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Memorial Sonnets.

TO THE REV. JOHN W. CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.

"Take ye and eat: This is My Body."

HOW grand the Shadows of the aged past,—
Those Hebrew priests who guarded the gold Ark,—
Shadows they seem, although they bore the mark
Of the Predicted, who has come at last;
Risen is He from out the Chaos vast,
The Law fulfilling; vaguely through the dark,
From Moses unto John, rise Spectres stark.
Lurid, magnificent, yet o'ercast:

Then John to John, Precursor unto Saint
Whom Christ loved best, O priest, to you again,
Another John, and of His chosen band
In just succession!—how old Levites faint
Into dim shadows from their splendor when
You God command by His own sweet command.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Dem Hochwürdigen P. Bernhard Ill, C. S. C., in Ehrfurcht und Liebe gewidmet.

Dich krönet hehr des Heiligthumes Würde.
Als Opferpriester am Altare ragen
Erblick' ich dich. Itzt deine Schultern tragen
Der Lasten viele, schweren Amtes Bürde.

Arzt, Lehrer, Richter du!—Füllst Christi Hürde,
Lenkst himmelan die Herzen. Sonder Zagen
Seh'n wir des Kreuzes edlen Strauß dich wagen.
Des Bösen Macht zu knechten, deine Gierde.

Glück auf, du Neugeweihter, Gottes Gnade!
Der Himmel spende Segen deinem Werke!
Tritt muthig an den Weg, der dir beschieden.

Führt gleich dein Lauf durch dornenvolle Pfade,
Such' Labung dir im Kelch' des Herrn und Stärke.
Schon hundertfach des Priesters Lohn hinieden.

J. v. Veilchenhoff.

Our Greatest Novel.

FRANK A. BOLTON.

WE all take part, every day, in a thousand little scenes and we see numberless pictures in life that seldom leave any impression upon us; if they do, they are generally indifferent ones. But let the novelist experience these same impressions, see the same objects, act a part in these same scenes, and paint them as he sees them, and he produces an interesting work, a story which enchants us. That which in life left us indifferent, or may have repelled us, in art delights us. It is the triumph over the seemingly impossible that lends one of the charms to art. And this is what the novelist has done. It is no easy task to invent a plausible story which shall have a beginning to raise our expectations, a middle to continue them, and an end which shall satisfy them. It is no easy matter to introduce into the story intelligent creatures—creatures that live and act, each having a distinct character and a marked temperament, all living at the same time, each making us feel the life current that invigorates him. To do this the novelist must put his ear to Nature's lips and catch her very accents, and then reproduce them in all their vigor and strength. But if to these obstacles which nature has put in his way the novelist adds others, and overcomes them, how much greater is his art, and how much greater should be his triumph! If, by a thorough study of the literature, history and people of another period, a novelist has caught its spirit, and expressed

it as no painter, sculptor or poet could, that man is a genius.

To write a novel of a past age, presenting the characteristics of that age, is a herculean task. It requires a double effort of the imagination, the difficulty of which is more than double that of any single effort. The writer has not only vividly to represent to himself that age, to project himself into it and see everything as it was seen at that day, but he has to create imaginary characters and throw himself into them in such a manner that they will have consistency and life. Men who have done either of these two things, and done them well, are few; and to do them both is a feat which we believe has been accomplished but once—by William Makepeace Thackeray in "Henry Esmond."

To the ordinary labor of writing a novel, he added much by his determination to write not only in a style different from that which he had made his own, but also in a manner which would be the expression of another age. He devoted himself to the study of the literature and people of the reign of Queen Anne; and, having chosen to cast his story in that period, and to create in it personages peculiarly concerned with it, he had to master the language and form of expression then in use. Many have attempted this in the romance, but their attempts have always been failures. Scott did well with "Ivanhoe." He made something of an approach to a mediæval quaintness of language; but it is very doubtful whether he achieved any similarity to the phraseology of the time; still, there is much of the picturesque in the stilted speeches of his heroes and his villains. How much greater must be the art which can depict the men and women of a far-off time in the very words they might have used themselves! One would have said beforehand that whatever be the claims of the book, it would be artificial. But Thackeray did not disappoint us. Whether he gives us a duke, a mere curate, or an important personage of the time, they talk not only as they probably would have talked, but with all the grace and ease a master hand can give them. He describes their habits and conversations as Scott did; but what Scott could not do, he does: he imitates their style so closely that we know it must be true. We feel that the memoirs of Henry Esmond might have lain, forgotten or unnoticed for years, on some out-of-the-way shelf until Thackeray discovered them and gave them to the world. The style of "Esmond" has all the calmness, exactness and simplicity of the classics. Thackeray must have gone back to the primitive origin of words, discerned forgotten shades of meaning, and noticed their variations as the years rolled by and the tastes of the people changed. He must have studied the gradual evolution of the language, and caught the true tones of its growth and use in the Queen Anne period to make his copy seem so original. The imagination of Dickens would have failed in this. To attempt and accomplish it there was needed all the sagacity, calmness and force of knowledge and meditation. "Henry Esmond" is certainly a masterpiece. No painter, sculptor or poet could have caught so nicely the spirit and atmosphere of the age, and imparted it to his work with such grace and naturalness. Yet Thackeray has not written a less popular or a more beautiful story.

The book comprises the fictitious memoirs of a Colonel Esmond, a subject of the wise Queen Anne, who, after a troubled life in Europe, retires with his wife to Virginia and becomes a planter. Esmond himself tells the story, and the necessity of adapting the style to his characters suppresses satire. We see Thackeray in a new light, not the chronicler of the doings of Vanity Fair, but a simple, honest gentleman of Queen Anne's time. The actors play their parts undisturbed, and Thackeray does not come before the curtain and talk, half in fun, half in earnest, but wholly in confidence to the audience. It is pure narrative, and we are charmed by it. His long reflections in his other novels at times grow tiresome; but here they are only natural, quite what we might expect from Esmond. He is an old man writing for his children, telling the story of his own life, and he has a right to pass judgment upon it. His maxims are suited to his years, and we listen to them with delight. His distant recollections, of a half-forgotten life have a charm that is all their own. He is a writer of memoirs, and his earliest recollections and his childish impressions are as interesting as the story of his campaign life or his scattered opinions on the books and the events of the time. A hundred little scenes, manifestly useless in themselves, give us as many pictures—pictures so natural and charming that we feel painters could imagine such, but never produce them.

