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Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius."

Cardinal Newman, the greatest living master of English prose, has not confined himself entirely to prose composition: he has written many short religious poems. They exhibit his remarkable purity and simplicity of diction and his admirable ease in giving his thoughts a poetic form. His poetry, whether it is due to the embodiment of moral truths or to his excessive love of short Saxon words and expressions, lacks that inner glow of poetic genius which would free it from all prosaic tints. The "Dream of Gerontius," the longest and best poem he has written, would have been sufficient, had he composed no other, to entitle him to a high place among religious poets.

The subject of the poem is peculiar to itself. It is not a mere death-bed scene, which has ever been a fruitful source of pathetic and touching descriptions. The poet does not take us by the hand, like another Virgil, and lead us through Dante's realms of departed souls, there to show us the rewards of virtue or the punishments of vice. Like a pioneer, he breaks new soil; he is the first to steal a glance behind the veil of death and reveal to us, in a sweet and surpassing way, the secret experiences of a soul during the interval between its separation from the body, and the sentence of joy or doom passed upon it before the judgment seat of God. This poem is a preface to the *Divina Commedia*—a guide that takes us across the dark chaos to the adamantine gates of the spirit world. In it are blended in a masterly way the principal dogmas, teachings and beliefs of the Catholic Church. It deprives death of half his horrors, and inflames us with the sacred hope of faring as happily as Gerontius. It incites the reader to a virtuous life, and gives him that purity and elevation of thought which true poetry alone can inspire.

The poem opens with Gerontius at the point of death. He knows that he is about to die, not by his failing breath or cold dampness on his brow, but because he feels that all that gave him life is flowing from his body. His soul is wavering on the brink of death. It has a strange presentiment of a mysterious phantom fluttering in the gloom—an unknown something that has come to summon him away. Oh, what consolation can be greater at our last moment, or relieve us of more of our agony, than the thought of knowing that there are some friends at our side to offer up their prayers and comfort us with their soothing words!

His soul has not yet left its earthly prison. He rallies and excites himself to make good use of the few seconds he still has to live. Inspired with a sense of confidence and unusual love, Gerontius sings a hymn in which he makes a complete profession of faith in all the mysteries, dogmas and beliefs of the Church. With Christian humility he submits to all her teachings, and patiently bears all the pains and trials that God is pleased to send. A strange feeling of ruin and dissolution comes again. A fear pervades his soul as though he were falling, falling from an infinite height; an experience which we may have tasted in a slight degree, when having gone to sleep upon a chair, we dreamt that we were falling off. Not only is Gerontius terrified at the thought of descending into a bottomless abyss, but the presence of an evil form, flapping its mighty wings, and defiling the air with curses, fills him with dread and terror. To the prayers of his assistants he answers a hearty "Amen." At length, wearied with his struggle, he closes his eyes in sleep and

softly, gently like the summer breeze, his spirit leaves the body.

From this point of the poem, Cardinal Newman has left the beaten road, and taken his way through new woods and fields. How clearly and delicately he describes the subtile feelings of the soul! How loving and tender is the care of our guardian angel and how ecstatic a single glimpse of the Beatific Vision! Gerontius wakes from his sleep no longer encased in a cumbersome body, but light and thin as the air itself. He feels his beating pulse no more, nor hears the clock ticking off the fleeting seconds. His soul remembers that it had a dream, and that it heard some one say, "He's gone!" and a priest begin *Subvenite*. At every interval the sounds become fainter and fainter. He doubts whether he be alive or dead. He still has the conviction that each of his senses holds its particular place, but he cannot move hand or foot, although he seems to have the power.

If his soul cannot persuade itself that it is sitting or standing, or find out anything about its state or position, it is certain that it is leaving the earth borne along not by itself, but in the hands of some gentle being. Now he hears a melody and is at a loss to know by which of his senses he receives the tones. He recognizes them as coming from an angel. The hymn of the guardian angel is wonderful for its harmony, sweetness and depth of thought. Gerontius is not terrified because he is clasped by a spirit, but burning with curiosity to find out the reason for many things, he begins a conversation with his heavenly guide, who assures him that he cannot ask a question that will not be gladly answered. The soul is puzzled at the length of time which has elapsed since its departure from earth, and wonders why it is not judged immediately. Emboldened by the reply of the angel, he says:

"I ever had believed
That on the moment when the struggling soul
Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it fell
Under the presence of its God,
There to be judged and sent to its own place.
What lets me now from going to my Lord?"

To this his angel comrade thus replies:

"Thou art not let; but with extremest speed
Art hurrying to the just and holy Judge;
For scarcely art thou disembodied yet.
Divide a moment as men measure time
Into its million-million-millionth part,
Yet even less than that the interval
Since thou didst leave the body, and the priest
Cried *Subvenite*, and they fell to prayer;
Nay scarcely yet have they begun to pray."
"For spirits and men by different standards mete
The less and greater in the flow of time.
. . . . . .
It is thy very energy of thought which keeps thee from thy God."

In what clear, precise and tender words the poet gives his beautiful explanation of time as considered by men and angels!

The soul next inquires why he has no fear at meeting his God whom he used to see as a severe judge even in the Crucifix. Would that we all could receive the same answer as the angel gives!

"It is because
Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost not fear.
Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so
For thee the bitterness of death is passed."

Gerontius and his angelic companion arrive close to the celestial court where a loud uproar greets their ears. It is that of demons bewailing their own lot, and reviling God, who had created man, an inferior being, to fill the places made vacant by their fall. As Gerontius hears the angel, but does not see him, he wonders why he is not given a greater power of perception, and questions whether this shall be granted him after his time of penance is over. Turning to his guide he says:

"When I looked forward to my purgatory,
It ever was my solace to believe,
That, ere I plunged amid the avenging flame,
I had one sight of Him to strengthen me."

The angel then speaks to him of the change he shall undergo when he has the first vision of his Saviour.

"Yes, for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord.
. . . . . .
But thou knowest not, my child,
What thou dost ask: That sight of the Most Fair
Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too."

The soul and its guardian spirit proceed on their way and listen to the songs of angels chanting the praises of Him who took flesh upon Himself to save us. They enter the House of Judgment amid the heavenly choirs singing the glories of God. The angelicals hymn God's mercy to man and our Redemption through His only Son, and before they conclude, they sing of the approaching agonies of the soul that has just arrived. The guardian angel tells Gerontius that, if he should see his God, thou

"Wilt desire
To slink away and hide thee from His sight;
And yet wilt have a longing aye to dwell
Within the beauty of His countenance,
And these two pains so counter and so keen,—
The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not;
The shame of self at thought of seeing Him—
Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory."

How briefly and excellently the poet describes

Purgatory and the nature of the suffering of those who go there.

Gerontius has no fear to expect, and, hurried on by the desire of seeing his God, he reaches the hidden presence of his Judge. Here the echoes of the voices he left on earth penetrate. Here the angel of the agony pleads for him before the just tribunal. This is the most striking thought of the whole poem, and Cardinal Newman has treated it in an impressive manner.

The soul at last sees God, and immediately darts forward with an insatiated energy of love

> "To the dear feet of Emmanuel;
> But, ere it reached them, the keen sanctity
> Which with its effluenee, like a glory, clothes
> And circles round the Crucified, has seized
> And scorched and shrivelled it; and now it lies
> Passive and still before the Awful Throne.
> O happy, suffering soul; for it is safe,
> Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God."

At the same moment that this happy change took place, the soul received its sentence, and then exclaimed:

> "Take me away, and in the lowest deep
> There let me be;
> And there in hope the lone night watches keep,
> Told out for me.
> There, motionless and happy in my pain,
> Lone, not forlorn,—
> There will I sing my sad perpetual strain
> Until the morn;
> . . . . . .
> There will I sing my absent Lord and Love.
> Take me away,
> That sooner I may rise and go above,
> And see Him in the truth of everlasting day."

The Guardian Angel now performs the last act of his duty and gives his precious charge to the angels of Purgatory. After assuring him that "Masses on earth and prayers in Heaven" will shorten his sufferings, the angel thus takes his leave:

> "Farewell, but not forever, brother dear!
> Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
> Swiftly shall pass the night of trial here,
> And I will come and wake thee on the morrow."

Although the metre is at times irregular, and blank verse is made to rhyme—which detracts from its dignity,—still when regarded as a whole, the "Dream of Gerontius" is a great poem. The hymns of the angels are perfect and tender lyrics.

What a prominent part our poor forgotten Guardian Angel plays in our life! He is constantly with us, and after death protects and guides us even to the gates of heaven. The high Christian sentiment and teaching which the poet embodies makes him exalted. The "Dream" may be regarded as an humble expression of his own wish. All the various parts go to make up a symmetrical whole. It shows great breadth of imagination, beauty of thought and conception, and the grasp of a theologian and metaphysician.

Cardinal Newman is elegant, and at times sublime, but he has not that sonorousness of style which characterizes the great poems of Milton. He spares us mere human details. The glassy eye, pallid cheek and bloodless lip has each its feelings of dread and horror for us; but in the "Dream of Gerontius" all this is removed; and, instead of shunning death, we learn to expect it with calm and hopeful resignation.

