

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

·DISCE·QVASI SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·


VOL. XXXIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, EASTER, 1900.

No. 27.

Resurrexit, Alleluia!

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

PEN the gate of the Temple;
Spread branches of palm and of bay;
Let not the spirit of Nature
Alone deck the Conqueror's way.
See, Spring from her death sleep arises,
And joyous His presence awaits,
While morning's smile lights up the heavens—
Open the beautiful gates!

Now the long watches are over;
The stone from the grave rolled away.
"We shall sleep," was the sigh of the midnight,
"We shall rise," is the song of to-day.
Oh, music! no longer lamenting
On pinions of tremulous flame,
Go, soaring, to meet the Beloved,
And swell the new song of His fame!

The altar is snowy with blossoms,
The font is a vase of perfume.
On pillars and chancel are twining
Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.
"Christ is arisen!" with glad lips we utter,
And far up the Infinite height
Archangels the pæan re-echo,
And crown Him with lilies of light.

The Easter Message.

WILLIAM D. FURRY, 1900.



CHRIST had died, and with His death hope had died out of the hearts of His disciples. Only gradually had they come to believe that He was the Messiah that had come to redeem the nation. We can scarcely realize the depth of despair into which they were plunged by the death of Christ; even to the last moment they expected some miraculous deliverance; and when the

Messiah was hanging upon the cross and the scribes and pharisees tauntingly cried out: "He has saved others, himself He can not save: let Him come down from the cross and we will believe in Him," even then His disciples expected that He would descend from the cross, and by the doing of some great miracle attest His divinity. It was only after they had heard the last words, "It is finished," had seen His head fall upon His breast and had seen Him breathe His last breath, could they make themselves believe that all was ended. The death of Christ was to them not only the death of a teacher and friend, it was the death of their *religious hope*; and when they carried Him to His place of burial, they buried not only one that they had come to love more than life itself, but they buried their religious hopes as well.

They could not understand the necessity of a suffering Messiah; even though our Lord had told them time and again that He could come to His glory only through suffering, yet because of their mistaken conceptions of the character of the coming kingdom, they were wholly unprepared for the death of Christ when it came, and, as a consequence, we find the disciples not only distracted and hopeless, but ready to return again to the occupations from which Christ had called them. And it was not until appearance after appearance and revelation after revelation were made to them that the death and Resurrection of Christ were attestations of His divinity, and their former hope in Him as the Messiah came back to them with greater force and clearness.

The witnesses that the Church has to offer the unbelieving world to-day have been increased. Besides the personal witness of the believer, we have in the first place the testimony of several books written by a number of eye-witnesses of the Resurrection. In the

second place we have among us the Church, founded, not primarily upon His teachings and character, certainly not upon His passion and death, but primarily indeed, upon His *Resurrection*; upon this historic fact, the Church that went forth conquering, and is destined to conquer the whole world, whose faith has pervaded almost the whole inhabitable world and that has already revolutionized the moral, social and political life of the world, was founded.

If Christ did not come forth from the grave, then the Christian Church is founded either upon a delusion or a falsehood; and to admit the possibility of either of these is to give up faith in the moral laws of the world; it is, indeed, to believe that *falsehood* not *truth* has been not only the greatest moral reform of the ages, but the parent of all other moral and social reforms that have contributed to the amelioration of the world.

In the third place, the day itself is a witness. For centuries the seventh day had been observed as the one day that should be kept holy unto God. But the Christians could not observe the day in which their Lord had lain in the tomb, nor could they pass over the day upon which He arose without some rejoicing. So without the law of the Church, without divine authority or prophetic utterance the day was changed; and as the fourth day of July stands as a living witness to the Declaration of Independence, and the thirtieth of May, with all its flowers, bears witness to the Civil War, so the first day of the week stands as a living and an incontestable witness of the Resurrection of Christ. Therefore, when, as Christians, we come together during the next few days in our places of worship, we shall be drawn thither, not by some poem or legend, not to admire a skilfully wrought fiction or picture; but we shall be drawn thither by the great historic fact of the Resurrection of Christ from the dead. Upon this fact the whole fabric of Christianity rests; destroy it and the entire superstructure of Christianity will at once fall to the ground. The whole message that Christianity has for the world clusters around this fact; disprove it, and Christianity is reduced at once to a simple ethical system, and Christ only another of the world's great moral teachers, and must be classed therefore with Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates and others.

But Christ was something more than a moralist, and Christianity is something more

than an ethical system. The Resurrection was not needed to attest the moral teachings of Christ. Christianity is not a new code of morals, neither is it merely a sanction to an old code of morals: Christianity is a revelation that brings the laws of the eternal world to bear upon the problems of this world.

The Easter Message is first of all, that *God is love*. The best that the pagan religions can say of God is, that He is Hate, or Indifference or Justice; but Christianity brings another revelation that *God is love*. God is love personified; Christ is love incarnate; but love incarnate is God, for God is love. But to show this divine love in the world will not establish it. It is not sufficient to say and know that God is love; we must also know that Love is God. We need a revelation that shows us that love is the *great power* in the world; that God is stronger than the Evil One; that life not death is triumphant, and that holiness not sin is eternal. This revelation, that love is all-powerful, is shown to us in the Resurrection of Christ. Easter Day has given us instead of an unknown God, a God that is known; instead of an indifferent God, a God whose heart pulsates with sympathy for the world, and instead of a wrathful God, that needs to be appeased by us, a God whose continual presence is an inspiration to love and service.

