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November.

NOVEMBER'S face is veiled in grief,
In starless nights and sunless days;
Nature to Death her homage pays
With every falling leaf.

November's winds are wailing wild;
They will not let the Old Year sleep;
But round his death-bed crowd and weep,
As though he were their child.

Around us, long-hushed voices mourn;
The murmurs of the midnight pines
Are echoes crossing Death's confines
Out of the dark Unknown.

Across the hills, along the plain,
Pale Winter steals with footfall light,
And wraps his mantle cold and white
About November's slain.

W. P. B.

"Upon the Hill."

EUSTACE CULLINAN, '95.

The warm summer's day was drawing to a close as I mounted the three steps and opened the low gate that ushered me from the street to Major Thorne's garden walk. It was not the first or the second time that I had entered those unfrequented precincts: no other man except their gray-haired owner and his solitary servant was as familiar there as I. In the house next door—if it might be called next door, for it was a hundred yards higher up the hill—I had been born. As a child I had leaned over the low stone wall between his garden and ours, and looked down upon the Major—with scarcely a perceptible alteration, as gray and stern and erect of carriage in those far away days as now—

laboring among his beloved flowers. With my small, imperious finger I had indicated plots and bushes as my very own, and the Major, so cold and distant with others, had smiled and picked for me what flowers I bade him.

From childhood unto boyhood I had watched him in his wide garden, planting and nursing and culling the thousand blossoms that flourish in the kindly Californian climate; never permitting another hand to assist him; always stern to harshness with men, but gentle and loving with the senseless plants. As a boy, I had leaped the wall and dropped down the few feet that marked the elevation between my home and his, and had left my foot-prints in his beds and gone unrebuked by him. I had chatted with him at his work, and found him entertaining and indulgent to me, but to me alone. His speech was never of himself, nor, indeed, was I old enough to notice that it was not.

I knew, of course, as did all the neighborhood, that he owned much property and had rents sufficient to give him more than a goodly income. But his tenants paid their monies and made their complaints to his agent; and, as their moderate demands were always satisfied without question of their landlord, they had as little knowledge as others. That he had fought under Lee, he had often told me; many of the stories with which he charmed my young imagination were of the Great Struggle; but of his life before and since he confided nothing. Once, indeed, I ventured on a question. It was unpremeditated and done in boyish thoughtlessness. We had been together all morning among the flowers; he carefully trimming the magnificent rose bushes, the pride of his garden, I lazily lying face upward, on the grass, near by. Neither had spoken in a quarter of an hour; both drinking in the golden weather that seems

to fill the very soul with the joy of living, and leaves no room for speech or hearing, scarcely, indeed, for thought.

"Major," I blurted out, "have you any relatives?"

He did not answer; and I repeated the question.

"Yes," he said shortly, "one brother."

I persisted.

"And where is he?"

"I neither know nor care; nor does it concern you," he replied harshly. In an instant he was himself again, and resumed in a softer tone, "I never mention him."

I did not dare again to interrogate the Major on the subject. But old Polly, the housekeeper, was hedged about with no such reserve. In many a conversation, held in the seclusion of the kitchen, we speculated as to the cause of the quarrel between the brothers. Fancy suggested a thousand explanations, with the only result, however, of attaching a romantic interest to the thought of the Major's brother; but long years elapsed before I learned more of him.

Our quiet life went on. The hill, which had been the dwelling-place of the oldest and wealthiest of the city, was relinquished by them in the face of the slow but irresistible invasion of the poor, whose mean abodes are long since huddled thick on every side at its base. But for some reason they seem to prefer the low parts and avoid the elevation, and the summit of the hill was tenaciously held by the Major and a few other old residents. Most of the now shabby mansions fell, one by one, into the hands of poor relations and struggling families, and an air of melancholy and decay settled upon the block. Our own family had been among the last to leave. But death and other causes had necessitated our departure, and I, too, had gone. And amid the bustle of the busy world and the ceaseless struggle for existence, the old hill and the old life had become more and more a dim memory, kept alive, however, by occasional visits to the Major.

Here, then, you find me at the beginning of this narration, already in my five and twentieth year. As I closed the gate behind me I paused and gazed up the street. In these days, when I have left the car and penetrated the fringe of cheap tenements at the base of the hill, a Sunday peace comes over me. Who has not felt the hush and holy quiet that distinguish the day of prayer? The atmosphere of the hill is one of continuous Sunday. Whether the day

redden it at sunrise or sunset, or warm it mildly at mid-morning, or gild it at high noon, to me it is ever the same. It seems like an altar before which the whole great city is prostrate in worship. It fills the spirit with the feeling that permeates the wonderful sonnets in the "Divina Commedia,"—reverence and devotion and rest and peace;—above all, peace. I turned and stepped slowly up the gravel path.

II.

Polly, my ancient crony, let me in. At seeing me she uttered an exclamation of joy, and, shutting the door quickly, whispered in great excitement:

"O Mister Hal, he's been here to see the Major; he came here to-day!"

"Who?" I asked.

"His brother. He says, anxious like: 'How are you madam?' and gives me his card, sayin' to hand it to the Major. The Major's face was terrible when he read the name. I thought first an attack of somethin' was comin' on, but he suddenly braces up and says: 'I do not know the man.' That was two hours ago, and he's been a trampin' up and down his room since. You'd better go up and see him. Perhaps the sight of such an old friend may do him good." And the honest, faithful, soft-hearted old woman burst into tears.

"Oh! he looked so kind and gentle and sad! You should have seen him when I brought down that cruel answer. He says softly: 'I am sorry; good-bye,' and takes my hand. And then he went away."

In answer to the Major's "Come in," I opened the door and entered. He moved forward to greet me, and as he approached I could perceive in his haggard face the vestiges of a fierce combat. But the battle had been fought out, and the powers of pride had conquered. The square jaw was firmly closed, and the steel-gray eyes had more than usual determination in them.

"You find me in an unsocial mood," he said. "I have had a visitor—" then, seeing from my countenance that I knew all, "Yes, yes, it is hard. But he deserted his family and his country in their need. No coward ever bore our name before. A Thorne had fought under Washington; his son had carried a sword against the British in 1812; another of the family had perished in Mexico in a heroic defense against fearful odds, and in '61, when Virginia looked to her sons for aid in her hour of peril, he left home to enter a Roman Catholic seminary, and joined that Church and, later, became a Romish

priest—a Thorne a priest! Is it a wonder that we turned our backs upon him? The entrance into the Church at any other time I could have overlooked; but the doing so to avoid fighting for his state can never be forgiven or forgotten." Straightway he began to talk of his garden and of the wonderful roses he was training and of a thousand other things. But his manner was forced, and there were occasional lapses into silence. So the evening dragged somewhat, and I left him early, conscious that no words of mine could do aught toward healing this miserable breach. Walking homeward, I knew not which of the brothers I pitied more.

III.

It was fully a year before I again called on the Major, and, strangely enough, it was also the next occasion on which any of us heard from the Major's brother. I shall never forget the first and, with one exception, the last time I met Arthur Thorne. It was Sunday afternoon, and the Major and I had strolled down the street as far as the wharves. We had spent an hour among the quiet groups of unprofessional fishermen—humble and practical souls who had never heard of Walton, and who would sit the live-long Sunday for the rare pleasure of drawing in an infrequent smelt or "shiner,"—inhaling the atmosphere of romance, the suggestions of brown savages and tropic islands, of adventures, afloat and ashore, that cling about the old docks, and had then turned homeward.

