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The Echo in the Soul.

THE seals are broken from the violet's grave,
And tree-buds hide the building robin's nest,
The young Earth shakes the frost-leech from her breast;
The freed lake smiles into a rippling wave;
The leper Winter seeks a leper's cave
In the vast Northern tomb; the sea has rest,
And the wide meadows, Nature's palimpsest,
Are figured with the bright flowers April gave.

Glad days of birth and resurrection, hail!
Fit season for the ever-wondrous fact
Of Life come out where only Death went in;
The Saviour risen from the dead Christ, pale,
To give the new life what the old one lacked—
A spring-time echo in the soul within.

EUSTACE CULLINAN, '95.

Ted's Lilies.

DANIEL V. CASEY, '95.

I.—CLOSED BUDS.

NINETEEN, twenty, twenty-one—and not a bud of the whole lot will open in less than a week. I wonder what the fellows will say—and think!"

Ted Reilly was in trouble, and there was more than a suspicion of tears in his eyes, as he stood gazing ruefully down at the row of calla lilies—ten in all—that stretched across the little back porch of the "Academy." The broad, shield-like leaves of the callas rustled softly when the wind eddied down over the house-tops all about, or swayed lazily to and fro, showing a dozen different tints of green in the glancing sunlight, when the breeze had died away.

But Ted had eyes only for the buds—the twenty-one, brown-green, tapered cylinders, upon whose quick unfolding so much depended. He bent again to examine them; three or four of the larger ones bore each a narrow whitish streak from base to tip, the first sign that the flower-life within was struggling to the light. The door at the end of the porch creaked gently on its hinges and Ted glanced up to see his teacher and friend and counsellor in all things, Sister Blanche, looking at him with a half-mirthful, half-sympathetic light in her eyes. She came quickly down the low steps and across the narrow strip of sod to where he was standing, cap in hand, before she spoke; and Ted felt his heart grow lighter as she leaned eagerly forward looking at each of the buds in turn.

"Do you think there is any hope, Sister?" he asked. "You know it's only Thursday and Easter is three days off yet, and—and—you know, Sister, we've got to have lilies for Easter, and I think God ought to understand and help us out."

Sister Blanche glanced quickly at Ted, but there was no trace of irreverence in his face, and his brown eyes were steady, in spite of the tears that all but overflowed. "I don't know, Ted," she said, "these three large fellows may decide to open, but it's very doubtful. I wish I could coax them to unfold, but it would be almost a miracle, and, Ted, we should not expect the Lord to do wonders just for us. The lilies, even as they are, will be quite as lovely in His sight as though each of your buds were a perfect flower. It isn't so much the gift, as the heart of the giver, that He looks to."

"I know, Sister, and I don't care so much for

myself; but the fellows have counted so much on these lilies, and I needn't tell *you* how hard it was for some of them to get the money they chipped in. They gave me their dimes and quarters and were glad of the chance; and then I was silly enough to let that florist palm off these lilies on me, when I ought to have known that they wouldn't bloom in time for Easter. And the green-house man won't take them back, or trade others for them, and—and,—well, I wish I had never touched the money or that I had sense enough to ask you to help me buy them. The crowd wanted it to be a secret, though, and they thought I knew it all, and so did I—and here we are."

Ted was fairly crying, now, and Sister Blanche's heart was full of pity for him. Two weeks before, the forty boys at St. Bernard's School had "chipped in" to buy lilies for the altar at Easter. To Ted, the originator of the movement, they gave the money, with instructions to make the most of it. Ted was just twelve, and young men not yet in their 'teens are very apt to put quantity before quality. His money was as limited as his experience with callas, and when the dealer offered him ten lilies, just budding, for the same price as four in full bloom, Ted had chosen the ten, to find to his sorrow that calla buds were more than slow in unfolding.

Sister Blanche knew all this; for Ted, in the first burst of joy over his bargain, had told her of the florist's generosity. She saw at once the trap into which he had fallen; but she broke it gently to him, and even when he realized the truth, Ted's faith in her still kept him from despair. Together they had arranged to bring the lilies to the "Academy," as the girl's school—St. John's—was called, where the boys would never see them; and together they had watched the swelling buds, hoping against hope that Easter would find them flowers. And now, when even she acknowledged defeat Ted's cup of bitterness was full.

"Come, come, Ted," she said, as he dashed the tears from his eyes, "you mustn't give up. Ours are not the only lilies in the world, and perhaps we can fix these up to rival the best. Sister Thérèse, the music teacher, is clever at artificial flowers and I will ask her to make us some callas. She is really an artist and we can put her blossoms on these stems and no one will be the wiser. It will look a little like trying to cheat the Lord, but He knows our motives; and it may make Heaven seem a little nearer to the boys to see so many lilies at the altar, and know that they are theirs. But I am keeping you, Ted. It's half-past four and quite time for you to be delivering your 'Journals.' Good-bye, and don't worry; the lilies will be all right."

"Thank you, Sister," Ted said, "you're awfully good to me, and you always find some way to get me out of my scrapes. Good-bye—and I'll try to even things up a little when the violets and lilacs begin to bloom."

"Oh, it's nothing, Ted, I'm always glad to help you—good-bye;" and Sister Blanche stood, for a moment, before the refractory callas, until the front gate clanged shut after Ted. "Poor child!" she mused, as she went slowly up the stairs to the music room, "I wish I could buy more lilies for him—but that's impossible and Sister Thérèse must do her best."

II.—Open Flowers.

Ted was almost gay by the time he reached the "Journal" office. He was one of the paper's news-boys, with a route of some fifty subscribers in the older part of the town. He found the press-room in confusion over a broken belt, and it was some time before his papers were ready. The clock in the City Hall tower was striking five as he clattered down the dingy stairway, and started swiftly down Main Street, on his walk across town.

He stopped, before the "Bazaar," to sell an "extra copy" to a farmer; and, as he turned to go on, he caught sight of a huge bunch of artificial lilies in one of the windows. Now Ted hated dry-goods stores as he hoped, in his more devout moments, that he hated all evil. For him they were the realization of all that was bewildering in the business world, and he never entered one except under stress of circumstances. He felt, though, that he must have a closer look at those lilies, and that the end justified the agony; so he put on a brave face and went in.

A magnificent creature in a figured waistcoat brought out the lilies, and Ted's heart sank as he looked at the tawdry, painted things. "Are—are these the best you've got?" Ted ventured to ask. "The best!—young man, those lilies are direct from Paris and there aint any thing in America can beat them. They are perfect fac-similes of nature's glorious product, triumphs of the flower-maker's art, and dirt cheap at a dollar a dozen. How many do you want?" "I—don't think I'll take any—to-day. I'll call again," and Ted fled from the store in dismay.

He was utterly crushed. If those paper abominations were "triumphs of the flower-maker's art," what would poor Sister Thérèse's lilies, with all her kind carefulness, be like? Ted shuddered at thought of the eighty sharp eyes that would take in, on Easter morning, every detail of those unfortunate callas, the questions that would surely come, the reproaches that would inevitably follow his explanations. But there was no help for it; and Ted hurried on, tossing a paper, here and there, into an old-fashioned hall-way, dropping one, more rarely, into the neat iron boxes of his wealtheir customers.

He had one subscriber who really belonged to another boy's route; but who steadily refused to take the "Journal" unless Ted delivered it. Mr. Hunter lived alone, in a brick house on Walnut Street, two blocks out of Ted's way, a headstrong, irritable old man, and formerly a friend of the boy's father. He had quarrelled again and again with the regular carrier on his street; and, at last in despair, the editor of the "Journal" had asked Ted to see what he could do with him.

Mr. Hunter was standing at his gate when Ted came up, paper in hand. "Hello, sonny," he said, "what makes you so late?" Ted and he were good friends and the boy often discussed the haps and mishaps of his daily life with the old man. "Oh, I'm all tangled up, Mr. Hunter," and before he realized it Ted found himself telling his friend all about the lilies and the boys and Sister Blanche. Mr. Hunter's awkward words of sympathy rather increased the boy's gloom and Ted went home heavy hearted, and the old man took up his "Journal" —but not to read.

Ted's story brought back to him the days of his own boyhood, and that Easter morning when he first knelt, in cassock and surplice, on the altar's steps and looked up at the lilies—his lilies—upon it. But that was long ago, years before his quarrel with Father Byrne, when he had vowed never again to enter a church. He had kept his oath, but the thought of those long years was not pleasant to-night. He could not go back, he told himself, and be humbled before all the congregation, but the yearning to know again the blessed calm that comes after reconciliation with God was strong within him. He sat long in silence, then, suddenly, he tossed the paper aside, caught up his hat and walked swiftly down the street.

That evening, Ted's friend, the florist, sold his last ten callas to an old man, a stranger to him; and next morning, just as Sister Blanche was starting for her school, an express wagon drew up in front of the "Academy." The driver handed her a note. Her face lit up as she read it, and glanced at the flowers in the wagon. "You may put them on the back porch," she told the man; and all day the lilies filled the little yard with their fragrance.

On Saturday evening, after delivering his papers, Ted ran down to the church to see the lilies. Sister Blanche was in the sacristy, laying out the vestments for the morrow. "Go and see them, Ted," she said, and the boy went reverently in. He stopped short in wonder at sight of the callas banked on either side of the altar. The golden-hearted, snowy blossoms that gleamed from the dark background of the leaves, were not of human make, and Ted felt that God was very good, indeed, to him. He turned to Sister Blanche. She saw the question in his eyes. "It's Angelus-time, Ted; go ring the bell and I'll tell you then," she whispered.

As Ted came slowly down the belfry stairs, the west door of the church swung open, letting in a flood of light. Two men entered and went straight to the confessional. One, Ted saw, was Father John; the other turned as he drew aside the curtains, and looked up at the altar—it was Mr. Hunter. Ted knew, then, without Sister Blanche's telling him, who had sent the flowers; and James Hunter, when he heard the hallowed "go in peace," thanked God in his heart that Ted's lilies had not bloomed.

The American Novel.

ARTHUR P. HUDSON, '95.

TAKEN as a reflection of our national life, American literature has always been used by our foreign neighbors, and especially by the English, as an easy means of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of Americans. As a rule, our writers know England because they have gone to see it; but very few Englishmen come over here for the sole purpose of learning the characteristics of Americans. It has always been thus since the United States began to exist as a nation; our national life has been known abroad by our books.

In the early part of this century, Cooper was considered by the English the typical American novelist. His tales—the ones with which they were acquainted—were of Indians and buffaloes, and the general impression was that these were the most conspicuous features of our civilization. Some years later, Walt Whitman had quite a vogue across the water as the first American poet. America, it was thought, had as yet no national literature, and the "Leaves of Grass" was hailed by our English cousins as the first utterance of the American lyric muse. James Russell Lowell was the next of our authors to gain recognition in England. And from the "Biglow Papers" it was concluded that our population was made up chiefly of Yankees who were still only farmers tilling the land from which they had driven out the Indians.

Americans themselves know that these opinions were incorrectly formed. The English read but one of our authors in each generation, and thought that his books were typical of American life. Here, however, they were wrong. Their conclusions were like those of Saxe's "blind men who went to see the elephant." Hawthorne, whose romances dealt with a civilization more than a hundred years old, and Irving, whose "Sketch Book" and "Knickerbocker History," will always be unique, were contemporaries of Cooper; but the English do not seem to have taken account of them. Longfellow and Whittier, the greatest of our poets, were neglected for Whitman. Lowell, who confined himself to New England life, could have found material for his genius to work upon in any other section of the country. To have understood the social condition of America at any time, it would have been necessary to take into account all the authors who were representative of the various parts of the country.

At present, William Dean Howells is generally considered the typical American novelist. Boston, with all its refinement, has taken the place of the wild and half-savage country of Cooper. And now the English, in thinking of America, imagine a country where everyone is either a Mr. Willis Campbell or a Mrs. Agnes Roberts. But we who live in America know this is not true. Howells' characters, we grant, are typical of a class of people who live in the East; but for a novel dealing with the life of the West or South, we will have to look elsewhere. Even many Americans, when they hear the "American novel" mentioned, instinctively imagine that reference is made to the realistic transcripts from life which Howells or James knows so well how to make. There is not any apparent reason for this, unless it be found in the popularity of these two men as the American leaders in the reaction against idealism. If realism be a study of the unimportant in life, as some one has said it is, then Howells and James are our only representatives of that school. But if it means a faithful study of human nature, as opposed to the works of those authors who only aim to give expression to some one trait of character, the greater part of our modern fiction is realistic.