The Easter Message is a message of *hope*. Over the broken tomb we read in letters of gold the one word—*Hope*. In the angel's words, "He is not here; He is risen," we hear one word only, "Hope." Easter Day brings us the message not only that Christ has risen from the dead, but that He rose as the "First-Fruits" of them that sleep. The love that in Jesus Christ was victorious over sin and death is victorious in every follower of Christ. We now know that there is something more powerful in the world than sin and death, and that is—righteousness, or a life risen with Christ. Love is not, *can not be defeated*. Righteousness or a participation in the nature of God can not die. Easter Day, therefore, brings to us, as disciples of Christ, the blessed message that we also participate in His Resurrection. He is not the "only begotten from the dead," but the "first born." Glorious thought! What sorrows it rolls from the hearts of believers! How it strengthens our too easily fainting faith! What a flood of light and hope it sheds upon death and the grave! This is the real Easter Message. Lose it, and the whole significance of Easter is lost.

Lastly, the Easter Message is a message that the Deliverer for whom the whole world had long waited and looked has come. This is the message that has stirred the hearts of men wherever Christianity has been preached. The world was not waiting for some one to tell them, "Be honest; be virtuous." Paganism had told them that time and again. Neither was it waiting for some one to announce the fact that there is an immortal life; Cicero and Socrates had said that. But that for which the whole world had been groaning and travailing was the message that a Deliverer had come who was able to break into pieces the despotism of sin, free man from its terrible grasp, and empower him to live a life pleasing to God and satisfying to himself. The consciousness of evil is universal; a feeling of conflict, of disorder, of unrest, is diffused throughout all humanity. This, in itself, is an expression of man's consciousness that he belongs to another world; and it is also an instinctive confession of man's inability to free himself from the present world in which he finds himself. In all ages, man has been longing for power—some one to deliver him from the world of sin and unrest, and enable him to attain that life that is free from these. The poet has expressed the universal cry of man in these lines:

O for a man to rise in me,
That the man that I am might cease to be.

The Easter Message is, above all else, that such a Deliverer has come, through whom man can be freed from the power of sin and brought back into peace and harmony with God. Christ, as the Son of God, has triumphed, and the life laid down for the world has been taken up again. He has not only brought life and immortality to light, but He overcame the world and has promised to man that he in Him may also overcome the world. Blessed thought! We now have new visions of guidance and power; and the desire to live after the new ideals is accompanied with the promise of power. The life that we now live in the flesh "I live by faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me." Such indeed is the message of Easter—a message of *love*, of *hope*, of *deliverance*; and it is, moreover, the message that the world most needs. Men need to know that God loves them, that there is a personal immortality and a present Deliverer from the guilt and power of sin.

Training a Lover.

FRANCIS O'SHAUGHNESSY (LAW), 1900.



OM DILLON made no effort to conceal his anger as he came into the room where Bren Halpin, his room-mate, sat reading.

"Bren, I am a chump," he said, "a stupid idiot, to let that girl treat me as she does. For six months I have shown her all the attention that a fellow could, and she in turn has made a fool of me on every possible occasion. To-night at the Aid Society meeting, she fell in with that little red-whiskered bookkeeper, Brice, and left me with a straight-faced woman who talked poetry for three hours. Every time I go out with her it's the same thing over again. If she were a frivolous butterfly sort of girl I shouldn't care, but she isn't; so I think she must look upon me as a chump, and I guess she hasn't missed it far."

Bren shut the book. "Tom," said he, "Maude shouldn't treat you that way; but then it's your own fault, you are altogether too serious with her. That's the case generally with a fellow that has waited until he is pretty well along in years before going into society."

"To hear you speak," said Tom, "one would think I am an old man."

"You are twenty-seven," Bren replied; "not an old man to be sure, but I venture to say that you never called on a girl until this year. It was not your fault,—working hard to get an education, and coming out of college at twenty-four to take up law, you had no opportunity to mix with girls and learn their ways. What you need, Tom, is a few lines of training in love-making, and if you are willing I shall assume the duty of coach, and will guarantee to put you in fit condition to win the heart of any girl."

"You are making fun of me," Dillon hotly retorted.

"The last thing in the world I should do, and you know it, Tom," said Bren. "It was I that brought you out of your shell and made you learn dancing. I introduced you to Maude Burke, because I knew she was a girl suited to your temperament. In fact, I was your social sponsor. What do you say? Shall I become your social coach?"

"Well, I can't see that it will put me in a worse fix,—what are the conditions?"

"Nothing more than obedience to the few

instructions that I shall give," Bren replied.

"Agreed," said Tom.

"Tell me then, to begin with, did you quarrel with Maude to-night?"

"I certainly did," said Tom.

"Then you must not call on her for a week; both of you must have time for reflection," said the coach.

Dillon spent a miserable week and more than once he thought to slip out and make an apology to Maude without letting Halpin know, but he had given his word.

"Well, coach, what are the orders," said Tom when Thursday came.

"When you go out this evening," Bren began, "you are not to make any apology for your past conduct. She will probably be very cold toward you, but don't let that worry you. Start the conversation briskly without selecting any particular topic, but, mind you, no serious talk. When you succeed in getting her into a pleasant frame of mind come away."

Tom came home smiling. "It worked to a charm," he began, anticipating Bren's questions. "When I got there she was like an iceberg. Answered in monosyllables. I kept talking at a rapid pace for about half an hour when I began to get groggy. Her indifference was getting the better of my courage. I got bold, crossed the room, and sat on the lounge beside her and asked if she believed in spirits. She retreated to the piano and began to play. I began to whistle. She played louder; I whistled louder. I was red in the face from the exertion when she looked around and saw me.

