of God her course is only beginning and that her greatest triumphs are still to come.

And why should it not be so? The blessing of God, the first condition of success will surely not be wanting to his own work, if we who are but the instruments of His hand, deserve the blessing. The favor of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven, to whom every son of Notre Dame is dedicated, will not be wanting if honesty and courage and truthfulness and purity and piety and sound scholarship shine within these walls, and from these walls radiate through you upon the world. And after the blessing of God one secret of the success of Notre Dame has been in the spirit of enthusiasm and union among the priests, brothers and sisters of Holy Cross. They measured their service with no niggard hand, and the day was not long enough for the labors they were eager to perform. Temptation to discouragement there must have been then as there will always be, but they faltered not. So long as this spirit endures Notre Dame will continue her triumphal course; if the day ever comes when it is lost or diminished, on the evening of that day the sun of our glory will go down beyond the waters of the river. But it will not be lost, and let me repeat: this spirit of enthusiasm and unity and generosity in the service of God is the brightest prophecy for the future.

A third large element in the success of the University has been the splendid devotion of the lay professors associated with us in the apostolate of education. They looked upon their work as a holy vocation: and there is this difference, among others, between a vocation and a profession, that the man is the master of the profession, but a vocation is master of the man. Embrace a profession and no man will chide you if you labor in it only during office hours; embrace a vocation and every hour of your day and every thought of your life ought be given unreservedly to that vocation. The lay professors at Notre Dame have from the beginning looked upon their work as a vocation; some of them are with us today, others now replaced by younger men have passed away and their names are enshrined in grateful memory; courses and departments and schools in the University stand as monuments to their devotedness.

Finally the students of Notre Dame have been a large element in her success. Loyal in word, honorable in action, they have proved to the world that here are planted and nourished the germs of every religious and civic virtue, here are developed systematically all the powers of the mind and soul, here is matured that most admirable product of the great school, the educated Christian gentlemen.

And now let me summon you—priests, brothers, professors, students—to a service which is not only a duty of honor and of gratitude, but an earnest of happiness as well. The only true happiness in human life is to be found in giving either ourselves or our possessions to those who are in need. Power wearies; sensual indulgence burns feverishly for an hour and then

finds its revenge in nervous depression; honor is but a breath too often purchased by subservience, and always paid by unending solicitude. Only one thing abides; the happiness of doing good by bestowing what we are or what we have freely upon others. There can be no doubt about this. Picture to yourself the Autocrat of all the Russias tossing feverishly between the silken sheets, vainly courting the sleep that will not come to him in his turreted castle of stone, though it softly creeps into the thatched cottage of the humblest of his subjects; note the look of fear, of hatred, of jealousy, of malice upon the faces of those who serve him; see how ambition hopes for his death, and how those whom he has most befriended have not an honest tear to shed upon his coffin: and then realize how helpless power is to confer the happiness which the human heart craves. See the profligate reeling home, dizzy with the fumes of wine, his eyes blazing with the excitement of the gambling table, his poor body afire with sensual lusts: see him toss himself upon the couch, where sweet refreshing sleep cannot come to him, though indeed dull stupor may; note the ravages passion and indulgence have wrought upon his body, and be convinced forever that not in nervous sensations, not in unhallowed emotions, not in sensual pleasure lies the happiness for which the human heart craves.

See the Roman General, Belisarius, returning victorious from his great campaigns, riding under triumphal arches amid the acclamations of his people, and then after a brief space, a blind beggar, crouching at the gates of Rome, his eyes burned out with hot irons through the jealousy of a rival; see Napoleon sweeping over Europe at the head of victorious legions and crushing his enemies before him like a very god of war; and a few years later dying a miserable exile on the desert island of St. Helena; see in our own day, Admiral Dewey set upon the highest pinnacle of the temple of honor only to be dashed down the next moment by the same mob that had glorified and acclaimed him; then realize what an empty thing is honor.