We were leisurely ascending the long hill when the Major abruptly ceased speaking. The slight color that the exercise had given him fled from his cheeks; the smile died out of his eyes. He stared straight forward past a figure, a man coming down the hill. It was his brother, there could be no doubt, though, feature for feature, they differed greatly—the face of each was strong, but in different molds. The Major's was the strength that knows no obstacles in gaining its end: the strength of the conquering Roman, that is ever the same in right or wrong—bold, ready, aggressive. His brother's was the strength that never surrenders in a good cause, and could never assume a bad one: the strength that endures; the strength of martyrs. There was a longing hesitation, half hope, half fear, in his expression that made my heart go out to him. His figure was tall but slight; his shoulders stooped, and, over all, that indefinable something in face and form and movement that proclaims: "This man has suffered."

There are natures that do not suffer. Selfish they may not be called; but certainly they are of a baser essence, a more material order, than those that know the great chastener. Not every one is gifted with the sublime capacity for sorrow that found its breadth and depth in Him who shunned the chalice in the Garden, and has not been wanting in any of the world's heroes in all the walks of life.

The Major passed as though he saw no one, his pace unquickened, and the same stern determination in his eyes; not a word was spoken until the brothers were again several yards apart; and then, through the strained silence, a low call, "Tom." The pathos of that cry pierced me to the very soul. I turned instinctively. Arthur Thorne's white, suffering face and pleading eyes were directed toward the Major. At the sound of the voice he hesitated, and his pale cheeks grew ashy; but the instant that is allotted to decide between the true and the false, between love and pride, was gone, and he moved on without a sign of recognition.

IV.

The months came and went, and the Major shut himself up more and more with his flowers and his own silent thoughts. Summer and winter and spring again and I had not seen him since that memorable meeting.

It was on an evening in the late spring, I recollect, that the papers rang with the heroism of the Catholic priest who had attempted to stop a runaway team on Golden Gate avenue. I read of how the two great horses had charged up the street with a terrified woman in the carriage behind; of how a figure in clerical garments had rushed at their heads and tried to stay them; of how he had been gored by the swaying carriage pole; shaken off from his hold by the maddened horses, and struck and crushed under their furious hoofs. He had been carried to the hospital where he lay at the point of death. It was Arthur Thorne.

The next day at noon, which was the earliest I could manage to do, I called at the hospital. "Could I see Father Thorne?" "Yes." I was shown to the door of his room, and, entering, there before me on the bed lay the noble priest, and beside him, with years erased from his brow, the Major.

"My brother Arthur, Hal," he said. "A great chasm has been closed, and years of sinful pride left behind."

"The injured man's countenance was transfigured—the pain of his wounds was forgotten

in the happiness of the reconciliation. It was a touching scene.

He died that night, and a day or two later I went to the church to attend the funeral. The bier was erected in the aisle before the altar, and over all, covering the coffin, piled in heaps upon the floor, scenting the whole edifice, were scattered dozens and dozens of the Major's beloved roses.

"Treasure Island"—A Study.

WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96.

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

Stevenson's great literary fame rests chiefly on his essays. They are consummate works of art from the mind of a writer who, by long perseverance in practice, begun in boyhood, had acquired a perfect control over his diction. He is a model stylist, if ever one existed. But it takes a work more sociable than an essay to command widespread public attention. forcible delineation of character and skilfully developed plot are almost indispensable requisites. Stevenson was master of both. His novels, accordingly, are successful. And speaking of novels, one seldom meets one so strikingly illustrative of art-power as that wild sea-tale, "Treasure Island."

Here we have a story as concise as it can possibly be without becoming elliptical. No needless digressions or stiff formality are anywhere discernible. The author introduces his characters with a wave of the hand—no more; and after that they speak for themselves. "Billy Bones," like the old debauched pirate that he was, swaggers into the company at the "Admiral Benbow," and with an emphatic oath, considerably omitted by the author, calls for rum. An interesting and impressive character he is. What with his truculent outbursts of passion whenever opposed, and the mystery of his past life, occasionally hinted at in his maudlin mutterings, the other characters are crowded aside till a more advanced stage of the story.

He has seen wild times, has Mr. Bones. Drink, robbery and murder have been his daily occupations for the Lord only knows how long. As he told Jim Hawkins, the narrator of the story, rum was his chief support; and his life at the "Admiral Benbow" bore out the truthfulness of

his assertion. During his brief career there he never drew a sober breath but once: that was when Blind Pew handed him the "black spot." And in that sober moment he dropped dead.

The wild sea ballad, with which this study, is prefaced was a favorite song of the captain's. The "Admiral Benbow" shook and echoed with the swell of the chorus till it was a wonder the walls did not topple in on the captain and his hilarious company. And that song plays an important part in the whole story. It lends a certain weirdness to the tale by its occasional repetition, and is suggestive of carousals, mutiny and bloodshed. The influence it has on the reader's imagination is imperceptible; but for all that, it is none the less potent.

After the sudden death of the captain, young Hawkins discovers the map of Treasure Island in the pirate's great sea-chest. This is the first intimation of what is to follow. In the previous chapters, Billy Bones has absorbed most of the reader's attention, and beyond a few vague references to Black Dog and "a sea-faring man with one leg," the future development of the plot is a matter of conjecture. Black Dog, it is true, appears in person, but only for a brief interval, and then disappears again as suddenly as he came. From the captain's meagre description of them, however, we have reason to suspect them both as mariners of questionable character. Our curiosity, too, is naturally aroused by the vehement altercation between Black Dog and the captain, which so nearly resulted in the death of the former; but no explanation is given. The reader's imagination must of itself satisfy his inquisitiveness, and there is no time for that.

The scene is next shifted to Bristol, where a ship is fitted out for the expedition. Here the other characters come trooping in, all in seamen's garb and with an odor of tar and salt water in their very conversation. Head and shoulders over all stands Long John Silver, with his crutch and one leg, and his loquacious parrot that has seen more devilry than Long John himself. Silver is really the hero of the story. And I think that, of all Stevenson's characters, he is the most human and most interesting. Captain Smollett was chosen commander of the expedition; but Silver was virtually captain before the *Hispaniola* left her docks. He selected most of the crew, and his choice naturally fell upon his former comrades in piracy. They were all old hands at mutiny and buccaneering; had served under such notables as Flint, Blind Pew and Billy Bones, and

had sailed ships "a-muck with red blood and fit to sink with gold."

It is surprising that Jim Hawkins failed to recognize in Silver the one-legged seaman whom Billy Bones had warned him against so often. Indeed, Jim tells us that his suspicion was excited at the first sight of Silver, but the latter soon vindicated himself by his apparent ignorance of Black Dog. The incident in the "Spy-Glass" shows the deep cunning and self-possession of Silver. The latter was equal to the occasion, and Jim's suspicions were allayed.

Without dwelling at any length upon the incidents of the cruise, the author brings his readers face to face with the plot of the mutineers. He does it, too, in a very ingenious manner. The description of Jim in the apple barrel, drinking in the conversation of Long John, Israel Hands and the other sailors whom they are persuading to join in the mutiny, is well drawn. In fact, it is the reader, not Hawkins, that is listening to the pirates, and it is the reader who is in danger when Long John asks Dick, the novice in piracy, to fetch him an apple out of the barrel.