There was a time when Americans thought it their duty to write novels that would be characteristic of the United States as a nation. This was before they recognized that, although Americans are one people, it is a people made up of many communities, all marked by local peculiarities. The trouble came when they tried to determine who was the typical American. Was he to have the manners, habits and accent of Maine, Virginia, California or Texas? Was there any class of society which could be safely called characteristically American?

That time is now happily past. We were then too much influenced by the opinion of others who reproached us as provincial. Since then American novels have been recognized abroad, not as generalizing American life—for that is impossible,—but as being true to the local characteristics of some one section of the country. The desire for a typical novel has passed away, and we are building up a national literature, the authors from the various localities each coming forward with their contributions to the magnificent whole.

Mr. Howells says that this "narrowness," in the sense of provincialism, is not confined to American fiction. It characterizes equally as much the literature of Spain, France, Russia and Norway. It is a generic mark, not of American fiction, but of realism in general. From the nature of his literary creed the realist considers man a complex being, and aims to make his readers thoroughly acquainted with four or five in a single book. Depth of treatment, rather than latitude of sympathy, is his characteristic. If his people be types of a class or locality, as he generally makes them, he has accomplished what seems to be the great desire of all novelists.

Americans seem to have greater success as short story writers, than as novelists. This is very probably due to the newness of our coun-

try. An author who can write a good short story, it has been said, can write a good novel. But I have very grave doubts whether this holds good in America; not because the author himself is unable, but because circumstances are not equally favorable. A novelist in a new country is at a disadvantage; he has no historical perspective. Our history as yet has been but a series of episodes; these furnish admirable material for short stories. But a novel is not an episode, nor a series of them. An episode may be stretched out to the length of a novel; it will then be a poorly-told story. Or a number of episodes may be strung together, as a few of our writers have done. "The Late Mrs. Null" is the attempt of a good story-teller to write a novel. That it is a series of short stories skilfully joined, is the best we can say for it. Hawthorne, in his romances, gave the appearance of a perspective by taking his plots from the traditions of the Puritans, and increasing their remoteness from the life about him by giving them the weirdest of atmospheres.

The short stories coming from the different parts of our country have all a local flavor. The rural districts of New England, the plantation scenes of Virginia and the mining camps of California are all carefully studied and artistically treated. The use of dialect and the frequent touches of realism show to each part of the country how the dwellers in the other parts live. This distinction between authors is not confined to local differences. Even in the same locality, one class of people or a single phase of their life is generally as large a field as any writer selects. We find the same life depicted in turn from a religious, social and industrial point of view, and we accept it in each of its phases without attempting to select one characterization as the truest, the most typical.

Whether the American fiction of the present will outlive its own generation is a question. If we had books of the last century which portrayed the daily life of the people as faithfully as do the novels of to-day, they would be preserved as historical documents, if for no other reason. This is why "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Tom Jones," live and it may be that Americans, a century hence, will be no less curious than we are. Our dialect stories are at a great disadvantage, and the chances are that they will never be reprinted from the magazines. We have no epoch-making novelists; and if any of our modern fiction survives, it will probably be that part of it which faithfully depicts the life of the different sections of our country.

An Easter Gift.

JAMES A. MCKEE, '93.

HAT'S yo' doin' dyah projickin' wid Mr. Chapin's hosses?"

"What's I's doin' hyah, Henry Clay! Wall, I's hyah, aint I? An' I wanter ax yo' wun question 'fore I go fudder: who's got a bettah right dan I's got to tend to Mars George's hosses, dan dis hyah ve'y niggah?"

"Right den an' dyah yo's uncorrect, 'caus dese hyah hosses 'blong to Mr. Chapin in Philamadelphia, 'least dat's what dey tell me; ain' nuver seed 'im meself."

"Dah, bless de Lord! Yo's jes' 'splayin' yo' ig'nance, niggah, when yo' talks dat way. Whah yo' ben livin' all dese days?"

"I wuz born an' raised in P'laski county, but I's mov' down indis immejit neighbo'hood las' spring when dey wuz breakin' up de ground foh to plant co'n."

"Dah, I knowd it jes' es soon es I sot my eyes on yo'! I knowd yo' wust nuthin' 'cep 'a back-woods' niggah. I 'speck yo' ain' heerd dat Mars George gwinter came back to de ole place."

"I done heerd so many cu'us tings of late dat I disremember 'bout dat partic'lar wun. But any ways, who's dis hyah Mars George yo' jes' dis minit 'luded to?"

"Mars George! don't yo' know ole Marster? Yo' see when Mars John wuz born, his pa came to be ole marster, an' he wuz de young marster. I wuz Mars George's body-servant an' went wid 'im to de war. When ole Mars wuz born his pa give me to 'im, an' tell me dat I 'blongs to Mars George. But dat wuz a long time ago; long before I met Miranda, let lone tinkin' 'bout marrin' her. Ef it hadn't been for de fact dat I wuz wid 'im constan,' 'speck I'd most forget it meself. But laws, what's gwine to happen? Mars George an' me wuz boys turgether, jes' like two stalks in de same hill; whah yo' fin' wun, dah yo' find tother.

"Well, when Mars George wuz gwine on eight years ole, his pa say he 'specks 'bout time to sen' 'im to school. He'd no sooner said it dan t'wuz done. So I went 'long wid Mars George to tote his books, an' to fetch de eatables for bof of us. 'Cause yo' knowd ole Miss wan't

gwine to let Andrew want for nuthin. It makes mah mouf water to tink 'bout de things what wuz in dat basket. It's been a long time ago —a powe'ful long time; but I 'members it jes' like it wuz yistiddy. Old Miss won't let nobody fix up dat lunch, 'scusin' herself. Dah wuz beaten biscuits es white es a piece of white paper, wid jam presurbs smeared all over 'em, an' fruits tell yo' couldn't count; an' biled eggs, an' all kinds of meats, an' dat ain' half of what wuz in dat basket. Dem wuz good ole times, de best Andrew ev'eh 'specks to see.

"Tings went on jes' es I's ben tellin' yo' till Mars George wuz gwine on seventeen, an' his pa say hit's 'bout time to sen' 'im to de bo'din' school to git some edication. Old Marster say he specks Andrew better stay at home, but old Miss 'lowd he'd better go 'long to teck keer of Mars George. When old Mistis had teck dat position I knowd it jes' es well es I knowd yo' dat Mars George wuzn't gwine away wifout Andrew. When old Miss want ole Marster to do a ting, hit's jes' es good es done, 'cause nobody gwine refuse what she ax 'em. So I went 'long wid Mars George to look arter 'im, black his boots, brush his clothes, 'tend to dat Prince horse, an' help to meck 'im a 'risticrat. It breck old Marster' an' ole Miss up mightly to 'low Mars George to go 'way off from 'em. It didn't make no diff'unce if Mars George did write to 'em contin'usly, dey want Mars George. Old Miss wuz mightly concerned 'about dat chile, les somebody gwine to starve 'im to death; so ev'y week jes' es reg'lar es de hands of de clock a great big box of eatables would 'rive for me 'an Mars George. Dat's how Mars George come to meck de 'quaintance wid young Miss.

"Yo' ain' heard 'bout dat! Wall its jes' come 'bout in dis hyah way. Mars George wuz most es pop'lar wid de young men at college, an' 'cose when de box come he gwine ax his friends to sheer it wid 'im. It ain' none o' niggah's bis'ness to notice what white folks does; but den I done 'serbed dis wid me own eyes dat on all dese 'casions Mr. Mason Brown wuz 'bliged to be dah. Den when Mr. Brown would git his box, Mars George wuz 'spected to sheer it wid 'im. It's jes like I's tellin' yo'! Whah yo' see Mars George, dah yo' see Mr. Brown, jes' like his shadow. It wuz jes' es nachel to dem two gen'mens to be turgether es 'tis for mules to be nachel kickers. When dey had finished dere edication, Mars George wuz 'spected by Mr. Brown to meck 'im a visit an' 'long during dat summer hyah come de invite. Mars George made dat visit an' if yo' lisen to me he made a grit many mo' befor' he kotched Miss Agnes. I done spicinate som'in meself, an' I told Miranda, but she 'lowd dat I didn't know nuthin' 'bout white folks' doin's. But dat time I done predictify'd correc', 'caus 'twant long befo' Mars George done marr'ed, an' fetch his wife over to our plantation.

"Pretty soon arter, young Mars George wuz born, an' he certainly wuz de ve'y likness an' image of ole Mars George. De 'semblance wuz so strikin' dat I say ole Marster nuver would die es long es Mars George lived. Tings went on jes' es smooth es yo' pleas' tel de war breck out. Den when it did come, it come so quick dat de people didn't know jes' how it did come. Old Marster voted 'ginst secedin', but when Ferginia lef' de Union, dey went 'long wid her. Dey made ole Marster cap'n, an' when he didn't want to tek it, dey jes' literly fo'ced 'im to 'cept it. So ole Marster an' Mars John went to de war, an' I went 'long to tek car of de boots an' to mind de hosses. De fust big engagement we got mixed up in wuz right dyah at Bull Run. I nuver wuz seed bullets fly so since I wuz born, an' dey fell jes' like rain drops, 'cep' dey made a heap mo' noise. Miranda say de Southerners arter dat battle 'lowd de war would be over inside of one year.

"Immejitly arter de war wuz over we come back home, but in a diff'unt way from how we lef' it. I declar' I wouldn't knowd it to be de same place what I lef' befo'. It jes' look like a room what had been swep' good an' hard. Hit 'peared like a wilde'ness 'cause dey ain' to be seen a fence no whah. When Mars John see dat he 'lowd dat he mus' gwine to New Yo'k. Ole Marster an' ole Miss say dat dey had lived hyah all de lives, an' dey wanted to die no whah else. As ole Marster had teck a whole passel of Confed'rate money an' bonds to build ships an' to carry on de wa', de plantation had to be sol' for to pay de debts. I thought it would kill 'em, but arter de sale dey lived in New Yo'k wid Mars John. He got to speculatin' wid de Gools and Vanderwilts, an' he made jes' bushels o' money. He slip down to Philamadelphia an buy de ole plantation widout old Marster or ole Miss knowin' nothin' 'bout de transaction. I's gwine to meet 'em at dat twelve o'clock train, an' den we's gwine to live jes' like dyah nuver wuz no wah. Dey tink dey's comin' down hyah, jes' to see de ole place once mo'. Golly! won't dey be s'prised? An' ole Mars an' ole Miss—shet up, niggah, an' gimme dem lines, dat's nuffin but dus' in mah eyes."

Six Easter Sonnets.

BY MEMBERS OF THE CRITICISM CLASS.

The Victory of Faith.

AND Jesus slowly bowed His head and died;
And darkness fell, and all the land was drear:
True hearts were sad, true souls without the cheer
Of His kind words; but Hope, the watchful guide,
Led on the faithful children and defied
The bitter scoff, the brute-like, taunting jeer
Of maddened Jews; it shone with radiance clear,
A beacon over sorrow's surging tide.

Hope brightened into Truth,—that glorious sun
Which rose upon the gloom and made a day
Of brilliant conqu'ring sunshine; and its glow
Sent fear into the hearts of every one
Who mocked Him, but unknowingly made way
For glory which they tried to overthrow.

ELMER J. MURPHY, '97.

Sorrow and Joy.

LIFE is a dismal journey to the grave,
A preparation, filled with hope and fear,
For man is human; Faith his bark must steer,
While for the light the soul will ever crave;
Before Thy coming, Lord, when Thou didst save
Men of good will, in peace and exile here,
From dwelling in the dark with no light's cheer,
Life meant but earth, and earth was Satan's slave.

The night came first, and afterwards the day
Shone forth, for Christ Himself has raised the veil
Of night, sin-stained by nations still unborn.
No more, in martial strains, the organ's lay
Gives utterance to thoughts that fain would fail
Expression till the glorious Easter morn.

RICHARD S. SLEVIN, '96.

The First Easter.

IN early morn, while yet the hazy plain
Was covered with a pale, half-hiding light,
Three women, lovely in the Maker's sight,
Hied to the sepulchre where Christ had lain,
Bearing sweet spices to the holy fane.
But Whom they sought had risen ere the night
Had taken from the earth its lazy flight;
And prophecies were verified again.

Rejoice, O Queen of Heaven! and, man, rejoice!
For Christ has risen; sorrow's reign is o'er!
Angelic hosts, pour out your praise divine!
Hail, Jesus, Saviour! Hail Thy Father's choice!
Hail, King of nations, Prince of every shore!
Welcome, O welcome, from our hearts to Thine!

JAMES D. BARRY, '97.

On Calvary.