We forget Thackeray. The old Colonel finds us his attentive listeners, and carries us back, with the subtle knack of a finished teller of tales, to the period of his story, and we have the added pleasure, when he has finished, of

believing what we have heard. The masterpiece of the work is the character of Esmond. Thackeray brought the whole power of his intellect and heart to the work of painting a gentleman. Esmond is polished, brave, generous, and true as steel. Esmonds in our day are uncommon; so few that we cannot see how they could exist in the mad whirl and rush of this century of ours. But Thackeray, under the influence of the environments of the Queen Anne period, has given to him a character, somewhat overdrawn, but natural. The melancholy shadow that darkens his life makes him seem older than he really is. He loves Beatrix and is loved by Lady Castlewood; but he is well aware that, being as he is, it is impossible that Beatrix should love him. Now and then there is a dash of color about him; it seems but momentary, for through his smiles we can see the pleading melancholy that is holding him back from pleasures that are rightly his. To draw a picture of a man and say that he is gifted with all the virtues is no hard task; it is easy enough to make him perform only wise and worthy actions; the difficulty is to endow him with life and make him carry his virtues naturally, so that the reader shall feel that he is dealing with flesh and blood, and not a mere puppet in the hands of a skilful master. Esmond, it seems to me, is somewhat effeminate. He is endowed with qualities much like Amelia's—a lack of determination and that tender kindliness which he everywhere extols above all other human virtues. But he possesses at the same time the stronger qualities of man, which, though latent most of the time, show themselves, now and then, in spite of his melancholy and his tendency to reflect too much.

There was more delicacy required in the handling of the character of Lady Castlewood than, perhaps, in any other which Thackeray has drawn. There is a thorough mixture of the weaknesses of a woman with all her nobler qualities. She is jealous, grateful and loving by turns. Like Esmond, she too is melancholy; but she has moments of sprightliness. Her weaknesses are described, perhaps with a truer touch than that with which Mr. Howells has pictured our American women. She shows great strength of mind, as when she indicated the position of her kinsman Henry to the duke of Hamilton, who is about to marry Beatrix. Lady Castlewood is much older than Esmond, and from the moment she finds that he is in love with Beatrix she does all in her power to bring about their marriage. Her husband is alive, and though he is a drunken brute—after the manner of the lords of his time—she is thoroughly loyal to him. Her motherly affection for the boy Esmond is turned; after the death of her husband, into love for the man. We perceive its gradual change, but it is so well done that, though it comes in the nature of a surprise, it seems the only natural thing. At times she is angry with him, grateful to him, and, noting the change of the sedate youth into the wise and polished man, she becomes conscious of his worth, and loves him. But then she is a widow. She would like, even then, to have him marry her daughter; but Beatrix considers him too old; and Esmond feels that, though he is young in years, he is in reality too old to ever win Beatrix for his wife.

The prettiest picture Thackeray ever painted is Beatrix; and she has most strikingly exercised the writer's powers of conception, and more than any other character in "Esmond" she holds our attention. We unconsciously wait and long for her appearance; she is the central figure of the book.

How few are the novelists that have succeeded in inspiring their readers with a sense of female loveliness! The attempt is made so frequently; it is so much a matter of course in every novel that the reader does not feel the failure. Our illustrators of to-day are the cleverest the world has ever seen, and our novelists rely upon their drawings to realize their ideals even more than upon their own word pictures. But the artists of Thackeray's time were handicapped by clumsy engravers; their figures were too often caricatures, and we have them to thank for the greatest pen-portraits in our literature.

Thackeray has succeeded in giving us a picture of the beauty of Beatrix by words alone. Beatrix is so animated and individualized that it affects the imagination as if it were painted in colors instead of words. We are not ordered to admire her, or accept her beauty on trust; but we are so impressed that we cannot but own it. She grows up before us, and we see the formation of her character. We know that her impetuosity, vanity and ambition cannot be restrained. The current into which she throws herself is so swift and turbulent that she can never be saved. We know the doom that awaits her, but we wish even to the end that some one may rescue her; and after her fall we can hardly forgive Thackeray for it. She seems to be another Becky Sharp, with Becky's passion for intrigue, and far more than Becky's beauty, but with less brain and heart.

She does not want to be loved or caressed; she wishes to rise in the world and be admired, and her beauty is the key to her success. Love to her is folly, an encumbrance that she must shake off to gain her end. The suitors for her hand are countless, but they do not interest us; Esmond loves her, and we would like to see him win her. In all there might be something, if not great and good, nevertheless grand about her, if her ambition, though worldly, had in it a touch of nobility. But she rushes headlong into the depths of dishonor. Like Becky Sharp, there seemed to be a decree against her every act; she was pursued relentlessly. When fortune smiles brightest upon her, the fates step in, and the bubble bursts.

When "Esmond" has been finished you feel that it has never been equalled in fiction. The nature in it is true nature. There is not a page over which a reader cannot linger with delight; there is not a break in the strain with which it opened; it is an artistic whole. Thackeray caught the true tones of another age, and they awakened sympathetic chords in his heart and he poured them forth with telling effect. If Thackeray had written no other book but "Esmond," if he had never thought of Becky Sharp and the Newcomes, he would still be our greatest novelist; for "Esmond" is the most artistic, the most human of its kind—truly our greatest novel.

Trifles Light as Air.

ON STYLE.

I sat on the stile
And saw her pass by.
I thought she would smile
As I sat on the stile
But no; all the while
She gazed at the sky.
I sat on the stile
And saw her pass by.

A. W. S.

EASILY ACQUIRED.

"Facility!" I heard a Brownson sigh—
We were commenting upon Crawford's power
Of making monthly novels—"Even I
Have often done two hundred lines an hour."

D. V. C.

ENDURANCE WHILE I SUNG.

In durance vile, in vulgar cell
The charming poet—I shall tell
His name some other time—they cast.
"What links the present to the past?"
He sadly sung, as, like the knell
Of all life's hopes, the prison bell
Tolled mournfully; when on him fell
The voice of birds, they too held fast
In durance vile.

Forgive me, friends—it's all a sell—
I may have shocked you—I meant well—
Those birds were—"jail-birds"; out at last—
I pray you spare me—I am classed
'Mongst those retained by Punning's *spell*.
In durance vile.

E. C.

CHIVALRY REDIVIVUS.

With pike and spear the footmen bold,
In shirts of steel, made war of old,
Upon their feudal master's foes;
Nor cared for wounds so long as blows
Fell fast, and there was hope of gold.

Ah! happy days, when, we are told,
'Twas life to fight, you've lost your hold
On men, though maskers still do pose
With pike and spear.

Ah! yes; but as I write, behold
A file of youths, each rubber-soled
And linen dustered, lakeward goes,
With valiant hearts and pinched toes,
To fight the frogs, and peace uphold,
With pike and spear.

D. V. C.

Essay Writing an Art.

A SYMPOSIUM BY THE BELLES-LETTRES CLASS.

YES, essay writing is an art, and it is not an easy one to learn either. To be expert in it means to call into play all the best powers of the earnest student; for it must have lightness, grace and dignity, and yet be full of serious thought. Surely, if we consider the art of conversation to be a great, indeed a very great, accomplishment, how much more so is that of essay writing! And yet essay writing is nothing more than the formal writing of a conversation on an interesting subject. I say *formal* because there must be more method in it than we usually find in the ordinary conversation.

There is the invention, for instance. We are supposed to think of and be sure of what course or point of view we are going to take, and then, how we are going to pursue that particular side of the question. In conversation it is different. There we depend, in a great measure, on the circumstances for the peculiar turns in the argument; and the amplification is much easier since there is more than one person talking, and the ideas naturally come quicker. Then the essay will not bear the rambling from the subject that the chat at the fireplace will.