"How ridiculous of you," she exclaimed, and burst into a laugh.

"I complimented her on her playing, and prepared to go. She urged me to stay; but I told her the doctor gave positive orders for me to be home by ten o'clock. With that I left, and we parted more friendly than ever before."

When he finished, Bren said: "Now in another week you may call on her again."

Tom demurred, but the coach was firm. Bren further told him not to ask Maude to go with him to the Easter Monday dance. "That must be done by letter, and I shall revise the letter," he said.

The next day Tom handed the coach a draft of the invitation he had written. It began:

"My Dear Miss Burke: Will you do me the great honor to accept my invitation—"

"This won't do," said Bren. "Here's what you

want," and he dashed off on a piece of paper:

"My Dear Maude:—Club dance Easter Monday. Do you care to go?"

"Write it in a scrawling way as if you were in a hurry."

Tom got a reply the next day.

"I couldn't get it out of my head, Bren," said Tom, "but that she used to delay accepting my invitations in the hope that some one else would ask her. This is the first prompt reply I ever got from her."

Easter Monday, Bren gave Tom his instructions for the dance.

"How many dances do you usually take with Maude?" asked Bren.

"All the waltzes and a couple of two-steps."

"About eight? Well, to-night take two."

"Two!" exclaimed Tom, in astonishment.

"Yes, you can't decently take less than two, the first and the last; furthermore, take three with some other girl in the hall, and when you are with the other girl look happy."

Maude was astonished when she looked at her dance-card and saw that Tom had taken only two dances, but her chagrin was complete when she saw the attention he was paying to Margaret Long. Maude made no attempt to conceal her anger when Tom came up for the last waltz; it was danced in silence, although he tried to be agreeable.

"That was perfect," said Bren, slapping him on the shoulder. Tom didn't think so. A whispered consultation followed, while the girls were getting their wraps.

"Talk about anything," said Bren, "the Philippine question, spring bonnets, or whatever you like, but don't retreat. If she won't talk, bet her a box of candy she can't keep silent the rest of the way home."

"A box of candy indeed," she said with fine sarcasm when the wager of silence was proposed.

"You lose," said Tom bursting into a hearty laugh, "I knew you would lose."

Maude's frown melted into a smile, and Tom felt her arm pressing his more firmly.

"I want that box of candy, anyway," she said as she threw a kiss at him and closed the door.

"You must have lost your way," said Bren, awakened by the noise of Tom coming into the room. "The dance was over three hours ago."

"Coach," said Tom the next morning, addressing his room-mate, "can you spare an hour to-day to help me select a ring? There's nothing like team work after all."

Memories.

ANDREW J. SAMMON, 1900.

YOU'VE gathered Easter eggs when, as a boy,
 You loved so well to hear the story told
 That on this day the sun for very joy
 Would dance when rising. Now, though you're old,
 No less those boyhood memories cluster round
 The happiness that Easter Sunday brings
 To followers of Christ wherever found.
 Rejoice to-day! Adore Him, King of kings!
 Whose sacred head for you with thorns was crowned.
 And as in boyhood days you loved to sing,
 Let Easter Alleluias now resound.

Easter Hymns.

VINCENT D. DWYER, 1900.

ST. AUGUSTINE has briefly defined a hymn to be "praise to God with song." In modern times, however, the word "hymn" has a much wider signification. It may also comprehend the praises of saints, rhythmical prose as well as verse, and prayer and spiritual meditation as well as praise.

Hymns originated with the Hebrews. The Eastern or Greek Church antedates the Latin Church by many centuries in the practice of singing songs of praise at divine worship. St. Hilary, who lived for many years in Asia Minor, was the first to imitate in Latin the hymns of the Greek Church and to introduce them into the Latin Church.

Although the number of hymns that have been written is very large, yet there are but few of them that have real merit. This fact is due in a measure to the nature of the subject and the deficiencies of the writers. The garb of poetry is as unfitted for theological arguments—which hymns very often are—as for philosophical or political problems. The interest in religion is general, while the interest in some branches of knowledge—philosophy and history, for instance,—is confined wholly to those who have devoted themselves to these studies. Now, few think themselves capable of treating the latter subjects, but there is a manifest eagerness on the part of nearly all to deem themselves equal to treating what concerns either the essence or circumstantial of religion.

Christianity is especially rich in subjects to

inspire hymns. The Nativity and the Resurrection are, by reason of their signification, the greatest. To the hymns composed on the latter of these subjects, this paper is devoted.

St. Hilary, as we have said, was the first Latin hymn writer. Many hymns of exceeding worth are ascribed to him, yet it is certain he wrote no distinctly Easter hymn.

As nearly as can be determined the first Easter hymn was written in the fourth century, and St. Ambrose is its author. This remarkable saint was born at Treves about the year 340. He came of a noble family, and by great abilities rose to a high rank in the state. He was chosen as successor of Auxentius, Bishop of Milan, in the year 374. He died on the 4th of April, 397, at Milan. His hymns are terse, simple, and vigorous.

The authenticity of many of the so-called Ambrosian hymns has been doubted by many. The Easter hymn beginning, "Hic est dies verus Dei," is one of the very few poems that we can attribute with certainty to Saint Ambrose. A translation of the opening lines is as follows:

This is the very day of God—
 Serene with holy light it came,—
 In which the stream of sacred blood
 Swept over the world's crime and shame.

There is another Easter hymn that is ascribed to St. Ambrose, though some think it belongs to a later period, probably to the sixth century. The last two verses have been translated thus:

When Christ from out the tomb arose,
 Victor o'er hell and all His foes,
 The tyrant forth in chains He drew,
 And planted Paradise anew.

