NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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A Quatrain Found near Michelangelo's Statue "La Notte."

THE Night, that here so sweetly posed is sleeping,
An Angel sculptured in the stone you see;
And since it sleeps, life lies within its keeping,
Wake it, if still in doubt, 'twill speak to thee.

MICHELANGELO'S ANSWER.

More grateful sleep because in stone enfolden,
While evil dures and shame doth daily grow;
Being blind and deaf, to God am I beholden,
Then do not waken me, ah, whisper low!

A. O'M.

Leo XIII. and Science.

AFTER an extended audience with the Pope some months ago, Emilio Castelar, Spain's brilliant orator and statesman, did not hesitate to declare: "I have seen all the great men of my time, but Leo XIII. is the greatest of them all." He was not, however, satisfied with this declaration, complimentary as it is to the Sovereign Pontiff; he went even further. "Our century," he continued, "has seen only two really great men: Napoleon Bonaparte, at the beginning, and Leo XIII., at the close."

These words are indeed high praise, and to some they may seem even extravagant; but are they extravagant? Aside from being a philosopher and a historian, well versed in politics and statecraft, a good judge of men and of things, Castelar has had opportunities for comparing the relative merits of the great men of the century which have been enjoyed by but few in the same degree. It cannot be urged that the eminent republican leader was prejudiced in favor of the prisoner of the Vatican. On the contrary, if he had any bias at all, and I am not sure that he had none, it predisposed him against rather than in favor of the object of his lavish and enthusiastic eulogy. He has pronounced many harsh judgments on the Church, and has at times been rather severe on the Papacy. That he has not always entertained the same high opinion of the present occupant of the Chair of Peter, as the one he now holds, is manifest from the surprise which was expressed on all sides when, after his audience with the Pope, he gave to the world his impressions of the illustrious Pontiff now happily reigning. His testimony, therefore, is that of a true and intelligent witness.

And then, too, we must remember that Castelar is not alone in his estimate of the Grand Old Man of the Vatican. No one who has carefully watched his career since he ascended the Pontifical throne, or who has come in contact with him and had an opportunity of conversing with him on important affairs of Church or State, will make any difficulty in admitting that the illustrious Spaniard's verdict is substantially, if not entirely, true.

It would be no easy matter to enumerate all the present Pope's titles to greatness. Some men are born great and others achieve greatness by their own individual efforts. Leo XIII. was born great, inasmuch as he was richly endowed with all those qualities of mind and heart which are essential to true greatness. But it is the greatness he achieved by his long, tireless and well-directed labors in the cause of truth and in the service of his fellowmen that

specially arrests our attention. We may admire the many rare intellectual gifts with which Providence dowered him, but we marvel still more at the noble use which he made of his priceless talents. Heaven was bounteous, even prodigal, in his regard, but the riches which were showered upon him were neither dissipated nor permitted to lie idle. All were conscientiously and systematically and persistently employed in the cause of science and humanity, and were made to multiply a hundred, yea, a thousand fold. Few men, indeed, have husbanded with more care and to a better purpose the spiritual and intellectual treasures with which they have been favored; and few, too, at the sunset of life have been able to look back over a more successful or a more brilliant career, or one more remarkable for untiring devotion to the welfare of their race and to the advancement of all branches of knowledge, sacred and profane.

It were a difficult task to indicate exactly wherein the world is chiefly Leo XIII.'s debtor. He has done so much for humanity; he has labored so long and so unselfishly for its betterment and elevation; he has striven so earnestly and so courageously for the triumph of truth and justice, that he has extorted the admiration and earned the gratitude of all, irrespective of nationality or creed. During the whole of his phenomenally long and active life he has directed his best efforts towards the promotion of peace and good will among men, and towards the alleviations of the sufferings and miseries of the vast and neglected world of poverty and labor. The laboring classes, indeed, never had a more valiant champion and the poor have never known a more loyal and sympathetic friend or protector than the venerable Pontiff of the Vatican.

It is not, however, of Leo XIII. as an accomplished statesman, as the illustrious exponent of Christian socialism, as the benefactor of the suffering poor, as the advocate of the outcast and down-trodden, as the defender of the rights of the millions of wage-earners of the Old and the New World, of whom I would now speak. His claims to recognition for all these things are too well known to make it necessary to dwell on them here. I would speak of Leo XIII. as the scholar among scholars; the intellectual Pope of an intellectual age; as the founder of schools and universities in a great scholastic era; as the fautor-in-chief of science and philosophy in a century of science; as the grand Pontifical Mæcenas of the scientific renaissance of which the Church and the world at large have already felt the influence and experienced the beneficent results.

In speaking of Leo XIII. as the friend and promoter of science, I shall employ the word "science" not in its restricted and inexact sense, as referring only to the physical and natural sciences—the physical disciplines they are more appropriately called—but in its true and broader signification. "Science," as here used, shall have the meaning attached to the term by Plato and Aristotle, viz., the knowledge of things through their causes—*cognitio rerum per causas*—and shall, consequently, embrace the whole circle of the sciences, deductive as well as inductive.*

From his earliest youth Leo XIII. had a love of learning that amounted to a passion. He was always a close, a thorough student, and the profundity of his knowledge was equalled only by the variety of his attainments and the delicacy of his taste. He was soon recognized as an accomplished Latinist, and signalized as a master of his own beautiful vernacular, who had few, if any, superiors among his contemporaries. A distinguished Italian *littérateur*, Enrico Valle, has declared that in the poems of Leo XIII. are combined, in a marvellous manner, the elegance of Virgil, the delicacy of Catullus, and the grace of Tibullus. But he is no less a master of versification in the language of Petrarch and Dante than in that of Virgil. The gifted singer of Mantua and the great Florentine bard have always been special favorites of his, and few have greater admiration for, or a keener perception of, the beauties of these matchless poets than has the present occupant of the Papal chair.

During the thirty years that he administered with such signal success the diocese of Perugia, he showed forth to the world how much he had at heart the cause of education and the advancement of science. It was here, indeed, that he evinced that passionate ardor for the dissemination of knowledge and for the cultivation of the higher branches of every department of science that was to shine forth so conspicuously in him as Pope, and which was destined to contribute such lustre to his pontificate. Everywhere he founded schools and colleges, and was foremost in instituting societies and congresses for the encouragement of study and for

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* The Schoolmen defined science as *cognitio certa et evidens rerum per suas causas naturali lumine acquisita*, —"a certain and evident knowledge of things through their causes, acquired by the natural powers of reason."

the discussion of the burning questions of the hour.