It must be to the point. This is what makes it so difficult.

Before going into details regarding the general construction of the essay, permit me to digress for a moment. Just one remark. I want to make a special plea against the long essay. It is an abomination. If a man cannot say what he wants to in less that three thousand words, then he must have found out something new; and if it is worth writing about at all, he might as well put it in book form; otherwise the article will be actually useless. No one will read it. It seems to me that that is the first and most important rule of the essay—*let it be short.* Another remark, which is almost equally worthy of notice, is that unless the article is written in a light, airy, pure style, it will suffer the same fate as the long essay.

But to continue. Knowing what you are going to write on and the phase of it which you wish to emphasize, the best you can do is to get all the arguments you possibly can in favor of your side of the question. This means much reading. After all, no matter how much you think and dream, and think and dream again and again, you will never get enough good thoughts worthy of publication unless your mind is stimulated by reading which may be full of suggestiveness for your theme. But do not read too much; it muddles the mind. And it would not be a bad idea to take a few notes in the course of your preparation. You know a really excellent essay calls for a great deal of earnest, careful work. The reader expects to find something good, and this can be given him only by much labor. This part is called the *construction.*

Now comes the most difficult task of all. It is easy enough to choose your material, and what to take for the principal thought of your paper; but to be able to amplify your statements, to make them interesting and your proofs strong is quite another thing. The art of the writer is certainly best shown here. In the selection of quotations in particular let the young writer doubt, and hesitate and think again. Above all, let him make sure they are apt. If there is anything really tiresome and even disgusting, it is to see here and there the trite quotation over and over again. It shows that the writer has read little, and it is also a sign of inexperience. It would be better for the sake of strength to put the strongest thoughts in the most important places and group the weaker arguments into one. When you try to prove your arguments by quotations, let them be written exactly as the original author wrote them. Quote correctly.

HUGH A. O'DONNELL.

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Is essay writing an art? Of course there are many who think that nothing is easier than the writing of a short thesis. They imagine that one can sit down at one's desk and, without either preparation or serious thought, write a thousand words or more on any given subject. Perhaps there are some who can; but for the majority of us the composition of an essay is not quite so simple.

Essay writing is, indeed, an art. It requires careful study and reflection, and forces on us a certain set form of thought and construction that one must follow if one wishes to do the essay well. The essay form has changed much since the days of Carlyle. In place of his serious, studied themes, which have long been held as models of the essay, we have adopted the short, easy, light forms our modern men delight in. Whether the change is wise is really hard to say; certainly the short papers of to-day are far more pleasing. But they are at the same time much more difficult to write.

The modern theme has its place in literature simply on account of its artistic worth, and it appeals to the public taste because of its light and interesting style. The readers of to-day have no use for the long, heavy essay. If one wishes to reach the people one must do so through the short paper.

Brevity alone, however, does not make the essay. Literary taste requires that it should be artistic, simple, light and interesting in style, but above all, logical and instructive. In order to better aid the writer in making these points, Doctor Egan has kindly suggested the skeleton of an essay, which is indeed a great guide in the construction of the theme, and a decided help to one in making a clear and entertaining exposition of the subject.

Of course, there are a few men whose minds are naturally logical. For these the skeleton is useless and often a hindrance to a free and easy style. Men who are in the habit of thinking logically at all times are sure of writing a clear and simple paper. But most of us find this our greatest difficulty. We are apt to forget the subject, to lose sight of the main idea in the discussion of minor points; and in thus wandering away from the theme we are sure to weaken our work.

The skeleton is of use; it ensures brevity

and a logical method of treating the subject. It keeps us in the logical form, and at the same time suggests thought for discussion. It seems to me that without it men not naturally logical would make a complete failure of the short essay. I know that it is a decided help to me in all my writings.

F. L. CARNEY.

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Before beginning my article, I must beg the reader to remember that this is not to be a model for an essay, but rather I shall endeavor to give a method to be followed in writing one —what I consider is the best way to think about and then to write an essay.

Necessarily, the first thing to do is to find a subject. This done, we take some one point of view and treat the subject accordingly. In order to do this, we must think of and try to become thoroughly acquainted with everything that bears upon what we are to write about. After we have read all that can be found, we must adopt some other method of obtaining fresh and new material. No better means can be found than conversation. Our friends will have a little to say, not much, perhaps, but nevertheless, something of it may be entirely new to us. This is what we want—to say something that no other writer has said before us.

Having acquired all the information possible, we must make a beginning that will catch the reader's attention, and also make quotations that will throw light upon our subject. Similes and metaphors innumerable will present themselves; but the poor ones should be thrown aside, and a particularly fine one should be saved with which to conclude our article.

What we have done so far is nothing but the mental process, and now commences the real writing of the essay. We instinctively feel that it should be logical, and we accordingly arrange our notes in what appears to us to be the most natural order.

The greatest difficulty for young writers is to make an introduction. Various methods have been suggested, but perhaps as good a beginning as any is to define our subject. Then, in as clear and straightforward a manner as possible we should state our point of view that the reader may know what he is to expect.

In our discussion, we should include in the argument every known objection to our point of view. Experience has proved that readers are not so easily duped as many imagine, and that the best policy for a writer is to be honest in everything. A few good quotations in support of our side of the question will do much to convince the reader. It will not do to make too many quotations; and whenever we can paraphrase we should do so instead of, as too often happens, dwarfing our own opinions by placing them side by side with those of a deep thinker or a very learned man.

The greater part of the work is now completed, and all that remains to be done is to draw the conclusion. In doing this we should sum up our arguments as clearly and concisely as possible, and complete the article with an appropriate, and, at the same time, our strongest and brightest simile or metaphor.

Perhaps to what I have said some may object, alleging that there should be no fixed rules to govern the writing of an essay. I do not deny their assertion, but only state that the process I have given is one which every young writer can follow, and one that will help him to write an essay. It is a logical method, and natural order is what every one should endeavor to attain.

But, above all, such a plan gives scope to the writer's orginality. Personality is what the general reader wants; and when we give our honest opinion we may feel sure that it will receive its due and proper attention. Have something to say, and say it, is the motto that every writer should bear constantly in mind. *The Forum*, in its prospectus, gives the public to understand that its contributors are men who not only know their subject, but intend to give their individual opinions. This is the keynote to the success of our popular writers. Together with honesty, the public desire lightness of touch and an easy style, without which a writer is doomed to utter failure. Agnes Repplier illustrates this fact, and her essays may be cited to show the change that has taken place between the old and the new form of the essay. Addison, Carlyle, Emerson, Brownson, in fact, all the older men endeavored to give us essays deeply learned and philosophical. It is true, we still desire something worth reflecting upon, but at the same time we will read only that essay the style of which is light and easy.