Author of all, to Thee we pray
 In this our Easter joy to-day;
 From every weapon death can wield,
 Thy trusting people ever shield.

Venantius Fortunatus, the next poet that sang of Easter, came two centuries later. He was born in Venetia about the year 530. Queen Radegunda established at Poitiers a monastery which he entered. He was made Bishop of Poitiers in 599, and he died about ten years later. The characters of St. Ambrose and Fortunatus were directly antithetical. The one was stern, simple, and fearless; the other was gay, light-hearted, and often trifling.

His Easter hymn, "Salve festa dies," is done into English in this way:

Hail, day of days, in peals of praise,
 Throughout all ages owned,
 When Christ our God hell's empire trod,
 And high o'er heaven was throned!

This glorious morn the world new-born
In rising beauty shows
How, with her Lord to life restored,
Her gifts and graces rose.

St. Ambrose and Fortunatus wrote in unrimed verse. St. Hilary wrote in rimed verse.

We must now come down to the twelfth century, to St. Bernard of Clairvaux, to find work of as high merit as we have just spoken of. St. Bernard was born in Burgundy, in the year 1091, and at the age of twenty-two entered the monastery at Citeaux. He died on the 20th of August, 1153.

A long poem has been written by St. Bernard on the holy name of Jesus. It is described by Dr. Schaff as the sweetest and most evangelical hymn of the Middle Ages. The following verses from it are of higher merit than any we have quoted so far:

With Mary to Thy tomb I'll haste,
Before the dawning skies,
And all around with longing cast
My soul's inquiring eyes.

Beside Thy grave will make my moan
And sob my heart away;
Then at Thy feet sink trembling down,
And there adoring stay;

Nor from my tears and sighs refrain,
Nor those dear feet release,
My Jesus, till from Thee I gain
Some blessed word of peace.

So far we have been dealing with translations of Latin Easter hymns. There is a dearth of good hymns on Easter in the English language. From the large number of hymns that John and Charles Wesley wrote, there are only a few which a competent critic has deemed worthy to be included in a book of poems. An Easter hymn finds place among them. Its opening verses are as follows:

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Cardinal Newman and Father Faber are among the best hymn-writers in English. The translations of Latin hymns by Cardinal Newman are said to possess a distinct poetical glow and artistic finish. Neither of these writers, strange to say, has left a distinctly Easter hymn.

THE sentimental is a sin
In prayer and art and everything. P. J. D.

Difficulties Arising from Easter Computation.

JAMES H. MCGINNIS, 1900.

THE question of Easter computation, that caused so much trouble among the early Christians, has been reviewed by those persons engaged in the higher criticism of the Bible on account of its relation to the Gospels. One of these critics lately declared that we should celebrate Easter this year on April the 22d, because the full moon will not appear until a few minutes after midnight on April the 15th. I will endeavor to give an historical account of the difficulties that arose regarding the festival of Easter, and show how they were finally settled.

Eusebius declares that the Apostles and earliest Christians observed Easter together. Soon, however, Christianity spread throughout the Old World, and difficulties then arose concerning the festival. The members of the churches in the West wished to celebrate Sunday, the day of the week on which our Lord arose from death; while the Christians of Asia Minor were determined to hold the festival on the very day of the year on which He was crucified. This would make the festival of Easter and that of the Jewish Pasch fall on the same day. The Asiatics held that Christ offered Himself as the Paschal Lamb typified in the old religion, therefore He did not wish the paschal festival to be abolished, but desired it to be commemorated as Easter. History gives us a pleasing picture of Pope Anicetus receiving with the kiss of peace the venerable Saint Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, who had come to Rome to argue the Easter question. This was about the year 165, and it is the first debate on the subject that is recorded in history. Saint Polycarp had been a disciple of Saint John the Evangelist, and as he had received his custom of celebrating Easter from that Apostle, he was too well pleased with his own opinions to have them contradicted in friendly debate. Therefore he returned to Smyrna to persevere in the custom of Saint John; and his followers began to be known as the Johanean sect.

The Church was now divided into two parties—that of Asia, composed of the followers of Saint Polycarp, and that of the western churches. Both of these sects calcu-

lated the date of their festival according to historical data. The old Jewish ecclesiastical year began with the first month of spring, which was called Nisan. It was on the fourteenth day of this month that Our Lord was crucified, the day of the Jewish Pasch. The Johanean sect always celebrated this day as Easter, but the Western Church observed the following Sunday. Thus while the Asiatics were singing canticles of joy and hymns of praise, their brethren in the West were chanting the lamentations and fasting.

The astronomical difficulty then arose as to the exact day of the year on which the fourteenth of Nisan fell. The Jewish month began on the day of the new moon; therefore, the full moon appeared on the fourteenth of Nisan. The crops in Palestine were ready for harvesting about the time of the spring equinox; and the Jews were accustomed to offer the first fruits to the Lord during the paschal festivities. Thus some of the Fathers of the Church believed that the fourteenth of Nisan necessarily came after the vernal equinox; and they began to celebrate Easter not on the fourteenth of Nisan, but on the fourteenth day of the new moon that appeared after the equinox. In this way two new divisions arose,—one adhered to the custom of determining Easter by the fourteenth of Nisan, the Jewish Pasch, while the other computed the festival according to the equinox. If the new moon of Nisan appeared before the equinox there would be a month, or more, between the celebration of these two sects. The result of these difficulties was of evil consequence to Christianity. The pagans began to ridicule the quarrelsome Christians for their inconsistencies much the same as unbelievers do at present on account of the rivalry between different denominations brought about by the Reformation.