To realize how thoroughly in earnest he was in the all-important work of education, we have only to read the noble pastoral letters which he wrote while yet known as Monsignor Joachim Pecci. We find in these the dominant notes of those clear bugle-calls to action which have attracted such attention in the briefs and encyclicals of the same writer after he was elevated to the pontifical throne. But it is especially when he discourses on the education of the clergy that he is seen at his best. He would have them masters not only of sacred but of profane science as well. He realizes, and he does not hesitate to declare it, that in the times in which we live a knowledge of the physical and natural sciences is, for the ecclesiastic, not only an accomplishment which may be more or less useful, but that it is a positive necessity. For on the priest, he tells us, it is incumbent to defend truth against error; to strenghten the weak and vacillating, and to open the eyes of those who, "sit in the darkness of the shadow of death." But for such a one superficial science and ordinary knowledge are nots ufficient. Solid, deep and continual studies are required in order that he may cope with any assurance of success with the skilled adversaries which he can now no longer avoid.

Progress is something that, far from fearing or restraining, he welcomes with all the energy of his soul. In a pastoral letter which he wrote shortly before the assembling of the Vatican Council, he answers as follows the objections of those who imagined that one of the first acts of the Council would be to put a brake on the progress of the age:

"If by progress is understood discoveries and inventions, and the development of the sciences and the arts, oh! then be assured that there will be no opposition whatever. Revealed dogmas and the holy truths of religion belong indeed to a higher order than do mere natural verities; but the former cannot contradict the latter, for both emanate from the one sole principle, which is the essential truth, God himself. If the word progress designate the ordinary rules of modern life, and if these rules be in accord with Christian morality, it is impossible that the Council should not give them even greater force and authority than they now possess, since one of its chief objects is to proclaim, protect and maintain on solid foundations the guiding principles of public and private morality."

The same idea he develops more at length, and with still greater eloquence, in his celebrated pastoral on "The Church and Civilization." Commenting on the objection, so frequently urged by those who should know better, that the Church is hostile, or, at least, indifferent to the studies and investigations which have conferred such untold benefits on our race, he declares that there is no warrant whatever for the statement that "The Church is opposed to the study of nature and of those forces whose application to the arts of life has contributed so materially to our common weal. A moment's reflection should suffice to convince anyone that the Church, far from being hostile to scientific researches and inventions, is disposed by the very nature of things to encourage and foster their development."

"Examine and judge for yourselves. Can the Church desire anything more ardently than she desires the glory of God and that more perfect knowledge of the Divine Artificer, which is obtained by a study of His works? But if the universe is a book, on every page of which are inscribed the name and wisdom of God, it is evident that the one who shall have read this book most carefully and intelligently will be the one who will be filled with the greatest love of God, and who will approach most nearly unto Him. If it suffices to have eyes to see that the starry heavens show forth the glory of their Creator; if it is sufficient to have ears to hear the concert of praise which day giveth unto day, to understand the secrets of Divine knowledge which night declareth unto night, how much more clearly and strikingly shall not the power and the wisdom of the Divinity be manifested to those whose scrutinizing gaze shall explore the distant heavens and the depths of the earth, whose enquring minds shall range from infinitesimal atoms to the shining orbs of space; whose keen intellects shall search out the manifold mysteries of the vegetable world and bring home to themselves the countless evidences of the Supreme Intelligence that has ordered all things in number and measure and weight?"

Further on, with a beauty of diction all his own, he indites a passage which even the most eloquent of our scientific writers have never surpassed. "How grand and majestic is man when he commands the thunderbolt and causes it to fall harmless at his feet, when he summons the electric flash and sends it as the messenger of his will through the depths of the ocean, over precipitous mountains and across bound-

less deserts! How he is seen in his glory when he orders the force of steam to invest him, as it were, with wings, and conduct him with lightning speed across the broad expanse of land and sea! How powerful he appears when, by ingenious contrivances, he develops this force itself, imprisons it, and, by means of marvelously designed appliances, gives movement and intelligence, so to speak, to brute matter, and bids it be his servant and spare him further toil and fatigue! Tell me, my brethren, is there not in man some spark of creative power, when he evokes light that he may dispel the darkness of night and give beauty and splendor to his vast and palatial abodes! The Church, our affectionate mother, is cognizant of all this progress, and far from desiring to impede it in any way she, on the contrary, at the very sight of it, is thrilled with joy and gladness." It is scarcely an exaggeration to declare that it was, humanly speaking, Cardinal Pecci's magnificent pastoral on "The Church and Civilization" that made him Pope. It appeared on the eve of the meeting of the Conclave to choose a successor to Pius IX., and it signalized its author as the one man, among the Princes of the Church, who, by reason of his varied and profound learning, his intimate knowledge of men and affairs, his thorough realization of the needs of his age and his unquestioned talent and virtue, was, of a verity, the elect of the Lord.

I have dwelt thus at length on the character and official acts of the Cardinal Archbishop of Perugia, in order that the reader might better be able to appreciate his policy and his labors after he had assumed the tiara. The work of Leo XII. has been, indeed, but a continuation of that which he always had at heart and which he inaugurated with such signal success while governing his flock in beautiful and historic Umbria. There was nothing sudden or spasmodic about it. It was not something that was conceived only after his accession to the Papal throne. It was not for him a new or unexpected departure. Far from it! He was simply carrying out on a grander scale the plans which he had formed at the beginning of his brilliant career. He was but following a line of policy which characterized his earliest episcopal acts, and executing, as Pope, what he essayed in a much more circumscribed sphere as the Ordinary of Perugia. The pastoral letters of the bishop are but preludes to the allocutions and encyclicals of the Sovereign Pontiff, and the noble document on "The Church and Civilization" is but the keynote to those epoch-making utterances: *Æterni Patris* and *Rerum Novarum* and *Immortale Dei*. The official acts of Perugia's chief pastor are but adumbrations of the brilliant achievements of the immortal Doctor of the Universal Church. As a student, as a Bishop, as a Cardinal, as a Pope, Leo XIII. has, throughout his long and eventful life, been consistent, and has always been actuated by the same ardent desire and the same unfailing determination to do everything in his power that would in any way contribute to the dissemination of knowledge and the advancement of science.

It would be utterly impossible, within the brief compass of a magazine article, to give an adequate idea of what Leo XIII. has done for the cause of education and general enlightenment. His briefs, letters, allocutions and encyclicals fill six good-sized volumes. Many of the most important of these documents bear directly on the furtherance of science and original research, while numerous others discuss the same topics incidentally but scarcely less effectively. At one time it is a weighty pronouncement on the study of philosophy or the Sacred Scriptures, like the *Æterni Patris* or the *Providentissimus Deus;* at another, it is a letter to a private individual or to an organized society, like his letter to M. Louis Vivès, encouraging him in his giant undertaking, the publication of the complete works of Albertus Magnus, and his numerous letters to the organizers and directors of the International Catholic Scientific Congress; at another, again, it is a decree authorizing the founding of an astronomical observatory, a faculty of science, or a university; while at still another it is a document which unlocks to the scholars of the world the treasures of the far-famed Vatican Library, or establishes within its sacred precincts a school of palæography to which all lovers of learning and antiquity may have ready access. His brain is ever active, and his pen is always in his hand. He allows no opportunity to pass when a word of encouragement from him will help on the cause of education or advance the interests of science. On one occasion he addresses simple students and inspires in them a love of study and a desire of achieving success in the higher departments of knowledge. On another he exhorts the bishops of Hungary, Bavaria, Portugal, the United States and Brazil to renewed activity in the cause of science, both human and divine. Nothing eludes his eagle eye. He detects at a glance the wants of

the diverse climes and peoples of the world, and he is ever ready with sage counsel and fatherly encouragement to aid the doubting and strengthen the weak.

