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December Days.

DECEMBER winds are drear and chill,
December meadows bleak and bare;
With drifting leaves the hollows fill,
Where once sweet flowers perfumed the air.

December skies are seldom blue;
The sun with fleeting clouds o'ercast,
Now, some thin vapor pierces through,
And now again in clouds is fast.

The songless woodlands, desolate,
Are strangely silent, sadly still;
The leafless trees bewail their fate
At every gust of winter's will.

As some fond mother, o'er her child,
Weeps bitter tears when death draws near,
So Nature, in her language wild,
Laments the dying of the year.

WILLIAM P. BURNS.

Bishop Spalding's Lecture.*

It gives me great pleasure, Reverend Fathers, my dear students and friends, to be permitted to open the Lecture Course at Notre Dame this year. There is no place in the whole country to which I turn my thoughts and my steps with more pleasurable emotions than to this great institution of learning. Of course, I do not come to address you with the idea of teaching you anything. You are surrounded by so many able and learned men, so much more competent to give you the knowledge you seek in any

branch of learning, that it would be folly for one to come from the outside for that purpose. Since I myself am one of the true believers in education, however, it can be my hope and aim to awaken within you greater courage and greater enthusiasm in the work in which you are here engaged.

The primary impulse, I imagine, is the will to live. We ought to feel the pulse of life within us; feel that it is good to live. We long for life, and if we are conscious, we long for a richer, a fuller, a higher, a freer life. This is an inspiration common to every mortal that breathes upon earth. Ask any one of these hundreds of thousands what they desire, what they long for, and they will give you a thousand different answers; but if you look through their replies and come to the heart of their meaning, you will see that all agree in wishing for more life, for a richer life, for a higher life, for a completeness of life.

Out of this radical impulse—the love to be more, to know more, to think more—grows that triple root of human action—faith, hope and love. We commonly take these words to have peculiarly and only a religious meaning; they are of universal application. We live by faith. What is my faith, and how do I hold it? In other words, what within my inmost being do I believe and know to be the best? That will be the determining influence in my life. Of course, it is obvious to say that we believe in the Highest, the Absolute, the Eternal, the Infinite—in God. So we do; but this belief in God does not rest in us, for we do not see Him face to face. We see Him in the universe which is full of all His divine thought, power and love. But we turn our thoughts in many other directions, and, consequently, our faith is not exclusively in God; it is in life, in what makes life good.

* Admirable and full as the report of the lecture seems to be, it was impossible to reproduce certain impassioned portions of the Bishop's eloquent discourse.

Now, in speaking to those who are engaged in the work of educating themselves, what I would first demand is faith in education. I will appeal to the experience of teachers, and ask them if the great obstacle with which they have to contend is not lack of faith in education. The true believers in education—and you find a few of them among the young, as you find only a few of them among mature minds—are the true men and women. The true believers give no concern to their teachers. It is well with them; their faith will buoy them up; it will carry them through a thousand difficulties. A thousand failures will not make cowards of them. They will still believe, and still pursue each object which their daily education brings within their grasp.

It is a most difficult faith. If it were not, it would be wrong for me to say that there are only a few believers in the power and efficacy of education. You know that the arrangement, the providential arrangement, which makes education possible, is that which makes the human offspring helpless for a long period of life. The human child depends wholly upon its parents, not for two, or three or four years; but it depends upon its parents almost wholly for fourteen or sixteen years of its life. Throw a boy of fourteen years out into the world to make his own way, and, nine times out of ten, he will be trampled under foot, will be wrecked upon the rocks, will be cast away. This necessity of clinging to parents for the necessities of life forces us to obedience. Now, I suppose a very large number of you who are listening to me are here at Notre Dame, not simply because you yearned and longed to be here,—not chiefly for this reason. You have been sent here by your parents; some of you altogether willingly, and some, or many of you, unwillingly. Had your parents offered you a thousand dollars a year to do with it and with yourselves what you pleased, very few of you would have come to these halls, because you would not have had faith in education. You would have believed that it would be better to remain in your city, in the town or the country, and to spend your money for your own gratification. You would allow the present to predominate altogether over future joys. The present things you delight in would have exercised such a fascination upon you and your imagination, that you would have found it impossible to put yourselves under present restraint, and enter on a course of education. Of whomsoever this is true he is not a believer in education.

It is not surprising that the young, for whom the hopes of the future exercise but a feeble influence, should be unwilling to give up the present, in which alone they live, in order that they may have a great love for the best and the truest, which is to become the high influence of the future. But he who gives you this belief in education, this living faith in education, is your best master, your truest benefactor, your most real friend. It is such plain faith that it is almost knowledge; just as the faith in God is so simple that it is almost knowledge. And yet we are forever forgetting God, and cleaving to what is but a shadow of Him. So we are forever forgetting the power of education, and thinking that things within ourselves can supply the desire of being which is in us.

The idea of every true believer in education, of everyone that has a faith in the inner impulse that is irresistible, in the transforming influence of education, is to become more, to know more, to feel more, to live more in communication with God and with all that God has made.

The work of education is infinite, because man is infinite in his applications. To show this, we can take the hand, the fingers, or any part of the body. What can be done with human hands! Take the hand of an awkward boy coming to college for the first time. See how it can be trained to touch any musical instrument with a skill that develops all the harmonies of the great masters; see how that hand can take the brush and bring forth forms of beauty; the chisel, and bring forth an Apollo Belvedere. I know that behind the hand there is the mind; but there are others who have the same mind, and, because the hand is not educated, has not been trained to do the mind's will, it is not able to perform its functions. Take the hand of the ball-player; see with what skill he throws; he can even curve it in the air. How does he do it? The hand is educated. Take the hand of the acrobat, and the thousand ways in which it can be educated. Take the actor, and he need scarcely speak. A motion of the hand is sometimes more eloquent than all words. An uplifting of the finger, a commanding gesture, are, more than speech, the result of education. So with the eyes. Go with the sportsman through the fields. He will see the bunch of quail when you would have passed by, not knowing that anything was there.

I remember, when a boy, going into the woods with a huntsman. He said to me, "There is a

squirrel." I looked for it, but did not see it until it fell. My eye was as good as his. I saw the same things, but I did not know it; my eye was not trained as his was. So you who use the spectroscope know how difficult it is to learn to distinguish the different colors which blend into one another. One man may come into a room and see a dozen people and be able to say just where and when he saw them; another may not recognize any one present. So the ear may detect the most delicate shades of sounds, harmonies and disharmonies, where the ordinary ear notices nothing but noise.

If all this is possible in the body, what may not education do when applied to our higher being, when applied to our power of knowing and acting, our power of thought and conduct—what may it not accomplish? Do you not know that everything you do you can do the better for having been educated? If we walk, it is long and tedious education that enabled us to stand on our feet. And after we can stand on our feet, education is still necessary before we can walk in a graceful way. Behold our whole body is at our disposal, the body is subject to our thought and will.

Now, of course, in every large view of education, we must take the body into consideration. It is an all-important factor. Not only to have a healthful and vigorous body, but to have a body which is obedient to the mind and will. This is all-important—to get rid of all the awkwardness of youth and to acquire that self-possession that is, to a large extent, the result of perfect control over all the members of the body. We are not expected, of course, to acquire the grace of the dancer, the harmony of motion of those who give their lives to it; but we all ought to bring the element of beauty, of grace, of harmony even into our bodily motions and doings; for whatever adds to the beauty of life adds also to goodness. Whatever gives us more grace gives us also, not only power to please, but more power to influence for good, more power to be living inspirations to others. Hence, while you are here, thinking little, I suppose, of merely physical training, you should by all means seek to carry into your physical life this great fundamental maxim of the educator: do well what you do. This is the whole secret—to learn to do well what you do. If we stand up, let us stand up well, firmly, gracefully; let us hold our bodies in a proper position. If we look, let us look aright; if we speak, let us speak well. I don't say to speak with the skill of the orator, to

pronounce, to enunciate with the perfection of the elocutionist. Try always to speak well, to pronounce correctly, to give proper emphasis. How few there are whose voices have been trained, have been modulated!