The question was finally brought before the Council of Arles in the year 314. That assembly passed an ordinance that commanded all Christians to celebrate Easter on the same day and at the same time throughout the world—"Uno die et uno tempore per omnem orbem." This ordinance was unheeded by many of the churches in Asia; so that when the Council of Nice assembled, the question was again debated, and the following regulation passed: "Easter must be observed on the first Sunday after the full moon that appears on, or next to, the vernal equinox." This law was generally obeyed till the new diffi-

culty of determining the spring equinox arose.

The calendar that Julius Cæsar introduced in the year 45 before Christ was meant to make the solar year agree with the lunar year that was discovered by the Athenian astronomer, Meton. Though the new method of computing time according to the Julian calendar was an improvement over the old Roman system, a difference of about eleven minutes and fourteen seconds still existed between the astronomical year and the solar year. It was not many years till this difference amounted to a day; thus the Nicene regulation had to be abandoned, or the calendar corrected, so as to make the spring equinox fall on March 21. Nothing was done to bring about this correction till the year 1582. At that time the difference between the real date of the spring equinox and the day assigned to it on the Julian calendar amounted to ten days. This so annoyed the officials of the Church that Pope Gregory XIII., together with a learned Jesuit named Clavius, and other astronomers, undertook to correct the Julian calendar.

The correction made by these learned men consisted in dropping ten days from the Julian calendar, so that the spring equinox again fell on the twenty-first day of March. They ordered every fourth year to be a leap year, with the exception of the year at the close of the century; yet one centennial year in every four centuries was also to be a leap year. This arrangement of leap years prevented all future differences of any comparative greatness between the solar and lunar years. Though there still remains a difference of twelve seconds between the solar year and the astronomical calendar of Pope Gregory, it is so small as to amount to a day only once in three thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six years, or not till the year 5352.

We are living in an age of progress and intellectuality, it may be; but it would seem wise "to let well enough alone," and continue to compute our festivals by the calendar now in vogue, notwithstanding its annual discrepancy of twelve seconds. If those that live after us find an accumulated difference of a few minutes too annoying, they can turn back the hands on the dial of their clocks, and the correction is entire.

THOSE souls that pass through life with gain
Know how to mingle joy with pain.

The Easter Liturgy.

JOSEPH P. SHEILS, 1900.

EVER eager and solicitous for the welfare of her children, the Church strives to the utmost of her ability to attract and hold their attention to the great mysteries of our religion, which she commemorates throughout the year. To this end she has instituted many ceremonies and pious practices for public worship connected with the Mass and other services, whereby we may be brought into closer communion with God and offer less obstructions to infusions of grace. "There are certain carnal minds," says Rupert, Abbot of Deutz, "that seem unable to open their eyes to spiritual things unless roused by some unusual excitement, and for this reason the Church makes use of such means. Thus, the Lenten fast, which we offer up to God as our yearly tithe, goes on till the most sacred night of Easter; then follow fifty days without so much as one single fast. Hence it happens that whilst the body is being mortified, and is to continue to be so till Easter night, that holy night is eagerly looked forward to even by the carnal-minded; they long for it to come, and meanwhile they carefully count each of the forty days, as a wearied traveller does the miles."

Paschal time is the name given to that part of the liturgical year from Easter Sunday to the Saturday following Whitsunday. It is regarded by the Church as the most sacred season of the whole year, and the first day of this season as the greatest feast in the calendar. Consequently, every rite that can add solemnity to the occasion is used, and the liturgy of the Church is exhausted in the attempt to commemorate this festival with due pomp and ceremony. On Christmas, when the Church seemed to have made use of every means to express her joy, we thought there could be no greater feast in the wonderful ritual; but now when that season is past and we have celebrated Christ's stay on earth, have followed Him through His most sacred agony and Passion—now on Easter morn we have indeed reason "to rejoice and be glad." At His Incarnation, He triumphed over the laws of nature; but to us poor mortals who could not understand He was born into the world like the meanest of His creatures; but now He is victorious not only over nature, but over death

itself. We are silent in wonderment, yet we exult in that victory which is the foundation of our faith. Is it strange then that the Church should do all in her power to make that day memorable, and show forth her happiness? For it is the feast of feasts, the solemnity of solemnities, and the reason of her existence, as St. Paul says. It is the principal object of the liturgy: toward this anniversary tend the feast of Christmas and the fast of Lent.

The characteristic rites of the Easter liturgy are two: the constant repetition of the word *Alleluia*, and the color of the vestments used for this solemnity. For the past nine weeks the *Alleluia* has been a forbidden word; but on Easter Saturday it bursts upon our ears with renewed joy to be continued during the whole of Paschal time. It seems to take possession of us and fill our hearts to overflowing. It is a beautiful word in itself; but with all the thoughts it brings up, it is a hymn of peace, joy and consolation. The white vestments make their appearance once more in the sanctuary after the sombre purple and black of the last few weeks. They are especially significant at this time, raising our hearts and minds, as they do, to thoughts of purity and love. In contrast with the grave and sorrowful music of Holy Week the hymns of praise that are sung on Easter Sunday sound the more exulting and sublime. They seem to carry us with them as they ascend up, up to heaven.