As Pope he protests as vigorously as he did as bishop against the oft-repeated calumny that the Church is opposed to scientific progress and the general spread of enlightenment. Both by word and act he demonstrates the falsity of the charge, and shows that it is not only unsupported by the known facts of history, but that a bar to progress would contravene the best interests of the Church herself. As an apologist in this matter, and defender of his flock, he is without a peer among his contemporaries and without a superior at any period of the Church's history.

In his memorable encyclical *Æterni Patris*, in which he urges the study of the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, he points out the necessity of philosophy as a guide in the study of nature and shows how the natural and philosophical sciences may be of mutual benefit to one another. "The examination of facts," he says, "and the contemplation of nature will not suffice to make their study fruitful or assure its advancement; but facts being stated, it is necessary to rise higher and to exercise care in recognizing the nature of material things and in ascertaining the laws they obey, as well as the principles which give rise to the order in which they stand to each other, the unity of their truth and their mutual affinity in diversity."

Commenting on this encyclical before a large throng of scientific men, who were accorded a special audience, he tells them: "Apply yourselves carefully to the study of nature. But in the study of the sciences do not, as those who wickedly turn new discoveries against the truth of the philosophic as well as against those of the revealed order, but rather give thanks to Divine Providence who has reserved for the men of our day the glory and superiority of materially increasing by their industry the patrimony of the useful things bequeathed to them by their ancestors."—REV. J. A. ZAHM in *C. U. Bulletin.*

(Conclusion in our next number.)

"THE good man is not alone. Touch him and you touch God. Help him, and your help is taken as if it were rendered to God Himself. This may give us an idea of the sublime life to which we are called—we live, and move, and have our being in God."

Varsity Verse.

A SONG OF THE HEREAFTER.

Down where the willow waves,
Down by the sea,
There where there are no graves,
There bury me.

Sands will drift over me
Wild gulls will scream—
Willows wave silently
There where I dream.

Soft will the crooning come
Out of the deep;
Sea winds will sing to me,
There where I sleep. W. C. K.

INFANCY AND YOUTH.

I used to be a little *dear*,
When first I came upon this sphere;
And I was fondled all year 'round,
In kisses and long skirts was drowned,
And did not even think it queer.

But Time bade all these disappear,
They did; and now it is quite clear
I'm not the *dear*, the *sweet* renowned,
I used to be.

And now I try, but can't get near
The dullest girl, though I appear
To think she's bright, her thoughts profound
I'll try no more until I've found
Myself the *sweet*—a dream, I fear—
I used to be. C. H. T.

AMOR OMNIA VINCIT.

In measured verse, I told a maid,
The story old, that lovers tell,
And in iambic feet I prayed
"Oh, marry me, my love, *ma belle!*"

"Dear sir; "her answer thus began,
"Your verses were extremely crude;
'Tis plain the stanzas had no plan
The whole has brought me lassitude."

"Your French is bad, but yet I fear,
'With all your faults I love you still,'
And so, if you yet wish it, dear,
I think my answer is, 'I will.'" A. W. S.

TO IAN MACLAREN.

"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush"
I read while March winds moaned;
And heard the velvet-throated thrush
Beside the bonnie brier bush,
And caught again the golden hush,
The silence many-toned.
Beside the bonnie brier bush,
I read while March winds moaned.
D. V. C.

VICTORY FOR THE HORSE.

The modern horseless carriage
Was forgotten for awhile,
And the man in competition
On his ponies cast a smile.

He rode them through in triumph
And he came out in the lead.
Never will this college student
Cast aside his gallant steed. P. J. R.

The End of Education.

WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96.

In our day a college education is encompassed with far less exclusiveness than that which attended it half a century ago. Colleges were scarce then, while the pecuniary and preparatory equipments necessary for matriculation were within reach of the wealthy only. Our nation was just expanding into lusty manhood and its energies were devoted almost wholly to its material development. The West was, for the most part, Indian land, trackless and untilled. And into this wilderness went the pluck and enterprise of the nation—young men whose intellectual qualities might have adorned the halls of many an *Alma Mater*. Along with them plodded the itinerant pedagogue with his minatory ferule. The smattering of knowledge he possessed was imparted to his pupils in exchange for his own subsistence. This was life in the early forties and for many years subsequent.

We have outgrown all that. The old race of schoolmasters with their log-cabin schools has passed away. A prerequisite agent of success now is a college education. The young man, who, after a day's manual labor spelled out his education by candle-light, is beginning to be shrouded with a halo of legendary lore. He is growing obsolete, not on account of any lack of talent but because education has transcended the environments of the few. Self-made men as the popular interpretation of the phrase implied, are comparatively few. Colleges are springing up on all sides. Our public schools are coming to assume a more dignified standing. They will in time, no doubt, become true preparatory departments of our universities, and when that time is realized we can truthfully laud ourselves on having a thorough national system of intellectual culture.

The popular conception of erudition, however, is as yet vague and narrow. To be a physician, a lawyer or a mathematician is, in the people's eye, to be educated. It is enough, they think, to be conversant with this science or that art and to be able to give an opinion on the living questions of the day They overlook the great questions that have been alive in every age and in every civilized nation since man first congregated in communities; questions that concern the rise and downfall of peoples; questions religious, political, civil and social,—they pass these by with a cursory glance as not worth the study of a lifetime.

This erroneous way of viewing life's problems and surroundings affects the social question at its very root. It arises from one source, and that is a perverted idea of happiness. If happiness lies in material good only, then one would be justified in seeking for it no further. Experience teaches that material pursuits are but slight accessories to the attainment of happiness. And it is this human tendency which a liberal education aims to eliminate,—this sordid materialism that seldom looks beyond self, that delves rather than climbs to an ideal.

In what, then, does a liberal education consist? Surely it means more than a degree in science or in art. It must convey a deeper significance than a long list of text-book excellences. It embraces rather than embodies these branches. Its object is to develop men of sound, original thought, men of comprehensive minds, men of self-reliance, who will search out the truth and stand by it at all hazards. It inculcates a sense of nobleness that distinguishes man from the brute creation.

A liberal education, then, is far-reaching in its acquirements. It does not stop short with law or medicine, science or mathematics, letters or art. It transcends each one of these and embraces them all. A man may be proficient in any one of them and yet remain only partly educated. His mind is engrossed in one pursuit, and that alone yields him pleasure. What benefit will accrue to mankind from his perverted talents? This is the test; this is the gage by which he will be measured by future generations. What good has he done the world and what was the quality of that goodness?