It is a common criticism of Americans that they have harsh voices, unpleasant voices. It is principally the Western people who sin in this respect, more so than those farther East. It is a great accomplishment, it is something greatly to be desired to have a pleasant voice, a well modulated voice, which, instead of giving pain, causes pleasure, whether it tells the most commonplace, or whether it says something of greatest import or highest interest. To scream like the savage, to yell like barbarians, to shout to one another, to deafen the hearing, to have an inarticulate voice, is to have a voice upon which the intellect does not act. The voice should be trained. This education of the voice you can carry on from day to day, on the playground, in the class-room, in conversation with one another, in the manner of addressing superiors, when you speak to your friends and your acquaintances. If you are continually striving to speak well, this is all I ask. Try to use a respectable word always, not to allow a word of slang, to use words which really and truly and fully mean what you wish to say, not one which comes near to it, but one which is exactly the right word, and in the right tone. Do not use too many words or exaggerated forms of expression; employ no senseless words. All vulgar words are senseless, as all blasphemy is senseless. Try to speak properly and to speak well. If any one should strive to reach this he would find that he had educated himself in a thousand other ways.

It is the beauty of education that we cannot properly train ourselves in any way without bringing our whole being into something more complete. The great difficulty is that we see no results. It is not by looking back from day to day, from week to week, or from year to year, that we really become aware of any true improvement. It is only when we look back from a number of years that we can see any advancement; till then we must go on darkly, blindly, guided only by faith. This is the reason I speak of faith. Because the fine fruit of intellectual toil is not gathered until after many years have passed; and unless we believe with our whole hearts that this is the one best thing for us, that this is worth all, we shall not persevere. Once we have understood the divine goodness of God in making education possible for us, and

when we have once understood that in this alone are we heirs of this earth, we come to a clearer knowledge of Him, to a truer knowledge of the harmonies and beauties of the world. Only then shall we be willing to live in darkness, believing, that after many years' toil we shall come to our own, when, turn in what direction we may, there are infinite charms and beauty.

It is so much easier to take a matter of fact view, to say it is well enough to mingle in a half-educated world so as not to be remarkable; but after I have obeyed my parents and stayed at college for three or four years, then I shall be let loose to live a real life. I will become a merchant, a lawyer, a physician, or I will take up any money-getting occupation, and will live a real life. You will live forever a blasted, a stunted dwarf. You talk about having the best things in the world. The best things are not possible to half-educated minds, are not possible to crude intellects and coarse hearts. Such are not believers. It is not within the power of any external thing or possession to bring great good to those who are not greatly good in themselves. You know what money can buy and how to use it to prepare the mind for such a life; it is money that makes it possible.

Bring me a boy unkempt and wholly untutored. Bring him to me, and with money I will take him to the tailors, to the baths, the dancing masters, and in two or three months he will be such a one as people call, maybe, a gentleman. You have made a man; you might as well have made a wax figure into all of this. It could not have talked; but what can the boy do or say that is good or well said? He is simply an external man. With money you may buy him food, take him to places of pleasure, and he will have his life, but it is a poor, miserable, artificial, external life, and when led a little while it will pall upon him, and nothing better could be possible to him. In the real life which is gotten by long-continued efforts, by applying with all one's heart to the things of a noble life, you will then see that the human heart and imagination, the power to see all things, is infinitely better than fine clothes and gatherings of mere worldly goods. This brings its result only after long toil, patient labor, years of effort; but once you have even gotten a glimpse into that world nothing could draw you from it.

Now, I might be displeased because a young man would prefer to enter into a game of football, or to look on rather than to read some good book. It would be ridiculous. The foot-

ball game is better for him, better than the book. Why? What is it that determines his tastes? It is useless to ask one to be pleased with what does not please him; and what pleases him depends upon what he is. If he is more delighted with mere physical tests than with the nobler flights and wrestlings of the mind, then all you can say to him is: Become other than you are. You are low. If you turn colts into a field you don't blame these colts for eating grass or jumping about. This is all their nature permits them to take delight in. So if you cannot see that it is a higher and better and nobler thing to become a real man, a complete man, than simply to be a natural man, to take delight in the sports and games of boyhood, than to bind yourselves forever to some money-getting business, without having lived, without having thrown a seeing eye upon God's world, without having felt the infinite worth and goodness living within this universe, you choose the lower and follow it. Higher things there were, but you turned away from them. You did not have faith; you had not the power to believe in the goodness of life. I myself am perfectly convinced that this life here on earth, with all its disappointments, all its sorrows, all its limitations, is a divinely good life when we ourselves are divinely good. The fault lies within our nature, not in God's work. But God is higher than all; with all His power and goodness and beauty and eternal truths, we are not able to catch a glimpse of the heavenly kingdom shown to us. If we were more, if we could do, see, hear and live more, then this life here would be good enough for us if it were eternal. It is within us that all the misery of life lies. Each one preaches his faith, and it is because this is my real faith—that infinite possibilities are held out to all, I say, to all, not all possibilities to all—the possibility of a divinely good and beautiful life to all through education, through the transforming power of education. It is because of this faith that I forever feel drawn to speak to the young who have opportunities of self-training, of self-development, and who, if they make any use of them in their youth, will feel the result although at later times of life.

What is the best thing in this world, what is the highest thing in this world visible? Is it not a noble, true man or woman? We all feel that. We all of us love heroes and sages and great poets and great painters, men of wisdom and power and genius. We all love them; they are the conquerors in the race. A man's writings

may have lived for a thousand years, but they will have no sacredness or charm to set over us unless it has been consecrated and illumined by truthfulness and a Godlike mind. We know this; we feel it. Why talk about it when this is forever before us, that the best is the best man or the best woman in the complete sense—I mean the best possible here on earth. When we look about us we are conscious of a thousand impulses from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. Look on the rivers and valleys! Look at Chicago with its many millions—I believe there are three now. What does it amount to? Not numbers, not numbers of men, not numbers of millions, not numbers of dollars, not numbers of horses and hogs and cattle make a great people.

In the presence of this world and ourselves so physically great, the soil teeming with the richness which produces human food, underlain with all those treasures of heat and force which run all our machinery—all this tends to a mere outside life, and it is difficult to live. It is the sense of numbers of millions that dwarfs us. For this reason I forever preach this gospel of the mind and imagination and heart; the gospel of manhood and womanhood as images of the eternal God. If you could have faith in education, my dear boys, education would be possible to you. Yes, it is possible for any one of you to become a Godlike man. I know all men are not equal in brain power or in intellectual force. I know there are different endowments. But this I say that I am firmly convinced that if we take the means which God places within our reach it is possible for everyone to become a noble character, a high sort of human being, a living, helpful image of God. This is possible; and as I go on to develop to you this theme you will see more clearly what I mean. I first start with faith in intellectual education; faith in education, in what education will do. It will do wonders beyond a doubt; it will perform miracles. The great difference in men is not difference in intellectual capacity, but difference in will-power.