T. A. G.

The Idyls of the King.

BY J. W. CAVANAUGH, '90.

Alfred Tennyson has enjoyed more of what we term popularity than any poet of equal genius who has sung his songs to English words. Wordsworth had scores of admirers and many imitators, and Byron was responsible for much that was good or bad in literary men for a whole generation. But neither Byron nor Wordsworth was so wanting in foresight as to see in the injudicious praise offered them anything else than marks of their approaching unpopularity. The world is a great, greedy boy with an insatiable appetite for plum-pudding and preserves. When these harmless articles are set before him, his satisfaction knows no bounds; but when he has gorged himself and has begun to feel the effects of his intemperate indulgence, the simple mention of sweetmeats is enough to make him feel intense pain.

Thus it is ever in life. Our nature is so constituted as to be forever yearning for a change in the order of things around us; and this thirst for novelty, which has specially characterized the spirit of the last three centuries, is destined to prove fatal to the reputation of every literary character whose title to public homage is based on no more solid foundation than local prejudice or fleeting passion. If this law of action and reaction is true of ordinary matters; if it is true of religion, which above all else should be dogmatic, how much more evident is it in literature, which acknowledges no other criterion than individual judgment?

But it may be said that a review of our literature offers very many exceptions to this law, and that there are some authors of whom the world never seems to know enough. This is a great truth, and it is precisely those exceptions

which I wish to accentuate here. The history ot literature has yet to produce the first instance of indifference towards a man endowed with divine gift of genius and who has, at the same time, brought the art of pleasing to high state of cultivation. It is an unquestioned fact that both Wordsworth and Byron had genius; but neither Byron nor Wordsworth ever quite succeeded in isolating his private character from his public works. Their poetry is subjective rather than objective, and lacks the most important element of great poetry, which is universal sympathy with the wants of men. There is no getting over the fact that with the exception of a few weak and over-sensitive spirits most men seek in poetry the expression of some great truth, rather than the characterization of a mood or of a passion.

It is to this fact we must look if we are to explain the influence which Tennyson has exercised over his own time, and which bids fair to outlive him by many a generation. His first literary venture was made at an early age and it immediately won him a place among the poets. Christopher North acknowledged his genius in an article which was considered highly complimentary in that period of intemperate criticism, though no young poet of our day would think himself flattered if he were noticed with the same blunt honesty of expression. But his first volume was warmly received, and Tennyson knew then, if never before, that he had genius. He set to work with renewed energy, winning at each step the approval of the best critics, until his last great work, the "Idyls of the King," asserted his claim to a high rank among the greatest poets of our language.

The word "idyl" is from the Greek, and signifies "little pictures of common life." This term was first applied to literature by the artistic writers of the Alexandrian school. Their poetry was bucolic; their dialect, the mellow Doric. They sang of rural sport and sentimental love. Theocritus and Moschus peopled the dales of Sicily with shepherds who were perfect in form, endowed with the highest artistic instincts and free from every restraining influence proposed by the Christian code. They were the Transcendentalists of their day, and their dreamy love-ditties and worldly-wise lyrics breathe an air of sensuous beauty which gave the first impetus to that school of poetry of which Keats and Shelly are the most perfect examples.

A good idyl is one of the rarest, though not the most exquisite, of poems. Its great essential is simplicity of incident coupled with simplicity of narration. The events which go to make it up follow each other without any attempt at plot-making on the part of the author, just as things happen in our every-day life. It must not be of unimpeachable veracity, and its most important artistic requisite consists in perfect expression. But the "Idyls of the King" are not idyls at all. They are not a series of disconnected poems made up of pictures of rural life "on the hillside and in the valley." They form ten cantos of a grand epic extending from the coming of Arthur, when

> "Down the wave,
> And in a flame was borne a naked babe"

to the time of his death and departure in the mysterious barge, surrounded by weeping queens who bear him away

> "To the island valley of Avilion."

During all this period, a certain unity of time is preserved; not, however, the classic unity of the old Grecian epic. The poem opens in the childhood of the year, and it would seem that the laureate intended to make Nature furnish the music for his majestic, sonorous lines, Homeric in their strength. The infant Arthur is ushered into the world in the springtime, while birds are singing and flowers make music for the eye. But as the epic advances and the story nears its final catastrophe, the music and animation of the May-day give place to the sombre stillness of twilight in autumn; and when the sin of Guinevere has wrought the final ruin of the blameless king, the sons of Æolus howl a weird accompaniment through the still midnight hours.

Tennyson took the story of his poem from Sir Thomas Malory's legends of king Arthur—a book usually quoted as the earliest example of classic English prose. Before Malory's own time they had been the common theme of bard and Druid for several centuries. There must have been some foundation for these old legends, for they had taken a strong hold on the early English mind, and were for a long time the chief subjects of the minstrel's song. But when the first hoary Druid-poet had exhausted all that was true of the subject, his more ambitious successors were forced to fall back on their inventive ability; and so these old tales lived on, increasing as the ages swept past, just as Wolf conceived the Homeric poems to have grown, chant by chant, until the time came for the whole to be welded together in heroic form.

The legends of King Arthur had borne an allegorical signification even in the eyes of the early Britons. The mystery of young Arthur's birth; his unwonted strength of arm and firmness of heart; the circumstances of his meeting

with the princess Guinevere; her unholy love for Lancelot, and the deep misfortunes consequent upon it—all these convergent circumstances might suggest an allegory to the dullest spirit. Certain it is that the mystic symbolism of the Arthurian legends stole across the laureate's mind like a fairy vision, and he has painted this vision as only art and genius can. He has transferred to his epic all that was moral and dramatic in the old Arthurian romance, and by the addition of a chapel here and a statue yonder, the narrow legendary walls have stretched away into massive Gothic vaults with their naves and transepts; with golden niches arching over "saints in stone"; with mural paintings of a later date, still fresh and breathing.

Tennyson's epic is the epic of chivalry, not the chivalry of the Middle Ages, tainted as it was with prejudice and passion, but of chivalry as we know it ought to be; of knighthood sanctified by devotion to duty and made solemn by the responsibility of a vocation to purge the world and to elevate the standard of Christian life. For the proper accomplishment of his great task, the laureate has called to his aid all the glamour of a high imagination, the golden mist of fairy spells, fantastic legends and mediæval splendors. Still with all this "pomp and circumstance," Tennyson has reproduced both the letter and the spirit of the legends. It is a well-known fact that Milton himself had long intended to essay an epic on the Arthurian legends, and for many years after the death of the sturdy old Puritan it was customary for critics to lament in doleful strains over the cruel fate which withheld him from the accomplishment of his great purpose. But we who read the "Idyls of the King" know what we would have lost had the blind poet finished his epic. Placed beside Tennyson's epic, Milton's work would seem like Pope's paraphrase of Homer, while the laureate's effort would reflect the original Greek. The fall of Satan and the loss of Paradise might be expressed very well in the anglicised forms of a foreign language; but never the heroic spirit of the legends of King Arthur, born as they were on Saxon soil and breathing an air of rugged art and chivalry, the outgrowth of native English character. The Scotch Highlander looks best in his woollen cap and braided kirtle, and it were a sorry sight, indeed, to dress "Arthur" and the "Knights of the Round Table" in a form so conventional and artificial as the metre of "Paradise Lost."

Taken as a whole, we must deem it a great piece of good fortune that it has fallen to Tennyson's lot to write the Arthurian epic. From the beginning his artistic taste was cultivated with studied care, and no other poet's life has been so consistent as his. His days have been spent in rural haunts amid favorite books and flowery arbors. When in the city he is known only to a few choice spirits who share his love for nature and his quite, secluded habits. He fears the outside world—not so cowardly as Cowper, nor so petulantly as Burns. He sees in the social world only the elements of disorder, and the death of his muse. He has evidently given his whole life to the service of poetry, and in his case we can easily pardon the neglect of social duties. This literary discipline, so rare among great poets, has spared Tennyson all the evils of his predecessors—the short, dreamy life of Keats and Shelly, the passion and violence of Byron, and the failures of Campbell. It has also affected his literary style, which, while very objective in his choice of subjects is nevertheless subjective in his treatment of them.

The first of the "Idyls" is the "Coming of Arthur." It opens with a vivid picture of the court of Leodogran, King of Cameliard, who calls on the young King Arthur to save him from the wild beasts of the forest and the more savage natives of the island. Arthur, who as yet had performed no great feat of arms, heard his petition and marched to his assistance. Leodogran's only daughter, Guinevere, "the fairest of all flesh on earth," stands near the castle walls to see him pass, and the light of her eyes makes the young king a willing captive at her feet. So when he has completed his conquests and has checked the rebellion in his own realms, he hastens to send three of his newly-made knights to the court of King Leodogran to present their royal master's suit for the hand of Guinevere. This leads to a long discussion on the birth and parentage of Arthur. But Queen Bellicent of Orkney settles all doubt by making known the secrets of Arthur's ancestry, and Leodogran having given his consent, Arthur sends Sir Lancelot, whom of all his knights he loved and honored most, to lead the stately Guinevere to his court. They were married on a lovely May morning, and Arthur started forthwith on his mission to purge the world. Thus ends the first canto.