It is obvious that such a person will be indifferent to subjects foreign to his own proclivities. Take a man absorbed in law. Work in that line is a pleasure to him. He goes in with a will, heart and soul. His chats and conversations are on cases and documents, deeds and wills; everything he does or says has a savor of law about it. The smallest legal detail or fact will awaken in him more interest, will stimulate his mind to more intense energy, than a contemplation of the sublime.

Now what to him is the fervor of poetry, or art, or music? They awaken no responsive thrill in his heart, if he happens to possess that tender organ of emotion. What concern is it of his whether Nature is verdant or sere or mantled in white? They bring him no material profit, and therefore they are to be disregarded.

The study of insects, of plants, of animals, of human nature itself, the great questions that affect nations, the sublime workings of this grand universe, truth and error,—all are lost on him. There was a time when the lustiness of youth coursed in his veins and his soul craved for a knowledge of all things. That was his opportunity, but it slipped by him unheeded to the irrevocable past.

From the day of his entry at college to the time of his graduation the student is passing through this important phase in his life. His mind is most receptive of impressions; it is aglow with the inquisition of what learning has to give. The little knowledge he has acquired has whetted his appetite for more. He has been told of, or has observed, certain phenomena in Nature. Now he is eager to learn the causes that lead up to these effects and where and how these causes originate. He is more circumspect, more observing, and his appreciation of what is right and what wrong manifests itself in his exterior deportment.

A liberal education will effect a transformation in his mind. It will change him from an inquisitive youth to an erudite man. The study of the classics will give him a deep insight into the social conditions and customs of Greece and Rome, their cultivation and morals. It will supply what the abridgment of history has omitted. It will infuse into him some of the classic spirit, that delicacy and refinement in taste which the English language lacks. His intellectual powers are exercised and expanded, and from their histories he is enabled to judge to some extent the longevity of modern nations.

The higher a man expects to rise the more careful and painstaking should he be in laying the foundation of his future greatness. When he has developed every faculty of his mind, then is the time for him to enter on his chosen vocation. Should he find later on some other pursuit in life more suitable to his talents he can direct his energies to the latter as fully prepared as he was for the first. This is how a liberal education provides for a student who is assiduous in acquiring it. And once in his possession the whole world cannot despoil him of it.

To many of the uninitiated the college student leads a life of comparative indolence. They catch occasional glimpses of him during the holidays and at commencement time, when he receives this or that prize, while *Alma Mater* gives him her benediction. His college is decked out in gay colors, his friends are congratulating him with hand-shakes and smiling adulations, and there he stands in the midst of it all with his medals and colors while the outside world looks on in distant admiration. This is the college man as the world sees him. It never thinks of the years of hard study he has passed through,—it never thinks of them; and he has forgotten them, too, in a few hour's whirl of wild gayety.

The knowledge a student acquires at college is, in the world's eye, theoretical. He has learned only the scales of the great instrument that is to occupy his lifetime. Experience proves this. Nevertheless, it is a notable fact that a thorough education gives a man a great advantage in any occupation in life. For where his less fortunate competitors have only experience to rely on, he has both experience and intellectual culture to aid him. The philosophical training he has received has rendered his reasonings sounder; his mental susceptibilities are keener in dealing with abstruse questions. In short he concentrates all his mental faculties on one subject, views it from different standpoints and arrives at a conclusion only after he has carefully considered every minute detail connected with it.

But the arguments in favor of a liberal education are living examples of its usefulness in life. The greatest men in England and America—throughout the whole world in fact—are men whose erudition emanated from the intellectual training they received at college. They themselves advocate the sort of education which has rendered the histories of Greece and Rome so familiar to modern times while nations fully as great in other respects have sunk into oblivion.

Manuel's Story.

FRANK J. O'MALLEY, '99.

I fear I should have spent a dull week in El Pardo if I had not become acquainted on the night of my arrival with an old servant at the village inn. La Fontana de Oro boasted of two servants—my friend Manuel, who was everything from chief cook to bell-boy, and a much younger man whose principal duties seemed to be to wait on the guests during breakfast, and to order old Manuel around during the rest of the day. The orders were given so gracefully, however, and obeyed with so much cheerfulness as to arouse my curiosity. It was "Manuel, kindly do this," or "Manuel,

please do that," and Manuel did it, his comical little face so wreathed in smiles as he shambled off that it was a pleasure to watch him. The old man refused to give me any information when I first questioned him about the young waiter; he would either give me some amusingly evasive answer, or, if I pressed him too hard, he would remain silent, retreating within his shell, as it were, like a turtle. As we grew better acquainted he became more talkative, and when I told him that I was an American his whole manner changed. Then, upon my solemn promise not to mention the subject in El Pardo, he told me his story.

"I was a very young man," he began, "when I left Spain and sailed for South America. At that time the revolution that ended in the establishment of the present Republic of Equito was just beginning; I resolved to join the forces of Don Carlos, and by a stroke of good fortune I obtained a position as servant in the king's household.

"No doubt, you know the story of the downfall of Don Carlos. Every day that I served under the young king my affection for him grew stronger; and when he was finally taken prisoner by the revolutionists I was the only member of his household who stood by him. During his imprisonment I visited him every day, and each time I found him so dejected that I feared he would not live until the day set for his execution. At last that fatal day arrived, and Don Carlos, more dead than alive, was led out to his death. He was the picture of abject despair as he stood before his executioners, trembling in every limb. As I turned away heart-broken I heard the command "Fire!"—then the crack of muskets, and when I looked again Don Carlos lay stretched upon the sand.

"I had been allowed to give my old master a Christian burial, so the body was conveyed immediately to my house. A few days later a plain coffin was carried to the graveyard followed by a few mourners, and the grave was filled."

Manuel paused to light a cigarette. As the little rings of smoke floated up to the ceiling a smile of sly satisfaction played hide-and-seek in the wrinkles of the old man's face. I thought it out of place under the circumstances.

"But what has Don Carlos, and the Republic of Equito, and revolution, and all of those other things got to do with our waiter?" I asked.

The smile deepened into a low chuckle as Manuel wheezed out "Only this: our waiter is Don Carlos."

I whistled softly in astonishment.

"Yes—" the old man became animated again —"when that funeral procession started from my house the officiating corpse was enjoying the scene behind the curtains of my upper window. Don Carlos' very fright was probably the means of saving his life. I doubt whether he ever saw the smoke of the muskets, for just as the command was given he fainted away under the strain. The little pool of blood looked redder beside his white face, but it was only a flesh wound; and, with the exception of a pretty deep scratch on the thigh, none of the other shots had taken effect. I nursed him back to health, and after the funeral [the wrinkles relaxed again] we escaped to this country."

"Does Don Carlos ever intend to claim his throne again?" I asked.

But just then Manuel was called from within.

Books and Magazines.

The February monthly part of the *Ave Maria* to hand is brimful of good things, as usual. The object of this essentially Catholic magazine is the honor of the Blessed Virgin, and it accomplishes its purpose in a truly admirable manner. There are many articles and poems directly concerning Our Lady, and throughout the periodical is due respect and honor paid to Mary, the Mother of God and our Mother.