Some men have a will to live more completely than others. Those who have a weak will to live, get tired of this, get tired of the effort to live. They become satiated with this food, and are forever looking back. This is a difference of will. But you take a boy, and if he be thoroughly determined and resolved and carry that resolve into daily action, not to die in darkness, not, like the mole, to live under the

earth, but like the moth to eat his way to the light, somewhere, somehow, that better will will make him do so. He will come to do what a thousand superficial, bright and brilliant fellows you have known will not do; he will look upwards to a better life, and work on. Confidence in yourself springs from this will. You know that line of Virgil—"They were able to do because they thought they were able." If you have confidence in yourself it is half the wisdom of life, half the success of your undertaking. Never turn away with a faint heart. Does not God work with us? He makes His life our life; He is the source of life, of courage, of strength, of perseverance. It is God that is with us; and with Him I doubt not that I may go as far as any man has gone. Such faith is almost genius; such faith is almost victory. Don't turn away from the infinite truth and beauty of God to make money, to live for pleasure!

Ruskin says that nearly all the good we accomplish comes from the love of praise. I don't know whether that is altogether right or not; it is immaterial. Nearly all the good done in this world is done for the love of praise, from the love of approval, the approval of self, self-commendation. Nearly all the evils of life come from a love of pleasure. Let me call your attention to this lower love.

Cheap pleasures are not the best pleasures, the real pleasures. The real pleasures are the pleasures of the mind, of the heart and of the conscience. Ask anyone who is fit to form an opinion upon this subject, and he will tell you, beyond a doubt, that the real and true pleasures are those of the mind, the heart and the conscience. The mere pleasure of eating and drinking we have in common with the brute creation. The mere pleasure which games, of whatever kind, give us is almost wholly like the pleasure which animals feel in running, skipping and gambolling. The real mission of education, it has been said, is not the drawing out, but drawing up, training up. That is the business of education. It is to draw us up into our higher selves, to draw the blood of life up into the mind, into the heart, into the consciousness; to take it out of the mere physical man.

Cheap pleasures soon fail. Cheap pleasures degrade the body, and take away the power of the mind. When we once make ourselves capable of the life of thought, the life of power, the life of conscious action, inspired by duty, then we have within us the source of eternal delight, of every pleasure. There can be no question about it. The more we have learned

to live in the mind the more do we yearn for still greater life and thought and activity and power. Whereas if you seek the pleasures of the body—delicious wine to drink, rich food to eat—the whole intellect will be overthrown. The man becomes obnoxious to himself and to others. If we are to lead a divine life we must lead it in the mind, in the heart, in the conscience. In all this consists the whole business of education, the education to what is more spiritual. There can be no question about it; the life of the mind is truly spiritual, the animal is merely a support. You sit upon a horse, a noble brute, and you delight in coursing along the roads and over the fields. You love to feel that sense of vigor and motion. The horse carries you; you should love him; he ought to be precious to you; you should treat him with kindness and affection. But he is an animal; he is lower than you; he is for you, not you for him. His value lies in the fact that he adds an enjoyment and a refreshment to your life. So with the body; it is for you, for it makes it possible to live, to feel and to act readily. Of course, here is the difficulty, to use aright the bodily life. It may be used to become a great ball-player; but the Lord deliver us from all great players. I remember reading an anecdote, some time ago, of Herbert Spencer, who, I suppose, is the greatest mind now living in Great Britain, certainly a mind of great organizing power. Spencer is a philosophical student. He is old now; but he belongs to a club where he goes occasionally to take some relaxation. He plays billiards, and plays fairly well. One day he sauntered into the club-room. There was nobody there but a young man, a stranger to Spencer. He asked him to play a game of billiards, and the young man assented. They played a while, and in the first game Spencer won. The next game the young fellow took another cue, and he went out without giving Herbert Spencer a single shot. Turning to him, the philosopher said: "Young man, in games of this kind, a moderate skill is all very well, but such skill as you show is a sign of a misspent youth." There is deep philosophy in that if you will notice it.

Well, the idea—my idea at least—of college education is that it is meant for nothing else than to train the faculties. The knowledge you get at college is of very little importance, relatively, of very little importance. It is not of moment what you know when you leave college; but it is of the greatest importance how thoroughly your intellect has been trained, and

what kind of character you have. The knowledge in the branches of studies you may pursue is a means of awakening to self-activity. . . .

The knowledge you have—most of it—you will forget altogether. Only a little of it will you carry with you, and that little will be transformed by the wider views, will be lost in other knowledge that you will acquire. But if you learn to labor, to strive for things better, things higher, then your college will have been your second mother, your *Alma Mater* indeed, who started you on the way to a nobler and higher life. Therefore, I would say to all of you who are anxious to train the mind, don't think so much of learning this or that branch, but inquire, seek and discover what is best suited to the development of your faculties.

One of the greatest educational powers is in words, in language; and language in its perfection is found in literature. In the great books of all the different languages, the cream of literature, there is all human knowledge in the most perfect form. Literature is the great awakening power of education, literature in all its branches: history, geography, etc. Geography which takes us into all countries, tells us of the vegetation, the animal life, the climate, etc. Why has travel such an educational force? Blessed is the man who, while still young, is permitted to travel over this earth and to see what is highest and noblest! It is worth all the pains of life. Now geography brings all the world before us. Schiller, in his "William Tell"—one of his best dramas—describes the scenery of Switzerland into which the life of Tell was thrown, though we are told he never existed. Anyway, Schiller wrote about him. Schiller had never been in Switzerland. He was an intimate friend of Goethe who had seen it; but he had read about Switzerland, and his description of the scenery is wholly perfect. How did he obtain the power to make that scenery live immortal on his pages? He had never thrown his eyes upon it. We have not his genius, but we can cultivate that power. There is one thing we all can learn, never to speak a word without being able to see the thing it symbolizes. I got this idea from a teacher of elocution. I suppose you are surprised to hear that I ever had a teacher of elocution. Well, I only took a few lessons (Laughter). When you speak, try to look at the thing you speak of; whether it be the mountains, the streams, or the flowers, try to see them. If you see the thing in your imagination, you will find the right word to express it in the right way, and it will produce

an effect on your hearers. Never speak a meaningless word, one which you feel does not convey your own meaning. Never use a word you don't understand.

A young man ought never to sit in his room unless he is sitting on a dictionary or beside one. He should never pass a word which he does not thoroughly understand, never pass a word the pronunciation of which he is doubtful about. Learn what you learn, know it exactly, accurately. This is the secret of education—accuracy in looking, in hearing, in speaking, in thinking. That is all in all, and you can learn this. Little things make up our lives, and these things, little as they are, eternally recur. Repetition makes these little things great, as little animalcules formed the islands of Great Britain; little microscopic things gradually built up England, Ireland and Scotland, working for untold ages; just so these little things all tend to remodel us into higher beings. Well, what I wish to come to is that education is a physical process. It is a divine thing to have the mind of a genius, the perfection of a great scholar, or the knowledge of one who has read all history and knows the facts of physical nature. I suppose relatively few are greatly enthusiastic about this idea. The real human idea is that of conduct. We are born to do infinitely more than we are born to think—to think in an original way. We are forever doing something, and I hold that there is no indifferent deed. All deeds are good or bad, whether we apply ourselves to some light task or seek to solve some great problem—whatever we are doing. The great aim of anything is the standard of moral will. (Of course, I keep as far away from a sermon as possible, for I know you boys do not like sermons.) Religion is a great educational force—the religion of faith, hope and love; the fountain of truth, the spring of all true ideas. But I am speaking to you of forming a character. Character is what tells. A man's character is infinitely more than the enlightenment of a man's mind; character is the great force. That we can educate ourselves in these spiritual and moral directions is beyond all question. This is the great, beautiful and divine fact in our lives.

Nine-tenths of the joys of our lives come through our characters; those flights of intellectual inspiration, and remaining long upon them. But we can be strengthened, consoled and benefited through our moral nature. In the first place, what the young should seek to acquire is humanity—to become human. We are

not born human. We are born savages, and remain barbarians until we become human.