J. M. KEARNEY.

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Some forms of the essay have met with the fate of poetry: they have slowly but surely declined. The essay, like every other branch of literature, is subject to change; it is governed by the tastes of the people. We have to-day a great many clever essayists—men who write

decently good English, but who treat their subjects less thoroughly than did Macaulay, Addison and our other great writers. They have opinions, and they manage to utter them very harmoniously; but only too often they ramble from their subject, and when you have finished reading one of them you find that though you have been delightfully entertained, you received no information. The essayist must, above all, be logical; he must make his point of view or his position clearly understood. There are no absolute rules to govern the writers of essays. The school board dissertation, with its formal introduction and its vague and forced arguments with a grand climax is not the thing we want. The light, charming treatise, which you can enjoy seated in your arm-chair, is the ideal essay—something we can see little by little as we turn over the leaves of the book, and find that, unconsciously, the writer has welded together mysterious little links that defy the fire of prejudice and interest. He defines his position with calmness and clearness, gives his arguments in favor of his point of view, and explains them and re-enforces them. We see the causes and the birth of all his thoughts, and anticipate what he is going to say; his bearing and mode of speech are as familiar to us as those of the men we know and see every day. His opinions affect and correct our own; he enters into our thoughts and lives, and makes us see things clearly and vividly. Such is the charm of the essayist. He has his opinions on all subjects, and he works these opinions up into separate essays thoroughly and artistically.

But how different from this are most of our modern essayists, and especially our book reviewers! They have acquired a certain facility in writing, and when handed a book to review they force their opinions of the subject on the people, regardless of the writer's standpoint. They say little or nothing about the book; for they have either gone no farther than the title page, or hastily scanned the first few pages of it. This has the effect of keeping down good work, and is a detriment rather than a help to a person seeking the best in current literature. The older men are the best models for this sort of an essay; but it seems that the whirl and dizziness of this nineteenth century has had its effect on our reviewers, and in consequence of their quick work their reviews are far from satisfactory. In no other relation of life is such brutality permitted by society as in the criticism of books. An author is judged without reference to his motives or aims; some are pursued on account of personal prejudice. How often are they misrepresented by the quoting of a phrase apart from the context! Misprints and careless expressions are magnified into unpardonable faults, and the so-called critic generally ends by patting the author on the back and telling him that his book was neatly bound. Such essays are not only hindrances to the progress of literature, but they are outrages on society, and mark only too clearly the decadence of this branch of the essay.

In the other branches of the essay we are exceptionally brilliant. The light, short, personal thing, something that not only amuses but instructs, is the popular form. All through them there runs that easiness and grace that make them the first of their kind. The older essayists, Addison, Macaulay and Carlyle, are philosophical, calm and elegant. Nothing of the lightness of touch that distinguishes our modern essayist pervades them; they are liked, for they are studies, and furnish food for thought to the reader. Montaigne's essays, though written years ago, in an entirely different condition of society, are read to-day with as much delight as they were when first written. They are suggestive. They say little, but behind the words and between the lines, new ideas present themselves and furnish new thoughts for other essays. The modern writers, Birrell, Agnes Repplier and James R. Lowell and others, seem to have caught the spirit of the age. They are never heavy or philosophical; but with a great deal of art and grace they treat their subjects with life and vigor, and hold their readers chained by their simplicity. Coventry Patmore, though one of our foremost modern essayists, seems to belong rather to the period of Montaigne than to this period of the airy and light essay. His essays, like Montaigne's, are models of condensation, storehouses of thought from which centuries can be supplied. But in all he seems to have felt the influence of modern ideas, though he expresses himself in the tersest manner possible.

Our modern reviewers are by no means up to the standard of the older men, Macaulay, Addison, Carlyle and others. The essays by Macaulay on books are certainly masterpieces. A book review written by one of these writers was conscientious; and if the book had any literary flavor it was immediately brought into prominence; if not, it was consigned at once to the waste basket. But the hurried reading—if you can call it reading—of the modern reviewers has had the effect of bringing this kind of

essay down to its lowest depths. We all read with pleasure the old reviewers because they give us their real convictions, but we look with distrust upon the modern ones.

Our literature has changed, and the change is marked by a lightness of touch in all its branches. The higher forms of poetry have given place to the lighter, more exact forms. The studied and carefully-written treatise has given way to the charming and humorous essay of our day. These essays are good, and are worthy of a place in literature, not for their strength or depth of thought, but for their gracefulness and naturalness.

FRANK H. BOLTON.

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After the short story and the novel the essay is probably the best-liked form of literary composition. The essay of a century ago, however, does not find favor in the eyes of the modern public on account of the extreme heaviness of the style and the ever dry and uninteresting subjects. To-day we want light, easy things, delicately finished and technically perfect, like the essays of Agnes Repplier, which are little gems, short, lively and pleasing.

Our rhetoricians may lay down rules for writing the essay, but I do not think any exact method of procedure can be followed out. When we write, we think as we go along, fresh ideas come to us, and if we attempt to plot out, as it were, these ideas beforehand we might fail to attain the desired end. First, there is *invention*—a mental process by which is found the subject and the point of view; then, *construction*, which means that we must think closely on the subject, take copious notes, and mark out a line to be followed; lastly, *amplification*, which consists in selecting quotations and getting a stock of metaphors and similes. These are all done before beginning the essay. These rules are all very well; but how many of us consciously follow them? The several rules for the written process are unnecessary because a writer will almost always lead naturally up to a climax, and his writing is generally logical. These rules may be of some help, but I do not think many would care to observe them. The main things in writing an essay are to get a good subject, to take a point of view, and to come back to that subject logically when a digression has been made.

The essay may be considered a test of the writer's ability; it shows his powers of invention, exposition, argumentation and skill in logic, which are the main qualities, not of style, but of a good writer. Of course, a good writer must have clearness, force, precision, and all that; but these other qualities show his abilities to the reader, and indicate at once where the writer's weak spot lies, at the same time making evident his strong points.

The essay will never attain the popularity unanimously accorded the short story, because there are more people who like stories better than essays. Indeed, many regard the essay as fit only for professors and highly-educated persons, and imagine it too far above them even to attempt to read one through. The short story, on the contrary, is more widely read. We like to see quotation marks and short paragraphs, and the short story is full of both. This is easily shown by newspaper reading. Many read the short paragraphs and anecdotes in preference to long columns of political news or foreign intelligence. Some hardly ever read the papers, and yet they keep up with the times by asking for information on questions of the day. Potempkin, whose power in Russia was second only to that of Catherine II., the empress, it is said, practically never opened a book, and yet he was one of the readiest and most versatile men of his time, could talk on any subject, and kept well informed of his times by conversing with those who could tell him all he wanted to know.

FROST THORN.

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Essay writing is an art, and a very difficult one to acquire. To be expert in it means to be simple, easy and fluent. Many people imagine that they should write in a Latinized style, but the English-speaking world of to-day prefers, when possible, the Anglo-Saxon idiom.