The article upon Notre Dame du Laus gives, in a remarkably interesting manner, the story of the favors obtained by Mary for a little Alpine community. In "Nuestra Señora de la Leche," Father Jenkins has told us something new of one of the old Spanish missions. The other contributions treating of the Blessed Virgin, or subjects connected with her, are equally entertaining and edifying, but space prevents further mention of them here.

Next in importance to these comes the poetry of the number. The opening poem, "In Peace Established," is by Dr. O'Malley; it is the beautiful cry of a soul completely resigned to the will of God. In conception it is sublime and in workmanship excellent. Why cannot the poets of the secular magazines take some Christian subject instead of always prating of heathenish love or some such silly matter? "Maria Ging Geschwind" is a well-done translation of a pretty German song to the Blessed Virgin. The "Grotto of Lourdes" is also worthy of mention as are "Beati qui Lugent," "A Child's Epitaph," and "Do not Forget Me," the prayer

of a devout soul. Indeed it is difficult to choose from the abundance of good poems that which is worthy of praise above the rest.

Among the prose articles, besides the numerous devotional pieces which always characterize the *Ave Maria*, are the "Three Pastels" by Dr. O'Malley in a composition mystical in spirit. Difficult of comprehension at first, it fully repays the study necessary to its full appreciation. The "Talks on Social Topics" are common-sense "talks" upon questions connected with the conventionalities of social life. The story of the Wandering Jew is traced to an Italian source, and the history of the legend in sunny Italy is told in a fascinating way. "Some Catholic Chaplains in the British Army" is the title of an attractive account of some of the brave priests who care for the spiritual welfare of England's Catholic soldiers. Several others of the shorter, unsigned articles are worth a careful perusal, notably "A Prevalent Mania" and "Modern Religious Methods. "In the Man of the Family" the standard of fiction reached in former issues of the *Ave Maria* is well sustained. The virility of the heroine is of a sweet and instructive kind, and one does not feel even properly shocked at her plan of dressing like a boy. Two other bits of fiction are by Maurice Francis Egan and Harold Dijon.

A. J. Faust contributes a charming review of Bishop Spalding's book, "Means and Ends of Education." The reviewer of the would-be lives of Cardinal Manning and of Father Healy does not sign his name, but he must be well acquainted with his subject who can so ably expose the faults of an incompetent biographer. No one will care to take up either of these lives after reading the critic's strictures upon them. Scattered throughout the entire number are short and apt criticisms upon various books. They all show that the book reviewer of the *Ave Maria* has a just conception of his duty and sound and clear judgment in the execution of it. In "Notes and Remarks," the *Ave Maria* easily retains the first editorial page among Catholic journals in America.

The Children's Corner is especially interesting in the number under consideration. The editors do not seem to think, as do most editors, that anything silly or childish is good enough for their young folk's department, but take pains to place in it what is pleasing and entertaining and at the same time instructive and inspiring. The stories of young martyrs are praiseworthy efforts to guide youthful enthusiasm for heroic deeds into right channels.

Taken all in all, the February issue of the *Ave Maria* is quite up to the mark set in former numbers. Indeed every number makes us feel glad that it is in the ranks of Catholic journalism, and doubly so that its home is in America.

ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY. By Geo. C. Edwards, Ph. B. MacMillan & Co., New York,

Teachers in our schools and colleges are beginning to recognize the all-important fact that geometry is to be mastered, not by the second but by the third faculty of the human mind. This awakening is evidenced by the greater stress which late writers on the subject are laying upon original problems. None, perhaps, has taken a more decided step in this direction than Professor George C. Edwards, of the University of California. In his text-book, memory work is reduced to a minimum, and the student is *forced* to use his reasoning faculty, his power of understanding. Let this not imply that the book is a mere collection of problems to be solved by students somewhat advanced in the science. The work contains a large number of graded problems; but these are intermingled with clear definitions and simple, accurate and frequent demonstrations. The mind is thus led gradually to see all the beauty and force of a geometrical proof. The author seems to be ever at the elbow of the student, guiding and advising, explaining and encouraging. "The student is led, not driven." The work is an ideal text-book, and it should find a warm patronage.

The March *Cosmopolitan*, is, as usual, full of interest and beauty. Recent American history is becoming a factor in this magazine. Besides "The Mystery of Grant," which is of great importance, there is also a paper entitled "The True Story of the Death of Sitting Bull." In fiction there is a long list of contributions from authors who have won or are fast winning a reputation. "The Last Mass" by Maurus Jokai, who is now becoming familiar to American readers, is quite a clever story. Julian Ralph appears in the *Cosmopolitan* this month with a story, quaint and catching. "Butterflies" is ended in the present number in a manner which makes one regret having read it. It is unfortunate that a story which, up to the present number, was true, should be marred by an unnatural termination. Of the poems we would recommend that on "War," by Archibald Lampman. In the present number, too, is a reproduction of Lord Leighton's "Phoebe," a picture stamped with the seal of true art,

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—Have we any traditions at Notre Dame? Precedents we have in plenty; but precedents, as a rule, are the bugbears that are kept in the Faculty closet and are produced to the confusion and utter rout of undergraduates "desirous of new things." Traditions, though, are the poetry and joy of college life, the links that join gray-beards and young men and make of them brothers, the customs that annihilate time and make the dead past a part of the living present. Yes, we have some traditions, some customs, that are ever the same; but we have not enough of them, and there is too much stiffness, too little warmth and spontaneity, in the way we realize them.

The idea of creating traditions seems superlatively comic; but it must be remembered that the ceremony of to-day is the traditional thing to-morrow. President's Day, for instance, is not what it should be; a pair of addresses and a theatrical performance cannot be made anything but prosaic. Why not greet our President and his staff, when they enter the hall, with the college yell, and, standing, sing the college song? It is true that we have as yet no song that is all our own; but it is only a question of time—the finding of our Laureate. Why not receive our Executive, each time he enters the hall, with cheers instead of the clapping of hands? This is only one of a dozen customs we should like to see in vogue. Are we too busy to spare even an hour in a twelve-month, too practical to do more than sneer at sentiment even when it is honest and tender and manly?

—The choruses on Washington's Birthday were not exactly triumphs, but they were good enough to warrant our asking that we may have more of them. Professor Preston would have achieved better results if there had been a dozen rehearsals instead of three; but in the limited time at his disposal he worked wonders. He has the faculty of drawing forth melody from the most unmusical, and his success with the choruses on the 22d tempts us to ask that he make them a feature of every programme. They are the means to an end which is very near the student heart—the training of a glee club to sing our songs for us. We have four good months before us and, with weekly rehearsals, there is no reason why the tuneless majority should not learn how to keep time. It would be an easy matter to separate the sheep from the goats, the singers from the voiceless,—and there is your glee club in embryo. We are aware, of course, that all this means added labor for Professor Preston, but so often in the past has he shown his readiness to sacrifice his leisure moments "pro bono publico" that we are confident that, in the present instance, he would do his utmost to help us. He has earned our thanks on more than one occasion, and if, handicapped as he is by a multiplicity of cares, he can find time to evolve a glee club, or even a great chorus, he will deserve the warm gratitude of every student.