Gareth and Lynette is the second idyl. Gareth is a heroic youth whose thoughts and actions are as spontaneous as an April shower. He has learned the story of Arthur's life, and the puissance of the "Knights of the Round Table" has been the subject of his constant thought. He sets out for Arthur's court under severe strictures imposed by his mother who hopes thereby to win him from his resolve. But Gareth, though

a prince, consents to keep his name secret and to serve as a kitchen servant "for a year and a day," if only he may enter Arthur's army at the end of that time. He enters the service of the king; but his mother, who has come to regret her harsh demands on seeing that they could not move Gareth from his purpose, sends to release him from his promise and to recommend him to Arthur himself. At his own request he is knighted, and soon sallies forth on his first quest. He subdues his monstrous foes, and ends by marrying Lynette who has hitherto regarded him as a poor kitchen servant rather than a knight of Arthur's court.

To some this may seem a weak and singular outline for the canto of a great epic; but when one considers the symbolic meaning of this idyl, and calls to mind the wealth of thought and exquisite expression which circles round this simple plot, one cannot help feeling that this second idyl deserves high rank among the purest and noblest poetry of any language.

"Geraint and Enid" comes next. Enid is a heroine of Griselda type, and endures the unpleasant whims of her husband who misunderstands a few chance words murmured at his side, and who therefore doubts his wife's fidelity. There is more epic incident in this idyl than in any of the others; and its lengthy and interesting digressions cannot fail to remind every student of Homer of those exquisite turns in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" in which the poet goes back to tell the history of a warrior's shield, or to trace the ancestry of a hero. Throughout this canto the allegory is steadily continued, and here, more than anywhere else in the "Idyls," do we find the perfection of that strong rugged Saxon, which an American essayist has styled "a stern and dreadful language."

In "Merlin and Vivien" Tennyson has performed the double task of continuing in the epic strain and of making, at the same time, a deep and subtle analysis of human nature. The allegory is more evident in this than in any other of the Idyls, and no reader will appreciate this poem who does not consider its mystic meaning. Many of the critics who reviewed the Idyls on their first appearance, failed to perceive the symbolism which pervades them, and therefore could never understand why the sage Merlin (Human learning) was eventually overcome by the wily Vivien (Sensuality). Indeed the entire canto well illustrates the error into which the priests of modern culture fall when they would substitute the effects of refinement and intellectuality for the moral influences of Religion.

We owe the next Idyl entirely to the inventive genius of the laureate. The Arthurian legends do not contain the slightest foundation for "Lancelot and Elaine," but Tennyson knew that the tender pathos of this charming poem would form a pleasing transition from "Vivien" to the story of the Holy Grail. Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat," breathes an atmosphere as pure as the wintry starlight. From her earliest years she has heard of Lancelot's prowess, and some slight mark of his favor has captivated her heart. She begins to love him utterly, hopelessly—just as the wild-flower might love the breeze which fans it, and then passes away and leaves it forever. Lancelot pities where he cannot love; but the lily maid droops and dies. Then comes the pathetic picture of the funeral barge and the touching scene at the castle of Camelot.

Some time before the publication of the Idyls, Tennyson furnished us with a portrait of Sir Galahad, as he rode on in stainless purity of heart, and of Agnes, his soul's sister, praying in her snow-covered convent:

> "Make thou my spirit pure and clear
> As are the frosty skies,
> Or this first snowdrop of the year
> That in my bosom lies."

In the quest of the Holy Grail the laureate has shown us these characters in action, and there is no other poem in our language which presents such a series of bright and lively images compressed into such little space. "Pelleas and Ettarre" and "The Last Tournament" are upon the lower level of "Gareth and Lynette," but they contain, nevertheless, many elevating passages.

The poet of "Enoch Arden" is easily evident in "Guinevere." In this canto Tennyson affords us the first glimpse of the dramatic power which has since produced "Queen Mary" and "Harold," and which for a long time lay slumbering, almost smothered by the laureate's solitary life. There is more of the tragic element and of true passion in this idyl than in any other bit of literature which this century has produced, and the manner in which Tennyson has managed the final interview between Arthur and the Queen has ever been the despair of modern play wrights.

The last and the greatest of the Idyls is the "Passing of Arthur." The sin of Guinevere has wrought the worst of its evil effects, and the blameless king, wounded and sick at heart, is borne from the battlefield to die—no, not to die, but to pass out of sight for a time, and then to return and rule again. His one remaining knight

bears him slowly to the lake; the dusky funeral barge appears, and the three mystic Queens receive Arthur on its crowded decks. Then comes the king's magnificent farewell speech, "the soul of all Homer"; the crystallization of the poetic genius; the most exalted passage of a poet noble always, but noblest when he sings of honor, purity and truth. The mystic barge moves off, and the canto is concluded.

There can be no true work of art without moral beauty, and Tennyson's epic is a work of art. But the moral beauty of the Idyls is to be found rather in the pervading tone of heroic simplicity and magnanimity than in the actual events. The plot of these poems is the simple evergreen round which the laureate has hung a thousand glinting jewels—his own "million emeralds," breaking from "the ruby-budded lime." He has adorned the old legends with a profusion of chaste imagery and pure diction, and has passed beyond the limits of his art in vivid word-painting and sustained perfection of expression. The Idyls rank first as vigorous, unaffected English, and are the most racy and heroic poems in our language.

Tennyson owned to Wordsworth the amount of his indebtedness, but it is quite certain that he was influenced as much by Theocritus and other writers of the same school. We know that he shared the Greek passion for form, and, indeed, it is to this circumstance that we owe the exquisite symmetry and sense of harmony which form the chief beauty of the "Idyls of the King."

Books to be Read.

The following is an extract from Professor Egan's last lecture, "Literature as a Profession," delivered at St. Mary's on June 4:

"I have been asked to give a list of books of which every student of literature should make the first scaffold for a perfect structure. The list I give should be, rather, the first few boards in such a scaffold. No book should be read without a purpose, nor should any book read with a purpose be read only once.

"First, I name Isaias and Job, the greatest poems ever written; the Parables of Our Lord; then 'The Imitation of Christ,' not that by Tauler, but the famous one by Thomas à Kempis—a masterpiece which infidels and Christians alike join in praising,—a book which was the favorite alike of George Eliot and of Father Damien. Dante I do not recommend at first. A taste for him must be acquired. It does not come by nature. But avoid the vulgar and common error of talking as if you knew him simply because you have read about him. Cant and insincerity are the worst enemies of healthy mental growth.

"Then, to learn how grandly and how gracefully words can be used, take the battle of the angels in 'Paradise Lost' and 'Il Penseroso' of Milton. Read critically 'Hamlet' and 'The Merchant of Venice,' in Hudson's edition, so that you may not be offended by the licenses—few, let us thank God!—which Shakspeare sometimes permits. For a knowledge of literary technical principles, read Herbert Spencer's 'Philosophy of Style'; for color in style, Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice'; for a knowledge of words, Richard Grant White's 'Words and Their Uses,'—keep this near a good dictionary always on your desk; for simplicity, Cardinal Newman's 'Characteristics' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield'; for strength and clearness, 'Rasselas,' by Dr. Johnson.

"Of modern poems, read carefully 'The Dream of Gerontius' by Cardinal Newman and as many of his poems as you can get; Tennyson's 'Elaine,' 'Enid,' 'The Passing of Arthur,' and Longfellow's 'Evangeline.' Let me also recommend for prose, Philip Gilbert Hamerton's 'Thoughts About Art,'—especially the chapter on word-painting.

"For novels: 'Undine,' by De la Motte Fouqué, 'Fabiola,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Virginians,' 'David Copperfield,' Miss Austen's 'Pride and Prejudice,' 'A Child of Mary' and 'Morton House,' by Christian Reid,—for the plot and general treatment; 'Lorna Doone,' by Blackmore, 'Dion and the Sibyls,' 'Narka,' by Kathleen O'Meara, 'A Modern Instance,' by W. D. Howells, as an example of the very modern novel; 'Ben Hur,' with special attention to the dramatic interest, and the way in which it is worked up, notably in the chariot race and the healing of the lepers: and that is all for the present.

"If you read the books I have named during the coming vacation,—or only three or four of them,—you will have begun to acquire a good literary taste,—the next needful thing to the possession of good literary morals."

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—*Cicero.*

SPEAK well of your friends—of your enemies say nothing.

HE is a great man who can sacrifice everything and say nothing.

GOD meant you to be glad and joyous; religion is not a hindrance but a help to that.

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—Owing to an oversight Mr. Cauthorn's original poetry in his essay, printed last week, was put in quotation marks, which is a proof that the printer considered it unusually good.

—Leonard Scott's publications are fac-similes of the English reviews and magazines. The current *Edinburgh Review's* "Old Age of Gœthe" is a remarkable article. *Blackwood's* is up to the usual standard.