Let one write as he speaks, and he will be appreciated; for an essay is nothing more than a monologue by the author. His thoughts are the same as if he were conversing with you, only restrained to a certain extent, for conversation allows more freedom than the essay. When we read a well-written essay, we like it; but why? Because we feel as though we were in direct communication, speaking face to face, as it were, with the author. His thoughts are conveyed to us in simple words, and his views on the subject come to us directly, without thumbing a dictionary to find the meaning of some long word that invariably adds nothing to the sense or euphony of the sentence. Simplicity constitutes style. In an essay be brief, and say only what you mean; for what makes an essay? It is not always the new ideas

that you advance, but the way that you say and treat them. Let me repeat it, be brief; for a man who cannot give his views on any question in three thousand words should write a book upon it.

In writing it would be advisable to follow a model of some kind; but this depends upon the experience of the writer. A skeleton should be constructed and the more important arguments indicated, and around this frame-work we may weave our minor proofs; so that the whole may take the form of a strengthened syllogism; for after all, an essay should be logical and aim at persuasion.

The orator has one point which he wishes to impress upon us, and his object is to put this one point in various ways, to repeat and re-repeat it; but in an essay, the public sees each thought, and is quick to criticise if it detects repetition; or when there is no order, and sentences as well as thoughts are confused and disconnected. Above all, have something to say, and put it in as light, easy and concise a manner as you can.

The essay is governed by the tastes of the people, and any one who wishes to succeed must adopt the form and manner of expression that finds greatest favor in the eyes of the general reader. The old essayists, Addison and Steele, have gone out of fashion. People, as a rule, do not tolerate long dissertations; they want something short and amusing.

To return to our subject: we not naturally ask ourselves how we go about the writing of an essay, or is there any fixed method? First of all comes invention, or the deciding upon the manner in which we intend treating our subject. Take a point of view and follow it to a logical outcome. Then comes the construction, or the collecting and arranging of notes and arguments. This is the mental part, the preparation for the task in hand. In the introduction be clear and straightforward. Define your subject, and meet your adversary's strongest arguments. Discuss everything that pertains to the matter, and support your position by amplifying or enlarging upon your principal proofs. In conclusion, sum up the objections to your point of view and their answers, and finish with your weightiest argument. F. McKee.

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Protean, indeed, is the genius of the English language. Our literary forms are ever changing; the sonnet alone is what it was. Fielding would hardly recognize the novel of to-day; the modern drama, with its gorgeous stage setting, would be more than a mystery to the greatest of the Elizabethans; and even the historian has forgotten half the traditions of Hume and Lingard, and borrows not a little of the art of his brother, the novelist.

The essay, too, has undergone many and radical changes. It is no longer the brilliant pedantic, ponderous theme that Macaulay and Jeffreys and Doctor Johnson loved; but something lighter, more spirited and infinitely more graceful—a blending of the wit of Montaigne, the wisdom and earnestness of Lord Bacon, Goldsmith's broad love for mankind, and the humor, kindly, gentle, piquant, of our own Doctor Holmes.

The essay, almost as much as the lyric, is the expression of a mood. It is for this reason that we have so few professional essayists, unless they be men like Lamb, Carlyle and Ruskin who were never entirely sane. Given a mood, a heart to feel, an eye to see, and a mind to understand the wonderful beauty and suggestiveness of common things, and the essay grows—nay, it almost makes itself. But this growth is slow; it is the work of many months of patient labor, of touching and retouching until the essay comes forth a gem without a flaw. Petrarch spent years in polishing a single sonnet, and every really great essay is as carefully done as were the masterpieces of the princely Florentine.

But the essay cannot be forced any more than can a violet. You may, by careful cultivation, develop the sweetest of our wild flowers and make it rival the rose in splendor, but all its fragance and delicacy are lost—it is no longer a violet. So, too, with the essay; it is delightful only when it is spontaneous, delicate, subtle.

I would rather write a great essay than a sonnet the equal of Petrarch's. The sonnet, at its best, is a purely artificial form; the essay, the most natural one conceivable. Even the novelist, with his boasted freedom, has not the latitude that is all the essayist's own. The one must be always mindful of the figures he is modelling before our very eyes—eyes quick to note the incongruous in anything; they can never be other than men and women, and he must conform them to certain fixed laws; the other may choose his subject, grave or gay, grotesque or beautiful; he may treat it in a thousand different ways; he may be whimsical and serious in the same breath, and no one will accuse him of inconsistency.

To adapt Abbé Roux's definition of poetry, the essay is the personal expression of personal

impressions. Judiciously used, the pronoun "I" is the most forcible word in human language. We all like to hear a man's own views on anything; we are always more interested in the man than in the deeds he performed; and when he chooses to give his opinions on them they have a double attraction for us.

If Jacques, in "As You Like It," had thought to put his "Reflections," etc., on paper, before he entered upon his novitiate, they would have taken the world by storm. He is the ideal essayist, poet, novelist, humorist and philosopher; for all these must the essayist be, and more too. The essay is a prose poem; its author more than a poet. He must have the lore of the ancients at his finger-tips, a style as subtle as De Quincey's or Newman's, as full of grace and color as Lang's or Stevenson's; but, above all, he must have the large, human sympathy of Goldsmith and Thackeray, and the power, like Jacques, of finding "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stone, and good in everything."

DANIEL V. CASEY.

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The English language is one of many forms; we have never been at a loss for a popular mode of expression. But of all these there is only one that has adapted itself to all times and to all themes, and this one is the essay. So far as we know, Lord Bacon was really the father of the English essay. His essays are deep and thoughtful, thoroughly logical, each a perfect syllogism in form and matter, with a brief introduction. He did not attempt a polished style, but, like a mathematician, simply stated his facts or premises, and drew his conclusions. But as learning spread to the masses it brought new and active minds into this field of literature. Of the essay writers we have none more prominent than Addison and Steele. They gave to this form of writing a new feeling and a new touch. Instead of the old and logical affair, they took light and easy subjects—subjects that were a part of man and his everyday actions. Addison's kindly eyes saw absurdities on every hand, and in his graceful manner he endeavored to correct them. Sometimes it is only an opinion on a common subject; but it is charming because it is individual. This is what the people want; the light, easy and graceful essay is always in demand.

As I have said, Lord Bacon was really the first of the essayists. The form has not changed since he wrote. But the style and treatment are far different to-day. Now the essay has a style peculiar to itself. When a man writes an essay he simply talks to you in his natural tones in a simple, unaffected manner.

Our essay to-day is divided into three parts: the introduction, the discussion, and the conclusion; but this is really nothing more than a syllogism. The subject is stated, you make your comments and draw your conclusions. The writing of it has become an art which only a few have acquired, though many have been fairly successful. The great fault with them is that the purpose is forgotten, the style becomes labored and enigmatical, and ceases to be individual. Washington Irving, in his "Sketch Book," gives us some brilliant examples to follow. His style is light and piquant, and you feel as though you were listening to him telling the story of his travels, illuminating it now and then by a delicate touch of wit or humor. His essays are models. You find that he never wanders from his subject, and his figures he uses as only Irving could. Another great essayist was Swift, a man of callous heart and cynical mind, but whose English is pure and strong. No man can read Swift's essays, after knowing his life and say they were not his. His great charm is that he goes direct to the subject and never leaves it. His figures are few, but well chosen, and he does not speak in enigmas.