—Mr. Henry Childs Merwin, who contributes to the March *Atlantic* a critical and not wholly unbiassed study of "The Irish in American Life" is the latest essayist to convict himself of half-knowledge of his subject. In a single sentence he gives new utterance to a doctrine long since abandoned, we had thought, to cart-tail orators who climb to political office by appealing to the religious prejudices of their followers. "The argument," he declares, "against the Irish, as Catholics, is that they owe allegiance first to the Pope and only secondarily to the government of the United States; but," Mr. Merwin is fair enough to add, "if these two powers ever come in conflict, it is safe to

assume that national feeling will prevail, and that the Pope will be disregarded." More than that, Mr. Merwin, no American Catholic acknowledges civil allegiance to the Holy Father; he is the Vicar of Christ, the Head of the Church, but his kingdom is not of this world and the fealty we pay him is purely spiritual. The Pope has no place in American politics, except, perhaps, the one created for him of late years by patriots of the stripe of Congressman Linton. He has never attempted, he will not attempt, interference in our foreign or domestic relations. American Catholics would be the first to resent such a course. There were young Americans, it is true, in the ranks of the Zouaves in '69 and '70, but they were volunteers and enthusiasts. Lord Byron was none the less an Englishman because he died for Greece. It is saddening to think that Catholics have fought and bled for America since Lafayette earned his title of "The Knight of Liberty," only to be misunderstood by the kindliest of their neighbors. But "the truth will make them free," and the agitation of to-day is but the ferment of their future happiness.

—The Father of his country was not great because of his ability to make dictionaries or to fathom the uses of capitals and commas. He would, indeed, have cut but a sorry figure as a schoolmaster, and it was well that destiny did not make him a contemporary of Noah Webster's. 'Twas never quite clear to us why he, who had served His British Majesty so bravely and wisely in his early youth, should be the first war-chief of the Revolution. But an autograph letter of his found its way into our sanctum, the other day, and it flashed upon us that even while he was leading Braddock's broken ranks of scarlet back to Virginia and safety, yea, and while he bent over the dainty finger-tips Mistress Philipse gave him at parting, Colonel Washington was a rebel at heart. His fine scorn of everything British is subtly shown by the shocking liberties he takes with King George's English. In his every line is revealed a curious fondness for "upper case" letters, a wondrous talent for inventing new methods of punctuation, a genius for transforming inoffensive English into quasi-Russian cryptograms.

His gift of tongues, at least when his ink-horn is open, is somewhat akin to that of the small boy who exhausts the alphabet in spelling "cat." His orthography is so much more eccentric than that of his generation that a plea of carelessness will not explain it. He was a deliberate sinner; his lack of consistency was pure wantonness. for this letter of his is as carefully penned as though it were addressed to King George himself—or Mistress Mary Philipse, of New York town. To emphasize his position, he changes one "lower-case" "t" to a capital and adds another blunder. This, too, after he had all but won our liberty, when magnanimity on his part might have been expected.

Still, if but an indifferent speller, Washington was a great general, a wise statesman and a single-hearted patriot. We know many students of dictionaries who are but little else; and we may thank God that Washington was above lexicons. The pulse quickens at the thought that when this bit of yellow paper was signed and sealed, the exploits of the *Bon Homme Richard* and her gallant commander were on every lip and Yorktown was a thing of the future. Our statesmen of today—some of them, at least—write better English; but we might well wish that they had less polish and more of the spirit which animated Washington. The letter, we are glad to say, has found a safe resting-place in the American Historical Collections, which Professor Edwards has made unique among treasures of America. We copy the missive as closely as our types will permit:

"Head Quarters Newwindsor Decr. 16th–1780–

Sir as Soon as your Regt. have Drawn their Cloathing you will March all the Noncommissioned officers and Privat-men Belonging to the State of Penncilv. to the Winter Quarters of the troops of that State Neir Morris town and their Deliver them up to Brigad: Genl. Wayn—you will March those Belonging to State of Marryland on towards freadricktown Sending an offiser to Brigadar. Ginl Gest at Baltimoretown to Inform him their of, that if he shold Prefair their Going to Baltimoretown Reather then freadrick he may Send you Notice of it, you Will use your Otmost Endaver to Keep your men from Deserting before they are Deliavered up to the Lines to Which they Respectively Belong, you Will Make me an Exact Return of the names and Ranks of the Officers of your Regt. which is to be Transmitid to the Board of warr and upon which they will be Entilted to Draw their half Pay for Life, Sir I am your

Most ob: Servt:
Go: Washington

Liut: Colo: Weltner
Commanding G: Regt:"

"One Danger of the Bi-Monthlies."

J. A. FILIATRAULT.

Another of those dreaded periods known to the student as "Competition Week" has passed, and with a complacent sense of duty well performed, or a twinge of remorse at moments idly spent, he has again settled down to the daily routine of class work.

The ordeal through which we have just passed has led me to question in my own mind, after some serious reflection on the matter, whether examinations are any true test of a student's progress in his studies, and whether they may not become rather a detriment than a benefit to the student himself.

With the method of examination now in vogue I fear the student often loses sight of the true end and aim of education. Instead of having in view the acquisition of knowledge thoroughly understood and well digested, he too often strives for a merely technical memorizing of rules and formulas. And while he may perhaps succeed by this method in passing an examination highly satisfactory both to himself and his professor, it is, nevertheless, an open question whether the test to which he is thus subjected is of any real value either to the professor in determining his proficiency, or to himself in the way of a more thorough understanding of the subject.

The student knowing that examinations in each given subject will occur at stated times too often slurs over his daily lesson; comforting himself over his poor showing in class with the thought that he will make up for it a week or so before competition by getting down to real hard study, that by these means he may be enabled to pass with as creditable a mark as possible, as the rules and principles are for the time being fresh in his memory, and can therefore be quite accurately set down.

But of what real worth is knowledge thus acquired, which is in reality but a confused mass of undigested matter. It avails little that the mind be stored with innumerable facts and figures, if, perchance, the combination which enables us to reach and use them is hurriedly and but imperfectly learned. It is a laudable ambition to strive for a high mark at competition, but the two means by which the desired end can be obtained are widely different.

One we have already questioned, and it is but too true "that many students seem entirely satisfied if they can but succeed in passing a successful examination. It does not seem to matter that what they have learned has been swallowed rather than chewed, and that while they know the rules and principles they cannot apply them. Their principal ambition seems to be to cram their minds as full as possible, not realizing that ideas, like potatoes, must have room to grow, and that unless they think and reflect on what they are studying; in fact, make it a part of themselves, it is of small practical value, if it be not entirely useless.