The older I get the more respect I have for boys, because I see the kind of men who have turned out from boys. What boys have not is humaneness, true good-will towards one another. You often see lack of good-will in the propensity of boys to persecute those who are feeble and those who have to toil for whatever they get. You find a certain harshness of disposition in them. The whole effort of the lives of good men must be in the direction of good-will, good-will to all men, not confining it to our relations or our nation, but spreading it; and, from the fact that man is man, feeling kindly towards him. Be willing to help! It is not for the good of others that I am urging this point, but for your own good. Take delight in the good of others. Learn to live in the good of all men. You can then live the lives of all men—of the heroes, of the poets—live intellectually and mentally, and the life of many lives. He who has a wide sympathy leads many lives.

There is one fine thing in boys, they are not mean; they love fair play and justice. Love the truth! It is unjust beside being cowardly; it will degrade you to lie. Never do anything little or cowardly. Permit it not. This, my dear boys, is the basis of all good—sincerity and truthfulness. A liar is forever despicable. The character you form in school you will take with you all through your lives. Lying is a vice, the vice of slaves, of the weak, of the coward. The true man would turn away from telling a lie with such horror as death would not inspire. Let the heavens fall, but speak the truth! Truth is God. Remember through your whole lives, to cleave to honor, cleave to truthfulness. Boys ought to have a horror of liars. Down in the country where I went to school, if a boy were called a liar, he had to fight or be forever contemptible.

The courage to bear is the larger part of wisdom of life—learn how to bear. What a shame it is to hear boys complain! Yes, girls, let them complain: it is all right. They have a great deal more to complain of than boys have, anyway. (Laughter.) It is wholly feminine and unworthy of you to make any complaint. Bear, forbear! Learn to suffer; learn to endure; harden yourselves; that is the great secret of gaining strength. I often think that it is a pity we have things so comfortable now. It seems to me better to get up in the morning, shivering, and break the ice in your pitcher, and feel that you will be almost frozen before you

get through washing. Just as you can endure hardship so can you endure the absence from home, from friends, the denial of many pleasures which you would like to enter into. Know that it is only through suffering that real wisdom is obtained; that you will not be able to hold your place in the battle of life, if you are weak and ever ready to complain. A real man can bear all things and die if necessary, and utter no complaint in dying. It is easy for a man to train himself to this. Prove that you are a strong and mature man. To be weak is to be miserable. Forever remember, not to be able to suffer is to go out unprepared for life. Those who can endure most, still cheerful, still courageous, these are the heirs of the world, theirs are the victories, theirs the genius of success. What I wish to emphasize in this part of my discourse is that our moral nature is as active and susceptible of education, as our physical or our intellectual being; and that the important end, the final result of education, is to be determined by its ethics.

My dear boys, I look over the world and I see so many whom I knew as boys, now men, and there is no sadder sight than to see boys who have grown into youth and then into manhood, and who, when they become twenty-five or thirty years of age, sink down into utter nothingness. Some become drunkards, and some become common wanderers, loafers; some become untrue to father, mother, and wife; failing in all things, lacking honesty, justice and self-control; lacking courage, losing faith—faith in God, in everything. Fear this, my boys, that you should break down in your faith; that, as Ruskin says, you should be wrecks of a life of pleasure, and die in sensuality and lowness of instinct. The years you pass here will determine. Then be human, suffering a tenderness to encircle your lives. Think of the mother that held us in her arms, of the father that toiled for us, whose heart was always cheered and made victorious by love for us; think of the brothers and sisters and friends who have loved us, who have educated us. Let us look into our hearts and think of it! How is it possible that we should throw all away and lead vicious, sensual lives! It cannot be. Strengthen yourselves and your hearts. Build up a being that is useful. Make yourself men of character, of humanity, of honesty and of justice and all high qualities. Then you will walk this earth like angel-guarded, divine beings, and mould everything into the goods of heaven and infinite pleasures.

A "Greek Room" Reverie.

JAMES A. MCKEE, '93.

While wandering through the main building of the College, a few weeks ago, by some mysterious chance my steps were directed to the old Greek room, for as such we have always spoken of it even from our first acquaintance. I stopped for a moment in front of the door before going in, glanced around to see, if possible, what had induced me to come in that direction, and then entered. Not a single person was to be found in the spacious corridors, and the noise of my footsteps upon the tiled floor was echoed and re-echoed until the reverberations died away. I closed the door gently behind me, as if afraid of disturbing the quiet and peace of this secluded spot; placed my hat upon one of the desks, and threw myself into the same old seat which I had occupied for years, while drinking in knowledge from the Grecian fountain of learning. The walls, frescoed in dark colors, were not made brighter by the disagreeable and gloomy appearance of the sky outside, while the general appearance of everything seemed to assume a most foreboding aspect. I became very melancholy, and the dismal ghosts of the past began to assume the appearance of stern realities. I lived only in the past, with no regard whatever for what the future might have in store. It was here that I had learned all that I once knew about Greek. However, in the last few years even that little has almost deserted me; but still there is much consolation in the fact that there was once a time when some of the beauties of the language were not entirely overlooked. How well I remember the day—for it seems but yesterday—which decided my destiny with regard to the Athenian language!

Those time-stained books, full of Grecian lore, much abused and much thumbed, were to be laid aside, never, never again to be opened; for the day of examination had come. Although an occasion of great joy and glee to those who could endure the test well, yet, to the more serious and meditative ones, a sad and sorrowful event. Old books are like old friends, and the fact that they are to be consigned to oblivion, thrown, perhaps, into a dark closet, or, what is worse, stored away with trash and rubbish in a gloomy attic, made me stir in my chair. The corps of examiners marched into the room in

solemn array, significant of the important and serious duty which they were about to perform, while those who were to be examined were nervous and excited. The procession halted, each taking the seat assigned to him, and were ready then to begin the task, which should seal our fates. Those who have passed such a trying ordeal never forget the impression produced by such an occurrence.

How well I remember my translation from the "Frogs" of Aristophanes and the fire of cross questions which followed after each passage! By some mysterious good fortune, however, I escaped with my life, and have never been tempted since to engage in such warfare, notwithstanding the flattering inducements which have been offered. At such a thought I was aroused from my lethargy, and, looking around the room, my eyes rested upon an old chest, which had been, and is yet, the store-house of Grecian knowledge. In that huge and ancient-looking bookcase can be found any number of valuable classics, from the time of Homer down through all the successive periods of art and culture, which have made the defenders of the pass of Thermopylæ famous. Some have no covers on them; for constant use has left them stripped of the gold-leaf and calf-skin that once were theirs.

In that old receptacle are to be found all sorts of books—books with covers and books without covers, large books and small books, books which have been thumbed and fingered and those which have not; in short, varieties without end. Some of these old volumes are very valuable, and yet from the manner in which they have been treated we would be forced to believe the contrary. We do not take time to consider how much labor and time has been expended in producing these works of art; while we look upon them as merely containing so much knowledge, or, what is more probable, the amount of money they represent; for if ever there was an age in which mammon was the ruling factor, it is certainly the present one.

In our casual way we take everything for granted, and do not take time to sift them down to the whys and wherefores. Light-hearted and easily contented with what we see, we are unconcerned about the morrow. So it is that the thoughtless and unobserving individual would pass this depository of knowledge by without even one thought of what it represented. Possibly, he knows that a person by the name of Socrates drank the hemlock, and that Diogenes, the cynic, carried a lighted lantern in the daytime; but beyond this he knows little and cares less. The rattling of the steam pipe disturbed me, and I looked in that direction.