The one great weakness with many of our modern writers is that they do not stick to their subject, but wander away and draw the reader with them. This naturally wearies him; for man from his nature likes to move in straight lines; and when he travels he takes the short cut to his destination. It is the same way with the essay reader: he wants the facts, and wishes them regularly arranged. If in conversation one does not make use of figures or speak in enigmas, he should not do so in writing. When you read an essay and find in it sentences clean-cut and rounded, each sentence worthy of being taken as a text, you wonder if the writer speaks in this way, and if it is really his thought. And this is the great mistake the younger of our essayists make. They imagine the essay is a modern institution and forget that it is older than the novel.

Some men of our own day have even stated that Thackeray and Dickens did not know what a novel should be; and I would not be in the least surprised to hear some one announce that Addison, Steele, Swift and Macaulay were as much at sea in regard to the essay.

JOHN M. FLANNIGAN.

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—The report is again abroad that Oxford wants to row the winning crew in the Yale-Harvard boat race. The report, however, could not be verified. It would be a good thing indeed if such a race could be rowed. The English eights have been famous for so long that we would like to see how the crews from this side compare with them. The report that there would be a race has been heard each year, and though we hardly expect it to materialize, we heartily wish it would come about.

—Again the cry goes up against the strain put upon graduating classes at commencement, especially against the oratorical efforts which each member of the class is supposed to make. We are more fortunate here at Notre Dame, since the plan now proposed by many colleges of doing away with these annual exhibitions of rhetoric and claw hammer coats in favor of a single oration by some distinguished man on a subject of which he has a special knowledge, has been our rule for years. We can assure our neighbors, who are meditating such a step, that it has proved an unqualified success for us. Not only are the graduates benefited, but the audience also is interested.

—A correspondent in a recent letter to the *New Record* bitterly complains of being beguiled into purchasing an historical work of little merit by the many flattering commendations showered upon it by eminent and learned writers. The gentleman is deeply in error, however, when he says that the "Columbian Year"—the work in question—emanated from Notre Dame. We believe the publishers were permitted to reproduce for use in their volumes the paintings which decorate the walls of our main corridor; but beyond this Notre Dame was in no way connected with the work. It was not edited here, and we therefore disclaim any responsibility in the matter.

—The Band will begin its series of open air concerts to-morrow evening. Needless to say that they will be of a high order of merit—the Band's selections always are. To add a little variety we would respectfully suggest that the Glee Club also favor us with a song or two at each concert. We don't hear much of our Glee Club except in the entertainments given in Washington Hall. We wish they would appear oftener. Lately a division of the Club has been doing some singing of its own accord over at Sorin Hall. Why should they not sing out on the "Heart" as well as in the Hall? Let us have more vocal music than heretofore, please. We all enjoy it.

***

Apropos of the Glee Club, we have not heard of very many new songs being presented for production. It has been whispered that the Quartette has several local songs. Bring them out. We want to hear them. See how the "Two Little Thousand Cool" took with the audience. Our rhymesters should try their hands at Notre Dame songs. There is a wide field open to them. If the words are forthcoming the music can easily be furnished, we are told.

—There is great anxiety among the members of the executive committee of the Athletic Association as to how they are to pay for baseball games with little or no funds in the treasury. There is a cry for games and more games, but no money comes in to pay for them. Some of the members have been very delinquent in the matter of their dues. If they do not find it

convenient to pay up all at once, they should give what they can to the treasurer and get credit for it. As things go now, the committee hope to have all the medals for Field-day donated, so that the cash in hand may be put into baseball games. The only drawback is that there is no cash on hand. If there is to be a game, the money must be forthcoming. Bear this in mind, boys; reach down into your pockets and "pony up."

"The College Man and the Self-made Man."

FOR actions whose effects are not circumscribed within the narrow limits of self, but which shed a lustre that pleases, and a glow that warms over the rest of mankind; for the fulfillment of purposes lofty, inspiring and noble, enhancing the pleasures and diminishing the cares of life for his fellow-beings, advancing their interests particularly in whatsoever tends to their intellectual and moral progress—for actions such as these we are, with but very few exceptions, indebted to the college man.

Not, indeed, that instances cannot be found where the self-made man has contributed to the happiness of the world, and has given an impetus to its progress, but that the number of such examples is small when compared with those presented by the college man.

With regard to results, there is only one field in which the self-made man can be said to cope with the college man, and that is in the business world. Here he shows to the best advantage; but even here, as in every other walk of life, he suffers by comparison with his college-bred brother. Examining the lives and characteristics of these two classes of men in the one field in which they have been more nearly equally successful, we find that, as a rule, the life of the college man is distinguished by such culture and liberality of both views and actions, by such loftiness of aspirations, as give a brilliancy to his lamp, enabling it to lighten and warm the lives of many others; whilst that of the self-made man is marked by a narrowness that so dims the rays and chills the warmth of his light as to render it incapable of illuming or warming those outside of his own immediate circle.

Too often the self-made man is a narrow-minded man. For years he has put forth all his energies and exerted all the powers of both mind and body for the accomplishment of one purpose or the realization of one idea, with the result that he looks at the world through spectacles colored with his design and sees everything in that one hue.

Narrow-minded men, I am well aware, exist in both classes; but in one they are the rule, in the other the exception. The lack of a college education may not indeed stand in the way of attaining success in business; but such success would have been broader, higher and far more brilliant if to the natural cleverness and strength of will which the self-made man possessed had been added those qualities of mind which are fostered and developed by a college education; for where a young man can add such an education to the requirements of a practical business knowledge it is a decided advantage, as says one of the prominent writers of the day.

But a great many people are under the false impression that a college education in many instances unfits a young man for a practical business career, and makes him serviceable only as an ornament to so-called society. But in just as many instances have five thousand dollar educations been thrown away on five hundred dollar men. Nor is the effect ascribed to the proper cause; for the fault in such cases is not in the education, but in the man. Indolence and perverted tastes are here disclosed, neither of which are or can be the result of a college education. The young man has become the victim of other influences to which we must attribute his failure, for his education cannot but be a stimulus instead of a millstone; and his failure is *in spite* and not *because* of the college education.

The training and education received at college broadens the mind and expands the intellect so that it can grasp and solve the problems that may present themselves in the different stages and periods of life. In this respect a college education rises superior to the education so much vaunted by our Utilitarians; for the former develops the mind in all directions, and the latter leads it into one narrow groove. The first qualifies a person for a number of pursuits, the second limits him to one contracted field; the former gives him many weapons with which to do battle with the world, the latter gives him only one; the first enables him to enter upon the higher walks of life and to take successful strides along professional paths, the second will only fit him to travel mediocre roads. If we compare the self-made man and the college man with regard to their relative value to the world at

large, we shall see that humanity is under vastly more obligations to the latter. The patrons of our arts, the promoters of our sciences, and those men who have elevated the professions to the high standard which they at present enjoy, together with those who have excelled in diplomacy and statesmanship are for the most part college-bred men.