The high percentages in examinations, which are such a potent factor in college life, count for very little in the big, busy world, unless accompanied by a practical application of the learning which they are presumed to denote. The world moves too fast in real life to stop and look up rules and formulas wherewith to guide its actions, even if they could be applied under all circumstances, for it is the man who can think accurately and act quickly that succeeds; for while his fellows are looking up the principles and rules that govern the case, he is applying them.

In the other method the immutable law of nature, which ever favors a slow and steady growth, is recognized and appreciated, and knowledge, therefore, as daily acquired, is carefully sifted and assorted, and after due deliberation and reflection stowed away with discriminating care for future use.

It is in soil thus carefully tilled and fertilized that original thoughts and individual ideas will thrive and flourish; and by this means alone will a sound foundation for true scholarship be laid.

Exchanges.

We learn from the *Stylus* in a well-written article on the poet-laureate that Mr. Austin's lyrics are his most admired efforts in poetry: his lyrical mood is seen at its best in songs of nature, especially of the seasons, when the poet's warbling is pleasing and natural and his notes harmonious and pure. A summary is given of the "Human Tragedy," the poem that has received Mr. Austin's greatest care and possibly the one by which his merit will chiefly be judged. The merits of the poem consist in its displays of vivid imagination and idiomatic English; in its beautiful episodes, descriptions far above the common and in the unusual interest which the characters rouse in the reader The

poem is condemned for its injust treatment of the gallant Zouaves, who are historically misrepresented as behaving themselves like "base mongrels" at the battle af Montana, and for the air of unreality about the last act of it.

The article on Greek pronunciation is a plea for the reasonableness of reading Greek prose with accent and a proper regard for quantity. The writer states his opinion clearly and defends it ably by basing it on the twofold authority that Greek prose is actually written with accent and that the modern Greeks, who, since their language differs but little from that of the old Greeks, are naturally the best authorities in the matter, speak their tongue with a strict observance of the written accent. The fact that accent is only of minor importance in Greek poetry is no argument against the reading of prose by accent, for Greek poetry is constructed wholly upon musical principles.

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We feel great pleasure in welcoming back the *Xavier* among college periodicals, especially as its seclusion has strengthened it in the qualities of promptness, variety and agreeableness. Scarcely anything in college papers is more attractive than a page of the reminiscences of an "old boy." It amuses us by showing that the ways and tricks and jokes of the present were equally alive in the years gone by; and it does us good to hear that our predecessors look back to the days of these things as to the best days in their lives, and that they cherish the memory of their college home with the kindest feelings. The *Xavier* has a specimen of such reminiscences, and promises the pleasure of others.

Aristotle's position as the layer of the foundation-stone of correct reasoning and philosophy is ably demonstrated in an article clearly and admirably written, except in one paragraph where it is not clear whether the writer puts the Stagyrite above the Christian philosopher. "The Future" is a poem with careful thought expressed in choice and pleasing language. In the *Xavier* there are also contributions from lesser pens, which, though not free from some of the traces of carelessness, are in parts above the usual character of such compositions.

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The editorial columns of the *Blair Hall Breeze* show a man who knows how to offer thought in a readable manner. The remarks on the inferior position English composition holds in many of our colleges, and the lack of early training of the judgment in regard to reading are correct and opportune. It is pitiable to see so many young men wasting their time and vitiating their sentiments from inability to distinguish between good and trashy literature, and also to see how many of them are obliged to descend from the heights of zoölogy or mathematics to acquire the means to express their thoughts with intelligibility and ease.

"Daisy" is an affecting story developed with the truth and interest that captivate. "Sketches from Life" embody a simple and happy idea treated superficially, but with humor and success.

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The Hibernian Magazine for February is quite up to the standard and, in many respects, has improved since the last number. It has a more decided literary tone than heretofore,—a fact which shows the taste and judgment of its editors. Its main object is to represent in the literary world the societies in whose interests it was founded, and, judging from its contents, we should say that that object is fairly reached. Besides the usual notes, which must be of great interest to members of the different organizations which it represents, there are articles of universal importance, such as the paper "From Confucius to Christ." Father Michael's "Stabat Mater" is a clever, pathetic tale, and "Cholly's Story" cannot fail to draw attention. "Clan Life in Hibernia" is an interesting paper for whose continuation we are anxiously waiting. There is also some good poetry in the present number, the most notable being the ode by Eugene Davis, "The First Siege of Limerick."

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The last issue of the *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society*, published quarterly by the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, contains an article of great interest to the student of American Catholic History. The article is by Rev. Herman J. Heuser, and is entitled "Some Forgotten Records of Prince Demetrius Gallitzin." It is both interesting and instructive, and gives much valuable information concerning the early life of the "Pastor of the Alleganies." Fitly enough the same number contains a poem by Eleanor C. Donnelly, entitled "Gallitzin's Guest," which is deserving of mention. The *Record* also contains the histories of two of Pennsylvania's oldest churches, St. Patrick's of Carlisle, and St. Ann's of Philadelphia. These histories are well written and contain much of more than merely local interest. Altogether, the number is well worth reading.

Local Items.

—The class of Literature is deeply interested in a study of Hamlet.

—The boys were surprised when they heard that "he built an ivy tree."

—How amusing it was to see "Fitz" trying to climb backward over the seat.

—Several Carrollites have taken out insurance policies—the "pipers" are on the path again.

—The Class of '97 sent a telegram of sympathy to Mr. Martin J. Costello, whose sister died a few days ago.

—Two first nines were chosen in Carroll Hall last week. George Krug was elected captain of one, A. Spillard of the other.

—The interest in basket-ball is dying out. The game should be played by rule in order to restore it to its former prominence.

—The bulletins were made out this week. Wonder what the marks are? We can prophesy what they will be in April if the men begin to dig hard now.

—Indoor baseball promises to become one of the most popular sports here. A very interesting game was played on the 1st inst. The game resulted in a score of 6 to 1.

—The Columbians and the Philopatrians are hard at work rehearsing their plays. They should do well when they appear. Hard work in rehearsals is a sure indication of a good performance.

—If the Carrolls wish to keep up their record of former years, it is time to elect the captain of the Specials. The men should practise every day, and all should protest against the spirit of favoritism which seems to be entering into athletics in Carroll Hall.

—To judge from the complacent manner with which Willie rubs his hands, and the new slant he has given his hat he is either to act a leading character in the play on his patron Saint's feast—the 17th of March—or he has learned a new declamation.

—There have been Shorties and Lengthies at Notre Dame before, but all will be out-classed by the following aggregation of baseball talent—Heron, Leonard, Sanders, Stare, Meagher, Brown, Burke, Lowery and Fennessy. Talk about Jocko's team of last year!

—Spring fever with all its joys is here. The Carroll reporter, it is claimed, has the science down pat. He has so far advanced in the points that he is now able to sleep on utterly oblivious of the fact that editors, professors and fellow-students who are envious of him are seeking his scalp.