The impending mutiny breaks out the very day of the crew's landing. But Jim Hawkins had revealed the whole plot to Captain Smollett, Doctor Livesey and the Squire, so that the outbreak did not come upon them unexpected. By this time Silver's character is so familiar to the reader that his murder of the honest seaman shortly after their landing only confirms the impression which his actions all along have gradually been making. It was fortunate for Hawkins that he deserted the crew at the instant of landing, and fled into the woods. The wonder is that he was not knifed in the boat even before reaching shore. His foolhardiness in venturing ashore on a deserted island with a band of mutineers, who were bent on his own and his friends' death, can hardly be reasonably accounted for. He did not dare return to the crew, who were completing their plans of mutiny, and he could not return to the *Hispaniola*, for the mutineers held possession of the boats which had brought them to shore. In this predicament he was met by Ben Gunn who has been marooned on the island for three years.

Doctor Livesey then takes up the narrative to tell how his friends deserted the *Hispaniola* and fortified themselves in the old log house. Had Squire Trelawney undertaken the task he would, undoubtedly, have run aground with his vocabulary in seeking invectives black enough

to hurl at the mutineers. That was the Squire's way. But though easily excited to a high pitch of indignation, he was ever ready to acknowledge that he was in the wrong whenever he saw himself so situated. In fact, the Squire possessed a heart as susceptible as a child's, and he reminds one slightly of Colonel Newcome, save that his character is not so strongly drawn.

The fighting now begins in earnest. The author gives a thrilling account of the battle between Captain Smollett's party in the log house and the mutineers. But the most impressive scene of all is that in which Jim Hawkins boarded the *Hispaniola* a second time after he had cut her adrift. And when Israel Hands, shot dead by Jim, sank in a lather of blood to the sandy bottom, and the other dead pirate in his red night-cap was heaved overboard and settled down beside Hands till his head lay across the knees of the man who had murdered him, the description almost attains to perfection. There is nothing to equal it in all Stevenson's writings. What with the fish flitting to and fro above the dead pirates, and the swaying motion of the water there, the picture is one never to be forgotten.

Another effective picture is that in which Silver and the remnant of the mutineers, in their search for the treasure, stumble across a human skeleton. The change that came over the pirates was amazing, and their faint-hearted attempts to overcome their superstitious fears are almost ludicrous. To deepen the awe that had taken possession of them, a mysterious voice broke out into that old song Billy Bones had sung so often at the "Admiral Benbow," and which Flint had shouted in his mad ravings with the death-rattle in his throat. Most of them had been at Flint's bedside when the old pirate breathed his last, and the very recollection of his death seemed to paralyze them with fear. Treasure and all were forgotten, until Silver had convinced them that it was not the voice of the dead Flint after all, but that of Ben Gunn, and, as one of them remarked, "no one ever feared Ben Gunn, dead or alive."

In the remainder of the story Hawkins tells how the treasure was secured and the subsequent escape of Silver on the journey home. This is "Treasure Island." Its characters haunt the reader's dreams long after the book has been laid aside. Foremost among them all stand Billy Bones and Long John Silver with his parrot, Captain Flint, repeating the words it had learned amid so much carnage and bloodshed—"Pieces of eight! pieces of eight!"

Varsity Verse.

THREE POINTS OF VIEW.

I.—*His Apostrophe.*

IF my hopes were as bright
As your eyes, *ma belle*,
When I whispered "Good night!"—
If my hopes were *so* bright,
I'd forget prudence, quite,
And the world—ah, well!
If my hopes were as bright
As your eyes, *ma belle!*

II.—*Her Soliloquy.*

If he weren't a dunce,
And a dear,—ah me!
He'd discover at once,
If he weren't a dunce,
That I'm not, for the nonce,
Wholly fancy free.
If he weren't a dunce,
And a dear,—ah me!

III.—*Cupid's Complaint.*

What's the good of a heart
When the eyes are blind?
Or when pride takes a part,
What's the good of a heart?
Tho' I've sent my last dart,
Not a wound to bind!
What's the good of a heart,
When the eyes are blind?

D. V. C.

A FANCY.

Little Mabel plucked a rose,
With dewdrops sparkling in the light,
And cried,—like one who surely knows—
"Mamma, the fairies wept last night."

E. J. M.

A COMMON CONCLUSION.

Little Freshman came to college,
Full, oh! more than full, of knowledge
Of equations and quadratics,
And went in for mathematics;

Tried to make the football team, too,
But, somehow, he didn't seem to
Make a hit at half or quarter,
So he tried "sub" for a starter.

Flunked in "Trig" before the season
Was half over; asked the reason,
Freshie hemmed, and hawed, and mumbled,
"Got the 'signs' and cosines jumbled."

Said the Prof.: "Sir, concentration
Means success; your mild flirtation
With football has been sufficient
To make naught your coefficient."

Cried the captain: "Your devotion
To cotangents, to my notion,
Is quite ruinous; beware, sir,
'Trig' and football will not pair, sir."

A. B. C.

A Thought on Science.

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.

Nothing at the present day so attracts the public mind as news from the scientific world. The tendency is a good one. Universities are also undergoing a change in this respect. The student, who, years ago, heard science called a fascinating power hostile, in part, to Scriptural teachings, now sees the falsity of that opinion proved by philosophers, religious as well as secular. No education is called complete unless there is present considerable knowledge of the laws of nature. To-day, every advantage is given to the scholar for the acquisition of thought. He sees religion and learning go hand in hand, as it ever was and ever must be. He understands why the former brings us nearer the truth, and how the latter gives us a means of appreciating its beauties. Reflection has brought to his mind the conviction that theories supported by pure Catholic philosophy can never be in opposition to revealed truth.

Religion is the mother of true education, since through her our minds have been lifted to nobler planes of thought; and truth, the end of science, has been developed in all its purity and strength. Take Christianity from the world and our civilization would be naught.

In the study of nature we acquire a knowledge that not only serves for our material wants, but also tends to raise us to a position of higher intellectual development. The true student, who works with perseverance and a motive, will find in his labors both pleasure and reward. He notices the progress made by man in his moral and mental conditions, and desires a still higher standard. His mind is broadened under the influence of knowledge; and he seeks truth, not for any paltry gain that may arise therefrom, but for its own sake. He lives a new life. Everything in nature speaks to him. His power of observation is increased; he studies the world around him, from man himself to the blade of grass beneath his feet. The star-lit heaven, without meaning to many, is an open page to him; a page of wondrous beauty, with lines full of sublimity, the thought of which is the conception of an infinite God. The sounds in nature speak to him in a way that only a scientist can understand. Each moment brings its pleasure and its lesson. The imagination is awakened; the intellect made more keen, and life itself seems a different thing.