A Letter from Very Rev. Father General.

Very Rev. Father General Sorin writes to the Rev. Editor of the *Ave Maria* speaking of an audience with the Holy Father with which he was favored on the 28th ult. His Holiness was pleased to bestow the Apostolic Benediction and most precious spiritual favors—a plenary indulgence on the usual conditions—upon all connected with the publications of Notre Dame—as editors, contributors and subscribers,—as well as the other periodicals published by the Congregation. After speaking of this precious favor, Father General concludes as follows:

"As you may see by the above, I have not forgotten you nor your pious associates, when kneeling at the feet of His Holiness. You will be surprised, I am sure, at such a rich grant of a Plenary Indulgence to so many dear souls. I could scarcely trust my ears, when I heard the Holy Father solemnly declare that he granted a Plenary Indulgence to each and all I had recommended. He blessed most lovingly our whole Congregation with all its undertakings. He cordially congratulated me upon my happy residence in America. What a joy, he added, what a blessing for you, to be in America, to work in full freedom for the salvation of souls! . . . What a rich treat was this precious audience, solicited only a few hours before! "Your devoted

"E. SORIN, C. S. C."

Literature in the Legal Profession.

BY D. E. DWYER (*Lit.*), '89.

While we may not admit the truth of, nor the didactical value frequently ascribed to the philosophy running through the doleful *dicta* of Thomas Carlyle, yet we must concede that this apostle of systematized cynicism voiced a grand sentiment when no later that 1829, in his essay on Voltaire, he said:

"Could ambition always choose its own path, and were will in human undertakings synonomous with faculty, all truly ambitious men would be men of letters."

And it was the brilliant Mr. Burke who said, in speaking of a friend:

"He was wed to the law which is in my opinion, one of the first and ablest of human sciences; a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all other kinds of learning put together, but which is not apt, save in persons very happily born, to open and liberalize the mind in the same proportion; and it is because of the fact that the study and practice of the profession tend to a narrowing of the mind that it must be broadened and catholicized by less artificial thought; for you shall soon cease to know Hercules by his foot, if it be kept cramped and bandaged like that of a Chinese woman."

These few lines from the great Burke contain a mint of truth. Scholar, statesman and lawyer as he was, he well knew the evil effects of divorcing literature from law. We must not judge from this, however, that the lawyer who neglects letters may not attain to professional eminence; but that success—and particularly that exalted measure of success that is sought by him who is truly wedded to his profession—is best attained by an intimate knowledge of the classics in polite literature.

To be sure, men of great genius and extraordinary talent have, from time to time, adopted the profession of the law, and attained to considerable eminence therein—and this without either a penchant for, or an extensive knowledge of literature. But until the end of all time, if history repeats itself, nature will continue to be lavish of her gifts to individuals, who will thereby be enabled to surmount all obstacles and overcome difficulties and disadvantages without recourse to the fountains of knowledge to which the young practitioner must resort for assistance. But these isolated instances cannot affect the general rule.

In no profession is the demand for a thorough education and varied scholastic attainments so great, so crucially exacting, as in that of law. And it may always be accepted as a postulate that the lawyer who in his habit of study is content to wade in the shallows of mere professional rule and formulæ, will never swim in the depths beyond. If mere rule and practice be the extent of his knowledge he can never hope to aspire to form, and seldom expect to be able to comprehend arguments drawn from the spirit of the law, or the natural foundation of justice. He can never get beyond the *ita lex scripta est.* In time he will have become a mental dwarf, a professional groove-runner; and in his vain endeavors to reach the head of the profession, he will struggle painfully on—the young man of aspiration rather than inspiration. A mere legal tyro all his life, the elevated degree of success which he had hoped to obtain will always be to him

"A hope, a love,
Still longed for; never seen."

The harmful effects of neglecting literature in the study of the law is more especially true of the lawyer who seeks legal spurs as an advocate; for when it becomes necessary to extol

or rebuke, to moralize or rhapsodize, as occasion may demand, his memory must be laden with the rich spoils and full sheaves, which are only obtained by frequent incursions into the realms of polite literature.

That the profession has deteriorated greatly in the past fifty decades is obvious to an observer. The cause of this can be readily traced. In the time of Lord Mansfield the neighborhood of the Inns of Court were chosen as the headquarters of the men of letters. Steele dates all the papers of his "Tatler" that have reference to literary discussion from the historic Will's Coffee House or the Grecian. Both of these famous resorts were situated in the immediate vicinity of the Inns—the Grecian being at the very gate of the Temple. Dick's, Searle's and other coffee houses which were at that time the haunts of all literary men formed a cluster around the Inns of Court. The theatre stood in Lincoln's Inn-Field, and was then a place of amusement of a far higher character than will be our modern home of the drama if the Langtreys, Potters and Bellews are permitted to continue in their notorious and shameful efforts to hold the boards as representatives of true histrionic art. But pardon the digression.

This almost enforced contact with men of learning and the theatre tended to produce a taste for literature and the drama, and contributed largely to expand the minds, refine the manners, and counteract the tendency of the bar toward the narrowing influence of the rule and routine of the Inns.

Murray, Thurlow and Erskine lived familiarly with the wits—and wit meant culture in those days; and Romilly and Shephard tell us that they deemed it a duty to blend literary and political with legal studies.

Lord Grenville once remarked that he liked dining in company with lawyers because he then felt sure that some good topic would be rationally discussed. However, were this worthy gentleman living at present, we cannot but doubt that he would many times be disappointed at the flow of wit and wisdom emanating from his legal companions at the dinner table.

At this time the number of reports was few, and it was really possible for a man of average ability to cover the whole ground of past precedents. The vast monotonous labyrinth of technical learning, through whose thoroughfares aspirants for legal honors must now laboriously tread, and the thousands of State and Federal reports containing an almost interminable series of decisions, with which the successful lawyer must now become familiar, were not then in existence. To the attempts of the profession to gain a knowledge of this vast mass of principles and rules, which must, of necessity, leave but little or no time for the cultivation of belles-lettres, must be attributed their almost utter neglect of literature. To obtain even a bird's-eye view of this maze of legal truths is every day becoming more difficult.

The modern tendency of the lawyer to select some special branch or ramification of our complicated system of laws,—now made unwieldy and unmanageable from multiplicity,—and perfect himself in his chosen specialty, will tend toward a narrowing of the now widened breach between the legal science and the humanities. And if the profession would continue to exercise the influence, public and political, that it has in the past, such a result must soon be brought about. Willing ears should cease to give audience to the shallow-pated mountebank, who argues that those who enter the holy state with Themis should discontinue even a casual flirtation with the beautiful ladies of Parnassus.

We owe the basis of our law to the Roman, law and neither the Common law of England, the German law or the Code Napoleon would be possible without it. The prosperous practitioner dealing with constitutional, political and international questions of great importance cannot afford to be ignorant of the source and evolution of our present law system; and not only should he know the bare historical facts, but the reason of them.

Petere fontes quam sectari rivulos is an excellent maxim for a lawyer; but the modern attorney does not deal with anything that savors of antiquity. The ancient classics, the eloquent speeches of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, find no favor in his eyes.

Besides this strictly utilitarian view of the value of a close alliance between law and literature, we might consider such a union in an ornamental light. To the members of all professions and trades literature is a great factor in life. But probably no one class of men, save the profession from which the literature itself emanates, is capable of appreciating more thoroughly and extracting more pleasure from good literature than the Knights of the Green Bag. They can bear testimony to the truth contained in Cowper's lines:

> "Absence of occupation is not rest,
> A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed";

and when wearied from the cares and vexations of professional duty, they turn to their favorite authors and in them find an agreeable relaxation from toil, and true satisfaction and pleasure. To the cultured lawyer the dead years teem rich with aromatic memories and traditions of such brilliant and widely known *literati* as Butler, Burke, Erskine, Choate, Webster, and a host of others.

Happily for the profession, the time now seems to have passed when the young man who has done a winter's chores for some camel-backed Justice of the Peace, and whose sole capital is an acquaintance with the "three R's," a good moral character and a gorgeous tin sign, is granted letters of marque and reprisal to prey upon unsuspecting clients. And even though, *per misericordiam*, this privilege be granted him, he will remain among that vast horde of nameless lawyers like the Manes upon the banks of

the Styx, waiting wearily for a passage over the river.

"Where are your books? that light bequeathed
To beings else forlorn and blind;
Up, up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind."

The St. Cecilians' Banquet.

The day has come and gone, and the St. Cecilians breathe easier. For months the members of that leading Junior society have looked forward with impatience to this crowning event of the labors of the year, and now that they have enjoyed to the full the banquet so long expected, they will look back upon the occasion as one of the many happy memories of Notre Dame. The affair was a success in every particular; and that it was so is, above all, due to the untiring efforts of Rev. Father Morrissey.