BESIDE the cross, O Mother, thy heart felt
All pangs men know, all sorrow men e'er knew;
Thou didst bear all without complaint; pain drew
Deep sighs from thy pure heart where always dwelt
Great love divine; repentant Mary knelt
Bereft of Love; yet with St. John the true,
She patient stayed, while fell the bloody dew—
The precious dew—and the great blow was dealt.

Ah! when the sun of Easter splendid rose
Thou still didst feel the loss of Him thy Son,
Left here on earth when He rose to the eyes
Of the great God the Father; grace now flows
In rich abundance to the children won;
Won when He died, sealed when He did arise.

GEORGE F. PULSKAMP, '96.

At the Sepulchre.

"HE is not here! He is risen from the Dead!"
Came John and Peter; both believed, returned;
But Mary tarried still; that sad heart yearned
Her Lord to find. "Woman," the Angel said,
"Why weepest thou, since naught that's here is dead?"
"O sir, His gentle sweetness slightly learned,
Have I scarce yet; lost to a sinner turned
To God—why bitter tears should I not shed?"

"Whom seekest thou?" The Gardener 'twas who spoke;
Then: "Mary!"—"O Rabboni!" Your sad heart,
Fair Magdalene, was worthy Christ to know,
First after His sweet Mother; she awoke,
"The pure shall God behold, and penance's smart
To you, meek Christ victorious did show."

JOHN G. SHANNON, '96.

On Easter Morn.

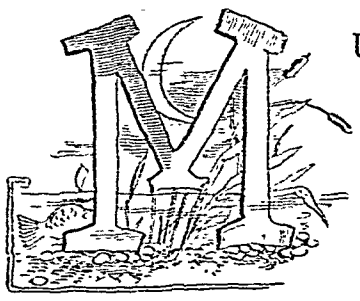
AT break of day when silence reigns no more,
When from the earth night's darkness grim departs,
All life looks up, and from within there starts
A stronger hope which prompts all things to soar,
That they, above, may find a place before
The Lord to sing sweet praises from their hearts,
Then from on high an unseen power darts;
It brings new, gracious strength to Nature's door.

The darkling moment now has passed away,
And with it all the fears that crept about
Men's souls; life-giving hope to them is brought,
And now do they go forth in strong array;
Their shield, which He Himself had hammered out,
Was finished on this day—for them 'twas wrought!

FRANCIS E. EYANSON, '96.

A Dip into American Humor.

FRANCIS W. DAVIS, '95.



UCH has been said of late in regard to Americans in general, their customs, manners and what not; but Mark Twain in his late article seems to have made a very delicate point in reference to American characteristics. Have we any characteristics which belong to Americans only? In particular, is there a distinct humor which represents us as a people? Mark Twain contends that there is not a single characteristic which, to use his own words, can be safely labelled American. Much less have we a humor which can be recognized as truly national. For instance, the French people are said to possess a wit easily recognized which springs spontaneously from their very nature. In like manner can we refer to the Irish who have both wit and a certain humor. Truly also can an intelligent American reason out the rare bits which occasionally grace the columns of certain English periodicals. That common and reproachful adjective too often applied to humor as being English is rapidly going out of fashion and should disappear entirely. It arose from a popular prejudice, at one time perhaps proper, and by that same influence is it suffered to remain. Nothing but a reverse verdict from the intelligent can do away with the notion.

The question has ofttimes been asked: what are the sources of humor? Why should one laugh at any spectacle which it may pain his companion to notice? Generally speaking, humor arises from peculiarity of character or custom. The spirit of incongruity serves to awaken our interest, and yet we daily pass along the street and meet characters who may appear to be somewhat odd, but seldom impress us as being humorous. This same personage is taken as a type and developed by the humorist. He brings out the weaknesses, the minor jealousies, the peculiarities in general of the familiar character, and we are laughing at a description which almost daily passes before our very eyes unnoticed. Do not think that the humorist portrays him faithfully. His peculiarities are worked up in an exaggerated manner, and then it is served to us in a periodical showing a cut, the whole making a bit of nonsense that never fails momentarily to banish care.

Again, have the American people a natural wit? On this point the weight of opinions seems to rest with the dissenters. No doubt many foreigners have felt the caustic touch of our especially clever countrymen, but the great majority of us do not number the quality of wit in our nature. The spirit of irony and ridicule are strongly developed in us, and it is almost impossible to note a brilliant turn which does not bear a sting at its point,—witness Mark Twain in the article I have quoted before, referring to a delicate point of morals in France. Pure wit should not cut or mangle. Its office is to give a momentary shock or surprise, and then pass on, leaving no scar to mark where the blow fell. It does not proceed from a motive of ridicule, but arrives at its greatest point from a quick sense of incongruity itself.

It is also a much mooted-question as to any distinct American humor. The great objection arises from the fact of our being such a cosmopolitan people. Made up of a large foreign element, the unusual and the absurd in everyday life are not noticed by us so much. It will not appeal to our perceptions, for we should be accustomed to seeing the subjects of King Humbert or a peculiar product of any foreign land with little or no notice. These cosmopolitan people of ours are as yet not fully nationalized. and perhaps more for this reason than any other have we no characteristic national humor.

That humor which approaches the term American, but which cannot be regarded as truly characteristic, is in every hand at the present time. It has its distinguishing quality in an especial attribute savoring of nothing but exaggeration in form and absurdity of subject. Our humorist does not hesitate in sacrificing everything to the end in view. He caters to every class, and the greater and more absurd the exaggeration, the more completely does he accomplish his purpose. No matter what may be a man's calling, he cannot be safe from the blunt pen of our so-called humorists. The affairs of the life to come are commented on with as little feeling as any daily occurrence. The attempts to joke and use the personages mentioned in the Scriptures as actors in the part are as common as those mossy productions which refer to our barber or tailor. St. Peter must needs find himself the butt of ridicule in a scribble of verses and a grotesque caricature of a pilgrim at the holy gate.

Statements from time to time have been

made that the success of our humorous periodicals depends almost entirely on their spirit of fun and their ridicule of those things which are beyond the bounds of conventionality. Now there exists in the productions of the great caricaturist's pen a deep lesson of the utmost value to the community. These days of political corruption demand that the doings of the public's servants should be aired to their constituents. While the newspaper admirably serves the purpose for which it is intended, there must be something more than the form of mere words to impress a truth, perhaps a lie, on a reader. This gap has been almost completely filled by the caricaturist, and what, is more, we can see around us the result of his mighty influence. In a great measure the downfall of one of the greatest "rings" ever formed was due to the caricaturist's light, though effective, strokes. It conveys a deep and lasting impression to the public mind, and is a great servant to the molders of public opinion. Men have come to fear the artist's pencil even more than the editor's pen.

In our country, distinct schools of humor have never arisen; but during the late war, and even afterwards, a curious phase of our humor appeared which was remarkable for little beyond the art of spelling curiously and as the principles of phonetics demand. We notice it particularly on account of its especial popularity at the time. What utter nonsense is there in spelling "was" *woz* and in like manner other English words! An epidemic of this curious disease in literature spread throughout our land and traces of it are to be seen even now. Artemus Ward, who was its most popular advocate, brought the art of bad spelling to a point of artistic perfection. He is to be regarded as the most typical of American humorists, and, while representing a broad and somewhat farcical humor, parts of his work will live. Josh Billings, in his homely way, has handed down some aphorisms which may be remembered though not cherished. Nasby, too, wielded a certain amount of influence in the political field. His strong point was in turning to the live issues of the day.

Soaring above the mere word-jinglers, and situated in an atmosphere of purer humor, stands John G. Saxe. No trace of cynicism is to be found in work which is replete with sharp, good-natured satire. He lashed social frailties with a firm hand, and his humor is of a refined species and never descends to the common. It seems unnecessary to mention the genial Autocrat in the category of American men of humor. He has given us certain touches which defy analysis. Wit and humor run side by side on every page in the breakfast-table chats, and with them is mingled such a proper amount of pathos that the reader feels himself in the genial doctor's presence. Every turn is natural and alive. Holmes is certainly a direct refutation of the general opinion that a humorist cannot have deep feeling. To our mind he is the cleverest humorist—though it were profanation to call him such—our country has ever produced.

Just now Mark Twain is attracting wide attention through his reply to Paul Bourget. The Frenchman seems to have cut deeply into our marrow with his sharp pen, and Twain has so returned the parley with an intimation to a delicate point of ethics in France, that even the stout Britishers' sides have been tickled. The French people across the water are horrified, while we Americans look at the matter as a huge joke. It illustrates but another turn of the American view of humor.

In looking over the numbers of our so-called funny papers, we must confess that American humor as there depicted is in a sad condition. There may be a doubt as to their representing the typical humor, but certainly they cater to the masses who would think John Kendrick Bangs a trifle dry. He is, in our opinion, the representative of a new school in humor, and is, all in all, a bright, witty, and very graceful writer when at his best. He seems to realize fully the tendency of our humor, and in his works to have followed out the three great rules which will do not a little to elevate the present standard. Above all the movement should be toward moderation. By the exaggeration alone in our day can our humor be distinguished. The subjects moreover are too narrow, and this continual working over of the bad figures will work much evil to the legitimate in pure humor. Again one cannot but notice the roughness and coarseness in the treatment. The trend of our popular taste, as now evidenced, is certainly not encouraging to any delineator of our humor who may labor for art's sake as well as for dollars. This country with its new fields and original studies offers a great stage for humor, and with the lines of development drawn more closely, the field broadened, and with more refined and delicate touches, there will eventually be a humor developed inour people which may then be characterized as truly American.

"After Darkness, Light."

FORGOTTEN are the sorrows of the past
When brighter days with new-born hopes appear;
No longer we despair, nor, shrinking, fear
To brave life's storms; glad are our hearts, and fast
The present joy dispels the shadows cast
Upon us by old ills so sad and drear;
When pleasant summer smiles and skies are clear,
We think not of December's chilling blast.

This is the happy morn when He arose
From out the sepulchre, Who for us died
On Calvary; loud let the joy-bells ring;
The Christian heart remembers not past woes,
To-day; and Him we mourned as crucified
The world with songs of praise proclaims its King.

DANIEL P. MURPHY, '95.

The Origin of Comets.

HUGH C. MITCHELL, '95.

AN astronomical problem of the utmost interest to students, and one which is rendered the more noteworthy by the fact that many scientists of repute have established and defend what they claim to be solutions of it, is the question concerning the origin of comets. Many theories—some of them undeserving of the name—have been advanced in the last decade or so; but they may all be referred to two general heads, and the thread of debate announced by the question, "Do comets *originate* within the limits of the solar system, or are they merely *visitors* from inter-stellar space?" This seems to be the separating point of two of the main theories, namely, the "ejection" theory which answers the first section of the question affirmatively, and the "capture" theory which considers comets as foreigners from ultra-planetary space.

The defenders of both theories have behind them a formidable array of evidence; but it is all of a purely circumstantial character, and consequently, there are many who have proven, each to his own satisfaction, his side of the question.

Let us see what Mr. Richard A. Proctor, the standard-bearer of the first-mentioned theory, has to say. In an article contributed to the *Popular Science Monthly* he prefaces his speculations with the remark that meteors or meteorites are closely connected with comets, "which," he says, "is universally admitted—" unless Mr. Denning can be counted as an exception. He asserts, too, that a theory which accounts for, say only the August or November displays, is not the right theory and must be rejected. Establishing these two points, he takes up and describes the experiments of M. Daubrée and their results.

M. Daubrée demonstrated that meteorites resemble in structure and in composition volcanic rocks found far beneath the earth's surface. He even constructed in the laboratory meteorites which so closely resembled the genuine article that even the most experienced students were deceived, and, to render this deception more striking, he allowed some for a long time to take their place in museums as "the Ovifak meteorites."

But the time is not known when the earth was sufficiently disturbed to throw out these meteoric masses into space; therefore, he concludes that they were ejected by the giant planets. Undoubtedly his proof that they must have been produced under circumstances similar to those which govern the formation of sub-volcanic masses is very strong, and none would dare dispute it. But he has opponents when he says that they could not come from the earth, for several scientists claim that some, but not all meteors, are expelled from the earth, and travelling around the sun in closed orbits, eventually return to our planet.

Mr. Proctor by modifying and popularizing M. Daubrée's theory has made it his own. In its substantiation, he indicates the following points:—(*a*) The comets are, by birth, members of the solar system—the "capture" theory, the only important one attempting to account for foreign-born comets, is absurd. (*b*) They are closely related to meteorites, the latter being, in all probability, but the disintegrated or decometized particles of the former. (*c*) Then, since, as M. Daubrée has shown, meteors are, very likely, of planetary origin, therefore, the comets must also be of planetary origin.