Occupying a conspicuous place in the window close by, sat the owl—the Greek room owl. Years ago he did not hold such an important position, until one day through the kindness of

some of his silent admirers he was given a more prominent place. It is well that the owl cannot speak, for he could disclose some dark and daring deeds; but as I am no stranger to him, I will tell you something about this queer individual. It was about five years ago that I first saw him, and at that time he was perched upon the chest of which I have just spoken. The beginning of our acquaintance was not a very agreeable one; for he had a way of staring which made me very uncomfortable. By degrees I became accustomed to his gaze, and after a few months the discomfort of being continually stared at disappeared. Time will work many changes and accomplish many things. Fate did not intend always to be so merciful; for this meek and modest bird, an evil hour was at hand. Some cruel and relentless hand had broken his nose, and he was to suffer the ignominy hereafter of being but an object of ridicule, subject to the whims and caprices of the scoffer. From that hour the notoriety which he had gained, began to decline, until he ceased entirely to merit the respect of his once ardent admirers.

The one who seeks favor in the eyes of the public is a slave to the whims and fancies of a very changeable weather-cock. To-day he is carried with great pomp and ceremony on the shoulders of an admiring throng; to-morrow he may lie in the gutter, deprived of every vestige of his former greatness. Those who seek the bubble, reputation, do so at their own peril; for to-morrow it may break, leaving only a drop of water as a reward for their efforts. Bah! thought I, away with the shallowness and insincerity of this world. Give me true friends or none at all; and with this I brought my hand down with such force upon the desk in front of me that it shook under the blow.

Those long benches over against the wall, around which hang so many pleasant, and a few unpleasant, recollections were now vividly before my mind, recalled no doubt by the blow which I had inflicted upon them. I sat behind them for four years, so that even now it seems natural for me to be there. In my time the poet occupied the position in the corner, and The writer sat next to him. Then we were happy, free from care and trouble and anxiety, for our hearts were light and our disappointments were few. Life is not always one of sunshine; for from the fountain of sweetness there arise bitter, bitter draughts. Would that we could always remain school-boys; but such is not our destiny. Our lives are not the same, some lead to happiness, some to position, some to honor, and others,—whither do they not lead?

I was fast becoming sentimental, and the gods alone know to what lengths I might have gone if a new and wicked light in the owl's eyes had not brought me back to earth again and to the realization that it was almost dinner time.

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Staff.

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—In the first part of this issue is given a comprehensive report of Bishop Spalding's lecture. Such as are at all interested in the things of the mind will find the Bishop's suggestive words a powerful fillip, and will be deeply grateful to Mr. Herr, of Sorin Hall, whose kindness made the report possible.

—Towards the close of the ensuing week the December bulletins will be sent home. These will contain simply a record of the students' class-standing since the issuance of the last official report. It would be well if each student would read over his bulletin carefully to ascertain in what classes review-work is most needed.

—Very Rev President Morrissey left Wednesday for New York to be present at the conferring of the Lætare Medal upon Mr. Augustin Daly. Archbishop Corrigan will make the presentation address. As our readers are doubtless aware, the Lætare Medal—the highest honor bestowed by the University—is usually awarded on Lætare Sunday, mid-Lent; but, owing to Mr. Daly's absence from this country at that time, there was no formal presentation of the Medal.

—With the next issue the SCHOLASTIC dons its holiday dress. This and the short stories, of which the number is to be made up, will, we flatter ourselves, make it both interesting to read and beautiful to behold. There is promised, moreover, a cut of the football team with a sketch of its *personnel*. To the lovers of the game this announcement will be welcome indeed, as many of them have expressed a wish to possess a picture of the players who so gallantly upheld the Gold and Blue during ninety-four.

—The December competitions always bring with them visions of the coming examinations and of the holidays soon to be enjoyed. Like the traditional ghost, the examination will not down, and prove to the earnest student a constant reminder of the careful preparation needed to pass the final test of the session's work, with flying colors. Let each one, then, during the few weeks still remaining, give his whole attention to the review-work incident to the preparation for the examination, and thus secure for himself a guarantee of success.

Semi-Annual Examination, Wednesday and
Thursday, December 19-20.

[Under the supervision of Rev. President Morrissey.]

BOARD OF EXAMINERS.

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President's Day.

In all the calendar of college festivals at Notre Dame, President's Day is the one that is peculiarly the students' own. Then it is that we gather about the head and chief of our little world, to wish him joy, to assure him of our loyalty in all things collegiate, and to put in words the gratitude that lives in every heart. On Founder's Day—the Feast of St Edward—we remembered, with love and reverence for the beauty and strength of his character, the saintly old man who had conceived and created the University. But, when all is said, his influence is but shadowy when compared with that exerted by the President of our College upon its students. The spirit that animated Father Sorin, when he laid, broad and deep, the foundations of Notre Dame, lives in his successors; but it has assumed new forms and aspects, and changed and adapted itself to the times. It is from the President that the whole University takes its tone, and all praise is due to Father Morrissey that Notre Dame's ideal was never higher, her material prosperity never greater, than at present.

Last Saturday was President's Day, and all the departments vied with one another in doing him honor. The programme of the exercises in Washington Hall, at 4.30, was admirably arranged and the entertainment was, from every point of view, brilliantly successful. The St. Cecilians added another triumph to their already long list; the University Orchestra and the Philharmonic Club were heard at their best; and there was a depth of feeling and a grace of expression about the two addresses that we have never noted in former years. Of the single numbers, Heinlein's nocturne, "Reflection," by the Mandolin Quartette, was the daintiest, tenderest, sweetest bit of the evening's music. It was the Quartette's first appearance on our College stage, and the warm welcome which they received was well deserved.

Mr. Daniel P. Murphy, the President of the Senior Class, as the representative of the students of the University, delivered an address to Father Morrissey. His reading was not oratorical; he was simple and straightforward, and there was a ring of sincerity and true feeling in his words that was really delightful. We give his address in full, though it loses much of its beauty in cold type:

"VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

"Another year, with all its happy incidents and fond memories, has passed away since last we addressed you. To-day, another opportunity is afforded to us, the students of the University, to greet you, its President. We assure you that it gives us the greatest pleasure to extend to you our best wishes on this joyful occasion. We feel deeply the sentiments which we express, and our hearts are profoundly moved by the thoughts to which our lips give utterance.

"If it had not been a well-established custom at Notre Dame to congratulate its President on the feast-day of his patron, it would be especially fitting that we, the students of '94, should begin it, and make a precedent for all time. No students of the University ever had more reason to show their pride in their college and their affection for its president. We know your worth as a scholar and a man. The president of a university must be a man of great attainments and broad culture; he must possess a nobleness of soul and a generosity of heart which prompt him to labor earnestly, that those under his charge may become true Christian gentlemen; and we find all these qualities eminently combined in you.

"The smallest Minim may approach you with as little hesitancy as the gravest graduate student; and both are assured that they will be received with the same fatherly kindness. Your sympathy with us in our difficulties and the natural sunshine of your disposition have removed many obstacles from our paths, and the spirit of gratitude within our hearts moves us to declare our sense of obligation to you.

"In our day, when the bigoted shafts of misrepresentation and calumny are aimed from every side at the Church, our best defence is simply to point to Notre Dame. Its loyalty to our country and to God are universally known; and it will always remain true to its high ideal of duty while its affairs are directed by such a hand as yours. We need enter upon no eulogy of you as President of Notre Dame; her history has been one of uninterrupted success, and under your administration it has continued progressive and prosperous.