As in religion there are different sects, so in science do we find separate schools; but as there is only one true God and one perfect religion, so also must there be one true school of learning, and that is founded upon pure philosophy. We know that contradiction and false results can have no part in perfect reasoning; nor can idle speculations, errors or pernicious illusions arise from its proper application. The teachers to be followed, then, are those who acknowledge in all their works the existence of an all-powerful God, and who look upon Him as the "first principle and last reason" of all things. Such men are not given to day-dreams, and it is from them that we have obtained, and shall obtain, our best results. Men like these were Copernicus, Albert the Great, Roger Bacon, Newton, Herschel, Kepler and others. "It is," says an eminent philosopher, "one of the glories of the Church that she can point to all great masters of *true* science, as those who were directly or indirectly under her influence." This is still the case in the nineteenth century. Our advancement in letters, arts and science is due, in no slight degree, to Catholic brain and energy.

The Church makes no show; nor does she flaunt her intellect and work before the world. Pure science is modest. The great Newton said:—"I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." His mighty genius knew that he had but found a page, dropped from the great book wherein are written nature's laws. He realized that man does but tread the shore of science, and that his knowledge is as a drop of water compared to the deep whence it came.

Every man should learn to think for himself; he should not take as truth that which any so-called scientist would force upon him. He should have power to discover and to separate the true from the false. His mind was created for truth, and he should be able to give it the nourishment it requires.

In after life, when college days are but a memory, the benefits of education will be brought home to him most forcibly. He will have power to aid and strengthen his fellow-man. In whatever state of life he may be placed he will be called upon to use his intellect and imagination, "weigh evidence, examine symptoms, and solve problems." Science is real and full of interest. It grows with the passing

days. The deeper we go the better do we learn to know ourselves. We see and measure the worth of all things. Faith is strengthened, and a golden thread of purpose is seen running through all the works of God.

If we wish to live in harmony with nature, we must understand her language, and in no other place can we learn so well the rudiments as in the school of science. Every age of life has its mission, and gives tone to the ones that follow. On our youth depends the happiness of old age. Our after-life is but the reflection of youth's golden hours: whether bright or dim depends on our own efforts.

If we would learn to feel and think for ourselves, we must study. Application will bring its own reward, and give to old age a storehouse whence to draw its golden thoughts. Life will seem more to us than the passing of a few days of toil. Higher life looks not at the present hour, but dwells in the thoughts and achievements of the past, soaring beyond its own day, drawing a lesson and a pleasure from every age.

True science confirms the doctrines of Christianity, and brings us more forcibly to a realization of God's omnipotence and beauty. It is essential to our happiness and to our power of doing good. We should not leave to others that which concerns ourselves. If we would know life, we must study the laws that regulate it. The system, exactness and truth found in all the natural world will grow into our character, and the possession of these will make us better students,—better men.

"The Vision of Sir Launfal."

J. GRIFFIN MOTT, '96.

Among the poets of America none has shown so pre-eminently as James Russell Lowell, true art and poetic insight, a defined purpose, and so absolute a sympathy with nature. His appreciation of the beautiful, his breadth of soul and the artless joy displayed in his poems of nature, give us Wordsworth's two aspects of nature—"that of a healthy and impassioned child, and that of a philosopher who finds in her a sense of something far more deeply interfused."

The success that attended the publication of his "Vision of Sir Launfal" was a result partly of its great merit as a beautiful allegory, the

solution of which has a very direct bearing on modern life. With regard to the misty legend on which he bases his plot, the poet subjected himself, and not discreditably, to the test of a comparison with Tennyson.

Lowell's production was essentially the work of a creative genius; for it was not a mere extension of the Arthurian legends, but the adaptation of Tennyson's idea to environments that gave it a poetic halo, and brightened it with a tinge of genuine humanity. His prelude to the first part shows a fine sense of the poetry of nature, and an artistic and delightful blending of moral truths and the author's earth-lore:

"'Tis heaven alone that is given away;
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer."

At the beginning of his poem he introduces us to Sir Launfal, a knight encased in golden mail, preparing to go in search of the Holy Grail. The evening before his departure on the holy quest, "and ere the day create the world anew," the vision comes to him again. At early dawn Sir Launfal flashes through the castle gates "as lightsome as a locust leaf." He feels the exhilarating influence of a perfect June day, his chivalrous spirit is awakened, and prompts to deeds of high emprise so easy in fair days.

His eager progress is arrested by the sight of a suppliant figure, moaning and with outstretched hand beseeching an alms; and as he gazed upon the forlorn figure, the sunshine died out of his heart, and a loathing crept in; for charity was clothed in a leprous and foul attire. Full of scorn and bitterly resenting the affront to his dainty nature, he flings the pleader a piece of gold, but the leper raised it not from the dust.

"He gives nothing but worthless gold,
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
To that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite."

In his prelude to part second the questioners of Lowell's originality receive a severe check; for Nature's own poet here fairly excels in glowing imagery:

"Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew,
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief;
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf."

In his two preambles, Lowell has left us a priceless heritage of landscape poetry, whether in describing the tiny brook with its "tinkling waters," or the "steel-stemmed trees bending to counterfeit a breeze," the fragrance of his

genius permeates the whole artistic effort, whilst the gladness of heaven seems to shine through his rural scenes. In his second part he shows us one of the best guides to the heavenly portals, charity, in its purest and most meritorious aspect.

Sir Launfal has returned from his holy quest, and as he sits by the glowing embers of a Christmas fire, his soul is suffused with the warmth of charity's fervent flower which he found instead of the Holy Grail. The suffering poor are no longer the object of his scorn and loathing, and as he mused over his futile attempts to find the Holy Grail, backwards memory flies over the hot sands to the brink of a little spring that laughed and leaped in the shade, where charity again appeared to him in her repulsive mien. Again the supplicating hand is extended and an alms is begged for "Christ's sweet sake." Then it was that Sir Launfal, the Christian and not the haughty knight, beheld in the leper before him an image of Him who died on the tree. He also had received his "crown of thorns" and "the world's buffets and scorn." Not gold was it that he flung to the leper now, but his single crust he broke in twain, and gave him to drink from the crystal spring. Then he beheld the beggar stand forth glorified, and, in a "voice that was calmer than silence," heard him say:

"In many climes without avail,
Thou has spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now."

The poet has at last made clear the deep import of the poem, not without a touch of mysticism that gives it a most delightful charm. We are not led to feel merely an artistic or literary sympathy, or even a keen delight at the poet's accurate knowledge of human nature, but to the most of us he exhibits one of the purest pearls from the sea of theology:

"Who gives himself with his alms feeds three:
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

In his whole poem no lines appear so beautiful and suggestive as these, none that imply so clearly a knowledge of the eternal verities.

The moral of the poem is felt by all who read it; for we are made keenly to realize with Sir Launfal that the Holy Grail is found not by lordly deeds, but by the practice of true charity. We are indebted to Mr. Lowell for beautiful descriptions of summer and winter, a most beautiful story, an allegory of good deeds, all comprised in the greatest and most finished of his poems.

Books and Magazines.

MOOTED QUESTIONS OF HISTORY. By H. J. Desmond, A. M. New York. Benziger Brothers. 1895.