But opposing this theory is the statement, which, on the best authority, says that it is impossible for even the largest of the planets to generate in itself force sufficient to give the comet or meteor the initial velocity, which its passage away from the planet and through space would make necessary. It is, however, possible that some comets are of solar origin, for the sun can eject matter from its interior with a velocity sufficiently great to carry it on

forever through space. Indeed, Professor Young in 1872, saw such an ejection, and several have been observed since. But the entire mass of matter thus ejected in millions of years, it has been shown, would hardly equal that of the smallest known asteroid; in other words, the sun could be held accountable for only an exceedingly small part of the total number of comets and meteorites that are continually rounding the sun.

Another theory of the first class, and one which has not received the attention due it, is the one advanced by Mr. Lockyer. It is grounded on the nebular hypothesis, which has been so ingeniously demonstrated, experimentally, by Plateau, and claims that comets and meteors are but those portions of the original nebulous mass, which, thrown off in fragments, never at any time went to make up or help to constitute a planet. This is far more reasonable than the "ejection" theory, yet Prof. Young in his text-book, when speaking of the origin of comets, does not even so much as touch upon it.

Before going to Schiaparelli and his theory of the second class, it would be well to note the three kinds of orbits in which comets always travel. The perfect path of comets seems to be the parabola, although parabolic comets are few and far between. Such would then be the orbit of a comet when it enters the solar system, but the slightest perturbation, either an acceleration or a retardation, would destroy its parabolic velocity and throw it into a hyperbola or an ellipse. A great many comets pass sufficiently close to some of the planets to make such a change possible, and for this reason there are periodic comet families. Many of these changes are the results of a series of perturbations. This would then overcome one of Mr. Proctor's objections, that even such a huge mass as Jupiter could not at one effort effect a change from a parabolic orbit to one elliptical and as small, say, as Biela's.

Again, is not the velocity with which comets travel sufficient to throw out all question of their being of planetary origin? And since it has been shown that the sun can account for only a small number of them, where, then, can they have come from? They must have existed in the system since the creation of the matter therein, or have come from inter-stellar space.

It seems hard to choose between the last two theories, leaving out Mr. Proctor's as being altogether improbable. But a body thrown from a parabolic orbit into an elliptical or hyperbolic one continues in that orbit, nor can perturbations ever rethrow it into a parabola and thence into a hyperbola or ellipse. Subsequent perturbations only act to increase or lessen its orbit, which, as far as kind is concerned, is fixed. The "capture" theory can account for a comet moving in any of the three kinds of orbits, whilst that of Lockyer is possible only so far as the elliptical ones are concerned.

Having considered the comet as a mass of matter we may go on and discuss the formation of its various parts, which are undoubtedly all composed of the same material with different degrees of density. When a comet is first formed the nebulous matter naturally assumes a spheroidal shape, densest in the centre. This nebulous ball, called the *coma*, shines partly by reflected, partly by intrinsic light. Often the central portion is very dense and shines with the brightness of a star, in which case it is called the nucleus and is used to centre upon in determining the comet's position.

A newly born comet probably consists of merely a coma with its central nucleus, or nuclei—for the number of nuclei in a single coma is not limited to one; but it goes only a short distance through space before it develops a tail, consisting of matter thrown off from the head, and trailing behind it for millions, oftener hundreds of millions, of miles. Meantime, the interior of the comet is very active, and varied and beautiful phenomena result; in the large ones particularly, jets, envelopes, and streamers unite to render the comet more beautiful and interesting. But no problem can be more fascinating to the astronomer than the question as to the comet's origin—a question, which, if it be at all susceptible of solution, only time can answer.

A Vignette.

THE Cynic was studying a rather flattering portrait of the Optimist. "It may take nine tailors," he said, at last, "to make a man; but with the same material one photographer can make an angel." "Well," retorted the other without raising his eyes from his book, "you may console yourself with the thought that the mental photographs *you* make of your friends are never retouched." "No," said the Cynic, so softly that the other looked up in surprise, "there you are wrong. They *are* retouched and by the most merciful of artists." "And he is?" "Some men call him Friendship—true friends call him Love."

D. V. C.

Pain and the Poppy—The Chump's Vagary.

JOSEPH A. MARMON, '96.

IT is the studio of a young artist. The doors are concealed by heavy draperies of a dark, rich color, while hangings to harmonize are arranged like an arras on sections of the walls. The floor is nearly covered with heavy Turkish rugs. In different parts of the room are scattered about in evident disorder, tapestries, divans, unfinished canvases and the paraphernalia of an artist. Fronting the single, large, deep window is an easel containing an unfinished portrait, the latter concealed by a silken veil. The deep red of the setting sun shines in on a curious mixture of luxury and poverty, and envelops the slender figure of the occupant, motionless, gazing intently through the great window toward the west."

"'Ah, what a beautiful sunset! As if the day had gathered together all its remaining vitality, and had spent it in a last supreme effort to make the dull earth pleasant to look upon! But it is a delusion like all else—it is a snare to make men forget the pain and hopelessness of life—to make them revel in a moment's vain joy only to utter deeper, bitterer curses when the fleeting phantom has gone. Now I shall drink my fill of nature's beauty, and for me no rude awakening will come. And you, Mephisto, surnamed life, I shall cheat you of your reward—my pain. When the day is gone, I too shall have crossed the Rubicon. Yes, it shall be done; and now! No more hours of weary bitterness, no more heart pangs and disappointed joys to look back upon. And I shall go—where shall I go? That I do not know. Nirvana? Probably—they talk of heaven and hell; but hell could not be more horrible than life. But why should there be another life? When the heart ceases to beat then begins the Sleep of Death—an eternal slumber. I shall sleep and dream. Ah, dreams! My last waking gaze shall be at your face, my Phrynette—my Phrynette on canvas. *Mon Dieu!* how great was our love. I had almost forgotten that you were no more with me, that your eyes had closed forever. Ah! those eyes are looking at me now. No human being ever had such eyes before. When they looked into my own, reflecting back my love, our love, they were more beautiful than art can conceive, and your form was divine. When I painted you for my great picture, my masterpiece, the fire of genius was in me then. And you lay there dreaming, loving; neither of us spoke, there was no need for words. Never was there such a throat! What happy days were those that we passed together in our little world, where none intruded!

"'My Phrynette, you were never strong, and when you began to fade I thought my heart would break to see, day by day, that lovely face growing thin and white; to hear that terrible, convulsive cough. Then your eyes would burn like fire, so bright with love that the very strength of passion made the dark rings beneath look blacker.

"'It was just a week ago when you left me, and I would not let those horrible people touch you. No; my Phrynette was mine! What right had they to take her away and put her into the dark ground! *Sacré!* I could have killed the beast when he touched her white face. And then the gendarmes came and held me and called me madman, and I knew no more. When I woke it was dark and she had gone, and my life has been darker than death. I no longer love my art; my genius fled with you, Phrynette.

"'I, like the rest—poor fools!—had fancies of a brilliant fame. I would be great, and the greatest would call me friend and the rabble would bow down to me and the world would gaze in admiration at my masterpieces. Old Mallier said so—he whose pictures will some day be worth money. He died of hunger when I would have shared with him my last *sou*, had I known. But all is over now! I am ready to leave the glare of the footlights and pass into the wings to stay.

"'But see! the sun is falling low and will soon be gone. No more shall I watch its coming, bringing with it but pain and weariness. I must be ready; it is nearly time.

"'When I learned to find the very essence of delight from the Poppy, little did I think that it would serve to bring me to the final rest. My friend, my companion, aye, you are now even my Phrynette! Such visions of delight, such dreams no mortal ever knew. And one of these little balls will do it—how harmless, how insignificant it looks! One of these concealed in the Poppy Delight will still the beatings of my heart—slowly, without pain. The goblet, the bottle! Yes! here they are—ha! ha! my

hand is steady. See! the tiny instrument of death melts quickly; it does not offend the sight. *Peste!* why do I hesitate; am I growing afraid of death, of release, of oblivion? Never! I drink Phrynette, to you, my life, my death—a worthy toast!

"'*Mon Dieu!* it is done. How warm and pleasant is the air. How soft this couch on which you—Phrynette, last reclined. Look! the last rays of the departing light shine on the canvas—Her eyes look at me full of love; she flashes me a glance of welcome. I begin to grow drowsy. But how delightful to fall asleep for ever amid such surroundings. How soft these cushions; they seem to creep around the form with a loving embrace. And what lovely music! Exquisite as if the essence of all the melody the world has ever known was concentrated in that soft harmony! What intoxicating odors greet my senses! Such beautiful forms are these that float past, as if borne on the breath of love!

"'But see, there! my picture on the walls and the crowds gazing with wonder. They ask who can it be? Was ever such beauty given to living being. Poor creatures! they do not know it is my Phrynette. Ha! what do you say?—that I am mad; that she is dead? Fool! *Nom du Diable!* why did she stare so strangely at—curse you, fiends? What have you done with her? Where—why, of course, here you are beside me. I must have had a bad dream. We shall go away so far that no human voice can reach us, and commence that life of dreams that shall last forever. My life! my soul! What is death, what is time, that they can part us? They are powerless! We can laugh at them.

"'Darkness! how came it so dark? Ah! I had already begun my dreams. I feel a fire within me; I shall faint! That figure on the canvas shall be a thing of life. Once more those eyes shall look into mine and the lovely mouth shall open and whisper that this is yet life. I shall be a Pygmalion; Phrynette shall be my Galatea. No, I cannot rise. How strangely languid I feel; it must be the heat! Queer fancies whirl through my brain. Do not laugh, Phrynette, but for a moment I fancied we were dead and lying side by side in a cool cavern far under the sea. What an odd idea! Let me feel your hand,—I—I—how delightful—Nirvana—,'".

. . . . . .

The Chump, when he came to the end of this fantastic effort of his imagination, heaved a great "I'll-take-the-same" sigh and reached for a cigarette. Finding his case empty, he looked around in perplexity and found the president of the "Sons of Rest," standing by with an expression of disapproval on his face.

"What in the name of George Francis Train are you raving about," he said. "Sir! I observe that you have once more transgressed the rules of our glorious society. You have been guilty of thinking. Remember your oath, and tremble. Did you not swear never to exert yourself voluntarily in mind or body? Ah! you now realize the iniquity of your action. Imagination, sir, is the source of all misery. If men would not think there would be nothing to make them miserable," and the unhappy president burst into tears at the thought of the Chump's waywardness. And he consumed a package of Sweet Caporal before his self-possession returned.

Now the Chump was rather a decent sort of fellow but for the fact that he was impressed with the idea that he was especially created to invent queer and romantic stories of which he imagined himself the principal figure. These he would rehearse in private and perpetrate upon his unsuspecting friends and fellow-associates of the "Sons of Rest." With these latter the Chump was in disfavor. But this is not strange, when we consider that the object of the organization was to do absolutely nothing in the most artistic and graceful manner possible. The society was very successful.

The Chump now began to realize the enormity of his offence, and bitterly did he regret the fatal day when he was prevailed upon to read "Trilby." For he had caught the artist craze, with the horrible result that has been seen. Overcome by his grief he mingled his tears with those of the president until their sorrowing souls were disturbed by the gamin's cry of "Extra." The president, shuddering, arose, and with bent shoulders and bowed head turned sadly towards the meeting-place of the Sons of Rest. And the outcast Chump, crushed by remorse and deserted by all, lit a cigarette and again gazed pensively into space.

A MAN'S daily reading, like his habitual conversation, is a symbol of his life and character.—*Bishop Spalding.*

The Modern Stage.

MICHAEL A. RYAN, '95.

IT is conceded that Americans are pre-eminently a people of action; they are fond of shows, processions, spectacles and pageants. Our great love for display distinguishes us from other people; still, as a nation, we generally apply to all things that foremost of qualities, good common-sense. The end of the nineteenth century is near at hand and it has witnessed the influence of American manners and customs on the stage. Strictly speaking, there is no American stage any more than there is an American literature. These two great memorials of national history are as yet myths with us; still we hope that the material development and progress which has marked our past history will be followed by one of intellectual growth; in which, perhaps, we may claim the proud distinction of having a national theatre such as have France, Spain and England. Let us hope that the dawn of the twentieth century may see the realization of this high ideal of culture.

The drama is not a new institution. It has a history of its own; and in becoming acquainted with that history, it is impossible not to perceive its great influence upon progress and culture. Among the Greeks, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes inspired the Athenians with reverence for the gods by the situations through which they carried their characters. Thus they influenced the public opinion, or, rather, showed to the Athenians its great force. In the Middle Ages, we have the rise of the stage, properly so called, when it aimed at forming public opinion and fastening the attention of the people on the great ideals of Christian duty—charity, faith and hope; the stage still flourishes, but is no longer the great power which it was in Shakspere's and Marlowe's time. The glory and greatness with which the drama crowned itself in the past are not unknown to us; and all through the development of civilization we can trace its potent energy and the mighty influence it wielded for the control and direction of the public either for good or evil.