No one would seek to deny for a moment to the self-made man the praise that is justly his for attaining success. We all admire the indomitable will, made more indomitable still by moments of adverse fate; we all esteem the strength of character that has enabled him to bring to a successful issue an unequal combat with the world. But, alas! too often success, with the self-made man, is only another name for wealth, and in nine cases out of ten, we find that the accumulation of riches is the only good his intellect can grasp, and that he is a person of merely worldly success, "a man of money-bags and acres" and nothing more.

Money is a power after its manner, it is true; but intelligence, public spirit and moral virtue are powers, too, and far nobler ones. He is not the more successful man who accumulates the larger fortune, but he who works out "the highest development of body and spirit, of mind, conscience, heart and soul." Judged by this standard—the only true one—must not the self-made man yield the palm to the college man?

The making of a fortune has enabled the self-made man to enter "society," as it is called. But we often find men in society, rich as Crœsus, who have little or no consideration extended towards them, and who command no respect. And why? Because they are as so many money-bags; their only power lies in their strong boxes. They are merely "rich people," that is all; they do not possess the qualities of mind or heart that command esteem.

And so, whilst not withholding for an instant the praise and regard due to the self-made man; whilst we accord to him that commendation which is the tribute to success honestly attained; yet when we consider to whom humanity is indebted for the present high standard of development of mind and heart, for the advancement the world has made and the progress it is still making, for its rescue from darkness and ignorance and its enjoyment of the boasted civilization of our *fin de siècle* day, we must all admit the superiority of the college-bred man over the self-made one.

T. D. M. (JR.)

Athletics.

OUR remarks last week anent base-running and coaching were pooh-poohed and laughed at as savoring of childishness and ignorance. But anyone who was present at the game which was played on the 22d inst. will agree with us in saying that we must make great improvement both in running and coaching before we can pretend to compete with a well-trained team. The spectacle of a man sliding to second head-first in imminent danger of dislocating his shoulder blade and of breaking his collar bone, and the sight of runners between first and second trying to coach men to the home plate were features of the game. With all due respect to Captain Flannigan's knowledge of training, we would suggest that a portion of the time now devoted to the practice of fielding be given to instructing the men in running.

We are still pitifully weak at bat, and no efforts have been made to strengthen the team in this regard. With two exceptions we have not a sure batter in the candidates for the nine. There is too great a desire for individual play and little or no care for team work. Each one is on the outlook to achieve glory by an attempt at long hits, and few there are who manage to do more than to viciously bat the air. There seems to be no realization of the value of a sacrifice hit. A good, timely sacrifice will net runs, though it may not do any permanent injury to the ball. Verily, we are wanting in a good many respects, and are far from being the *ne plus ultra*.

Thus far there has been very little practice for the boat race which is to take place in June. In fact the crews have not been chosen as yet. From the present outlook the first of June will have come and gone before the men are in a respectable condition to handle an oar. Then will follow three weeks of the hardest kind of training under a broiling sun, and this will be called sport and exercise, and we shall have a *prize* crew. Yes: a crew from whom all energy has been drawn under a sweating process that would terrify an inhabitant of darkest Africa. If the summer should prove very warm the race will be a fizzle; for it is impossible to train with the temperature at blood-heat, and the evening "rec" is too short to allow for good practice. We would advise the captains to secure a coach who can note from the shore errors which the coxswain cannot see.

Washington Hall.

When the decorations in Washington Hall are completed we shall have one of the prettiest college theatres in the country. Signor Rusca, a well-known decorator, is doing the work. He is the artist who frescoed part of the church and also the sides of the dome. His plans of the work show that Washington Hall will be indeed a thing of beauty. The coloring will be as light and gay as it is possible to have it without flashiness.

In each of the four corners of the ceiling are to be emblematic figures representing Tragedy, Comedy, Music and Poetry. There will also be four portraits of the great exponents of each of the arts mentioned: Shakspere for tragedy, Molière for comedy, Dante for poetry and Mozart for music. Over the proscenium will be a portrait of Washington from whom the Hall takes its name. This picture will be supported on each side by the arms of the United States with appropriate inscriptions.

On each side of the stage will be colossal figures of Demosthenes and Cicero, emblematic of Oratory. These, together with the other four symbolical figures and five portraits, are to be painted by Gregori. The Reverend President has given the commission for the work, and it is expected that they will be done at the same time as the rest of the decorations. On their arrival from Italy they will be put in position.

The curtain now on the stage will be removed and a new one, by a well-known firm of Chicago artists, will take its place. Some changes may also be made in the scenic appointments on the stage. The old gas foot-lights will be removed, and incandescent electric lights will replace them. No longer will our sense of smell be offended by odors of noisome gas, and the super with the torch will be forced to light his way to other scenes—his occupation's gone.

After all the improvements are completed the Hall will be reopened with elaborate exercises. The pleasure heretofore derived from the entertainments given will, no doubt, be doubly enhanced by the beauty and tastefulness of the place where they are presented. Instead of the bare white walls we will be able to gaze on excellent portraits, grand figures and exquisite decorations. The Rev. President is to be congratulated on the choice made by him of the men who are to do the work. Their very names are a guarantee of its excellence.

A Correction.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:

In your article last week from the *Journal des Debats* there is a paragraph that is misleading. Although I have had the honor of meeting M. Pasteur several times, I never called on him to consult him regarding our department of biology; on this point the writer of this otherwise interesting communication is in error. The inauguration of the biological department, as well as the success which has attended it, is due entirely to the energy and enterprise of its talented director, the Rev. A. M. Kirsch.

J. A. ZAHM, C. S. C.

Personals.

—James Farrell (student), '93, is a clerk in a prominent hotel at Tiffin, Ohio.

—M. J. McEniry (LL. B.), '81, has been appointed Postmaster of Moline, Ill.

—F. S. Shenk (student), '90, has an extensive dry goods business at Delphos, Ohio.

—The Hon. Judge Scales, of Chicago, will visit *Alma Mater* soon. We expect a "talk" from him.

—Mr. E. G. Christoph, of the Christoph Lithographing Co. of Chicago, was the guest of Col. Hoynes last Sunday.

—Louis Sanford (student), '92, is preparing himself for the stage in New York city. He will make his *début* soon.

—Geo. W. Houck (C. E.), '88, is a big stock raiser in Oregon. George feels rather sore on the subject of free wool.

—William A. Kennedy (student), '93, occupies the position of book-keeper in his father's establishment at Grand Rapids, Mich.

—Mr. James E. Purnell, ex-member of the Legislature of Illinois, accompanied by Mrs. Purnell, visited the University during the week.

—Miss Annie O'Neill, Mrs. L. Collier, and Miss Amy Busby, members of Crane's theatrical company, paid a visit to Notre Dame on Tuesday last.

—Thomas G. McCarthy (Com'l and gold medallist), '93, has an excellent position in the Citizens' National Bank at Kokomo, Ind. It is said that he is an excellent accountant, and is noted for his untiring energy.