Go think of it in silence and alone
And weigh against a grain of sand
the glory of a throne

And so you might continue this meditation indefinitely and always you would come back to the conclusion that the true delight of life comes from bestowing what we are freely upon others. Now the cause which I propose to you is the exaltation and development of this historic university. If she has already accomplished so much good, it is because noble men were ready to cement her foundations with their blood. If she is to develop into greater efficiency it must be through the same processes of devotedness, generosity and sacrifice. Let the enthusiasm of our religious be more and more fiery; let the scholarship of professors grow broader and deeper; let every student realize that the honor of Notre Dame is in his keeping and that the world looks to him—to what he is and says and does, here and away from here—for proof that Notre Dame is capable of rendering true service to God and man, to Church and country.

I need not say that I am profoundly grateful for the all too kind words spoken to me today, for the sweet music discoursed by band and orchestra, and the very meritorious play which we have witnessed. I realize that every harmonious note of the music meant something of sacrifice to professor and student; that every good

point in the play—and there were many good points in the acting of the play—meant the sacrifice of recreation hours, and much patient effort on the part of players and instructors. Religious and professors alike must be grateful that Almighty God has called them to labor in such a promising vineyard; for myself I can only say that the experiences of this day fill me with humiliation and deepen the sense of my unworthiness to be the chief of such a noble body of students.

The Breen Medal Contest.

Edward Francis O'Flynn, '07, on Wednesday evening December 5, for the second time in his college career won the Breen Gold Medal for oratory. Mr. O'Flynn took for his subject "Savonarola Priest and Patriot"—the same oration which won him so much glory in last year's local and state contests.

The program of the evening, consisted in a number of orchestral selections, a piano solo by Joseph Parfirio Gallart, '07, and the four orations of the respective contestants.

Mr. Wesley James Donahue, after a musical number, opened the contest with his oration on "The Patriot Rienzi."

Mr. Donahue needs no introduction as a college orator. His achievement in varsity debating circles for the past two years, qualifies him as a worthy rival, and his excellent showing on this occasion proved him to be a close second to Mr. O'Flynn. A powerful voice full of strength and capable of any range; a knowledge of his subject and an intelligent interpretation makes Mr. Donahue a most formidable adversary in public speaking contest.

Mr. O'Flynn was the next orator on the program. He like Mr. Donahue, has made for himself an enviable reputation in oratory. His handling of the difficult and at times extremely delicate character, Savonarola, drew from the audience a spontaneous outburst of applause at its conclusion, and won for the speaker the admiration of the entire house.

From long experience Mr. O'Flynn has learned the art of oratory. Pleasing gestures, ease of position, a commanding stage presence and a voice with not a little volume to it, together with a manuscript which for purity of selection and concentration of good thought is well nigh unsurpassable, makes in him a polished public orator. Mr. O'Flynn will represent Notre Dame in the state oratorical contest, to be held in Indianapolis early in February.

William Patrick Galligan, Law '10, in his oration championed "The Leader of the Lost Cause," Robert E. Lee.

Mr. Galligan, of southern blood and temperament, was well calculated to stir the audience with his impassionate style and delivery. His treatment of the subject in hand was novel and pleasing and many times the youngster soared into flights of genuine oratory.

The field of opportunity opens wide for Mr. Galligan, a freshman, he has proved himself capable to compete with seniors and we may well predict that before this same southerner has completed his course he will have won added renown in oratory and debating circles.

"Christopher Columbus" was the subject of Francis Collier's oration, which closed the exercises.

The theme was a hard one over which to grow eloquent, and equally difficult to enthuse an audience, in its discussion. But though handicapped in this manner the speaker in his own original way won the attention of his hearers and impressed them more than favorably as a strong talker and an equally strong writer.

Mr. Collier is not a novice at public speaking, but has identified himself with all such movements and has always figured among the leaders in the local contests. He must always be counted, when speaking of Notre Dame orators, and though, this is his last year and his opportunity for winning the medal is passed, yet the world we are sure, will reckon him as we do among the very best.

P. M. MALLOY.

Names of Contestants	Place	Composition Rank			Delivery Rank			Total Rank
		Clark	Ford	Uph. Ford	Clark	Ford		
O'Flynn	1	1	1	1	2	1	7	
Donahue	2	2	2	2	1	2	11	
Collier	3	3	3	4	2	3	18	
Galligan	4	4	4	3	4	2	21	

Bede—McDermott—Reed.