Shakspere pointed out the true function of the drama in Hamlet's famous address to the player "to hold the mirror to nature," to show the very age and body of the time, its form and features. His own ingenuity prompted him to make a most striking use of this counsel of his which has justly merited the praises of the posterity which was to share in the fruits of his genius. Perhaps, no one better characterized the genius of Shakspere than Dryden when he said of him: "All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily; when he describes anything you more than see it; you feel it, too."

If we except Joseph Jefferson and Henry Irving, together with a very few of their confrères, we have no great actors to-day either in America or England. The plays of Shakspere, with their character studies, have to be laid aside; for the rising generation have not furnished men to play "Hamlet," "Othello" and "Lear." In vain do we look for the successors of Garrick, Kean, Kemble, Forrest, or the great Booth; until their places are filled the creations of Shakspere will have to give way to the melodrama and the farce comedy of our day. The glory of Shakspere must, for the most part, shine to-day in the lustre of past ages, for, sad to say, the taste of the people, both in America and England, does not ask for much Shakspere. The masterpieces of other English dramatists have met with like fates. Sheridan's "School for Scandal" one can account for, since the conversations and dialogues are too formal and of a studied elegance. Joseph Jefferson, the greatest of living comedians, has achieved great success in the character of Bob Acres in "The Rivals;" but he would not attempt to impersonate his favorite character until he had partly rewritten "The Rivals" and made the dialogues more suitable to his audiences. He knew too well the disinclination of a common-place, American audience to listen to dialogues, however brilliant, when they do not help the unravelling of the plot.

We must confess that, with the exception of Augustin Daly or Henry Irving and a very few of their brothers in art, the high ideals of Shakspere and the other masters, have been lost, They have been sacrificed to mechanical effect. striking situations and spectacular exhibitions by some who pretend to have at heart the elevation of the stage. We do not mean to discourage the use of scenic effects, except when, either through the false notion of art or a desire for the spectacular, these secondary helps are given the foremost place to the exclusion of the development of character.

The stage, as it now exists, caters to a class which cares only for the pleasures of the senses, and does not seek the enjoyment that is to be had from more elevated and purer sources. This accounts for the unbounded popularity of Hoyt's comedies and the extravaganzas the managers call comic operas. The gorgeous spectacles of the modern melodrama, with its real train of cars and all its vaunted realism, has taken the place of the simple platform of the Elizabethan theatre. These brilliant scenic effects are amusing, but they do not fulfil the mission of the stage. "To hold the mirror up to nature" was certainly not meant to be distorted so as to apply to any such spectacles as we witness in our modern play-houses. The material side is given altogether too much importance. The great host of actors belong to what was called by courtesy a profession. The theatrical profession has been lifted in the eyes of the public, and the stage is no longer avoided nor are its devotees looked upon as outcasts. The appearance of many amateurs before the footlights every season is hailed with great *éclat* and it is considered a great event socially; still in our day of boasted general enlightenment, evolution and progress how many have before them the true ideal?

Although the stage has gained widespread popularity in our country, still it must be admitted that there are abuses which should be remedied. The theatre can then be made the instrument for good; for it is one of the great moral forces at work in the world to-day. The stage is not merely for amusement. There is of course in our country a great demand by the masses for the theatrical exhibitions which have amusement for their sole aim, nevertheless, the highest drama would have its function fulfilled by "holding the mirror to nature," by pointing out morals and teaching great lessons. It should be a power to edify, enlighten and exalt. Let the eye be dazzled with the brilliance and beauty of color; let the ear be charmed with the blending of harmonies; but all these to open the approaches of the heart, to stimulate it not only to the admiration of the noblest virtues, but also to a personal cultivation of them. This we conceive to be the mission of the stage. When it realizes this duty, then its mission will be accomplished and it will add much to the sum of human happiness.

"He who cannot perform noble deeds will not be able to write in a noble style."

A Chapter from Life.

MICHAEL J. NEY '97.

VERA was a very small girl with brilliant black eyes; a wealth of dark hair fell over her shoulders and hung in a profusion of unkempt ringlets about two dimpled, sun-burnt cheeks. She wore a faded blue dress, a pair of heavy wooden shoes and an old straw hat that retained just the slightest traces of its primitive whiteness. She carried on her right arm a basket filled with water-lilies, and as she stood in the warm sunshine of the Easter morning, with the bright light shining into the golden centres of the lilies, she was an object over which an artist might rave.

The great crowd that stood on the Berenicia wharf, awaiting the arrival of the San Francisco steamer, were evidently not lovers of lilies; for she attracted not the least attention until she came near a pleasant-looking Irish woman, to whose skirts clung a girl of ten. The woman looked kindly at the little flower-seller, saying, "And it's lilies you're selling? Sure, it's meself that likes lilies," at the same time taking two bunches and handing the little girl a half-dollar. A smile, that was really pleasant to see, lit up the face of the child as she thanked the woman and placed the coin in her pocket.

"Where do you live, and what is your name, my child?" said the woman, regarding the little vender closely. "Over yonder by the dock," said the girl, pointing towards a miserable tin-roofed hut far down the shore of the bay. "Mamma is dead, and papa and I live there. My name is Vera Kalisthenos." "How old are you, and how long have you been selling water-lilies?" said the woman, becoming more interested, but almost apologizing for her inquisitiveness. "I was nine years old yesterday; it was so sad a birthday without mamma. This is my first day selling water-lilies; papa is very ill and without food, and I thought I would try this means of getting bread," said Vera, her eyes filling with tears.

A sympathetic look came over the countenance of the woman as she gazed upon the sorrowful little face before her; then she looked at her own child; her breast heaved with emotion, and it was plain that if her thoughts were

put into words they would be much like these: "God forbid that my little girl should ever be thrown upon the world like this." As the woman turned to get aboard the steamer that had just rung its departing bell she placed a gold coin in Vera's hand, saying: "Good-bye, little girl, and may God bless you!"

Vera stood upon the wharf and watched the steamer as it moved rapidly away, leaving a long trail of watery foam in its wake. The woman's kind words had revived her poor little heart, they were so much like those her mother used to say to her, and she gazed sorrowfully and wistfully after the steamer as though it bore away her last friend. Then she walked to the railroad station, at the north side of the wharf, thinking that, perhaps, she might be able to sell some lilies there. She had never before been inside a great railroad office, and the clicking of the fifteen telegraph instruments almost frightened her. She entered the door of the dispatcher's office instead of the waiting room, and almost unnoticed she stood in the presence of the two young men who were busily engaged giving orders for the movement of trains on the one hundred and twenty miles of track between Oakland and Sacramento. Both were very young to be filling such responsible positions. The elder, Charley Burdick, was scarcely above twenty-five years, while his assistant, Milton Constance, was a mere boy of nineteen or twenty. Though young Milton's mien was altogether serious, his honest brown eyes were a certain index to a kind disposition and a noble character.

Milton finished the order he was transmitting, placed his pen behind his ear, turned in his chair and beheld Vera. "Please sir," she said, "won't you buy some water-lilies?" Her eyes were very red, and Milton saw in them a chapter from a much-troubled little heart. "Yes, little girl, we like lilies here," said he, taking the basket, handing her the required price and offering her the large, cushioned chair near his desk.

Milton selected a great snowy lily from the bunch, and pinned it in the lapel of Charley's coat, saying: "Here, old boy, now look pretty." The lilies seemed to make the office cheerful, and to cause smiles to play about the countenances of the two young dispatchers. Almost the first words Milton said to Vera, when he took his seat, were: "Well, little girl, you look rather unhappy. Tell me where you found all those pretty water-lilies?"—"At the 'Tules' sir, there are great green swamps of them there. I took papa's boat and gathered them before sunrise this morning," said Vera. "Do you tell me that such a little girl as you are can row a boat?" said Milton, looking at her in an admiring manner. "Why didn't your father go with you?"—"Papa is very ill, sir, and has no food," said Vera, her eyes filling with tears. In a few words she told him how her father, once wealthy, had met with reverses and that her mother was dead.

Milton's kind heart was deeply touched at Vera's pathetic story. He had often heard such stories; indeed, his generous nature had many times been imposed upon, and he had, to a degree, become skeptical of all tales of distress; but in the sweet, innocent little face before him, he knew there could be no deceit. As she rose to leave the office, Milton told her to come and see him every day, and bring them lilies, and this she gladly promised to do.

"Charley," said Milton after Vera had gone, "it almost breaks my heart to see that child in distress; she looks so much like my own dear little sister, who died two years ago, that I feel like finding out more about her." "I wish, Milton," said Charley, "that I could be as philanthropic as you are; but I confess that the little girl has awakened my dormant sympathies."

Vera came every morning with lilies to the dispatchers, each time growing dearer to the heart of Milton; he called her his little adopted sister, and she grew to love and confide in him as though he were her real brother. When the autumnal rains began, Vera's father grew worse. The long, damp nights aggravated the disease from which he suffered, and on entering their hovel one evening Vera went to his bedside to receive his usual greeting; but when she touched his hand it was so cold that it made her start. "Papa! papa!" she cried, thinking him asleep; she looked on his pale face, but the eyes that had so often filled with tears of joy at her return, and the lips that had spoken loving words to her, were still and cold in death.

A neighboring fisherman named Slavoni heard her scream, and when he entered the hovel found her lying insensible on the floor. He carried her to his home where for three weeks she hovered between life and death, in her delirium calling for "papa" and "Milton." Vera's life until now had been a dark one; but she had yet to see the darkest. The Slavonis, who had, from selfish motives, adopted her, were of the lowest caste of Portuguese. Both he and his wife were addicted to intemperance, and drunkenness made their home a hell. Their miserable hut was situated in a marshy hollow, where it seemed as though

the sun never shone. Vera resolved to go to Milton, and one evening she made her way to his office. In a few words she told him of her father's death and her own illness. His heart was filled with compassion as he gazed on the wasted features of his little friend, and smoothing back the unkempt ringlets that fell about her sunken cheeks, he said: "Don't cry, Vera, I will care for you."

Milton's sister, Mrs. Roland, had often seen Vera at the station, and taken a fancy to the child, probably on account of Milton's friendship for her, or on account of her heroic struggle against adversity. That evening Milton placed Vera in the comfortable home of his sister, and soon she became a great favorite there. The next year Mr. and Mrs. Roland went to Europe and they took Vera with them. When they had been abroad three years, Mrs. Roland wrote Milton from Paris that Vera was attending school, and had surprised her teachers by her great talent for music and the languages, and that she had grown to be a lovely girl. In the meantime Milton had risen to the high office of General Superintendent, and had amassed a large fortune by dealing in mining stocks. But a shadow had fallen on his life—he had been disappointed in love. His was not a nature to overcome such a disappointment, and from a gay, young, society man, he had become almost a recluse. His soul rebelled against sociability; he hated the world.

After an absence of six years in Europe, Mrs. Roland unexpectedly entered Milton's office one day; he was overjoyed to see her, and he could scarcely believe that the beautiful young woman with her was the little Vera he used to know. In their frequent walks together that summer, Milton and Vera recalled their first acquaintance. Milton's life grew bright again, and he forgot his determination to neglect society and become an old bachelor, for before summer faded into autumn, he took Vera's hand, she laid her head softly on his shoulder, and they had spoken the sweet words that bound them together for life. Their splendid residence on Woodlawn Avenue is evidence of what love and refinement can make a home; and Vera always keeps a vase filled with water-lilies on the library table, and pins one on the lapel of Milton's coat each morning when he goes to his office.

"If there were no God, ignorance would be bliss and education a crime."

Some Easter Hymns.

DANIEL P. MURPHY, '95.

THROUGHOUT the whole Christian world, Easter is a day of the greatest joy and gladness. On this day the Church casts aside the garments of grief and woe which she has worn for the past few weeks and bids her children hail their risen Lord with their happiest alleluias. Songs of love and praise are poured forth from every Christian heart, and the world resounds with the joyous music of Easter morn. Of the earlier Easter hymns nearly all were written by monks of the cloister. Christ's sufferings and death were constant subjects of contemplation for them, and the redemption of mankind by the glorious Resurrection was a never-ending theme for their songs. Cut off from domestic life and natural affections, they raised their minds to God and poured out all the love of their hearts in fervent canticles of praise.