"Words are but 'tinkling cymbals and sounding brass,' and it is by our actions that we shall endeavor to show our appreciation of your untiring efforts on our behalf. In the class-room and on the campus, in the battles of life and when life's shadows close about us, your spirit will be with us. And that consciousness will make us hate a stain on our honor as a bodily wound; with your lessons in our hearts no evil can conquer us. The thought of your unselfish devotion to the cause of education and religion will sustain and encourage us wherever our lots may be cast. You might well say, with Sir Galahad,—

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

It has come to be a recognized right of the Minims to have a special address for their Hall on President's Day. Poetic license is granted them too, and their words of greeting are always metrical. No one imagines that the Minims arrange their trochees and iambics for themselves; but no one will deny that the effect is very pretty, when the three little fellows come before the curtain, and the spokesman wrestles with the polysyllables that are, sometimes, the only available rhymes. Generally, the Princes of St. Edward's Hall take a very serious view of life and its duties, but, this year, the Muse who comes at their call forgot dignity and philosophy, caught the football spirit, and put the following lines into the mouth of the Minims' representative, Master Roy McCarthy:

"Give us but a moment, Father,
That is all we crave and ask,
Till we show some of our learning—
It's no very easy task!

Leave the big boys and their knowledge—
Calculus and other things,
Latin, Greek and sines and co-sines,
Logic and old Saturn's rings.

Listen!—we are not proficient
(That's a word that we can spell)
In the very highest branches,
But there are some things we know well.

In English Grammar, who can beat us?
Fractions we passed long ago!
We can bound,—yes!—any country,
Where the winds of heaven blow!

As to football, *they* might beat us,
If we'd let them; but, instead,
We point out their awful errors;
They've the muscles; we've the head.

This may seem a trifle boastful,
But we know our virtues best;
And if here we fail to name all
We are sure you know the rest.

At Sorin Hall they speak in Latin;
At Carroll Hall they write all day;
A Brownson's thousand lines are nothing;
At St. Edward's all's not play.

You need not laugh, you Brownson Hallers,
You need not smile, you Carrolls, you!
We don't know science, like you others,
But we can teach a thing or two.

We learn to love what's true and noble!
In *that* science we excel;
We're taught to love what's high and manly
And we love a true man well.

You may study Mars and Saturn,
Shakespeare, Virgil, Botany,—
You can't teach us, O most learned,
Love for Father Morrissey!"

And then the play! The St. Cecilians are always to be depended upon to do good work; but this time they surpassed themselves. The drama was "The Midnight Watch," adapted from the French by Mr. T. A. Crumley, C. S. C., and the young actors were thoroughly in sympathy with their parts. They seemed to catch the spirit of the play, and it went with a dash and swing that were new and surprising. There was never a hitch in the progress of the piece, and the attention to "business," to the little details, that would make even a stupid play a success, was very evident. The drinking scene in the first act was strikingly realistic, even though the *vin ordinaire*, which the "Canteen" supplied, was cider, and the corks were too easily extracted to be "the real thing." In the second act, too, when Pierre Delaroche (L. V. Eytinge) drew a pipe from his pocket and proceeded to light it, a very perceptible shudder ran through the younger portion of the audience, and visions of summary punishment flitted through their brains. A deathly silence hung over the Carrolls, while they waited for the first puff of smoke, and the sigh of relief that went up when the second match refused to burn, was distinctly audible.

Individually, the St. Cecilians deserve great praise. As Pierre Delaroche, Master Eytinge, was almost the ideal veteran of Napoleon's wars. If anything, he was a little too gay and *insouciant*, a trifle too fond of boasting, to be true to life. The service he had seen in the Low Countries, the loss of his only son and the weight of his years should have sobered him and added something of dignity to his bearing. Master Eytinge's Pierre lacked breadth and balance, but his very boyishness put him more closely in touch with the crowd of conscripts that made up his regiment.

As Paul, the son of Pierre, George McCarrick was a surprise even to his friends. He has talent and taste; his voice is under perfect control, and his reading of his lines in "The Midnight Watch" was full of feeling and dignity. Leo Healy, as Jacques Labarre, the keeper of the prison, was, perhaps, more picturesque than the real article, but his acting was above reproach. Frank Cornell, the Nino of the play, made a capital *maitre du canteen*, and his tenor solo, "With a Penny in his Pocket," made the individual hit of the evening. Jacques Cocot, as impersonated by J. W. Lantry, was the heavy comedian, and he kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter by his queer antics and his total disregard for discipline and authority.

Julius Goldstein, as Antoine Duval, the friend for whom Paul had sacrificed himself, did some clever work in the second act; while the minor characters, the soldiers who had names, but no lines to speak, were always in evidence and always good. They were gorgeously attired; and Solomon, if he had seen them but once, would have engaged them all on the spot as a bodyguard. And their whiskers were in keeping with their coats. In fact, the costumes—for the first time in years—were entirely satisfactory in fit and fashion.

Not a little of the credit for the fine showing made by the Saint Cecilians is due to their devoted President, who spared neither time nor trouble to make "The Midnight Watch" what it was—a brilliant success. He was ably seconded by Mr. J. A. Marmon, whose setting of the scenes was new and striking. All who took part in the entertainment deserve great praise for their zeal in planning and the taste and skill shown in the execution of their designs.

When the curtain had fallen on the final tableau—injured innocence triumphant, of course—Father Morrissey rose, and in a few, simple, earnest words thanked the students for their cordial greeting and the St. Cecilians, in particular, for the affectionate thoughtfulness that had prompted them to make his feast-day memorable. He was deeply grateful, he said, not only to the St. Cecilians, but to all the students, for the consideration and attention to duty that had made the first session of '94-'95, the easiest and happiest of all his life. He begged them to remember that Notre Dame had a personal interest in each of her students, and that her glory was theirs. Not magnificent buildings and costly appliances, but earnest students make a university; and if Notre Dame had striven to keep in the forefront of progress, her aim was unselfish,—it was but to afford to her students every opportunity to make themselves men and scholars. The hearty applause with which Father Morrissey's words were received was the best evidence that they found an echo in every heart. *Ad multos annos!*

D. V. C.

"WE were created in ignorance and in weakness for the very purpose of enabling us to feel the conscious delight of gathering in knowledge and of growing stronger in virtue."

Book Reviews.

"THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK." By Maurice Francis Egan. Benziger Bros.

No book is too good to be placed in the hands of children. Luckily of late the old time apotheosis of the namby-pamby has gone out. But in the matter of literary merit much is yet to be desired in the average children's book. From the time he or she begins to read, the boy or girl should be given the very best. If this had been done in the past, the duty of the professor of literature in our colleges would now be much lighter. What is the sense in first forming the receptive mind of the child according to bad standards of taste, and then handing him over to a university to be corrected? The purest from the beginning should be the rule always.

This is why Mr. Egan's works are so popular. He is always, of course, in good taste; his style is pure, simple and modern; his plots and characters always interesting. In his latest story, for instance, "The Flower of the Flock," which is just before us, the two heroes are Miles McGarry and Reginald Danby. They are types of the modern American city boy, such as every one of us has known.

There is the quiet, "sissified," Reginald, who in a critical moment shows unexpected courage and manliness, and the boyish Miles who is far from faultless. Mr. Egan does not make his unlovable characters altogether worthless, nor his lovable and mischievous boy friends entirely perfect. He knows boys better. After all, it takes a poet to write for children. They do not look upon life with the same eyes as their elders, out of whom all the wild fancies of youth have long been rubbed. The poet alone preserves unspoiled the childlike way of thought and feeling. We feel that had Mr. Egan been unable to write poetry he could never have given us "The Flower of the Flock," or the equally good "Badgers of Belmont," contained in the same volume.