It is more than a spiritual joy that possesses us on this the anniversary of the happiest feast of the Church. Our bodies and all nature absorb life and hope from the very air we breathe, and as Christ rose from the dead on Easter morn so we begin life anew. "But this Easter of ours will have an end," says Gueranger, Abbot of Solesmes. "The bright vision of our risen Jesus will pass away; and all that will be left to us will be the recollection of His ineffable glory, and of the wonderful familiarity wherewith He treated us. What shall we do when He who was our very life and light leaves us and ascends to heaven? Be of good heart, Christians! you must look forward to another Easter. Each year will give you a repetition of what you now enjoy."

MODESTY'S a woman's crown,"

A sage once said in London town;

But now she wears an Easter bonnet,


With ribbons gay and feathers on it.—A. D.

The Consummation.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

Our Lady's Easter.

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

 FROM the sixth to the ninth hour, the sins of forty centuries fell in darkness around the cross. She, whose face was as pure as snow, stood at the foot of the cross and gazed at the blood-boltered hair and beard and the bruised face of a crucified God. She saw His body convulsed in the agony of death; she heard the blood fall, drop by drop, from the gaping wounds of His hands and feet—drip, drip drip.

At the ninth hour, His body rendered up its ghost; the rocks were rent, the dead walked, the earth trembled in its flight.

They drew the rough nails from the ragged wounds in His hands and feet; water oozed from His pierced side; she could weep no more, the fountains of her tears were dried. They bore Him to the sepulchre—Him to whom a thousand worlds were as a grain of sand. They washed His wounds with wine; they clothed His nakedness in new linen; they laid Him in a tomb like a king.

The night passed, the day broke, and the rain fell. The storm was hushed. Another night—the twinklings of the million worlds were in the heavens. The pale half-moon of Israel arose behind Judea's hills. Then the shadows fell thick on Mt. Calvary. Another morn—the million worlds were gone, and a few faint streaks of dawn lay in the East.

The first ray of the Easter sun had broken in many beams on the pearl gates of heaven, studded with amethyst and emerald, and guarded by Seraphim with flaming swords.

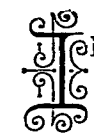
Shadows.

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

WHAT is the use in blooming,
O flowers, to pass away?
What is the use in springing,
Ye trees, to show decay?
What is the use of shining,
O Sun, from yonder sky?
To see in sad succession,
Men live, and love, and die!

What is the use in flowing,
O river, to the sea?
Its greedy depths have never
A word of thanks for thee!
What is the use of dreaming
Of peace and gentle rest,
When all the world is weary
And every heart oppressed?

What is the use in loving
Through this life's little day?
As soon as the chord is broken
Its music flies away!
Yet, grieve not, fretful spirit
For this rough sketch of His—
God paints a perfect picture
To thy eternal bliss!

N meditation set with recent woes
She knelt expectant through the lonely night,
But ere her eastward lattice knew the light
The buried image of her thoughts arose.
The sealed-up tomb an empty void doth close,
For Death has yielded to the Saviour's might.
The risen Victor crowned in glory bright
Has come to give His Mother's heart repose.

The angels saw Him fold her to His breast,
Where she alone could find her perfect rest.
A Sun had risen never more to set
For her whose life was constant sacrifice.

That Easter Day when thus her Son she met
To-day is renewed with Him in Paradise.

As a streak of lightning appears and is then gone, an angel had crossed the portals of heaven, ran the infinities of space, and stood before the tomb of Christ. His face was as lightning, his raiment as of snow.

He touched the stone with the golden point of his spear, and the stone rolled back. Christ arose resplendent as the sun—legions of angels in serried ranks hovered about Him. Dumb at this apparition, the legionaries turned and fled. The sun rose higher—a flood of light suffused the garden; the dewdrops sparkled on the bristling grass. Magdalene the penitent had watched with calm and large eyes, throughout the night, the worlds revolve through their infinities of space. At the first streak of day with Mary, the mother of James and Salome, she hastened to the tomb of Christ.

The sun was arisen—a flush of light lit up all about, and the dewdrops, glistening in the garden, rolled from under her feet.

"Whom do you seek?" asked the angel.
"Jesus of Nazareth."

"He is gone—He is arisen." They turned and left only to meet their Lord.

Giordano Bruno.

EUGENE T. AHERN, '03.

ON the feast of Pentecost in the year 1889, the professional atheists in Rome unveiled a statue to the memory of Giordano Bruno. On that occasion it was declared by an enthusiastic speaker that the ceremony there performed was as "a sign and a symbol that a new day has opened on the world—a day of grace, giving promise of the conversion of mankind to the philosophy of nature, which is not merely a doctrine but a destiny." As this year marks the close of the third century since Bruno's death, no doubt the atheists will commemorate the incident in some appropriate manner, and in view of the extraordinary language quoted above it will be interesting to note what extravagance of conduct and language they will indulge in this time.

Giordano Bruno was born at Nola, not far from Naples, in the year 1548. At the age of fifteen he entered the Dominican order, and in 1592 he was ordained a priest. He himself is authority for the statement that at the age of eighteen he began to doubt the doctrine of the Trinity, and that he had maintained certain un-Christian views of his own. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that charges were made against him. That there was ground for the charges appears from the fact that Bruno quietly stole out of San Domenico and went to Rome, where he found a refuge in the residence of the Superior General of the Dominicans. On receiving information that the papers in his case had been forwarded to Rome, he hurried away, put off his friar's dress, and when next heard of was at Genoa.