—Francis J. Todd (student), '93, will graduate at the La Gro High School in La Gro, Ind., on the 4th prox. We received a programme of the commencement exercises, but are sorry that want of time prevents our acceptance.

Local Items.

—May devotions begin next Monday evening.

—The 'Varsity nine will play the Elkharts to-morrow; Albion college next Saturday.

—Some of the boys have already begun to study in bed every morning.

—Father Kirsch has some excellent photographs of the University Band.

—F. Wensinger won the drill for the gold medal in Co. "B" last Sunday.

—The Library is now open only from 8 to 12 a. m., and from 12 30 to 4.30 p. m.

—A beautiful picture of Saint Aloysius occupies a position of prominence in Carroll Hall.

—Scores of games played this week: Carroll Specials, 20; Anti-specials, 14; St. Joseph Hall, 8; South Bend, 8.

—Three new pleasure boats have been ordered by the Boat Club, and are in process of construction.

—Members of the Boat Club should remember that the boat house does not open until 10 o'clock on "rec"-days.

—The game last Monday between the two 2d nine teams of Brownson Hall resulted in a victory for the "Grays," as usual, by a score of 19 to 17.

—The open air Band Concerts will begin next Sunday evening. This announcement will no doubt be hailed by everyone with great pleasure.

—Capt. Moxley's colts are putting up gilt-edged ball. The score occasionally runs high; but as everything comes high in these hard times, it is not surprising.

—Talk about economy! A mail bag arrived at our office from Washington which was patched in no less than seventeen places. At this rate Uncle Sam will soon pay his creditors.

—The two six-oared boats, the *Minnehaha* and the *Evangeline* have been completely renovated and repaired. The boats have been tried during the past week and are now in perfect working order.

—A. Luzi, a New York artist, has completed a life-size bust of the late Very Rev. Father Sorin. The work is artistically finished, but the sculptor has failed to portray Father General's most familiar expression.

—Would it not be a good thing to have on Field-day, in connection with the other events, a boat race between two of the crews? Such a race could easily be arranged, and the crews could be got in proper form by that time.

—Great and painstaking efforts are being made to beautify the college lawn. In past years the grass near the borders of the walks was worn away by those who failed to realize a straight line. Pedestrians are earnestly exhorted this year to keep off the grass.

—The SCHOLASTIC called attention some time ago to the uncertainty of the real and authorized yell. As far as we know nothing has been done in the matter. Let us have our yell and only one. As it is now we are divided among four or five yells. Choose one and stick to it.

—Owing to unforeseen circumstances (necessity, we are told), the "Invincibles" have reorganized and intend to make things lively before they are much older. No attention will be paid to challenges from clubs having no reputation. For dates write or call on the manager, O. D. Wright, Carroll Hall.

—H. Martin (Pid-gee), who played last year with the Carroll specials, is now captain of the Sacred Heart College team of San Francisco, and plays, first base. He thinks his team could beat last year's Varsity. It is playing a series of games with other state teams at the Mid Winter Fair. Too bad he is so far away, or we would let him rub up against the Varsity of '94.

—The books will be open Monday in the reading-room for recording entries for Field day. Thus far there has been no alarming enthusiasm manifested in preparing for the track athletics. Some are training under the direction of Prof. Beyer, but only in jumping and vaulting. The prizes are worth working for, boys, and there should be sharp competition. Why cannot some ambitous athlete train to break one of the records? If we manage to drag one of the laurels from past years we shall feel satisfied.

—A magnificent piece of statuary ordered by Father Sorin a short time before his death, has arrived from Munich, and will be placed in the church. It is a group representing the Holy Family. The Divine Infant is seen standing on a broken column with outstretched hands at whose base lie various instruments and emblems. To His right is the Blessed Virgin gazing at Him with maternal tenderness, whilst the figure of St. Joseph, in an attitude of veneration, is shown on His left. There is a repose and grace in the three figures not often seen in work of this kind. The coloring is delicate and accentuates the beautiful joy and calm depicted in the faces of the Holy Family.

THE FATE OF JOHN WISE.

Two mighty and highly celebrated costumed aggregations are upon the field of honor, struggling with might and main for superiority, because the stake is mighty and rare—a pie. Jacques Lott, the famous twirler, whose name is heralded far and wide as the loser of many a game, enters the box, escorted by a detail of blue-coats, a guarantee against obnoxious eggs. Herr John Wise steps up to the plate, and as he

does so a wild, fierce look comes into his eyes—a look which tells of the fire of determination that burns beneath his ragged wesket. Everyone knows the meaning of that look. He coolly swings his bat in a way which indicates that he has been there before. The hopes of the "Never Sweats" are centred in John.

A hush of expectancy falls upon the vast audience—a hush which is succeeded by a painful silence that can be heard for miles around. Many are in that crowd who have never gazed upon a ball game before. Decrepit old men, bent with the weight of years, and men in their prime; lovely young maidens, antiquated spinsters, and gray-haired matrons—all are present. It is due to the magic of John Wise's name that this immense attendance has assembled. But we have left John too long engaged in swinging his bat.

Lott holds up the ball for the inspection of everyone, to show that he has nothing up his sleeve, and then with three twirls of his left leg and a circuitous motion of his right arm he cleaves the ambient atmosphere with the rotund sphere.

But Wise is not to be outwitted thus easily, for his eagle eye instantly detects the advent of the ball, and, with a "do or die" expression on the tip of his nose, he makes a vicious swing at it with his immense war-club. Wagers were being made on all sides by the knowing ones, that the ball would be launched into the eternal realms of nowhere from the impetus which it would receive from John's bat. But look again, for "I am dying, Egypt, dying" if John hasn't missed the ball! A groan goes up from the crowd—a groan of bitter agony, for John is a great favorite. Brick houses fall over and die in the excitement, and pictures are turned toward the wall. Again the ball is launched at the defenceless head of Herr John who, nothing daunted, stands up at the plate with the calm superior smile of a Napoleon. Again a terrible swing of the club, and again a miss. People are seen climbing trees in the near distance, and the street-cars begin to stop. But soft! John has still another chance. Some one in the crowd yells "Wise" by way of encouragement. The cry is taken up first by one, then by another, until finally the vast throng yell in one great shout "Wise! John Wise!"

John's ears are now pricked up; his bosom rises and falls, at short intervals of five minutes each, and his every action betokens the resolution of a man girded for some great purpose.

"A thousand sestertii on John Wise!" rings out sharp and clear, but no voice responds "I'll go you!" "Down Nero! up Wise!" comes another cry; but John still smiles. Again there is a hush. The ball is held now for the last time and John awaits it with a surprising calmness. Lott nerves himself for a supreme effort, and Wise does like*wise;* as Lott prepares to deliver the ball it slips from his grasp and falls to the ground rolling away into the high grass that, bifurcated, skirts the field, as if loath to take a further part in the tragedy that is bringing shame and dishonor to the gray hairs of Patriarch Wise. But it is picked up by the heartless Lott, and is hurled at John with a vehemence and energy wholly unlooked for. A gasp, a groan, a sigh, and all is over. John Wise, the great John Wise, the Invincible, has struck out.

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