But though joy prevailed, yet throughout the festivities there was an air of subdued sadness, for none there could forget that the genial face of one who for many and many a year passed had presided at these reunions was missing at the banquet. The manifold, rich and tasteful decorations of the hall bore testimony to the glad spirit with which the St. Cecilians held their annual assembly, and sought to do honor to their distinguished guest; but more eloquently than words spoke the draped portrait of their lamented President, surrounded by the statues of those blessed of Heaven, whom he had ever held forth as the models and guides of youth. In view of this, the eulogy, by Mr. E. Berry, of that polished scholar and whole-souled gentleman, Professor J. A. Lyons, was timely and appropriate; and hereafter the St. Cecilians' festal day will receive added importance from the fact that in a sense it commemorates the loving labors of the founder of their Society.

By four o'clock p. m., the Cecilians together with their invited guests, consisting of the officers of the various societies, and a number from the city, had assembled in the Juniors' refectory. The banquet was particularly notable as being given in honor of Bishop Keane, who was then a most welcome visitor at Notre Dame. When justice had been done to the elaborate *menu*, Father Morrissey announced Mr. R. C. Newton, '89, as toast master, and the latter proposed the various toasts in an impressive and acceptable manner. The following is a list of the toasts and summary of the responses:

OUR HOLY FATHER—The fearless teacher of a proud age—and his children the Hierarchy of the United States, the fruits of whose labors we behold in so many schools of piety and learning, so many excellent books and periodicals and so many zealous preachers of eternal truth.

Response by Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop said that if he were at a loss to know what to answer to this toast, surely all hesitation would have been removed by the words they had just heard. The Pope had been spoken of as a fearless teacher to a proud age, and nothing could be said that would better picture the character, the aims and the words of Leo XIII. In the midst of a world that is full of change Leo XIII stands the representative of the unchangeable. When Leo XIII acts he is the representative of God on earth, and he may be rightly called the father of light to our religion, and well does he realize that prophetic name. Leo XIII was especially interested in the establishment of the great Catholic University which is to shed the rays of God's light to the very ends of our beloved country. God's light manifests itself in His works. Man is placed between God and Nature. God's light enters into the intelligence of man to make his life an honor to nature and himself. He congratulated his young hearers on the privileges they enjoyed in this great institution. They had great privileges, but correspondingly great were their responsibilities.

OUR DISTINGUISHED GUEST—Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane—His friendship is an honor which the Cecilians appreciate and of which it shall be their grand aim never to show themselves undeserving. May his untiring zeal in the cause of Higher Education be rewarded with the highest measure of success. May he be blessed with health and length of days to enjoy the realization of his brightest anticipations in the Catholic University of America with whose direction he has been worthily entrusted.

Response by Rev. President Walsh.

It was unnecessary to say that it afforded all much more than ordinary pleasure to see in their midst their distinguished guest, Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane. The honor which he did the Cecilians was one which they might justly prize as one of the highest privileges with which the society had ever been favored. He would say for them that during the year now drawing to a close they have certainly done what was in their power to show themselves not undeserving of the regard which his presence showed that he felt for them. The words with which he encouraged them to undertake the labors of the year have rung in their ears, and one of their dearest hopes will be realized if their honors and class distinctions are received on Commencement Day from the hand of the prelate to whom they take pleasure in ascribing the credit of much of the success of the year.

In any work in which Bishop Keane may engage the earnest sympathy and the cordial co-operation of all at Notre Dame, students and Faculty, are assured to him in advance. But in the great task which in obedience to the call of the hierarchy he has undertaken, and in which his efforts have already achieved such gratifying results—the pledge, we all hope, of the great and lasting success which awaits them in the future—there are special reasons why our warmest wishes should go out, and our most fervent prayers be offered up for his success. The Catholic University of America is a work to which no one who has at heart either the advancement of knowledge or the welfare of religion can afford to be indifferent. It is a work in

which none but the narrow-minded can see possible rivalry with any other work already in existence; it is intended fittingly to crown the educational structure, the foundations of which, thanks to the earnest and devoted labors of bishops, priests and religious orders have been laid so deep and strong since the Church obtained a foothold on this Continent of ours? It will prove to the world that the highest intellectual culture can find no securer basis than the humblest submission to the teachings of Christianity; to an age more than half inclined to believe in an irrepressible conflict between science and religion it will prove that the cause of true knowledge has to-day, as a thousand years ago, no more stalwart champion than that grand old Church which seized the torch of science when about to be extinguished—which, unaided and alone, kept it alive when all about was darkness and gloom. Is it too much to say that every lover of knowledge, and every friend of American liberty, wishes its rector a fervent God speed at the outset of his labors. That Heaven may spare him to enjoy some of the fruits of the tree which he has planted with such labor and pains—such was the hope and prayer with which Notre Dame greeted him.

ALMA MATER AND THE VENERABLE FOUNDER OF THIS OUR UNIVERSITY. Our hearts are with him on his journeyings—his labors for the sake of truth and virtue. May he return in safety to this haven of rest, this home of piety and learning, founded by his zeal and ornamented by his devotion!

Response by Prof. Maurice F. Egan.

Professor Egan said that he appreciated the honor done him by the St. Cecilians in asking him to respond to this toast,—to represent an establishment of so wonderful a past, so splendid a present, and so glorious a future as the University of Notre Dame. There was only one sad thought in all the cheerfulness suggested by the happy occasion: it was caused by the absence of one whom all Cecilians keep in their hearts and remember in their prayers, —the lamented Professor Lyons. "When he is forgotten, our praise or our blame shall have become so heartless as to be worthless.

"In our time and in our country when materialism,—the desire for wealth, the greed of office for profit, the rush for pleasure—seems to be possessing the world, it is necessary that the spiritual and the intellectual should be opposed with all their force to the sensual and unintellectual. It is necessary, because no nation and no man can live by bread alone; no nation and no man have ever attained greatness by the pursuit of the things of earth: therefore to be religious is to be patriotic; to be moral is to be loyal to the best interests of our country, and to be cultivated is to make it possible that men great in the highest sense shall be known and praised.

"The venerable Founder of this University, has raised aloft the symbol of the Incarnation of Christ over a land which might easily forget higher things in its busy pursuit of material prosperity. He has asserted the right of the spirit; he has claimed the prerogatives of the mind; he has reiterated the doctrine of Christ, the doctrine of self-sacrifice; he has shown to this great Western World that there still exists in men to-day the spirit of the Middle Ages,—the spirit of Peter the Hermit, of St. Francis d'Assisi, of St. Bernard.

"Its glowing dome, its works of art, its constant striving after the ideal, throw back the lie in the face of those who assert that there can be no union between the Catholic Church and modern progress. This University is an example of the synthesis of the doctrines of Christ with the spirit of American institutions—the spirit of the Magna Charta.

"And, to crown all, God has so blessed this work as to give the direction of it to a President who unites the best traditions of the Old World with the vigor of the new."

OUR COUNTRY—Unrivalled in energy, blessed in its institutions—may it hold its place as the greatest republic the world ever saw, until all nations be blotted from the earth.

In response to this toast, Prof. Hoynes spoke substantially as follows:

"Government is essential to the preservation of rights and the well-being of mankind. In a state of nature, where all is chaos and anarchy individual force dominates. A man may protect his own according only to the measure of courage and physical strength given him by the Creator....

"Government is established with a view to securing equality of rights and justice. To it is transferred the power that men have in a state of nature to punish those who offer them violence or do them wrong. They surrender that power, together with many of their natural rights, in order that it may be exercised effectively and impartially. Under law the dwarf is as secure in the enjoyment of his possessions and the exercise of his rights as the giant—the rights of the young and old, the sick and lame, the poor and feeble, are as carefully protected as those of the strong and active, the healthy and powerful, the rich and influential....

"It may be repeated that government is essential to the preservation of the rights and well-being of mankind—the better it is the happier are the people. The truer it is in adherence to the principles of justice, the greater its prosperity, the more substantial its progress, and the stronger it stands before the world; while the more secure its people are in the enjoyment of their possessions and the exercise of their rights.

"By that test may I not ask: Where in all the world is there a government better or more just than our own? As men passed from the state of nature into the civilizing consciousness of right and justice that demanded the establishment of government, so passed the original colonies into States; and as States they passed into the Confederation, and then into the Union under the Federal Government. This they did as an act essential to the purposes of their creation. To the central government they transferred certain rights and powers to be exclusively exercised by it, as did men in establishing and becoming subject to government. And how simple and yet symmetrical and perfect is the government thus formed and acknowledged by the States! We have its germ in the public meeting. We have its type in the common council of the city. We have its model in the State government. All are complementary to one another.

"Compass its walls,
With solemn pomp your eyes quite round it cast,
And see if there you find one stone misplaced."

"Of the government here established every lover of liberty may well be proud. Here the law is sincerely respected, and yet nowhere is it more powerful to give

effect to its mandates. Order everywhere prevails. Standing armies and great navies are unnecessary for its defense. Personal security is assured, property protected, and industry encouraged. Labor is deemed honorable in every field of enterprise, and its acquisitions are carefully protected by law and statute; the promise of individual competence is held out to all who honestly and earnestly engage in any useful calling or pursuit.