He was now fairly started on his career of wandering, and visited successively, Noli, Turin, Savona, Venice, Padua, and Bergamo. At this latter place he again donned the friar's robe, and played the friar at Milan and Brescia. In 1579 he arrived at Geneva, the "Rome of Calvin." Here he was told that if he would not profess the Genevan religion he must at least wear the conventional clothes, and he cut up his friar's robe and had it fashioned into a dress of the approved Calvinistic style. This plan succeeded for a few months; but when the peculiar spirit of "religious liberty" that characterized Calvinism manifested itself in an invitation to Bruno either to join the

sect or to leave the city, he promptly chose the latter course, and was next found at Lyons. This is Bruno's own testimony. Other evidence, however, appears to indicate that he did become a Calvinist. The records of the Academy of Geneva show that he matriculated in that institution in May, 1579, under the title of professor of *sacred* theology; and to be admitted a student in this academy it was necessary to sign the "confession of faith." His name is likewise found on a roll of the Italian Anti-Trinitarian Church of Geneva.

In these incidents of Bruno's life there is sufficient evidence to prove the duplicity of the "great philosopher of nature," as his admirers love to call him. From Geneva he journeyed to Lyons, and thence to Toulouse. Here was located a great university with an enrollment of ten thousand students. Modern atheists are wont to say that Bruno shook the world; yet although he did condescend to give lessons on the Sphere, there is no evidence that he caused any seismic shocks at Toulouse. From Toulouse he went to Paris, where he printed a number of books. Next he is heard of in London. In 1585, he is again found in Paris. The following year he is at Marburg, where he gives further evidence of duplicity by entering his name among the students of the university as "Giordanus Nolanus Neapolitanus, Theologiæ Doctor Romanensis." The ruse did not succeed in deceiving the rector of the university, and on being refused permission to teach, Bruno journeyed to Wittenberg, where his name is found recorded on the university roll: Jordanus Brunus, Doctor Italus. Under this title he gave lectures on metaphysics, physics, mathematics, and the organon of Aristotle. But he did not remain long at Wittenberg—possibly on account of his roving disposition.

On May 23, 1592, Bruno was arrested at Venice and placed in the hands of the Inquisitors. During his trial it was proved, and is admitted by his most favorable critics, that among other heresies and blasphemies, he taught: "That souls pass from one body into another; that Moses himself invented his laws and performed miracles by means of magic; that the sacred books are merely a romance; that the devil will be saved; that Christ is not God, but that He was a great magician." (See Bruno's Work—*De Triplice, Minimo et, Mensura*.) Here, surely, was enough evidence to convict him of heresy; but in as much as very many persons nowa-

days do not count heresy a grievous charge, it may be a stronger proof that Bruno suffered justly, to call attention to the craven-like cowardice displayed by him at this trial. It has been shown that he embraced both Lutheranism and Calvinism, and his heresies and blasphemies against all forms of religion are found even in his philosophical works. Yet listen to what this "earth shaker" says in the presence of the Venetian Inquisition: "Whenever I have sinned I have always asked pardon of God, and would have confessed could I have done so, because I never doubted in the least about this sacrament, nor about any of the others, holding firmly that impenitent sinners are damned and go to hell." (Venetian Trial. 3d Interrog. Berti, p. 407.)

What a really despairing view for one who taught that even the devil will be saved! But this is not all. At the fourth and last interrogatory he said: "I have confessed and I now confess my errors freely, and I am here in the hands of your illustrious Lordships to receive a remedy for my salvation; of my sorrow for my misdeeds I can not say how great it is, nor sufficiently express my mind as I should wish." (Report of Venetian Trial—Berti, p. 428.) It is impossible to say what course the Venetian Inquisition should have followed in dealing with this remarkable case; for before judgment had been pronounced letters came from Rome demanding the extradition of Bruno. He was, accordingly,

handed over to the Roman Inquisition in 1593. After a tedious trial and much delay, finally in the year 1600, he was given into the custody of the civil magistrates, and, according to the most probable accounts, burned at the stake the same year.

Certainly no Christian can but deplore the fact that in past ages men were too often forced to suffer for conscience' sake; but in the case of Giordano Bruno there is evidence to show that it was not his conscience so much as his baseness of mind and wickedness of heart that got him into trouble. The once popular notion that he suffered for upholding the teachings of Copernicus against the Aristotelian philosophy is now proved to be a myth.

Of Bruno's philosophy a modern critic, himself a free-thinker, writes: "The hypothesis of Bruno is at bottom that of Spinoza, . . . It is the most monstrous, the most absurd, the most diametrically opposed to all the ideas of our intellect." Yet if it pleases modern atheists and scoffers at religion to call this man a great philosopher, and to erect statues to his memory, they are at liberty to do so. To Christians, however, in whose opinion an upright character outweighs even the attributes of a "philosopher of nature," it will seem more charitable—and in view of the many eccentricities of Bruno's strange career, not without historical basis—to say that he may have been partly insane, and thus at times was not accountable for his conduct.

Easter Sunday.

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

DORMANT nature once again awakes
And kindles with the spirit of the day,
Pouring sweet music through the woodland brakes;
And the soft breezes play
Over each tiny bud and spray,
While forests clothe themselves like virgin bride,
Their useless winter garment cast aside.

The merry sky-lark, messenger of Spring,
With a keen sparkle in his glancing eye
And a strong effort of each buoyant wing,
Mounts to the blue vault of the happy sky,
Warbling his melody;
And scales the vast aerial zones
Whence echoes back the music of his tones.

The world to-day receives a purer light
Than early sun e'er shed on waking earth.
The lark's sweet song poured down from lofty height
Would strike discordant 'mid the heavenly mirth
To which this morn gives birth,
In welcoming the precious graces shed
On men like dew on violet's head.