The "mooted questions" which Mr. Desmond discusses in this little volume in white-and-gold covers are the old, old ones which comes up whenever a Protestant historian chooses to make a book on the "Dark Ages" and the Reformation. The plan of the work is unique. One short chapter is devoted to each question, and there is a clear, logical, brief statement of the facts in the case, followed by quotations from various Catholic and non-Catholic historians and essayists upholding the author's point of view. Schlegel and Hallam, Carlyle and Macaulay, Guizot and Lecky, Leibnitz and Emerson, Fisher, of Yale, and Stubbs, of Oxford, Gibbon and Janssen, and a host of others, are brought into court and made to testify for the defense. One is fairly amazed at the erudition displayed by Mr. Desmond and at his wide acquaintance with English, French and German literature. There are two parts to the book, the first dealing with pre-Reformation topics, the second with the "Events of Protestantism." "The Dark Ages," "The Monks of Old," "The Papal Power," "The Crusades," and the "Revival of Learning," are the headings of some of the earlier chapters. In the second part, "Indulgences," "The Reformation and Tolerance," "The Reformation and Civil Liberty," "The Inquisition," "The Jesuits," "Mary and Elizabeth," and "St. Bartholomew's Day" are, among others, given a hearing, and decided for all time. Mr. Desmond is no special pleader; he is always judicial, and he is, above all, logical and truthful. Everyone knows the clear, trenchant manner in which, as editor of *The Catholic Citizen*, he deals with the follies and fashions of the day, and it will be enough to say that in this little volume of historical studies his style is at its best. "Mooted Questions of History," is a marvel of condensation and selection, and it should be in the hands of every Catholic school boy. And there is meat for strong men in it too, and we predict for it a wide sale as a premium and gift-book. Its dainty cover of white-and-gold makes it especially suitable for presentation purposes.

—Prof. Remsen and Randall, of Johns Hopkins University, have just published a Laboratory Guide to accompany the study of Remsen's

"Introduction to the Study of Chemistry." The "Introduction," while not without its faults, is, by all odds, the best elementary treatise on chemistry yet published. The new book is a compilation of the experiments in the "Introduction," with some additions. Henry Holt & Co. are the publishers.

—The American Catholic Historical Society, of Philadelphia, is doing a great work in a modest way. Without any blaring of trumpets or noisy demands for recognition, it is building up a treasure-house of references stocked with inestimably precious material for future annalists. Proof of this is given in the current quarterly *Records*, which is pressed down and running over with historical fact. The table of contents is brief, it is true; but the subjects chosen are discussed exhaustively and with marked ability. Perhaps the most engaging paper for the general reader would be the short biography of William Gaston, American statesman and true Catholic. Gaston was one of those staunch, robust characters whom it is good to read about. Edward Everett did not hesitate to place him "in the front rank" of that galaxy of renowned orators and legislators, including Webster, Clay and Calhoun, who went to make up the Thirteenth Congress. Judge Gaston's whole life might truly be called a grand Act of Faith; for he had to deal in general with men to whom his religion was a dream, if not a mockery, and his dealings were always from a Catholic standpoint. He died as he had lived, whispering the words—"I believe in God the Father Almighty."

—*The Catholic Home Annual* for 1896 is altogether a very creditable production. Special prominence is given as usual to fiction, although on the other hand there is no lack of profitable reading on more sober lines. Of the stories, "The Toys," by Dr. Egan, and "Her Thirds," by Marion Ames Taggart, are uncommonly good. Papers on foreign travels, by Eugene Davis, and the Rev. H. F. Fairbanks, and a history of the *Salve Regina* are undoubtedly the most interesting of the heavier articles. As for the jokes—no *Home Annual* is complete without its jokes—they are "excellent fooling." Nearly every page of this issue is adorned, really adorned, with illustrations, some of which are reproductions of famous paintings. *The Catholic Home Annual* is not an almanac in the worst sense of the term—in the appalling patent-medicine sense—but a cheerful and justly popular yearly household visitor,

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The Staff.

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JAMES BARRY,	} <i>Reporters.</i>
ANDREW SAMMON,	
JOHN J. FENNESSEY,	

—The University of Virginia mourns the loss of two of its oldest and most historic buildings. Thomas Jefferson was the architect of one of them and, from all accounts, if he had not gone in for politics, he would have made a name for himself as a builder. Naturally enough, our brothers of the South are filled with grief, and they have our heartfelt sympathy. Virginia's loss brings back the wild April of '79, when Notre Dame lost all. Yet our fire was the beginning of a new era, and we trust that out of Virginia's misfortune only good may come for her.

—The new course in Electrical Engineering promises to be one of the most attractive offered by the University to its students. President Morrissey is to be congratulated on his selection of a chief instructor and head of the course. Professor Green, who is the latest accession to the Faculty, is an enthusiastic student, a capable and experienced electrician and a specialist of no mean repute. He was one of the committee which conducted the tests for incandescent lamps at the World's Fair in '93;

and, at different times, he has been connected with the Edison Co. and the Geo. C. Lloyd Co. of Chicago. Here his work was, largely, of a practical nature,—machine designing, construction work and general superintendence of workmen—all of which was an admirable training for a teacher. He had part, too, in the work of installation at the Atlanta Exposition; and he has been a frequent contributor to the "Electrical Engineer." Professor Green comes to us from the National School of Electricity, of Chicago, with an unbroken record of successes. He is a Catholic and, naturally enough, prefers the atmosphere of a Catholic college. The SCHOLASTIC, in the name of the Staff and the student-body, gives him greeting, and wishes him all success in his new rôle.

—The Varsity has settled down to hard, continuous practice; and it promises to be the strongest team that has ever played under the Gold and Blue. There is weight and pluck in the line, and speed and courage behind it; and our fellows are beginning to understand what team-play and interference are. There is need of careful coaching, and a coach may not be had, it seems, for love or money. Waidner and Hadden, both of the Chicago Athletics, were engaged for the season, but both saw fit to break their contracts, and our Captain was thrown on his own resources. He has done his best, we are satisfied, for his record in '94 was of the cleanest; but the team was frightfully handicapped, from the first, by the absolute ignorance of football of all but a couple of the players. But all that is changed now, and we have a team of which any college might be proud. In the practice game on Friday afternoon, the Varsity scored at will on the "Scrubs," and the interference was almost up to match form. And the "Scrubs" are not opponents to be laughed at. Once, at least, the Varsity's goal was in danger, and only hard work kept the "Scrubs" from scoring. It is more than probable that changes will be made in the Varsity line and back of it, for some of the players on the second team showed up in surprisingly good form. Our manager is making every effort to secure games with Northwestern, Wisconsin, and Indiana University, and he will, in all probability, be successful. These are formidable teams, but Notre Dame was never so strong, and we shall have no cause to blush at the showing our fellows will make.

The Newspaper and Education.

In this age of rapid evolution, sudden political changes, scientific discoveries, mechanical inventions and important questions in statecraft, the newspaper is an all-important factor in the acquirement of a good, practical education. The day of the dreary old sage, who could shut himself up in a tower and grow learned among his books of ancient lore, has long since passed away. Nowadays, the man of learning must keep keenly alive to what is going on in the world, or he soon finds himself far behind the times. The newspaper furnishes the means by which the scholar is able to keep pace with the world, and it has now become an essential aid to him in his search for knowledge. It is too true that many students labor under the delusion that if they attend strictly to their books and class-work they are gaining a broad education. But these students do not reflect that book-learning is but a small part of their education. They should strive to increase and to apply the knowledge already acquired, and the daily paper will furnish them with the means of doing this.