One of the earliest Easter hymns was written by St. Ambrose, fifteen centuries ago. It begins "Hic est die verus Dei," and is the expression of a truly Christian and poetic soul on Easter day. To my mind the most beautiful stanzas of the whole hymn are the two following. They are taken from the translation by Mrs. Charles:

"What can be ever more sublime!
That grace might meet the guilt of time,
Love doth the bonds of fear undo,
And death restores our life anew.

"Death's fatal spear himself doth wound,
With his own fetters he is bound.
Lo! dead the Life of all men lies
That life anew for all might rise."

Venantius Fortunatus, who lived at the close of the sixth century, succeeded St. Ambrose as the writer of Easter hymns. His "Salve Festa Dies" is a most beautiful song on Easter day. Wakening nature puts on her freshest and fairest raiment; the spring vests the earth in flowers; a fuller flood of light seems to be sent from Heaven in honor of the Resurrection. His description of the Ascension is especially fine:

"From hell's deep gloom, from earth's dark tomb,
The Lord in triumph soars;

The forests raise their leafy praise
The flowery field adores.

As star by star, He mounts afar,
And hell imprisoned lies,
Let stars and light and depth and height
In alleluias rise.

Lo, He Who died, the Crucified,
God over all He reigns!
On Him we call, His creatures all,
Who heaven and earth sustains."

St. Ambrose and Fortunatus did not make use of rhyme. At a later period, especially during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it was used with wonderful effect. The Easter hymn beginning "Pone luctum, Magdalena" is an example of how rarely sweet and musical the Latin language is. Even if we did not know a word of Latin we could not fail to be charmed by this exquisite hymn. It has been done into English, but loses much of its harmony in our harsher tongue. Still it retains enough of its original beauty to merit a quotation:

"Laugh with rapture, Magdalena!
Be thy drooping forehead bright;
Banished now is every anguish,
Breaks anew thy morning light.
Christ from death the world hath freed;
He is risen, is risen indeed!
Alleluia!

The great St. Bernard left some beautiful hymns behind him. There is one which, while not professedly an Easter hymn, is filled with the spirit of Easter. It sounds the praises of the name of our Lord:

"Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest!

"Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

"O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!"

The last Easter hymn which I shall mention is the "Finita jam sunt prœlia." It was written, probably in the twelfth or thirteenth century, in some unknown monastery. Its very music expresses the feelings of joy and gladness which fill the Christian heart on Easter morning.

"Alleluia! Alleluia!
Finished is the battle now;
The crown is on the Victor's brow!
Hence with sadness!
Sing with gladness
Alleluia!"

The Decline of Literary Style.

SAMUEL A. WALKER, '95.

DURING the past few years the fact that literary style in our day is not the pure and simple and unaffected thing it was when Thackeray wrote, has been slowly dawning upon the minds of many critics and lovers of literature, and has given them much cause for concern. Far from welcoming its decline, as their more practical brethren do, they deplore it, and use every means in their power to convince themselves that their fears are groundless and but the result of some mental delusion or of an over-vivid imagination. They grasp at every straw in their endeavor to put off as long as possible such a disagreeable thought; but, despite their efforts to stifle and repress their doubts, the fact still remains, haunting and growing upon their minds till it eventually forces them to surrender, and acknowledge that our manner of expression is much inferior to that of thirty years ago.

The books which have been in the past, and will be in the future, numbered among the priceless jewels of our literature, are not those that are freighted with thoughts and ideas alone, but such as have the hall-marks of a masterful style. Other works expressing, perhaps, the very same sentiments, but in a more crude and incomplete manner, are lost to the world of letters. Style and thought go hand in hand. One cannot be separated from the other, and if we introduce any stucco work, not required by the thought, we can never reconcile it to true art. Though a good literary style can by no means be substituted for a clear, logical manner of thought, we often find the one without the other. On the other hand, there is nothing more conducive to rhythm and a smooth, easy flow of language, where one idea succeeds another in natural sequence, than acute reasoning. It seems to lend a certain fulness and grace to the subject, and to display very advantageously the fine, artistic touches that serve in a great measure to make a work classic.

Our age-end writers do not seem to pay very strict attention to the set rules of rhetoric so rigidly followed by those of the old school, even

up to fifty years ago. In the works of the latter we find every evidence of a studied and carefully cultivated style. Everything they wrote was subjected to the closest scrutiny, and they spent a great deal of time in weighing and revising each phrase and sentence before they allowed it to pass into the hands of the publisher. Every word was suited exactly to its place, expressing neither more nor less than the author really intended. They exercised the narrowest criticism over their writings, and made all conformable to the fixed, inflexible rules laid down by the acknowledged masters of pure, literary style. Such true artists as Irving, Addison and Lamb were chosen for their models, and they endeavored to build every sentence on the patterns cut by these makers of faultless prose.

On the advent of the modern daily newspaper, the imitation of the rounded and perfectly balanced periods of the old masters received a severe set-back. Even in our leading periodicals, where we find matter of a miscellaneous character, we cannot ignore the fact that the cardinal virtues of pure style are often distorted or even neglected altogether. The new generation knows not the gods of its fathers, and has begun to worship the new and strange idol of popular style, ever changing with the caprice of the multitude. Following in the footsteps of Carlyle, they have broken down the conventional barriers of rhetoric, and have cast their frail barks on the waters to be tossed hither and thither by the tide of popular demand. Carlyle's remarkable success has emboldened them; but it is evident that the number who reach the goal of immortality are few and far between. We may prefer the bright sparkle of our modern style to the beauty and truth of the old school; but its flashes are evanescent and too much like Carlyle, without his wonderful thought-power.

The modern school has many features, such as the spirit of sensationalism and the too frequent use of slang expressions and newly-coined words, that tend to make it much inferior to the old. Every true lover of letters must deplore the steadily increasing popularity and general usage of such words engendered by their introduction into the works of our standard writers, since they eventually find their way into the dictionaries and, as a result, lessen the purity of our language. We cannot say, however, that these defects are always present, nor that our method of expression is without its redeeming features. The most marked quality is the terseness seldom found in the old writers. It well characterizes this twentieth-century life of ours, so full of motion and activity. Nerved by the whirl and rush of the great business centres, the typical writer expresses his views in short, nervous, compact sentences that are full of the bustle and energy of the atmosphere in which he lives. A great fault of our modern civilization is that we live altogether too fast. We seem to be ever moving, so completely engrossed in the pursuit of wealth that we scarcely take time to sleep. This terseness is a merit, if we would only follow it to perfection, but it is too frequently attended by a careless inaccuracy of expression that tends to depreciate its value.

In the rural districts, far removed from the hurry and clatter of city life, we sometimes find collegians who still adhere to the old principles, but, we are sorry to say, the modern spirit has been imbibed by nearly every person who has any pretensions whatever to a literary name. For the most part the contributors to our magazines, and even those of a higher grade, show a careless haste in preparing their work. The rapid life in which they move seems to impart some of its spirit to them, and they strain every nerve to keep pace with it. It is the fashion with our ultra-modern people to praise only the new and make light of the old; but it is hard to understand how the over-worked writers of this progressive age can take time and pains to polish their crude and incomplete style. If more care and attention were given to the choice of words and manner of expression, the reading public could not fail to notice and appreciate it.

Although Carlyle achieved fame by his utter disregard of all the rules and traditions held sacred by his contemporaries, yet when the mediocre writers of our day try to imitate him they utterly fail. We find only one such man in a century, whose genius and thought power are so distinctively personal that the world must accept him as he is. Of the books that have been written during the last quarter of a century, few, if any, will survive the test of time. The books that were popular yesterday are hardly ever read to-day, and those of to-day will be forgotten to-morrow. Such has been the experience in the past, and so will it be in the future, unless some new author shall rise above the heads of his fellows and bring forth a classic marked by that indelible, absolutely essential quality—a masterful style.

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THIS is at once an Easter and a Staff number, and Ye Editors join hands, bow low and beg their readers to be merciful. The stories, essays and sonnets we have printed here, were done, for the most part, in odd moments snatched from our regular work-hours, and hardly show the Staff at its best. Such as they are, we offer them to our friends, with our best wishes for a joyous Easter.

THE Hon. William J. Onahan, LL. D., of Chicago, the distinguished Catholic layman, will lecture before the students of the University shortly after Easter.

WE have received an invitation to attend the Silver Jubilee of the ordination to the priesthood of the Rev. John Bleckmann, of Michigan City. Father Bleckmann graduated with the class of '67, of which the late Father O'Connell was another distinguished member. A zealous pastor, an enthusiast in the cause of education, and a man of the broadest sympathies and most progressive tendencies, "Father John"—as he is popularly known—is one of those sons whose careers *Alma Mater* may justly review with pride. The SCHOLASTIC tenders sincerest congratulations.

The Golden Jubilee.

THE numerous letters of inquiry which have recently been received is an evidence of the widespread interest in the Golden Jubilee of the University. As is now generally known, the formal celebration of the Jubilee will be held next June, and the expressions of good-will which have already begun to come in, is a proof that many Catholics share the conviction of the journalist who prophesied that it would be "one of the most notable events in the history of the Church in the West." It is also gratifying to know that all those who were invited to assist as functionaries on the occasion have freely given their services wherever it was possible.

The Faculty of the University, on their part, have left nothing undone to make the celebration worthy of the occasion. They recognize that here is an opportunity of exhibiting to the public the precise nature of the work accomplished in the class-room and lecture halls. The directors of the college courses have been instructed to prepare a *representative* exhibition—they are not to accumulate *special* work, but such as will show the degree of proficiency ordinarily attained by students, and, as far as possible, the methods pursued by professors and instructors. Each department of the college is to have a separate exhibit, and will thus be able to publish its needs as well as its excellencies. There will be, for instance, a special issue of the SCHOLASTIC, embodying specimens of the work done in the Classical course; another devoted to the Course in Science; another representing the course in English Literature, etc. It is needless to say that this feature of the Jubilee celebration will possess special interest for all who are interested in Catholic higher education.

Other features looking more directly to the strengthening of the courses and the development of the University are now under careful consideration and will be announced later. Suffice it to say that the authorities of the University have resolved to signalize its fiftieth anniversary by the inauguration of a policy destined to advance its interests notably and to triple its influence and efficiency as a Catholic institution of higher learning. These plans and this policy will be fully explained in due time.

The minor details of the celebration have already been arranged. The invitations—in Latin

and English—are now preparing, and an appropriate medal, commemorating the occasion, has peen designed. The Jubilee exercises—illustrating the past, present and future of Notre Dame—have been pretty fairly divided between the alumni, graduates and undergraduates of the University.

The growth of Notre Dame during the first fifty years of its existence has been phenomenal; but it has been symmetrical in an extraordinary degree. The University has developed simultaneously along material and intellectual lines, and it is the determination of President Morrissey and the Faculty to emphasize still more strongly their conviction that not luxurious furnishings but serious students and learned professors constitute a university. All really great universities, as Cardinal Newman says, have been the result of gradual evolution. One point is certain—the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Notre Dame will be a noteworthy event not alone for its students and Faculty, but for the friends of higher Catholic education throughout the United States.

Our College Paper.

ARISTOPHANES, or one of the other Greeks, with unapproachable and unpronounceable names, said long ago that our love for a good thing grows apace with our knowledge of it. Cherishing a deep appreciation of this truth and fired with a zeal for the spread of wholesome reading, we take occasion to chronicle a few facts concerning the SCHOLASTIC.

The Scholastic Year, afterwards called THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, was founded by Very Rev. W. Corby in 1867, and from September of that year until January of the year following was under the direction of Rev. Neal H. Gillespie. The first ten numbers were printed on the covers of the *Ave Maria*. In those days things were different, and people didn't mind so much "when the war was over." At the outset the struggle for existence was hard; so hard, indeed, that Father Lemonnier, then Director of Studies, conceived the novel plan of instituting an editorial corps composed of twenty-four students, each three of whom were to edit the paper in weekly turn. This expedient was no doubt the deliverance of the SCHOLASTIC at the time, though later on it proved anything but satisfactory. For the devil that accompanies every editor coming into the world prompted the absolute monarchs of one week to refuse matter already accepted, and in some cases actually "set up," by the absolute monarchs of the week preceding. Such management, of course, created a great deal of enthusiasm, but in the end compelled Fathers Gillespie and Lemonnier to resume directorship.