We regret to have to go to press without giving a proper appreciation of the extremely interesting lectures given to the student body by three of America's foremost men. Line by line we followed them, and enjoyable indeed were the hours spent with them. With Bede we laughed and thought, with McDermott we resolved and built up ideals, and with Opie Reed we forgot cares, lived and loved.

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then listen and appreciate the songs, the legends of another day. Jeremy Taylor says: that with the first Christmas day came the first carol, sung by angels, and as soon as these blessed choristers had taught the infant Church a hymn to put into her offices forever, they winged their flight back to heaven.

It was customary in early days for bishops to call together their clergy on the feast of the Nativity and sing the praises of the Christ Child. In this manner, no doubt, many carols were composed. This might also account for the scattering of Latin through the old songs.

Puer nobis natus est de Maria Virgine
Be glad lordynes, be the more or less
I bring you tydinges of gladnesse
As Gabriel me beareth witnesse.

But it was not only the priest and educated man who composed carols, the shepherd, the plowman were made poets by the spirit of the times, and laid claim to their master's hospitality by their simple, picturesque songs. Must not the poet have been a shepherd who sang

As I rode out this endenes night
Of three jolly shepherds I saw a sight
And all about their fold a star shon bright.
They sang terli, terlow,
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow.
About the field they piped full right
Even about the midst of night
Adown from heaven they saw come a light
Tyrle, tyrle
So merrily the shepherds began to blow.

It is worthy of notice that this singer with the true idea of the eastern writer makes the shepherds to blow their pipes all night long. Milton's poetic fancy creates the bleak winteriness of the scene, and indeed the immemorial tradition believes that

It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies.

The whole story of the Nativity might be told by linking together the legendary Christmas carols. Every incident that the pious and loving hearts of the poets could picture has been most touchingly set forth. We are told that

Joseph was an old man
And an old man was he
When he wedded Mary
In the land of Galilee.

Joseph is troubled at Mary's condition and his reproaches as expressed by one singer are to us almost irreverent; but the

angel's message comes, that "of a maid a Child should be born and Joseph feels that he has done Mary wrong."

The journey to Bethany is begun. Incidents happen to them that no doubt had happened to many of the simple folk in their limited travels. The supernatural is joined to the ordinary and we have another Christmas carol. Mary sees a cherry tree and "would fain have thereof," Joseph refuses "with words most unkind," "to pluck those cherries is a work mild." The unborn Saviour directs Mary to go to the tree and the highest branches bow down to her. Joseph is again sorry and fears that he has "offended his God in Trinity". Joseph then urges Mary to "come on to yon city or else we may be blamed, I tell you lightly."

The Three Ships carol, speaks of "Joseph and his fair lady" sailing into Betlehem:

Oh, he did whistle and she did sing
And all the bells on earth did ring
For joy that our Saviour they did bring
On Christmas Day in the morning.

As St. Joseph was walking he heard an angel sing that a child should be born, our heavenly King, but the place should be an ox's stall. He neither shall be clothed in purple, nor shall He be rocked in silver nor in gold, the provender the asses left 'so shall He sleep on.'

The shepherd's hear the song of the angel's choir, and about the stable every angel sang a carol. The moment the Child was born all nature stood still, 'the goats put their mouths to the water but did not drink.' In Herod's Hall a "capon that lyeth in the dish" crows "Christus natus est."

Herod gives orders for the general massacre of the children, and the Holy Family flees to Egypt. The Blessed Virgin being weary must needs sit down to rest and the wild beasts come and worship Jesus. Jesus tells a husbandman

If anyone should come this way
And inquire for Me alone
Tell them that Jesus passed by
As thou thy seed did sow.

But when Herod comes along later and gets this answer, he sees the crop full grown "and ready for the barn again." So these old songs have passed, our streets are no longer trod by the tuneful waits, the boar's head is no longer carried to the table, to the air of a jovial song; but the spirit of these old days is with us, and ever will be with us. As long as man's heart can be touched the echoes of the old carols will waken it, and the presence of the Christ Child will bring forth the wish for a Joyous Christmas.