We once heard a student boast of the fact that he had not looked into a newspaper during an entire session. He had been so busy with his classes that he had no time to read the papers. It is needless to say that this student was wrong. At the end of the session he went home full of his six months' work, but painfully ignorant of what the world had been doing during his half year at college. He was behind the times, and it was a severe task to catch up with them again. It is on account of such students as this one that college-bred men are so often said to be impractical. They know enough, but are not able to apply their knowledge; they are theoretical, and when it comes to actual practice they are all at sea. This is the student's own fault, and it is an unjust, ignorant blunder to impute it to his college training.

The newspaper and a college education join forces in elevating and broadening the mind, and removing shallow judgments and narrow prejudices. In every branch of learning the newspaper has its distinctive place. By its aid the literary student learns the latest happenings in the world of letters, and is kept in touch with the literary men of the day. The scientific student is kept informed of the discoveries and progress of the scientific world. The embryo

lawyer reads the latest legal decisions almost as soon as they are made, and through the medium of the press he is enabled to be present at all the leading trials. The student of history and of politics should be constantly observing the political aspect of the world, and every political change should be known to him. By comparing the past with the present he is able to tell almost the exact effects that will be produced by these changes. In fact, to the student of every branch of learning the newspaper should be a valuable assistant. Of course, he need not use it as a text-book, and really it would be impossible for him to do so; but as a directory or synopsis it is invaluable. It directs him to where more complete information can be obtained, and keeps him well informed of anything new which may come to pass in his particular line.

But the mere reading of the papers, if it be not done in the right way, may do more injury than benefit to the reader. Every newspaper contains a more or less quantity of trash. It is not the fault of the paper; a certain class of readers demands such stuff, and the paper must give it. The best way to do is to skip over the trash and pick out only the good, solid reading-matter, of which there is plenty in every decent paper. The student who will waste his time in reading sensational newspapers is not of much account. It shows a diseased mind and a vitiated taste when a man takes delight in gloating over the sins and frailties of his fellow-men. The sensational paper is a curse to society and unworthy to be read by any self-respecting person. Read the papers that you may profit by your reading, and not to indulge a morbid curiosity. Does it elevate your thoughts and broaden your mind to read the latest details of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons war of words? Does it render your aspirations higher and purer to learn all the particulars of the latest divorce? On the contrary, it does you a deep injury, and tends to drag you downward.

Read your paper rightly; keep up with the times, and on your graduation you will go forth from your *Alma Mater* ready to meet the world half way. You have kept up with its progress, and now you can begin the battle of life strong and ready. If students would only value their paper as they should, that old taunt about the impractical college man would never be heard; and instead of dreamy, theoretical book-worms, our colleges would send out broad-minded, liberally-educated men of the hour.

A. W. S.

Magazines.

THE EINSIEDLER KALENDER. 1896. Benziger Bros.

Besides the regular calendar of the year, this almanac contains reading-matter both in prose and verse. The literary, the religious, the serious, the humorous, are so happily blended that it is scarcely possible to imagine a person, young or old, who could not find something to suit his fancy. The illustrations are well executed. The same must be said of the *Kevelaerer Marien-Kalender* and the *Cincinnati Hinkende Bote*. All are published by Benziger Brothers. The prices are so low that no one can afford to be without one of these true friends of the family.

—Slight, very slight, indeed, is the plot of the story with which Brander Matthews opens the November *Harper's*. "Men and Women and Horses," is a picture—or, rather, a half dozen impressionistic sketches—of the spectacle to which the rich of Gotham lend, each autumn, the smartest of their drags and horses and clothes, the Horse Show in Madison Square Garden. There can be no question of the fact that any story, however trivial, of New York life will, if well written, find readers by the thousand. There is something electric in the very name; and the pulse quickens at the sound of it. And Brander Matthews knows his New York, the life of the "smart" set and that of the "social strugglers," better than any author of our acquaintance. "Men and Women and Horses" is a new "Vignette of Manhattan," and almost deserves the place which Mr. Alden has given it in his magazine. William Dean Howells has very vivid recollections of "Literary Boston Thirty Years Ago," and Mr. Howells is never happier than in his reminiscent moods. To see Boston in the sixties, when Holmes and Hale were in their prime, and Aldrich and Celia Thaxter and Lucy Larcom were young, was well worth a pilgrimage. Mr. Howells' enjoyment was keen, and his pictures are fresh and charming. "Hearts Insurgent," the most pessimistic of all Hardy's novels, ends with the death of Jude, the baffled student, the disappointed lover, the wretched husband of a barmaid wife. There is art of the truest, and truth of the grimmiest in the story, which is relieved by no ray of light, unless it be the sunshine that gilded all the world for Jude and Sue in the springtime of their lives. It is a painful story of a great ambition frustrated, a mighty hope conquered.

Jude dies, alone, with the music of Remembrance Day—the Christminster Commencement—filling his squalid chamber, while Arabella, his much-married wife, is absent, lured away by the spectacle of the conferring of the degrees. As if to add a last note of grim pathos to the final scene, Arabella comes home, finds her "man" dead, sucks a fresh dimple in the cheek that was Jude's destruction and goes off to the regatta. "Hearts Insurgent" is as strong and as depressing in its effect as was "Tess of the Durbervilles." Sue is not so human, so womanly, as Tess, but Jude is the strongest, tenderest of all Hardy's men. The other serials, "Joan of Arc" and "The German Struggle for Liberty" go swiftly on; and Richard Harding Davis in "Out of the World at Corinto" proves that he has not yet exhausted Central America. Julian Ralph's Plumblossom Beebe bows again to the public, and Owen Wister tells what befell "A Pilgrim on the Gila." The "Editor's Study" is quite English, this time; so, too, is much of the humor in "The Bicyclers," the latest farce of that rather overworked humorist, Kendrick Bangs. This is *Harper's menu* for November—a goodly one—and the cooks are worthy of all confidence.

—The October Monthly part of the *Ave Maria* is before us, full of good things. Its leading articles are, as usual, both devotional and instructive. "Thoughts on the Rosary" was found among the papers of Mother Francis Raphael Drane, and is now published for the first time. It is a pious and logical argument in favor of devotion to the Holy Rosary. As an attempt to move the will through the intellect, it cannot fail of success. The other articles on the Rosary are: "The Rosary and Christian Reunion" and "The Bridge of Beads." Miss Anna T. Sadlier treats, in a scholarly and sympathetic manner, of "The Angels of Dante." These articles on devotional subjects have always been a pleasing feature of the *Ave Maria*, and it is but fitting that, in the Month of the Rosary, a magazine devoted to the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary should give considerable space to articles showing the true worth of this pious practice. The serial, "A Life's Labyrinth," is continued, and our own Doctor O'Malley contributes a pathetic little story. Mr. Stoddard still gives us his random recollections of travel. His happy, familiar way of depicting strange scenes and events has a tendency to make us lay down the number in regret that we must wait a week more before we can spend such another happy hour.

By far the most interesting and valuable

part of the number is the series of articles entitled "Martyr-Memories of America." They are, in serial form, an unpublished manuscript of John Gilmary Shea, and aim to present, in a concise and intelligent manner, the lives of those who have suffered for the faith on the American continent. They throw much light on hitherto dark pages of history. The Catholic student of the history of his Church in the Western World will find valuable aid in these researches. Shea is nothing if not accurate, and one can quote him without fear of being successfully contradicted. We, in America, are not sufficiently aware of the number of heroes who have watered the soil of this land with their blood in order that the faith of Christ might be brought into the hearts of its dusky inhabitants. Something is told also of the priests who suffered from the bigotry and intolerance of their white brethren. No young Catholic American can well afford to miss these articles, so well adapted to enkindle in his heart a feeling of pride in the glorious record of his Church in the land of the Indian.