With Volume III. the SCHOLASTIC was increased in size to a small folio, and for three years continued to be published in that form. Afterwards the page was again reduced to its present dimensions, large octavo. In 1872, Rev. M. B. Brown took charge. His administration was a pronounced success until the financial crises came. The fall in stocks and the rise in provisions, however, affected our paper to such an extent that during a considerable period it appeared only every fortnight. Circumstances soon mended, though, and under Father Biglow and Brother Stanislaus—1874 to 1879—the SCHOLASTIC took its rank once more amongst college weeklies. In the spring of '79 Rev. James Rogers became chief of the sanctum, and he in turn was succeeded by Rev. Thomas McNamara—Sept.'79 to July, '80. The lamented "Father John" O'Connell then directed the interests of our journal for fourteen years, and did much to make it all that it is. The staff, it will be remembered, was reorganized by him, and he it was who introduced the use of initial letters and "cuts" executed by the students to replace the old "boiler plate" variety. The brilliant term which Rev. W. A. Maloney filled out from April to July, 1894, will not soon be forgotten. At present the directorship is in the hands of the Reverend Director of Studies, who is evidently doing his utmost to foster the traditions which came down to him.

Of the policy of the SCHOLASTIC there is little to say. There is a regular staff of contributors, and on them rests the responsibility of furnishing the "copy." All the writing, except occasional papers by members of the faculty, is done by the students and they are wholly accountable for what appears over their signature. No corrections of matter are ever made by the Director, and even the proofs are handed over to the author for reading. At the weekly meetings of the staff, the assignments for the coming issue are made; the matter to be treated is discussed and the editorials outlined. We have said this much to set persons aright who have expressed doubts as to the authorship of papers which have appeared in these pages from time to time.

The Presentation of the "Lætare Medal."

[*A Communication.*]

AS the readers of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC particularly and the public generally are already aware, the Lætare Medal was awarded this year to the distinguished Catholic authoress, Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier, by birth and education a daughter of Erin, and by residence formerly of New York, but now of Montreal. The presentation of this much-prized gift took place on Monday, the 1st of this month, in the archiepiscopal palace, where a large number of friends, the *élite* of Canadian society, had assembled to enhance the solemnity of the function by their presence, and to pay individually their respects to the eminent lady who has been so signally honored by the far-famed University of Notre Dame. At the appointed hour, His Lordship, Archbishop Fabre, surrounded by the members of his Chapter and escorting the venerable lady recipient, entered the large and beautiful drawing-room filled with the invited friends, both lay and cleric. After the usual greetings the Rev. M. A. McGarry, C S. C., Superior of St: Laurent College, who represented the Rev. President of Notre Dame University, stepped forward, and read with much feeling the beautiful sonnet composed for the occasion. Then the good archbishop, taking the grand gold medal from its casket presented it to the distinguished lady, addressing her at the same time in highly complimentary words. Dr. Kingston replied on behalf of Mrs. Sadlier as follows:

"Your Grace, Ladies and Gentlemen:—The advanced age and the enfeebled health of the lady who is the recipient to-day of the Lætare Medal are the reasons why she does not acknowledge, in person, this signal mark of appreciation. Mrs. Sadlier bids me thank Your Grace for presiding, you, Rev. Father McGarry, for the presentation of the address, and you, ladies and gentlemen, her personal friends, for having assisted at the ceremony. She is grateful to the Rev. President of Notre Dame for seeking her out in her retirement in her Northern home. Mrs. Sadlier also wishes me to say how unequal she is to the merit implied in this presentation. Here my mission ends. In your name I congratulate the University of Notre Dame on the wisdom and discrimination of its choice."

Those present now came forward and individually offered their warmest congratulations for the well-deserved honor conferred upon her. Thus ended a function which had never before been witnessed in Canada, and which gave general satisfaction. That she may live many years to enjoy the fruit of highly meritorious labors undertaken solely for the glory of God and of His holy Church, is the most sincere wish of her old and devoted friend,

JOSEPH C. CARRIER, C. S. C.

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The Very Reverend President has received the following letter of acknowledgment from Mrs. Sadlier. Her words,—written with a trembling hand, in the sunset of life,—show, even more than the commendation bestowed by the Catholic press and public on the choice of the recipient of the Medal for '95, how wise was that choice. It must be gratifying to the President to have been the means of adding another honor to those which Mrs. Sadlier has already deserved:

"It was my happy p ivilege to receive on Monday last from the venerated hands of His Grace, the Archbishop of Montreal, the magnificent Lætare Medal graciously awarded to me this year by the Faculty of Notre Dame, together with the touching and very beautiful address accompanying it, read by Rev. Father McGarry of St Laurent College. Although little expecting such a splendid recognition of my humble efforts in the cause of Catholic literature, I all the more highly value the honor thus conferred upon me.

"I beg you to believe, my Very Rev. dear Father, that the occasion was one of deep interest to me and to my family and that the moment in which your so highly prized distinction were bestowed upon me was one of the proudest of my life as it shall be one of my sweetest memories in the after years, if any there are, of my earthly pilgrimage.

"By accepting for yourself Very Reverend Father, and conveying to the members of the Faculty of your great University, my warmest thanks and very highest appreciation of the signal favor of which I have been made the recipient, you will add yet another to those already conferred on

"Your most humble and obliged servant,

"Mary A. Sadlier."

Books and Magazines.

JOHN MURPHY & CO. have lately issued a book by Walter Lecky, entitled "Down at Caxton's." It is a collection of sketches of the most prominent living American writers of the Catholic faith. Mr. Lecky's criticism, while occasionally doing violence to some of our own opinions, is discerning and able. But we fail to see why the book was written at all. It professes to treat of the living Catholic authors and contains chapters on F. M. Crawford, M. F. Egan, C. W. Stoddard, G. P. Lathrop, Miss E. Conway and others. Now, why should Crawford, Lathrop, Johnston, even Stoddard, be classed as Catholic

writers? They do not even pretend to write for an audience of their co-religionists. They are not authors by virtue of the faith that is in them; whatever style they may be masters of they did not acquire, the fates forbid, by perusal of the average Catholic prayer book. From a literary point of view they have nothing in common with Mr. Egan or Miss Conway. Why has Mr. Lecky omitted Father Finn, Father Zahm and others who write as Catholics and for Catholics? It is not only an absurd but a harmful habit, and one that we should rid ourselves of, to talk of public men of our own faith, be they statesmen or prize fighters, as though their strength either of mind or muscle were due to their knowledge of the Baltimore Catechism.

—Under the title "Some Lights of Science and the Church," the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., contributes to the March *Rosary* interesting sketches of Cardinals Gonzales and Meignan, the Abbé Vigouroux, and Canon Hamard, "Catholic savants, who, although their names are almost household words in Europe, are comparatively unknown in America." The personal flavor with which Father Zahm writes lends a peculiar attractiveness to his paper. "The Shrine of St. Ursula," by Mary A. McMahon, is a graceful recital of an episode in the life of Hans Hemling, the celebrated painter; it reads more like fancy than fact. A careful perusal of Father Hyacinth Mary's article on "The Rosary" cannot fail to be of profit to every client of Our Lady. The editorials are, as usual, in the best of taste and humor.

—The number of musical journals for the little folks is legion, and the merit attaching to many of them can hardly be overrated. Still, it would be more than difficult to point out a work of this description better calculated to meet with the desired success than the periodical *The School and Fireside*, published by Professor Singenberger of St. Francis, Wis. This interesting monthly is now in the second year of its publication, and, to judge from the character of the contents of each succeeding issue, cannot fail to be productive of the good which the editor has in view. We had the pleasure lately to receive the first volume of the magazine in question. The various numbers between its attractive covers are simple, but exceedingly pretty melodies. We could not give expression to our opinion in their regard more effectively than by applying the terms *sinnreich* and *herzig* to the different songs, piano solos, piano duets, and pieces for piano and violin,

Exchanges.

IN its battles with contemporary college papers the *Niagara Index* is certainly able to take care of itself. Just at present it is "having it out" with the *Earlhamite*, and evidently takes great delight in exposing the latter's lapses in grammar and logic. If the exchange-editor of the *Index* confined his remarks to these and kindred topics, his course would be perfectly legitimate and unobjectionable; but when he becomes personal and uses such terms as "nincompoop," "donkey" and "cur," he is guilty of a breach of courtesy, and acts in a manner at once undignified and reprehensible. Our friend, it is to be regretted, has still to learn that censure and abuse are not synonyms. The words of the gentle St. Francis, "It is better to withhold a truth than to say it unkindly," clearly define our point of view of the contest now waging between the *Index* and *Earlhamite*.

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Whoever it was that wrote "the only moments worth remembering are those in which we have forgotten ourselves," would, we fancy, have added, on reconsideration, "and those in which others have not forgotten us." In fact, every one, even in his most unselfish moods, is susceptible to the sweetness of a kind remembrance. When, however, this remembrance comes in the form of a recognition of the literary work of THE SCHOLASTIC, it is sweet indeed. For we are aware that the work on our paper is never wholly done; or, when we have accomplished it with painstaking care, we are smitten through on finding that the greater things have passed us by. We have often wondered whether our theory of the editorial were the right one—now we know it is not wholly wrong. Hoping always to deserve the praise of its discriminating and scholarly exchange-editor, we thank *The Mountaineer* for the following words of encouragement:

"There is a spirit of being in touch with the times about THE SCHOLASTIC which attracts us This spirit is especially noticeable in the editorials. Instead of being confronted with the usual diatribes of the stock questions connected with the proprieties and aims of student life, one finds several columns of crisply written editorials which pertain either to passing literary events or happenings about the University. The other matter of the journal is, as a rule, well diversified and always worthy of reading. The short stories are capital; the effusions of the Muse, though few, brief, and mostly of a light nature, are not without merit; and the literary criticisms and other essays are scholarly and instructive."

Personals.

—Mr. Edmond J. Howard '90, is to be married to Miss Etta Marie Garceau, at St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, Ind., Monday morning, April 15. We wish Edmond and his bride many years of happiness in their new state in life.

—Mæræ Sykes, '86, Premier Violinist of the Crecent Club Orchestra is engaged with the Aqueduct Engineering Corps at Purdy's Station, New York. He promises to be present at the reunion of the orchestra next June, during the Golden Jubilee celebration.

—As the result of the last election at Johnstown, Pa., Mr. John C. Larkin, Law '83, was elected President of the City Council. Mr. Larkin is still favorably remembered by his many friends at Notre Dame who wish still further and greater success in the political arena.

—The programme of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day at Norfork, Va., contains the names of two staunch friends of Notre Dame,—the Rev. Dr. Cronin, of Buffalo, our alumnus, and Captain McCarrick—two orators on whose lips the eloquence of Burke and Grattan is more than a mere tradition.

—The *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette* has lately published sketches of rising young business men in the metropolis of the Buckeye state. We were pleased to see numbered among the most talented and promising, Mortimer O'Kane (Commercial), '87. He is in charge of the retail department of the American Book Co's Cincinnati house, is Second Vice-President of the "Young Men's Business Club," and a member of the 2d Cavalry, A. N. G., where the military education he received at Notre Dame is rapidly bringing him to the front.

—Reverend M. Fallize, C. S. C., a former choir master at the University and for several years pastor at St. Joseph's Church, East South Bend, and now of Dacca, India, sends a few lines asking to have the SCHOLASTIC sent to Akyab. He speaks in the most flatte-ing manner of his new mission, saying that it is a most charming spot in the mountainous regions of Arrakan. The SCHOLASTIC wishes the missioner all success in his labors, and hopes that he will find time to send it an occasional column about his far-off home.

Local Items.

—Bro. Valerian has presented to the library a complete volume of the "Stationary Engineer."

—VISITOR:—"Who executed this beautiful painting?" STUDENT:—"Why, Signor-er-er-er Smith!"

—Since the fine weather has come to stay, the Civil Engineering class is again engaged in outside work.

—One of the Indiana "school marms" inquired of one of the boys what the population of the library is.

—The Carrollites will soon be granted the privilege of enjoying their "after tea" walk around the campus.

—Some of the competitions were held during the week, but most of them have been postponed until after Easter.

—The class of Physics has taken up the study of Acoustics, using as a text-book Father Zahm's "Sound and Music."

—The Librarian has added to the library several copies of all the books required in the lower English classes.

—Several students enjoyed a pleasant bicycle tour on the fourth. They visited many noted surrounding points and report a happy time.

—Ray said to a friend, who had remarked that the week had passed by very quickly, that it was extraordinary that the *weak* should be so spry.

—During the past week the Criticism class has been discussing the question of journalism, and now they are taking up the study of the drama in all its phases.

—The members of the Physics class are gloating over the discovery of musical sounds in the talk in the refectory, the throwing of chairs and even in the bass drum.

—An Astronomer of Cosmopolitan Flat says the reason it is so hard to obtain photographs of the moon is that they have to be taken from a *negative* quantity.

