

their existence, and produces a few exceptional cases to prove the truth of his affirmation. This can scarcely be characterized as the curse of a man either honest in his convictions or desirous of reaching truth. It looks more like a determined attempt to wrong the innocent.

Throughout his whole work Victor Hugo teaches a false morality, and his references to religion and religious persons are not always of the most complimentary kind. He fails to see the

influence of Catholic Christianity upon the evils which he deplors; he knows nothing of the solace it gives to our woes, or of the strength it gives us in supporting adversities. He does not perceive that in Christ we have a most striking example of poverty, quite as great as that of modern times, but, unlike the latter, accompanied by that patience, perseverance, and love of honest toil, qualities so conspicuously absent among the socialists of the present day.

M. F. FALLON, '89.

A JANUARY ADVENTURE.

Cold blew the blast that whistled through the barren branches of the trees of Snowville, early one January morning, as the slowly lifting darkness in the east betokened the dawn of another dull, wintry day; yet at that early hour of this most inclement season of the year, a very close observer might have seen some signs of activity about the principal institution of learning in Snowville. I saw a very close observer, for the movements of the party, — it was composed of four persons — were such as to excite suspicion. They were engaged in bearing various bundles from one of the out-buildings of the college, and hurriedly forcing them into a cab that was in waiting, every few moments glancing up at the windows of the building and up and down the street, as if they feared detection.

At last the task of loading the vehicle was completed, and three of the party forced themselves with difficulty into the cab, while the fourth, a local Jehu, enveloped himself in his furs and mounted to his seat. Down the street dashed the vehicle, the hard, frozen snow groaning under the pressure of the runners. The outskirts of the town were soon reached, and leaving behind the shelter of its houses and the smoothness of its streets, they labored on over the unbroken country roads, the cold north wind blowing directly against them.

Who were they, whither were they journeying? Why this early departure,

and this secrecy? Why did they leave Snowville, itself on the very verge of civilization, and plunge over fields of deep snow into the bleak, almost deserted North, towards a village peopled only by a few hardy farmers, who at this season were "snowed in." Let us peer into the cab while it labors slowly along the almost impassable road; let us attempt to remove the veil of secrecy that overshadows our narrative, and share the adventures of the party. We approach the vehicle and examine the driver.

He is one mass of furs, the only signs of animation he presents are the puffs of vapor, issuing at regular intervals like the exhaust of a miniature steam engine, from a small opening in his coverings. The windows of the cab too, resist our curiosity: the breathing of the inmates has long since coated them with a layer of frost, the thickness of which defies our powers of penetration.

But hold, — curiosity is as strong in the interior of the vehicle as it is on the outside, and what is more for the purpose, it is more efficacious, for one of the travelers has removed the frost from a portion of the window near him, in order, no doubt, that he might lose none of the beauties of the snow wastes through which they were journeying.

We gaze into the cab and what meets our view? Close to our peep-hole we behold the genial, smiling countenance of one of the professors of Snow-