Mr. Fitzgerald's beautiful commentary on the Imitation is continued, to the delight of pious readers. The editorial page is just as bright and solid as ever, and the Young Folk's department remains a feature and not a mere excuse for filling space.

Exchanges.

Accounts of the unfortunate crisis through which the University of Toronto has just passed naturally occupy the columns of the *Varsity*, for the latter was one of the principals in the contest. The Ontario government, at the repeated request of the student body, appointed a commission to inquire into the hostility between the students and members of the faculty. The students charged some of the faculty with indolence, inefficiency and double dealing; the faculty retorted and charged the students with insubordination as principally shown in the pages of the *Varsity*. The commissioners exonerated the faculty from blame, but recommended a little more tact in its dealings with the undergraduates. The *Varsity* calls the finding of the commission a farce, but exhorts the students to submit to its decisions and to unite their efforts to regain for the University the name she has lost by this deplorable struggle. To submit to the inevitable is becoming on more than one account; for it is safe to say that in every

human strife the fault does not wholly lie on one side. The *Varsity* has a cleverly-written, mock-heroic report of a scene at the lit. elections. The writer is happy in catching the manner of the classic poets, and has a power over words to bend them to his will, as in this: "Now the rooty fingers lock themselves about his neck. This time they will not loosen. He goes down, in his nostrils the hot and salty reek of armpits, down rolling in the rags upon the dusty floor."

* * *

The *Salve Regina* in its first number this year shows great variety in matter and talent, and makes us sure that its editors are mistresses of enough of original thought, and skill to express it, to keep them from falling back on outside resources, as also to prevent eccentricities in punctuation from straying into its pages.

* * *

We have read the first number of the second volume of the *Purple* with great pleasure and profit. As has been said by others, the *Purple* is a model of college papers. Its contents are noticeable for the thoroughness, the ease and the finish with which they are treated. The *Purple* has completed only its first year, but has already reached such general excellence as to take its place among the most ably conducted of college organs.

Personals.

—Mrs. Kay, of Rock Island, Ill., is visiting her son of Carroll hall.

—Mrs. Wilson, of Chicago, visited her son George, of Brownson hall, during the past week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McKinney, of Toledo, Ohio, paid a visit to their son Francis, of Carroll hall, last week.

—Mr. Kasper, of Chicago, spent a few days during the past week visiting his sons, of Carroll and St. Edward's halls.

—Charles A. Paquette, B. S. ('90), is chief engineer of a division of the Big Four railroad with head-quarters at Indianapolis.

—Charles B. Dechant, B. S. ('93), is one of the leading young lawyers of Lebanon, Ohio. He is enjoying a large practice, and his future is filled with the highest prospects.

—Mr. and Mrs. John P. Moore, of Toledo, O., Miss Elizabeth Campbell, of Indianapolis, Ind., and Dr. James J. Walsh, of Parsons, Pa., were among our last week's visitors.

—D. Edward Dwyer, B. L. ('89), is now a prominent attorney of St. Paul, Minn. He still cherishes brightest memories of his boyhood

days at Notre Dame and of the many friends he made by his genial ways.

—D. E. Cartier, B. S. ('92), is in the lumber business in Ludington, Mich. Zeke, as he was called during his college days, was prominent in football and baseball as well as in intellectual circles while here, and is still keenly interested in the happenings at the University.

—Master Edward J. Darst, of Carroll hall, entertained his father and brother, who were on a visit to the University last week. Mr. Darst was a "ye olden Junior" from '71 to '74, and is yet remembered with pleasure by his former teachers. In his days the Juniors, as the Carrollites were then called, took the lead in nearly all the athletic games, and Mr. Darst was at that time a sprinter of no mean ability.

—Louis P. Chute, A. B. ('90), and Fred B. Chute, B. L. ('92), are about to form a co-partnership to practice law at their home in Minneapolis. Both Louis and Fred bore an enviable reputation during their many years at the University, and, judging from their well-known abilities, we are sure their venture will turn out most profitably. The SCHOLASTIC joins with their hosts of friends in wishing them a large and successful practice.

—Frederick E. Neef, B. S., B. L., on whom the University conferred the degree of Master of Letters last June, is recovering from a severe illness at his home in Springfield, Ill. In the spring, Mr. Neef expects to go to Europe to study the Natural Therapeutic and Prophylactic Sciences in Paris and Berlin. The SCHOLASTIC hopes that he may be as successful in the European universities as he was at Notre Dame. While here his great talent and gentlemanly qualities won him a host of friends who congratulate him on his recovery.

Local Items.

—The societies did not meet this week owing to the retreat.

—Classes in Electrical Engineering will be resumed Monday.

—Lost:—A silver link-cuff-button. Finder, please return it to the owner, Alexis Coquillard, of Carroll hall.

—One of the Carrolls, who says he felt the earthquake passing, was so frightened that his hair still stands on end.

—The statue of the Sacred Heart was beautifully illuminated yesterday evening. It was the first Friday of the month.

—The competitions are over, and we again breathe freely. All the students prefer the new system to the old.

—"Rosey" says the shock was such that he was forced to get up much against his will. He had been projected onto the carpet.

—The bulletins were marked during the week and will soon be mailed. There are very few perfect ones—the competitions were held so rigidly.

—Lost:—A scarf-pin set with several precious stones—the centre stone being an emerald. Finder, please return it to George A. Krug, of Carroll hall.

—The List of Excellence will appear in next week's SCHOLASTIC. Those who obtained first places in the competitions will find their names on this honor roll.

—The weather is remarkably fine. Some of the Chicago men say the reason for this is that Notre Dame lies near that winter resort, the Western metropolis.

—Will some one tell who sent those four letters to a certain Senior? Strange that the paper was of the same tint and texture, and the chirography so different in every case.

—Mr. Corbett wishes to return thanks to Father Burns for a large photograph of the Class of '92, and to Mr. Charles Cavanagh, of Chicago, for a large photograph of the Class of '91. Both pictures have been placed in the Sorin hall reading-room.

—Some of the ex-Carrolls are so lonely that they spend their spare moments conversing with their companions of last year, "over the way." Several are seriously considering a return to their first love—Carroll hall.

—A solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated Thursday morning for the repose of the soul of Notre Dame's founder, the Very Reverend Edward Sorin. It was the second anniversary of his death, and many and fervent prayers were said for him.

—The age of chivalry is *not* gone—Edmund Burke to the contrary, notwithstanding. Boru still lives and reigns, and jousts and tournaments have revived. No more shall insults pass unavenged, and the gauntleted hand still smites the rascal's cheek.

—In the late competitions a student of Carroll hall was called upon to define the word "carol." He spelled it "Carroll," and defined it as "A hall at Notre Dame." He objected strongly when it was marked incorrect; for he said the word, as he spelled it, was music to his ears, and a song is nothing more.