Another good quality noticed in all of Mr. Egan's works, as well as in the one under review, is that he never writes down to his audience. The really successful children's books are those which the grown-up man enjoys as well as his small son or brother. Fancy "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in words of one syllable! Although, indeed, Mr. Egan's characters are more true to life than the almost angelic little Cedric.

Maurice Francis Egan has the right idea as to how this kind of work should be done; and he has done it well. We know of no book that has appeared this year more suitable as a Christmas present for girls and boys; yes and for the old folks too.

—It was a hope of those who were instrumental in establishing the Catholic Summer School that the good done at Plattsburg would not be confined to the students in attendance there, but would spread and be a benefit to generations yet unborn. This hope is in part realized by the publication of such lectures as J. P. Leahy's "Catholic Organization of Intellectual Forces." In these "few thoughts" the author explodes several pet theories which certain "Church Societies" have flattered themselves into supporting, and advances some plain, practical propositions that ought to meet with general approbation. He believes that it is of vital import just now to concentrate and put into requisition the resources which we actually possess, and not to fly to others that we know not of. That we have power enough, and to spare, to work mighty things in the cause of religion and truth is clear to everyone. What has not been so clear is the manner of wielding that power and of properly directing it. Mr. Leahy throws strong light on this subject; and although he does not pretend to solve all the difficulties which the vexing problem presents, nevertheless, all the difficulties will be overcome if his plans are adopted and put into execution. Published by the Reading Circle Review.

—We have received from Longmans, Green & Co., of New York, a new text-book on *Inorganic Chemistry*, by G. S. Newth, of the Royal College of Science, London. The beautiful typographical dress, for which the publishers are so justly famous, makes the book a most attractive presentment of this fascinating but difficult science. The author's work is highly meritorious. What strikes us particularly about it is, that it is complete and thoroughly up to date. The average text-book on chemistry, in the attempt to attain an ideal and impossible simplicity, is deprived of much that the serious college student needs for a broad, intelligent, and interesting study of the science. Mr. Newth has happily avoided this fault. The result is a treatise on chemistry which every intelligent student may read with ease and interest. An instance of how thoroughly "up to date" the volume is, may be had in the fact that Prof. Dewar's famous "open vacuum

tubes," which are receiving so much attention at present from the magazines, are beautifully illustrated and their workings clearly explained. The style is clear and concise; the treatment thorough; the experiments striking. Progressive teachers of chemistry, particularly in secondary schools, will find the book a valuable aid in their work. The only thing in the volume we should feel justified in criticising, is the arrangements of its parts: Much of Part I, which consists of a discussion of the fundamental principles and theories of the science, might well have been left till later. Such a discussion would gain all the more in interest and advantage to the student if its main data were already made familiar by experiment.

Personals.

—Miss Sarah White, sister to P. White Jr., of Brownson Hall, visited the University several days this week.

—Mr. Edward M. Schaack, B. B. S., '94, at present studying medicine in Rush's Medical College, Chicago, paid a visit to his *Alma Mater* this week.

—A welcome guest to the college during the past week was Mrs. Wells, who was here on a short visit to her son Charley, of Carroll Hall. Mrs. Wells is one of the old friends of the University, and it is always a pleasure to entertain her.

—Among the welcome visitors to the University during the past week was Mrs. Francis Stace, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who was here on a visit to her son, Arthur, of Sorin Hall. Mrs. Stace was for a number of years a pupil at St. Mary's, and while it is no doubt a great pleasure for her to see our neighboring Institution, it is no less enjoyable to be with us.

—Mr. Frank Carney, of Marinette, Wis., who was graduated in the English Course last year, took a holiday, and, leaving hard work behind, gave us the pleasure of his company for a few days during last week. He is in the lumber business with his father in his native city, and, despite his onerous occupation, is actually becoming fat under the pressure.

—Hugh O'Donnell, one of the graduates of the Belles-Lettres course of last year, paid us a visit during the past week. It was reported early in the fall that he was going with Augustin Daly, but this, however, was a mistake, as he will not go until next year. Ever since last June, he has devoted himself to travelling extensively over the United States, but is now settled down to work in Appleton, Wis., at least he has gone to accept the position offered to him there. Hugh is a bright and promising young

fellow, and his many friends will look forward with interest to his *début* next year upon the theatrical world.

—Mr. Hordie Robinson, who was a student during the middle of the 80's, spent Thanksgiving Day at the Institution. Hordie is at present looking after the extensive real estate interests of his mother in Texas, and finds it a rather difficult undertaking. He came North, however, with a view to having a patent, which he had purchased recently, manufactured in some of the thrifty Northern cities. He has left the contract with a firm in Grand Rapids, and expects to make quite a neat little sum from his investment. It is hoped that it will be convenient soon to combine business with pleasure, and give us an opportunity of seeing him again.

Local Items.

—Get ready for the examinations.
—Are you going home Christmas?
—Most of the competitions are over.
—Leave orders for the next number of the SCHOLASTIC.

—It's a sure sign of a cold wave when "summer resorts" dons his ulster.

—Last week the members of the Criticism class took up the study of "Hamlet."

—Careful observation has revealed no "side whiskered veterans" in Company "A."

—The Carroll literary societies hold their meetings on Friday evening instead of Wednesday.

—There was no meeting of the Philodemics last Wednesday evening, owing to the masquerade.

—A certain luminary wishes to know the age of a joke when it reaches its second childhood.

—On Tuesday evening last, the Astronomy class visited the Observatory, and viewed the craters and seas on the surface of the moon.

—The St. Cecilians were invited to spend last Saturday evening with the Crescent Club. All report a very pleasant time, and wish to return their hearty thanks.

—During his recent visit to the Eternal City, Very Rev. Provincial Corby received from Pope Leo XIII. seventeen exquisitely executed medals commemorating an historic event in each year since His Holiness ascended the Pontifical throne. The medals were coined in the Vatican mint, after designs by the world-renowned Bianchi. Complete sets are rare. There are not, we understand, more than five or six sets in the United States. Father Corby has placed these precious gifts in The Bishops' Memorial Hall. Those who wish to inspect them closely may apply to the Director.

—On Thursday evening, Nov. 29, the Carroll Hall division of the Temperance Society held its second regular meeting, with the Rev. T. A. Corbett in the chair. After a few entertaining and instructive remarks by the President, the society proceeded to the programme of the evening, which consisted of readings and declamations by Messrs. Cornell, Eytinge, Sullivan and Keffe. The exercises were very interesting and well received. A good programme was given out for the next regular meeting. Judging from the number of members present, this branch of the Temperance Society is doing fine work.

—The Athletic Association held the last regular meeting of the session on Thursday, Dec. 6th, in order to close up the business of the football season. After a few remarks by President Hoynes, Mr. Murphy spoke of the Treasurer's report about to be read. The Treasurer, Mr. Ryan, then read an itemized list of receipts and expenditures, showing that the fall season had met all its own expenses, besides paying off more than half the debts left over from last spring. There is now but a very small debt indeed to be shouldered by the Committee of 1895. The question of the football medal was postponed until a special meeting next Thursday.

—Comus was king at the Crescent Club hop, last Wednesday evening. Professor Edwards gave the word, and goblins and clowns, and maidens fair and others, whose complexions were like unto a starless night, and men and maids of mighty girth, and football heroes, scarred and bruised, came at his call, and cut up "high jinks" for just two hours. Fun ran riot, and everyone was sorry when the maskers, choosing each a partner from the crowd, marched and counter-marched and went forth into exterior darkness, where there was weeping and scrubbing and scraping and strong language until the grease-paint and blacking took flight.