—The professor suggested that they examine the crystals by means of the microscope; but it seems he was not wholly understood, for Pat said after a short time, "An' where is the telescope?" Being informed that there was one in the Observatory, and being asked what he needed the telescope for, he replied that he was "a bit short-sighted."

—"And now the leather-covered sphere comes sailing through the air,
And Shamus stands a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by Chicago Willie the ball unheeded sped.
'That's not my style,' said Shamus. 'Strike three!' the umpire said."

—Competition in the senior class of billiards was held Saturday evening in Sorin Hall. Elmer Murphy was declared the winner, after which Professor McKee gave an exhibition in scientific scratching. The class is making great progress, and every day is adding to its numbers. John Miller has been chosen special tutor. His name is enough to show that the honor is deserved. The juniors will hold their competition in a few days.

—Miller and Lantry have adjoining rooms, and during study hours were annoyed by the pranks of the "largest rat they ever saw." They held a council of war and decided to kill that rat. They waited till the lights were out and, as soon as they heard the well-known scratching, rushed into the corridor. Miller flung what he thought to be an ink-bottle, but which turned out to be his *Eau de Cologne* and Lantry was armed with a Greek dictionary. The rat is dead, thanks to the *Eau de Cologne*.

—The St. Cecilians regular meeting was held last Wednesday evening. A debate which was upon the programme was postponed. Mr. Kasper entertained the society by a declamation. A humorous reading by Mr. Leonard and a character sketch by Mr. Flynn were well prepared. An impromptu debate, "Which affords more amusement, skating or dancing?" was next discussed. Messrs. Lowery and Landers defended skating and Messrs. Burke and Druiding were their opponents. The judge decided in favor of dancing.

—Whisper it low! The Staff are having their pictures taken for reproduction in the special Easter number. Some whose roses are faded and whose wrinkles are prominent applied to our make-up artist for rejuvenated appearances. A liberal supply of grease paint and a word whispered to the photographer made the pictures all right. We defy their best friends to recognize these good-looking members of the editorial board. When She gets the number what a pride she will feel in—. But how is he going to live up to appearances?

—What a shower of unexpected luck does fall upon a man now and then! Take the case of Alexander (*alias* "Pete") Carney, for instance. Fourteen days ago he was "plugging" away in Brownson Hall, preparing for the examinations to come. They came, of course, but Peter was lucky enough to escape them While the rest of us poor mortals were copying

from our "ponies" fear and trembling, the genial Peter was stroking his heard on the sunny shore of some Californian bay, with "nary" a thought of Latin or Greek. How we envy him!

—The class of Criticism has again laid its offerings at the feet of the Muses and proposed. We have not heard whether any of its members have been accepted. Lent, however, is not a fit season for wooing these elusive girls. Elmer Murphy, though, must have received some encouragement from Polyhymnia, for she seems very kind to him lately. Bryan, too, is soft in that quarter, and so is Cavanagh, who goes around with a rather disordered appearance—a sure sign that he is smitten. The banns will be published in the "Varsity Verse" in a week or two.

—The gravelled walks on the campus are it seems, purely ornamental. They are fair-weather walks, smooth and beautiful when the sky has been cloudless for a fortnight, sloppy beyond conception after a rain. Just now they are in a deplorable condition, and fit only for feet encased in rubber boots. This is especially true of the walk leading from the main building to Sorin Hall, which is used more perhaps than any pavement about the University. The boards that have been thrown down only aggravate the nuisance; the walks should be raised and re-gravelled at once.

—Those talkative youths in Brownson Hall will make great lawyers some day. For a week they had the great fight as food for argument, and the relative merits of Fitzsimmons and Maher were discussed so warmly that one half expected to see the little unpleasantness of the Rio Grande repeated in the "gym." We were just thanking our stars that this question of international importance was dying out when the Spanish trouble arose, and now the impromptu debating clubs are in full war-paint again. This question is gradually dying out also, and by the end of next week we shall have peace and quietness once more.

—Ah, but those law students are the boys! They wander from hall to hall with most serious countenances, and when you take off your hat to them you are favored if you get a glance from their all-piercing eyes. The Cabinet at Washington is not half so weighed down with responsibility and the books they carry! Those big, weighty, leather-bound books that must contain everything! These grave *seigneurs* would no more throw a snowball than be caught in a robbery, and you never see them—not even on the campus—go faster than a walk. They are proud, too, and stately, and when you see them you can't help muttering to yourself: "On their brows deliberation sits, and public care."

—The Philosophers of '96 may do very well as theorists, but they are a trifle unsophisticated for this practical world. To-day is the feast of St. Thomas, patron of the wrestlers with metaphysics, and the class proposed to celebrate it. They settled the preliminaries Thursday evening. A committee was appointed to wait upon the Vice-President—Father Morrissey being absent—and ask him for a day's rec. Now this committee was made up of hungry wretches, who thought much of their maw, and nothing of the delights of inhaling undisturbed for sixteen hours the pleasant odors of sweet Caporals: so they asked for a banquet. When the other members of the class heard this their indignation knew no bounds. They threatened the committee with all sorts of awful things, and then set about remedying the mistake. In a body they waylaid Vice-President, and explained to him that their hunger was appeased; that a "feed" was not just the thing for intellectual giants to be hankering after, and that they were lovers of nature, and should so like to go to the woods for a day to hear the dicky-birds sing. The leader stroked his beard with a sapient air, gave the nod to the others, whereat they all looked wise, another nod, and they fell to smiling and looking pleasant. Then a silence fell upon them, and they waited in expectation the signal for applause—but it didn't come. They were told, well, something which sent them away with serious brows and dark thoughts in their souls.

—Appearances are sometimes deceitful. Take the ice down on St. Mary's Lake, for instance, the day that Miller and Das Kind went down to resurrect that noble craft, *The Bismarck*. It *looked* safe enough as Das crept softly out on all fours, his hands loaded with dynamite bombs and his soul filled with misgivings. He had laid his plans carefully; had labored night and day on his bombs at the risk of his life, and now that everything was ready he let Miller into the scheme. His purpose was to cut a hole in the ice, cast a bundle of the bombs forcibly through the opening, and then to rush to the shore where his artistic soul could enjoy the results in safety. He had heard that dead bodies are often brought to the surface by means of dynamite, and as the navigation season was coming on, he decided to raise the sunken *Bismarck* in the same way. But Das made a larger hole—cut more ice, as it were,—than he had bargained for. Miller maintains that it was the weight of the bombs, and Das says proudly that it was his own weight that cracked the ice; but at any rate, Das went through with the result that his person, his bombs and his ardor were very much dampened. He is not discouraged, though. With a stick-at-itness that is beautiful he has purchased another barrel of dynamite and a dozen lengths of stove-pipe, and has gone into the bomb business once more. Some bright morning when all nature is blithesome and merry and gay, when the birds are singing because there is nothing to mar their happiness, there will be a great crack in the atmosphere round the lake, followed by a large-sized waterspout, and Das Kind will be a cherub—harp wing attachments, crown and all.

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* Omitted by mistake the last few weeks.