"At best life is attended with many difficulties, and it is ordained that man shall live by labor; but it may safely be said that no country presents brighter prospects for life than our own. Here God has given man greatest opportunities and raised him to the capacity of highest possibilities. How great and grand, progressive and prosperous, this glorious Republic appears, with her forty-two shining stars, in the constellation of nations! How she has led in the march of freedom! How she has inspired the hopes of the oppressed and lowly in every zone and longitude! First to recognize the sovereignty of the people, her course has dimmed the lustre of every throne. She has enlarged the sphere of popular rights in other lands. She has received and fed the hungry and given homes to the oppressed. She offers liberal education to those who thirst for it and seek to drink at the fountain of knowledge. Incomparable in the elements of strength and greatness, she stands forth among the nations in the splendor of mighty power—in the attractiveness of transcendent beauty.

"Cordially I join in the sentiment expessed in your patriotic toast. Long endure this great and glorious government! May it live forever!

"'Sail on, O Ship of State,
Sail on, O Union, strong and great;
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What banners rang, what anvils eat
In what a forge and what a heat.
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.'"

OUR LATE LAMENTED PRESIDENT, PROFESSOR J. A. LYONS—May the memory of his great, self-sacrificing labors long serve as a model for our imitation.

"Green be the turf above him,
Friend of our happier days;
None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

Response by Mr. Elmo Berry, '90:

"While enjoying the festivities of this memorable occasion, we should pause for a few minutes to pay a tribute of a few humble words of honor and love to the memory of one who no longer brightens our annual banquets with his cheerful face; who no longer bids us welcome and good cheer with his frank and generous smile—one who is doubly dear to us as St. Cecilians, but who is now sleeping his last sleep beneath the green sward, the emerald leaves and the blue of Nature's dome—the late and lamented PROF. JOSEPH A. LYONS.

"Nearly a year has rolled away, with its sorrows and pleasures, since he bade us a long and a last farewell and took his place in the ranks of the elect; again we meet in these classic halls to enjoy the bounties of nature and the happiest time of the closing scholastic year; but in the chain of our joys and festivities this link is missing. And it is with the promptings of a grateful friendship and cherished love that I, in behalf of my fellow St. Cecilians, endeavor to pay him an humble but sincere tribute of remembrance and affection. (The speaker depicted the noble career of the departed Professor, paying an eloquent tribute to his many noble qualities of mind and heart, and concluded as follows:)

"The name of the St. Cecilians and Philopatrians are inseparable from his—they are synonymous. He was ever seeking for opportunities to make us happy; he never tired of working for our advantage and advancement; and now that he has passed from our midst—now that he has left behind him a name, a memory, unsullied and unquestionable—let us guard it as a part of our inheritance; let us go forth through life with it in our hearts, a treasure of our happy school days. . . . He has gone, but his memory lives—a monument to a true, loving and Christian man."

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Among those present at the banquet were: Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, Rector of the new American Catholic University, Very Rev. Provincial Corby, Rev. President Walsh, Rev. Fathers Zahm, Morrissey, Fitte; Hagerty, of South Bend, Oechtering, of Mishawaka; Prof. T. E. Howard, L. G. Tong, T. M. Howard, W. McDonald, of the *Times*, J. N. Fasset, of the *Tribune* A. Jones, South Bend, J. B. Scherrer, Denver, and other invited guests and members of the Faculty.

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The exercises concluded with the mystic ceremony of the "Cake and Ring." Master Fred Chute was the lucky finder of the ring, and was proclaimed King of the feast. The banqueters then adjourned to the parlors, all declaring the celebration a right royal one and such as Cecilians alone can give. B.

Local Items.

—Ho for Commencement!

—Buffalo Bill is now "*Guillaume le Bufle.*"

—In honor of Bishop Keane the students enjoyed "rec" Tuesday afternoon.

—Companies "B" and "C" failed to pay their expected visit to the Farm last week.

—"Tin cint cumpony D" had an enthusiastic drill last Sunday—no spectators.

—The officers of the various Senior societies attended the St. Cecilia banquet last Thursday.

—Last Sunday being an auspicious day, many new and "nobby" spring suits were on dress parade.

—Through a grave mistake Master F. Chute's name was omitted on the St. Cecilians' Banquet invitation.

—The Graduates were examined last Tuesday, and we understand acquitted themselves very creditably.

—The Chicago delegation of "old boys"—one hundred strong—are coming by special train, *via* the Grand Trunk.

—Master F. Krembs won the first competitive drill for the medal in Co. "B." Master J. Ayers winning in Co. "C."

—It is reported that some of the students

packed their trunks last week. Of course they reserved their text-books.

—Masters F. Krembs, C. Schillo and N. Hartman won the three competitive drills for the medal in Company "B."

—The South Bend sporting club paid the College a flying visit last Monday evening, they did not stay, but "kept a rolling."

—Charles Cavanaugh has won the medal for best drilled private in Company "A," H. L. G., by winning two successive competitive drills.

—FOUND.—A watch chain; owner can have the same by applying to the Prefect of Senior department, and giving description. . . . A——.

—Thanks to the Senior Prefects, the students of that department have enjoyed several excursions into the country and around the lake during the past week.

—A special number of the SCHOLASTIC will be issued on Commencement Day. It will contain the List of Premiums and Prizes awarded and other good things.

—The Senior Base-ball Association returns thanks to Messrs. Singler & Creviston, one of South Bend's most enterprising firms, for the donation of a handsome gold medal.

—The 'Varsity ball nine have been challenged to play a team of old students on June 19. The challenge has been accepted, and the game will take place next Wednesday on the Senior campus.

—Professor—"What would be the brightest thing for our boys to do before going home this month?" John—"Not much. Buy a bound volume of the SCHOLASTIC, and subscribe for next year."

—One of the old students, Attorney Frank H. Dexter, of Kansas City, Mo., has presented a gold medal to the Rugby Football Association. It has not as yet been determined how the medal will be awarded.

—The second championship game of the 3d nines was played the 9th inst., and resulted in a victory for the "Old Golds" by a score of 17 to 5. As each nine has won a game, the next contest promises to be very exciting. The nines are prospering under the management of B. Felix.

—Professor Egan kindly furnished his classes with a list of books to be read during the vacation. The students will part with regret from the Professor who has made the study of the English classics so interesting. The year's work in both the Literature and Criticism classes has been a most successful one, and the Professor has succeeded in imparting much of his own enthusiasm to those under his instruction.

—The following is an outline of the programme of the Commencement exercises next week:

TUESDAY, JUNE 18.

7.30 p. m.....Grand Oratorical Contest
Oration—"The Irish Nation and its Great Leader .....Robert C. Newton, '89
Oration—"America's Discoverer," Eusebio Chacon, '89
Oration—"Mary, Queen of Scots"....H. P. Brelsford, '90

WEDNESDAY.

8 a. m.....Alumni Mass
9.30.....Meeting of the Alumni
11.....Regatta
12 m.....Dinner
2.30 p. m.....Field Sports
7.30.....Exercises in Washington Hall, Grand Cantata, Oration of the Alumni.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20.

8 a. m....Exercises in Washington Hall, Distribution of Premiums, Awarding of Prizes, Medals, etc., etc.
Home, Sweet Home!

—DOWN AT THE LAKE.—Considering the embarrassments they have met with the four-oared crews are doing remarkably good work.—The crews complain that the "janitor" is dilatory in opening the boat house.—The six-oared crews are rowing in splendid form. Excellent time has been made in several trials over the course, and the prospects are flattering for a closely contested race Commencement. Capt. Mithen deserves especial credit for the energetic manner in which he has surmounted the difficulties occasioned by the withdrawal of several of his crew. The following is a list of the six-oared crews:

T. McKeon, Stroke; J. Hepburn, No. 5 and Captain; A. Leonard, No. 4; T. Youngerman, No. 3; B. Hughes, No. 2; F. Jewett, Bow; R. Newton, Coxswain.

A. Jackson, Stroke; J. McCarthy, No. 5; E. O'Brien, No. 4; L. Pim, No. 3; F. E. McErlain, No. 2; K. Newton, Bow; J. Mithen, Captain and Coxswain.