—The Temperance Society held its second regular meeting last Sunday evening, Rev. Father French presiding. Mr. Costello opened the evening's entertainment with a well-delivered declamation, "Noble Revenge." Mr. F. Harrison read an essay on "Intemperance," which was loudly applauded; then Mr. Hennessey of Sorin Hall sang "My Katie," and was so successful in its rendition that he was encored. The event of the evening was the address of Rev. Father Cooney, Spiritual Director of the Indiana State Union, who, prefacing his remarks by an extract from a temperance lecture recently delivered by Archbishop Ireland, set forth in eloquent language the evil effects of intemperance, and exhorted all to be true to their promises, especially during vacation. He begged the members, as college men, to do everything in their power to check the growth of that vice which every day seems to become stronger.

—It was not the long pole that knocked the persimmon, this time. The "Shorties" of Sorin Hall and the "Lengthies" met on the "Varsity" gridiron last Thursday, and the game is a matter of history. The men of few inches won a masterly victory—26 to 0—and the "Lengthies" are still wondering how they did it. Things looked very unequal when the teams lined up. In the aggregate the "Lengthies" were five feet longer and more than three hundred pounds heavier than their gallant little antagonists, who seemed dwarfs beside them. But team-work—the result of careful coaching—gave the victory to the little men, and their coaches were so overjoyed that they went at once to the knights of the shears and clippers, and offered up their football hair as a sacrifice of thanksgiving to the goddess of fortune.

The game opened with the ball in the "Shortie's," hands, the "Lengthies" taking the eastern goal. Vignos kicked 50 yards to Devanney who made ten before he was downed. Then the "Longs" drew up their serried ranks, and with a just-watch-us-gallop-to-a-touch-down air they put the ball in play. But they didn't gallop,—not much. They made about fifteen yards, lost the ball on downs, and Vignos went around their left end for thirty yards and a touch-down, and the "Shorty" sympathizers tore great holes in the heavens with their shouts.

That was the first touch-down and the others were made in much the same manner. The "Lengthies" were desperate fumlbers, and the "Shorties" never missed a chance to fall on the ball. Once, within a yard of the goal-line, on the first down, a "Lengthy" fumbled and lost their only chance of scoring. On the whole, it was a good game, and an exciting one. Vignos and Gibson made fine runs for the "Shorties," while Hudson, Murray and Cullinan made good gains through the "Lengthies'" line. For the tall men, Marmon did surprisingly well, and his bucking and running almost turned the tide in favor of his team. Murphy's playing at quarter was fearful and wonderful and, at rare intervals, really brilliant.

Walker, Barrett and Eyanson, for the "Shorts," and Burns, McManus and Devanney, for the "Longs," did good defensive work and tackled low and hard. The "Shorties" are entirely satisfied with the result of the game, and, if rumor hath not lied, they intend to make up a purse and see that their coaches have a "set-up" apiece. We sincerely hope that the report is not without foundation. *Vive les "Shorteés"!*

THE LINE-UP:

"THE SHORTIES"

Hudson
Walker
Barrett
Eyanson
Murray
Cullinan
Pritchard

Right End
Right Tackle
Right Guard
Centre
Left Guard
Left Tackle
Left End

"THE LENGTHIES"

Burns
Stace
Kennedy
Hennessey
Barton
Hervey
Oliver

Foley
Vignos
Gibson
J. Mott

Quarter-Back
R. Half-Back
L. Half-Back
Full-Back

D. Murphy
Devanney
McManus
Marmon

Touch-downs, Vignos (3), Gibson (2). *Goal-kicks*, Vignos (3). *Umpire*, J. B. Barrett; *Referee*, D. V. Casey; *Linesman*, S. Rosenthal.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Burns, Casey, Cullinan, Davis, Dempsey, Devanney, Eyanson, Funke, Foley, Gibson, Hennessey, Hervey, Hudson, Keough, Kennedy, Marr, Mitchell, J. Mott, T. Mott, McKee, D. Murphy, Murray, Oliver, Pritchard, Pulskamp, Quinlan, Ryan, Slevin, Shannon, Stace, Vignos, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Arnold, Ainsworth, Barry, Baird, Brown, Bolland, Byrne, W. P. Burke, W. J. Burke, Brinker, Brennan, Bennett, Baldwin, W. Byrne, Corry, Coleman, Colvin, Crane, Carney, Costello, A. Campbell, Crilly, Cullen, J. Cavanaugh, Davis, Delaney, Dowd, Dougan, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, Gilpin, Gibson, Gilmartin, Golden, Galen, Guthrie, Gillen, Henry, Herman, A. Hanhauser, Hamilton, Hanigan, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, Hayes, Howley, Hierholzer, Hesse, Hentges, Hengen, Hanrahen, Howell, Jones, Kegler, Kortas, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, E. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Ludwig, Landa, Mathewson, Murphy, R. Miller, S. Moore, Medley, Mulroney, Mapother, J. Miller, Manchester, H. Miller, B. Monahan, A. Monahan, R. Monahan, J. Monahan, J. Moore, Melter, H. Miller, J. McCord, McHugh, McKee, McGinnis, McCarthy, Ney, Neely, O'Malley, O'Brien, Oldshue, Palmer, Pulskamp, Piquette, Quimby, Reardon, Rowan, J. Ryan, R. Ryan, Rosenthal, E. Roper, H. Roper, Spengler, Schulte, Sheehan, Smith, Scott, F. Smogor, Schultz, S. Steele, C. Steele, Stack, Sullivan, C. Smogor, Spalding, Stevens, Streicher, Schmidt, Thornton, Turner, Tinnen, G. Wilson, Walkowiak, H. Wilson, P. White, Weaver, Ward, Wensinger, Wilkin, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Ayer, Austin, Adler, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlett, J. Barry, Burns, R. Barry, Benz, Campau, Cornell, Corry, Clune, Connell, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Chase, Cullen, Ducey, Dannemiller, Druecker, Dalton, Davezac, Flynn, Forbing, Fennessey, Franey, Foley, Fitzgerald, Fox, Girsch, J. Goldstein, Gainer, Howard, E. Higgins, G. Higgins, A. Hayes, J. Hayes, Harding, Hoban, Herrera, Hagerty, L. Herr, E. Herr, C. Herr, Keeffe, A. Kasper, F. Kasper, G. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Kane, Lichtenwalter, Long, Lantry, Langley, Lowery, Miles, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, Monahan, Massey, Maurer, C. Murray, R. Murray, Minnigerode, Meirs, F. Morris, McShane, McCarthy, McPhee, McKenzie, McDonald, O'Mara, O'Brien, Pendleton, Pim, Rockey, Reuss, Rauch, Roesing, Shipp, Sachs, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, Smith, Storey, Shillington, Sheeky, Sullivan, Stearns, Strong, Thompson, Tong, Tuohy, Tempel, Ward, Wallace, Watterson, Wigg, Wells, Zitter, Zwickel.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Audibert, Bullene, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Breslin, Brissenden, Barrett, Curry, Clarke, Cressy, Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Catchpole, Corcoran, Cassidy, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Dalton, Durand, Devine, Elliott, Egan, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, Goff, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hart, Herschey, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kasper, Lawton, Leach, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McCorry, McElroy, McNamara, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Paul, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Plunket, Roesing, Ryan, Spillard, Sontag, Swan, Strauss, Steele, Sexton, Thompson, Thomas, E. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Waite, Welch, Cotter.



THE "VARSITY" TEAM.

Sidney J. Corby.

Daniel V. Casey.

Nicholas S. Dinkel

Edward E. Brennan

Thomas D. Mott, Manager.

George M. Anson.

Francis M. Keough, Captain

Donald J. Morrison

Abram B. Chidester.

Clarence A. Corry.

John J. Dempsey.

Jacob Rosenthal.

Charles W. Zeitler.