—The members of the Stock Company are busily engaged in rehearsing a play entitled "Vacation," and they expect to appear in public shortly after Easter.

—A Brownsonite, writing a composition, asked his neighbor if it were proper to call America an empire. "Well I should say no, and I can lick the man who says it is!" was the patriotic reply.

—It is related that a certain man of '97, who dropped a Sophomore class to take up one of the Junior year, did so that he might be one class ahead. The Sophomores intend to take action in the case.

—The score in the game between the Varsity team and the Manual Labor club last Sunday was 24 to 1 in favor of the former. The Varsity men showed great improvement over last week both in fielding and batting.

—The taking down of the storm-windows was a sign of the advent of spring. There are a number of local indications which prophesy coming events, and the taking down of the storm-windows is one. Rest assured that spring is with us.

—Orders have been given for furniture for the new community-house, which will be occupied for the first time by guests at the Golden Jubilee. Suitable accommodations have been provided for

all. It is expected that an immense number will be in attendance.

—The Professor of vocal music has received letters from three of his last year's pupils—Messrs. E. DuBrul, B. Bates, and Schillo—who write that they will attend the Golden Jubilee and will be pleased to take parts in the quartette. The singing will be a special feature.

—The St. Cecilians, held no regular meetings lately, owing to the illness of their Rev. President. The members are very happy to welcome him on his return, with fond hopes of his speedy recovery. The next meeting of the society will prove especially interesting as well as instructive to those present.

—The services of Holy Week were conducted with great solemnity. The singing, which was excellent and deeply religious, was directed by Father Klein. The choir took part in the chanting of the Passion. During the Tenebræ the Lamentations were feelingly rendered, being sung in parts.

—With favorable spring weather, the University grounds will have become a vale of flowers before Commencement. Numerous violet beds and lily vases have been added to the lawn, and St. Edward's Park stands ready to bloom forth in more than its native loveliness at the first burst of sunshine and showers.

—The "Shorties" and "Lengthies" of Sorin hall are training hard every day, and the base-ball cranks may expect to see a scientific game of ball soon. The "Lengthies" have not forgotten their disgraceful defeat on the gridiron last fall, and they are putting forth herculean efforts to get in proper trim for the coming event.

—In the Brownson refectory the other evening a SCHOLASTIC scribe noticed that six of the members of a certain table, when they had done with tea, drew books from their pockets and began to read. Novels—they must have been Conan Doyle's—are very good in their places; but the men who can find nothing to talk about over their tea should cultivate garrulity.

—The choir has been engaged in rehearsing "Leonard's Mass" which will be rendered to-morrow. The solo parts have received special attention. Professor Preston has composed a beautiful and devotional "Regina Cœli" for the occasion. It is pleasant to note that the choir has been painstaking in preparing singing worthy of the Divine Sacrifice.

—Rev. J. C. Carrier has placed the Director of the Catholic Archives of America under lasting obligations for a number of manuscripts relating to the early professors of Notre Dame. He has also contributed to the Catholic Reference Library of America, several rare and interesting pamphlets printed at, or for the, University between the years 1846 and 1850.

—At present the members of the Belles-Lettres class are making an extended study of the modern essay. They are treating the subject by making comparisons between the two great schools of essayists. For the light and airy form they are studying Warner, Higginson, Lang, Repplier, and Birrell, and for profound thought, Patmore, Lily and Mallock.

—During the past week South Bend entertained a thousand school teachers from different parts of this state. They were attending the convention of the teachers of Northern Indiana. A great many, during their short stay, found time to pay flying visits to Notre Dame and Saint Mary's, and all seemed to be very much pleased with the kindness and attention they received at the University.

—Rev. Father Johannes, C. S. C., rector of St. Mary's Church, South Bend, has presented to the Lemonnier Library a theological book recovered from the ill-fated steamer *Elbe*. The book was addressed to Father Johannes by a friend in Germany. Although the address is almost illegible from the effects of the briny bath, still the name South Bend could be made out, consequently the volume finally reached its destination.

—The new grand stand is almost completed. It is so placed that it will not interfere with track athletics. There are special boxes prepared for distinguished visitors. The seats are comfortably made and are so conveniently arranged that every play may be easily seen. Admission to seats and boxes (some of which are for sale) will be by tickets which may be had from the Executive-Committee of the Athletic Association.

—On the 2d inst., the Carrollites assembled in their club room to choose ball-clubs for their leagues. Four captains were elected, namely, Miles, Cornell, Rauch and Brown, who selected the four teams of the major league. On the following Thursday they played the first games of the season. They were won by Miles and Rauch. The same plan was followed last season—one of the most successful the Carrolls have ever had. The Special will be chosen later.

—A week from next Monday the Varsity team will cross bats with Ann Arbor. The recent successes of the Michigan men have put the local team on its mettle. Last Saturday Albion was defeated by Ann Arbor, the score being 21 to 3. Jacobs, for Albion, was knocked out of the box in the third inning. Certainly, we have a far better team now than when we faced Albion at the beginning of last season, but we will need it for the game on the twenty-second. Michigan occupies first place in Western college athletics, and if we succeed in defeating them we shall have done something to be proud of. Captain Schmidt is confident of victory.

—Last Sunday evening the members of the Boat Club in Sorin hall held an informal meeting in the reading-room, and decided to accept the proposition of a regatta between the two crews of Brownson and Sorin halls at Commencement. The following were chosen to hold up the Sorin hall end of the race: Messrs. John Mott, Joseph

Marmon, Burton Oliver, Thomas Quinlan, Daniel Casey, John Dempsey and Leigh Gibson. The captain will be elected and places will be assigned to the men next week. Judging from the interest shown by the two opposing crews this will be the most exciting race of Commencement week.

—On Saturday evening, March 29, the Law Debating Society held an interesting meeting in the law room with Colonel Wm. Hoynes in the chair. After the regular preliminary business had been transacted, Messrs. Murphy and Dr. Miller gave some interesting readings from "Law, the Traveller." The work laid out for the evening's entertainment was a debate on the subject, "Resolved, that the military man is worthy of more honor from his country than the statesman." The debate was well received and many strong, convincing arguments were advanced on both sides by Messrs. Henry Miller and E. V. Chassaing for the affirmative and Messrs. Thomas Mapother and Francis Onzon for the negative. After the society had listened to the brilliant oratorical efforts of all the contestants, the chair rendered his decision in favor of the affirmative.

—The Philopatrians will appear on Monday afternoon at four o'clock. They have worked hard on their play, and, unless something unforeseen occurs, they will score a success. This is the first appearance in a play of any member of the society, and for this reason they have been rehearsing longer than the other societies did. Messrs. E. Frank Jones, George Sweet, J. T. Guthrie and Jos. A. McPhillips have lent their assistance for the musical selections in the first act. The two first-named will play on the guitar and mandolin an original duet which they have kindly dedicated to the Philopatrians. The following is the cast:

"THE PRINCE AND THE WOOD-CUTTER."

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Prince Leopold.....Harold E. Speake
Baron Liebheim.....John R. O'Mara
Count Hartenstein.....T. P. Goldstein
Glandoff.....D. S. Wright
Maurice, the Woodcutter.....John W. Forbing
Hans,.....George A. Krug
Dominie Sebastian Starrkopf.....Abner Harding
Christopher, Maurice's Father.....William P. Monahan
Fritz } Maurice's Children } Raymond McPhee
Louis } Maurice's Children } Master Willie Robb
Lynx, a Foppish Courtier.....Peter M. Kuntz
Riegel } Jailers } Arthur J. Druecker
Boltzen } Jailers } Edward P. Moran
Captain of the Guard.....Jacob W. Maternes,
Guards and Attendants—E. J. Gainer, Theo. Watterson, Charles Girsch and Maurice Austin.
Villagers—Louis S. Thompson, C. Minnigerode, Wynter Massey, Charles J. Shillington, John J. Kuntz and Charles J. Langley.

The following will be the musical part of the programme:

Overture—"The Devil's Deputy".....*Jakobowski*
University Orchestra.
Vocal Solo—"Ora Pro Nobis".....*Piccolomini*
Mr. E. Frank Jones.
"Rehearsal of a Village Orchestra".....*Stearns*
University Orchestra.
Finale—"The Massachusetts Military March"..*Cruger*
University Orchestra.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Barton, Burns, Casey, Cullinan, Davis, Dempsey, Dinkel, Devanney, Gibson, Hudson, Kennedy, Mitchell, J. Mott, T. Mott, E. McKee, James McKee, McManus, D. Murphy, Murray, Oliver, Pritchard, Pulskamp, Quinlan, Ryan, Slevin, Shannon, Stace, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Ainsworth, Alber, Adler, Anson, Anderson, Barry, Baird, J. Brown, Boland, J. Byrne, W. J. Burke, W. P. Burke, Brinker, Brennan, Bennett, Britz, R. Browne, Barrett, Corry, Clark, Coleman, Corby, Cunnea, Crane, Craft, Chassaing, P. Campbell, Carney, T. Cavanagh, Costello, A. Campbell, Crilly, Cullen, Chase, J. Cavanagh, Conger, Davis, Dowd, Delaney, Daley, Davilla, Dillon, Evmer, Finnerty, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, Fera, Foulks, Gilpin, Gibson, Gilmartin, Galen, Golden, Guthrie, Henry, Herman, A. Hanhauser, Halligan, G. Hanhauser Harrison, Hindel, Howley, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, Hesse, Hentges, Hengen, Howell, Hennebry, Hinde, Jones, Johnson, Kegler, Kortas, I. Kaul, E. Kaul, F. Kaul, King, Kinsella, Karasynski, Ludwig, Landa, Lawlor, Lassig, Landsdowne, Mathewson, Murphy, S. Moore, Medley, Mulroney, Monarch, Mapother, Moxley, J. Miller, Masters, Montague, H. A. Miller, J. Monahan, R. Monahan, A. Monahan, B. J. Monahan, Melter, H. A. Miller, B. L. Monahan, Metzger, C. Miller, McHugh, McPhee, McKee, McGinnis, A. McCord, McCarty, McGreevey, McGurk, Ney, Neely, O'Mally, O'Brien, Oldshue, Palmer, Pulskamp, Pearce, Quimby, Reardon, Rowan, R. Ryan, Rosenthal, E. Roper, Spengler, Schulte, Sheehan, Smith, Scott, F. Smoger, Schultz, C. Steele, S. Steele, Sullivan, C. Smoger, Spalding, Streicher, Schmidt, Sanders, Sweet, Thornton, Turner, Tinnen, G. Wilson, S. White, P. White, Weaver, Ward, Wensinger, Wilkin, Wiss, F. Wagner, Wellington, C. Wagner, Wheeler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Arnold, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlett, J. Barry, Burns, Benz, Browne, Cottin, Cornell, Corry, Clune, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Cullen, Ducey, Dannemiller, Druecker, Dalton, Davezac, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Fennessey, Franey, Foley, Feltenstein, Fox, Girsch, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gimbel, Gainer, Goldsmith, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, W. Healy, L. Healy, Harding, Hoban, Herrera, E. Heer, L. Heer, Hagan, Jones, Keeffe, A, Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Lichtenwalter, Long, Lantry, Langley, Leonard, Lowery, Lane, Miles, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, Monahan, Moran, Miller, Maurer, C. Murray, Minnigerode Meirs, F. Morris, R. Murray, McShane, McCarthy, McPhilips, McPhee, McKenzie, McCarrick, McGinley, G. McDonald, S. McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Nevius, O'Mara, O'Brien, Plunkett, Pendleton, Powell, Rockey, Reuss, Rauch, Roesing, Rasche, Shipp, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, P, Smith, Storey, Shillington, Sheeky, Sullivan, Schaack, Strong, Scott, Steiner, Thompson, F. Taylor, H. Taylor, Tong, Tatman, Tuohy, Temple, Underwood, Whitehead, Ward, Wallace, Waterson, Waters, Wigg, Wells, Weidman, Zitter.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, L. Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Audibert, Barrett, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Bullene, Breslin, Boyton, Brissanden, Curry, Campau, Cressy, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Cassady, Collins, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, Corcoran, Cotter, Catchpole, G. Dugas, Dalton, E. Dugas, Durand, Devine, Davis, Egan, Elliott, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, Ford, Goff, Graham, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hershey, Hart, Hawkins, R. Hess, F. Hess, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kasper, Kopf, Lawton, Leach, Lovell, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McNichols, R. McCarthy, McElroy, McNamara, McCorry, Noonan, C. Nye, Newman, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Paul, Plunkett, E. Quertimont, G. Quertimont, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Robb Swan, Spillard, Strauss, Sontag, Sexton, Steele, Thompson, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Waite, Welch, Weidmann.