—The second and third games of the series between the first nines of the Junior department were played on the 6th and 9th insts., the former game was interesting, and looked like a Blue victory until about the 5th inning, when the "Reds" forged ahead and won the game by superior batting and base running; the batting of F. Krembs was the feature. Fleming pitched for the "Blues," Wilbanks for the "Reds," neither doing as well as in the first game, though the latter held the "Blues" down to four straggling hits. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
REDS:—	1	0	0	2	0	1	2	0	3	=9
BLUES:—	0	2	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	=5

The second game was one-sided. Berry pitched for the "Reds," and had no control of the ball whatever, letting the "Blues" get 5 hits in the first inning; the whole nine seemed to be trying to see who could throw the farthest. The batting of Krembs and Moncada and the fielding of all the "Blues," McIntosh, in particular, were the only redeemable features. McGrath relieved Berry in the 5th inning who had to retire on account of sickness, and did a little better than his predecessor after it was too late. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
REDS:—	2	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	=5
BLUES:—	6	1	0	5	1	3	1	0	3	=20

—BASE-BALL.—The final game in the championship series between the Senior first nines was played Wednesday afternoon. It was the third successive victory for Captain Kelly's "Reds," and ensured his nine the championship

medals. It was a pretty contest for the first few innings, but in the latter part of the game the "Reds" began to draw ahead of their opponents, and they finally won by a score of 14 to 11. The features of the game were base hits by Combe, Cooke and Kelly, and Ink's fine hit to right field. The following is the score:

BLUES.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Campbell, s. s	5	1	1	1	1	5	1
Tewksbury, c	4	1	0	1	4	6	4
Mackey, 3d b	5	0	1	1	0	4	2
Gallagher, c. f	4	1	1	1	1	0	1
Long, p	4	1	1	0	1	0	4
D. Cartier, 2d b	4	1	2	3	4	1	4
Melady, 1st b	2	3	0	1	12	1	2
Combe, r. f	4	2	3	1	0	0	0
Brown, l. f	4	1	1	0	1	0	0
Total	36	11	10	9	24	17	18

REDS.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kelly, 3d b	4	2	1	0	4	4	2
Hayes, r. f	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bronson, 1st b	5	0	0	0	14	1	0
G. Cartier, l. f	4	2	2	0	2	1	1
Inks, c. f	5	3	2	0	1	0	0
Mattes, 2d b	4	2	1	3	2	1	1
Fleming, c	2	3	1	1	1	4	0
Cooke, p	5	1	1	0	2	4	1
Kehoe, s. s	4	1	0	0	1	4	1
Total	38	14	8	4	27	19	6

Earned Runs: "Blues," 2. Two base hits: D. Cartier, Combe, Cooke, Inks. Three base hits: Kelly. Double plays: D. Cartier (unassisted). Base on balls: Long, 6; Cooke, 3. Hit by pitched ball: Melady. Struck out: by Long, 3; Cooke, 3. Passed balls: Tewksbury, 9; Fleming, 5. Wild Pitches: Cooke, 1; Long, 2. Time of game: 2 hours, 30 minutes. Umpires: E. Coady and H. Smith. Scorers: A. Leonard and F. H. Brown.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
BLUES:—	1	1	0	0	2	2	0	1	4	=11
REDS:—	1	1	3	0	0	1	6	2	*	=14

—The Rev. J. C. Carrier, C. S. C., Professor of Natural Sciences and Curator of the Museum in St. Laurent College, near Montreal, sends us a neatly printed pamphlet descriptive of the extensive collection of objects for the college museum made under his supervision during the past year. A list of donations and the names of the donors is also given, and the publication must have the effect to stimulate many other friends of that institution to add to the collection. For, as the Rev. Curator justly remarks, "very limited must be the number of persons who do not have in their possession some ancient medals, some foreign coins or postage stamps, some curious work of art, etc., etc.; and what better use can the possessors of such objects make than in presenting them to a museum where these curiosities will be carefully preserved and permanently exhibited in the interests of general information, or of science? The owners will not, indeed, miss them greatly; whilst the institution shall be made all the richer by them. On his part, the Rev. Curator of the Museum will be but too happy and careful to record in a register kept for that purpose, and also in the annual catalogues of the students, the nature of all donations with the names of the kind donors." This, no doubt, will meet the eye of many an old-time student of Notre Dame, who still cherishes the friendly remembrance of Father Carrier, and who will be glad to aid him in the accomplishment of his design.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Adams, Alvarez, Bunker, Brennan, Burns, Burger, Barnes, Becker, Brewer, H. P. Brannick, Barrett, Burke, Blackman, Brookfield, Cassidy, Crooker, S. Campbell, E. Chacon, G. Cooke, Cusack, Cavanaugh, Carney, T. Coady, P. Coady, Chute, W. Campbell, L. Chacon, Combe, G. Cartier, Dacy, Dore, Dwyer, Davis, Dougherty, S. Fleming, Finckh, Fehr, Ford, Fitzgerald, Göke, Goebel, Gallardo, Garfias, Gallagher, Guillen, Houlihan, Hayes, Hackett, Hughes, L. J. Herman, M. J. Howard, Heard, Jennings, Kinsella, F. Kelly, J. Kelly, Kenny, Karasynski, Lane, Lahey, Lesner, Lozana, F. Long, Leonard, L. Long, McNally, H. Murphy, McErlain, H. McAlister, Mackey, McAuliff, McKeon, J. McCarthy, McGinity, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, J. Meagher, W. Meagher, Melady, H. C. Murphy, Mahorney, Nester, R. Newton, A. O'Flaherty, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Donnell, O'Hara, P. O'Flaherty, L. Paquette, C. Paquette, Prichard, Prudhomme, Patterson, Powers, Rorke, Reynolds, W. Roberts, Rothert, Schmitz, R. Sullivan, J. B. Sullivan, Stephenson, H. Smith, G. Soden, Spencer, C. Soden, Toner, Tiernan, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Wade, Woods, C. Youngerman, Zeitler, Hummer.*

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, W. Allen, J. Allen, Ayer, Aarons, Adler, Berry, Brady, Blumenthal, Baily, Baltes, Bryan, Bradley, T. Cleary, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, Ciarcoschi, F. Connors, Case, Cass, Connelly, A. Campbell, Collins, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Chute, Covert, L. N. Davis, Des Garennes, E. Du Brul, Devine, Dempsey, Daniels, Duffield, Darroch, Doherty, Ernest, Elder, Erwin, Falvey, C. Fleming, J. Fitzgerald, C. Ferkel, Fitzgerald, Green, Galland, Goodson, R. Healy, J. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Howard, Hinkley, Hoerr, Hughes, Hahn, Hannin, Hanrahan, Hague, Hoffman, Hennessy, Hartman, Johnson, Joslyn, Krembs, King, W. Kutsche, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Malone, Mayer, Morrison, Mackey, Merz, McGrath, McMahon, McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McPhee, McDonnell, McLeod, McNulty, F. Neef, A. Neef, Noe, Nester, O'Neill, G. O'Brian, O'Mara, O'Donnell, O'Rourke, Priestly, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, F. Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Quinlan, S. Rose, Reinhard, J. Rose, E. Roth, A. Roth, Riedinger, Rowsey, Ramsey, Rice, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Stanton, C. Sullivan, A. Sullivan, Spalding, Sutter, C. Scherrer, L. Scherrer, Shear, Smith, Sachs, Talbot, Tetard, Towne, Thorn, Wright, Walsh, Welch, Weitzel, Williams, Wood, Willian, Wilbanks, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, Boyle, Blease, Connelly, Cornell, Creedon, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Carter, Clark, Downing, Durand, Doherty, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, Dench, Dodson, E. Elkin, M. Elkin, F. Evers, G. Evers, Elder, Finnerty, Falvey, Fanning, C. Furthman, W. Furthman, E. Furthman, Grant, Green, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Gerber, Girardin, Gilkison, Gray, Hendry, Hagus, Hamilton, Hill, Hedenberg, J. Dungan, Johns, Kane, Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, Kaye, Koester, Kehoe, Lansing, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Lonergan, Lee, Lehnberg, A. Marre, J. Marre, Maternes, Marx, Henneberry, McPhee, Mattas, McDaneld, McDonnell, McGuire, Mooney, Mayer, Montague, C. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, Miller, Morrison, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Mosier, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, Plautz, Parker, L. Paul, C. Paul, Powell, Roberts, Seerey, Snyder, Seidensticker, Stone, Stange, Stafflin, Thornton, Trujillo, Witkowsky, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, L. Wilson, W. Wilson, Watson, Waterman, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut.

* Omitted last week by mistake.