—The Librarian is still waiting for lists of desirable books. Those who are interested in any special department of study and miss certain books from the shelves should send in their wants written in pen and ink. The full title of the work, together with the author's name, should be given. When possible, the publisher's name should be added.

—Mr. Charles Cavanagh, of Chicago, generously presented to the Sorin hall reading-room a large group photograph, showing some of the men of '91. Several of the members of the group are familiar from their visits, but too

many are unknown to us. They should show themselves occasionally for the edification of their younger brethren here.

—The Annual Retreat opened Tuesday evening and was closed yesterday morning. The students were well pleased with the preacher, Father Sherman, and showed that they profited by his instructions. Confessions were heard Thursday afternoon, and all those making the retreat received Holy Communion on Friday morning. It was a season of great grace.

—A notable lecture will be given for the benefit of the advanced students of the College, by Miss Eliza Allen Starr, next Monday afternoon. The subject will be "Giotto's Tower." Miss Starr is a recognized art critic with a national literary reputation. She is most happy when discoursing on the beauties of the Italian school of art, which she has made a special subject of study. The lecture will be a rare treat for her auditors.

—At 5.20 o'clock Thursday morning a strange thing happened in Sorin hall. At that time several students were suddenly awakened by the shaking of the building. The windows rattled in their casements, and the beams creaked. Instantly the corridors were lined with frightened faces; but soon they all returned to their blankets, after their fears had subsided. What the cause of the incident was has not yet been discovered; but many advance the theory that it was a slight earthquake.

—Active preparations are being made for an interesting course of lectures and entertainments for the winter months. In the course of November, Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, will address the students on the subject nearest his heart; he will be followed by a concert, by a company of bell-ringers. Then will succeed lectures by some of America's ablest orators, to be alternated by musical concerts, by the best organizations of Boston, New York and Chicago. The entire course is an elaborate one.

—Navigation has closed and the crews are preparing for winter training. From the showing the two four-oared crews made in the late regatta, we venture to predict a remarkably good race by them in June—if they remain as crews until that time, and keep in active training. They should devote more time to exercise than their older brothers. They showed such good form in their race that they should remain together. And they are ex-Carrolls—that should be enough to make them fraternize. The ex-Carrolls are a power in every athletic organization.

—The new method of competitions proved an unqualified success. There was an utter absence of the hurry and incompleteness that marked the old system, and the examination was a thorough one—the sifting was complete. When the men realized that promotions, as well as class-standing and honors, were to be deter-

mined from their papers, they set resolutely to work in their preparations. The next competitions will take place just before the Christmas vacation. No private examinations will be given—students failing to make the competitions miss their chances for promotion.

—Since the earthquake occurred, we have heard the strangest tales about the shocks in India and in the tropics in general. We have been told that the Himalaya mountains once scattered themselves out as flat as so many pancakes, and that old Everest himself got off the perch. Something nearly as extraordinary happened here at home. A student from Detroit wrote a letter Wednesday night, and left it open on his table when he went to bed. On looking for it Thursday morning, after the shock, he was surprised to find the written words scattered about his room. The earthquake had torn them apart.

—The Library of the Catholic Archives of America has been enriched with a magnificent volume entitled, "Glories of the Catholic Church in Art, Architecture and History." It is a beautiful tribute to the Church which has done so much to inspire what is beautiful, as well as holy, into the minds of men. Notre Dame is thought worthy of a place in the volume. A page of reference is devoted to the rapid and marvellous growth of the University, and a number of illustrations show the principal buildings. An exhaustive review of this elaborate production will soon appear. It was edited by Professor Egan; Father Zahm contributed much of the historical work.

—LAW SCHOOL.—During the week the graduation theses of Dr. Rvall T. Miller, James A. McKee and James F. Kennedy were read in the Law-room. Mr. Francis P. McManus also gave an interesting reading on "Forensic and Popular Oratory," from Waite's "Art of Winning Cases."—At quiz, a metaphysical junior, hearing that there is no wrong without a remedy, proposed the following case: "If 'distance lends enchantment to the view,' and there is no return of the article loaned, what is the appropriate remedy?"—Svengali, with his yellow-backed literature, is haunting the Law-room again.—The third regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was held on Saturday evening, Oct. 26, with President Hoynes in the chair. After the preliminary business of the meeting had been disposed of, the question of debate for the evening, "Resolved, That the United States should enforce the Monroe Doctrine at all hazards," was then taken up. A. H. Gaukler and J. B. Barrett spoke for the affirmative, whilst J. B. Quinn and D. P. Murphy upheld the negative side. The debate, as a whole, was very interesting, and the work of the debaters showed careful preparation. As there were quite a number of visitors present, the Chair, on motion, extended an invitation to all who

were present to speak on the subject. Responses were made by Messrs. Bryan and Shannon, whose views were inclined in favor of the affirmative. The Chair deemed it unnecessary, before deciding, to review the question in detail, as is usually done, so well had the subject been handled by the disputants; and after discussing the chief points developed *pro* and *con*, the decision was given in favor of the negative.

—FOOTBALL.—And still we have no hired coach. No other season at Notre Dame was more unfortunate in this respect than the present one. It is hard to attach blame to the Executive Committee, since they have done their best to secure a man. But all their overtures have been unsuccessful, and from present appearances the season will end and find our raw material raw still. It is to be regretted, but there seems to be no help.—The Northwestern University eleven are very anxious to meet Varsity. They sent two telegrams last Monday, trying to arrange for a game on the day after to-morrow. But Captain Casey refuses to pit his untrained team against the superior forces of the Evanstonians. And he is right. No matter how good our material is, it is unformed, and it would be utter folly to try conclusions with an eleven, not only well coached, but numbering veterans in its ranks. The defeat which Chicago lately suffered is too fresh in our minds. If the Chicago team, with all its practice and coaching, went down disgracefully before Northwestern, what fate may we not expect, who are still conning the rudiments of the game? Our souls are a bit sensitive when it comes to carnage.—A game will soon be played between the South Bend High School and a team made up of ex-Carrolls and Carrolls.—The Carroll Specials lined up against the Antis on the 27th, and made eighteen points against them. Try as hard as he might, the referee could not score a touch-down for his friends, the Antis.—The Carroll third eleven went forth to seek the scalps of their neighbors, the Minims. In five minutes' play the latter scored a touch-down, but failed to kick goal. Then some one set a pile of leaves on fire, and away the Minims scampered for a ghost-dance. When they returned they found the field deserted. But the Carrolls got back at them in the evening, by defeating them in a game of basketball.—At a late meeting of the executive committee of the Athletic Association and the Varsity, Mr. William Walsh, quarter-back, was chosen coach. It was also arranged that the team get sweaters and new padded suits.—A meeting of the Carroll anti-Special football team was held last week to elect a captain. Frank Druiding was the successful candidate.—The Carroll Special football team have secured games with the ex-Carrolls and with St. Joseph's eleven. They are practising faithfully, and are confident of victory.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Barry, Barrett, Burns, Bryan, Costello, Cavanagh, Eyanson, Fagan, Gallagher, Lantry, Mulberger, Marmon, E. Murphy, McKee, McDonough, Ney, Palmer, Pulskamp, Prichard, Reilly, Reardon, Regan, Shannon, Sullivan, Slevin, Stace, Weaver, Wilson.

BROWNSON HALL.

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ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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