List of Excellence.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Grammar—Masters F. Evers, Koester, Kehoe, Seery, R. Webb, F. Webb, Bates, Connelly, Mooney, Fanning, Snyder, Foster, Gregg, Roberts, Falvey, O'Neill, McPhee, Greene, Durand, Kaye, C. McCarthy, Marr, Creedon, Finnerty; *Arithmetic*—Masters Kehoe, Mooney, E. Elkin, Koester, M. Elkin, Bates, Quill, Lansing, F. Webb, W. Nichols, Oppenheimer, O'Neill, Dorsey, Kaye, Stone, Bruel, Crane, Kane, Seery, Connelly, C. McCarthy, Foster, Goodman, Hamilton, Clark, Miller, Greene, Wever, A. Crawford, A. Marre, Brown, Hill, F. Dempsey, Morrison, Henneberry, Trujillo, Hendry; *Geography*—Masters E. Elkin, Koester, J. Dempsey, Kehoe, Bates, F. Webb, Seery, Mooney, Quill, Fanning, M. Elkin, Connelly, Powell, Gregg, J. Burns, J. Dungan, Creedon, Goodman, Falvey, Hamilton, Miller, Witkowsky, Stone, C. McCarthy, Plautz, Hill, Wever, W. Connor; *Orthography*—Masters Seery, Bates, C. Connor, F. Evers, R. Webb, Cudahy, Parker, Lansing, Cohn, Bruel, Hagus, Gregg, Grant, Powell, Kirk, Johns, Lee, Dorsey, Finnerty, Elder, Gilkison, Greene, Goodwillie, J. Dungan, Lonergan, G. Evers, Thornton, Doherty, Wilcox; *Reading*—Masters Bates, M. Elkin, F. Webb, Mooney, Connelly, C. Connor, Seery, Powell, Gregg, W. Nichols, Snyder, Kane, Clark, C. McCarthy, Thornton, C. Furthman, Greene, Oppenheimer, Hamilton, T. Watson, Creedon, J. Marre, Washburne, Thornton, J. McCarthy, McGuire, Blake, W. Crawford, W. Furthman, Dench, L. Wilson; *Penmanship*—Masters C. Connor, Quill, Mooney, E. Elkin, M. Elkin, Roberts, Boyle, Snyder, Powell, Crane, McPhee, Creedon, Hamilton, Johns, Witkowsky, Oppenheimer, Durand, Cornell, Montague, Trujillo, C. Dodson, Hendry, Londoner; *Christian Doctrine*—Masters Fanning, Mooney, Kehoe, Connelly, F. Evers, J. Dempsey, C. Connor, Gregg, Durand, Nichols, Creedon, Johns, J. Marre, Finnerty, Cornell, G. Evers, W. Crawford; *Piano*—Masters Downing, Bates, Durand, C. Connor, Washburne, Goodwillie, Seery, Thornton, Goodman, Koester, Connelly, Cornell, Cudahy, F. Evers, Brown, G. Evers, Maternes, T. Burns, Hamilton, Witkowsky.

Some Corrections.

Editor Scholastic:

In the article on "Electric Lighting," published last week, there are errors equal to the statement that George Washington was a Russian born in Australia. The misstatements are even more glaring than this because they concern every day present facts. The entire article seems to have been taken from very ancient electrical books. Of the many statements notice two as examples: "The chief feature of the Gramme and Siemens machines is their capability of producing a single light of great power, and efforts to construct this class of machines with sufficient force to burn more than *one or two* arc lights on the same circuit, have not been such as to warrant success." The oldest catalogue of Siemens dynamos at hand advertises machines guaranteed to burn eight to sixty arc lights on the same circuit. Again, "The 'volt' is the unit of electro-motive force, of which about *sixty-five* are required to maintain an arc light." Arc lamps that require as high as forty volts are called "high tension" and are opposed on account of danger to life. The Western Electric and all other American companies can and are every day furnishing lamps that require not more than twenty-five volts to maintain an arc light.

D. A.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—An ingenious Second Senior has invented a novel way of pressing flowers. Patent not yet received.

—On the Feast of Pentecost Rev. Father Corby preached an eloquent sermon. The "Spirit of the Catholic Church" was his subject.

—The Misses Minnie and Addie Walsh, Class '77, are welcome visitors at St. Mary's. Miss Shephard, '87, and Miss Snowhook, '88, were among the visitors of last week.

—Rev. Father Walsh and Prof. M. F. Egan were present at the examination of the Graduating class in History on Friday, the 7th inst. The examinations in vocal and instrumental music are in progress.

—Class songs have never been in vogue at St. Mary's; but members of a certain class, blessed with a motto, think of adopting one. Last Sunday evening their preference seemed to be for the old song, "We Never Bow as we Pass by."

Composition Writing.

"Some days must be dark and dreary" sighs the schoolgirl, as with resigned mien she repairs to the class room preparatory to writing a composition. No task is more dreaded; but why this disinclination, when the advantages accruing from the practice of composition writing are so many and so well known?

Miss Starr, in her late visit to St. Mary's, spoke particularly of the importance which should be attached to the art of composing, and among other things she said: "The essay is like a river into which all the streams of knowledge flow." Rev. Father Zahm, too, often takes as his subject in his Sunday evening talks, the necessity of being able to compose well. Yet, the "I can't write a composition" is heard in the land. A recital of the process gone through in the production of an essay may not be out of place. A pupil receives a subject with the instruction to first make out a synopsis or plan to be followed; but before this is commenced, the subject must be considered in every light, all ideas pertaining to it must be gathered, and from these the synopsis may be formed. This is to the composition what the collection of material is to the architect, and the next step is to group the material thus collected. With these instructions the pupil begins work; but, oh! what discouraging thoughts seem to encompass her brain! Now, if never before, the

mind seems to be a perfect blank; inspiration is sought from the ceiling to which the eyes continually wander, or from the end of the penholder on which substantial substance the ruminater lunches; but even these means, for a time, seem inadequate. Gradually, however, a light seems to dawn upon the subject, and finally, after much perseverance and labor, the essay is completed. Yet even then how unsatisfactory the result—how poor it seems in comparison with the compositions of others difficulties which present themselves to beginwhich we have heard and admired! The many ners in the art of essay writing, are by degrees overcome, but not until after much practice. The advantages attending this art are numerous, and the practice of writing as often as possible and on various classes of subjects cannot be too highly commended.

It is with surprise that we sometimes hear even very small children express their ideas of objects and persons. Their minds are full of original thoughts, which they often find impossible to express or to express clearly, and it is the object of composition to bring out these conceptions; to teach the child to clothe in language what exists in his mind; to teach him accuracy; and, though speaking aids in doing this, it is to the province of the essay alone that belongs the power of perfecting the expressions of thougth, of instilling into the mind the necessity of accuracy, and of forming a correct style of writing. What is true of the child is true of all; and experience has taught each and every one of us the difficulty of communicating our thoughts readily, concisely and intelligently.

Of the many different styles to be met with, a few only will here be considered. Many schoolgirls seem to think that a number of striking figures mingled with quotations, form an essay which is beyond criticism; but the flowers which they use so profusely and which, in their eyes at least, are "perfectly lovely," will, if analyzed, generally be found to have but "little fruit of sense." Another style contrasting decidedly with the one just mentioned is commonly known as the "preachy style." It matters not what may be the subject which is treated, it forms a source from which lessons flow to all around; but if the writers would strive to teach only the lessons which by practical experience they know to be useful, there would be fewer sermons by young essayists. These faults are those of the schoolgirl, but it is quite certain she is not the only one whose mind runs in such channels.

To cultivate a good, sensible and pleasing style should be the object of all, using flowers very sparingly, until at least the necessary foundation and qualities are acquired. When we leave school the knowledge which we have obtained will show forth in our writing more than in any other way. Spoken words, as a rule, are soon forgotten; but those committed to paper live on, to take with them joy and pleasure, or to sow seeds of sadness and discontent. How careful, then, should we not be in writing only that which we know will produce happiness, and in acquiring, if possible, a style which, when necessary, we may use for the benefit of mankind.

Some excuse their want of ambition on the subject by saying that they will never need to write compositions when they leave school. True: but family relations or social ties necessitate the writing of letters, and the properties of style which should characterize an essay are requisite also in a letter; hence to all is the art of composition writing an advantage; and though our letters may never charm the world as those of Madame de Sevigne, they may carry with them messages of affection, expressed so gracefully, so impressively, that they will be welcomed by the happy recipients as eagerly as were those written by her who has been styled "the model and despair of her imitators."

LAURA DUCEY (*Class '89*).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ansbach, Anson, Ash, E. Balch, Bub, Barry, M. Bates, T. Balch, Burton, Bloom, Beschameng, Butler, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, C. Beck, Clifford, E. Coll, Caren, Clarke, M. Coll, Clore, Connell, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dempsey, Dorsey, De Montcourt, N. Davis, M. Dunkin, N. Dunkin, English, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fursman, Flitner, Gavan, Guise, Geer, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Hertzog, Hammond, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hamilton, Hepburn, Hagus, Harmes, Hutchinson, Haight, Haney, Hellmann, Hubbard, Henke, Irwin, Jungblut, Kasser, C. Keeney, A. Keeney, Koopman, Linneen, Ledwith, Lewis, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, C. Morse, McCarthy, McCune, H. Nester, L. Nester, Nacey, Nicholas, O. O'Brien, Prudhomme, Piper, Penburthy, Quill, Quealey, Reidinger, Robinson, A. Regan, Roberts, Rentfrow, Rend, Rinn, M. Smith, Spurgeon, Schrock, Studebaker, Saviers, B. Smith, Schiltz, Sauter, Taylor, Thayer, Tress, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Violette, Wagner, Wright, Wehr, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, Burdick, E. Burns, M. Burns, Campbell, Cooper, Cooke, Crane, M. Davis, B. Davis, Daly, Dempsey, Dolan, Dreyer, Erpelding, Ernest, Farwell, M. Fosdick, G. Fosdick, Graves, Göke, Hamilton, Hull, Hoyt, Johns, Kahn, Kaspar, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, Levy, M. McHugh, McPhee, Miller, L. Mestling, Northam, O'Mara, Patrick, Patier, Pugsley, Quealey, Reeves, Regan, Rose, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Scherrer, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Soper, Stapleton, Sweeney, Thirds, Watson.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ayer, E. Burns, Crandall, M. Hamilton, Kelly, M. McHugh, L. McHugh, Moore, Palmer, Scherrer, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Winnans.