A Light is risen whose joy floods every land,
And gifts, thick set with brilliants rare,
Are heaped upon us with a lavish hand.
Earth and sky these priceless blessings share,
And man by them is rendered Heaven's heir.
The key to grace to-day is made our own
By His unsealing of the Burial stone.

Praise then the Saviour lighting up our gloom!
Glory to Him who rose in splendid might!
Hail Him springing from the rock-bound tomb,
To give mankind Redemption's light
And open the celestial portals bright.
Greet Him, ye hills, ye brooks, and budding trees!
Nature and man sing now your jubilees!

The Christ is risen! ye saints of Heaven, rejoice!
With jewelled crowns and garlands strew the way,
And hail the Son of Man whose voice
Dispelled the dismal mists that lay
On the soul's eternal pathway!
Prepare, ye mortals, all your anthems sing,
And swell hosannas to the Eternal King.

What Made Him Think So?

ANTHONY F. DORLEY, 1900.

HE must be handsome."
 "Of course," grumbled Tom, "you never heard of a lover that wasn't."
 "At least six feet tall," she went on.
 Her companion winced when he thought of his own five feet eight.

"No bad habits more serious than smoking, and above all,"—here Nell stooped to pick a wayside flower,—“the man I marry must have black hair and black eyes.”

"Look here, Nell Conway, that's downright mean," said Tom as he stopped short in his walk and turned to look at Nell. "Why should a fellow be snubbed because he has red hair, for instance?"

"Oh! I know, but"—with a shrug.

"Yes, I understand. You mean that you sympathize with me, but think you can wait until kind Fortune sends you some dark-haired, brilliant-eyed stranger."

"She may already have sent him. Who knows?"

Nell glanced mischievously from under her broad hat, but Tom seemed in a deep study of the long, slanting shadows that began to creep across the country road. Suddenly his cane viciously whipped the head from a wayside poppy, and he said rather stonily:

"I am confoundedly tired of stories with their everlastingly handsome heroes, when I catch a glimpse of my own red head and ugly face in the mirror. A girl once told me she admired auburn hair, but—I believe she was guying me."

Tom saw the outline of Nell's cheek break into a smile. He tried to laugh good-naturedly, but it cost him a pang for all that. During those two months in the mountains he had learned to love this jolly, chatting girl, and several times he was on the point of telling her so, but Nell's romantic notions made him hesitate. The mountain air and the moonlight walks on soft summer evenings seemed most conducive to musings that were not at all in keeping with his matter-of-fact, business life in the city; and somehow Nell Conway figured prominently in these waking dreams. As for Nell—she admitted to herself that she liked Tom Sneeringer well enough, and she did not in the least mind to be teased about him. He was so kind and so attentive, and when her

aunt thought him quite a "nice" young man she agreed with her entirely. But the idea of a husband with red hair! And such a name! The thought of "Mrs. Thomas Sneeringer" made her shudder. Her own was bad enough—plain, ugly "Nell Conway."

"How lucky I am not a man," she used to say to her chum. "I can at least hope that some day I shall share a name I needn't be ashamed of."

They walked on in silence for a time, and Tom watched Nell's face as though that sight left no room for any other wish. Unconsciously they strolled from the road into a green hollow between low surrounding hills. The place had become a favorite haunt of theirs, and here they had spent many a pleasant hour. Nell stopped in the shadow of a branching elm that leaned from the cliff above, and looked longingly toward the opposite hill.

"Look at that lovely golden-rod on the hill yonder," she remarked.

"Sit down here and I'll get some for you," replied Tom as he disappeared in the dense undergrowth. A few minutes later he waved to her from the hill beyond, and Nell sat on the grassy bank and lazily pulled to pieces the daisies she had picked on the way until Tom came back with a big bunch of golden-rod.

"Your prayers are answered, I think," he called to her while still busy on the edge of the thicket with a long-armed bramble that clung to his sleeve.

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked, carelessly, without turning her head.

"I mean that I've just thought of a young fellow who answers your ideal to a T, and I'm sure you'll like him—There, aren't they fine?"

"Yes, thanks. But this fellow?"—she began, now very much interested.

"Let me see—he may fall short an inch or two of the required six feet, but he's handsome,"—with a sigh. "He has raven hair, a fine mustache, and—yes—I'm almost sure that his eyes are black. He stops at the hotel you can see from your window across the hills."

"Indeed!—and what's his name?" asked Nell, eagerly, rising from the bank.

"I often thought him the handsomest man I ever met," Tom continued, seeming not to hear her question. "And besides he's got the sweetest little wife in the world,—Mercy!" he cried, as he dodged a stalk of golden-rod that Nell threw at his head.

"Tom Sneeringer," she gasped, "I think you're hateful to tease me like that."

She seemed very angry for a time in spite of his laughing apologies, and Tom began to regret his indiscretion. It was growing quite dusk, and Nell suddenly thought it time to retrace their steps.

"I must dress for the dance," she said. "I've promised Will Morris the first waltz, and he'll be furious if I'm not on time. You stupid, I must teach you to dance before you go."

Will Morris was one of Nell's constant shadows, and his name seemed to have its effect upon her companion.

"You said that before, but—you are always so busy," was the disconsolate retort of Tom who had concluded after many vain efforts during previous years that dancing was one of the lost arts among the Sneerers.

They went out of the hollow and wound among the trees and bushes back to the road.

An hour later Nell was on her way to the parlor, and she stepped out on the balcony to enjoy the cool evening air for a few moments. The balcony overlooked a broad valley, and far down a tiny lake glistened in the faint rays from the merest crescent of a moon. The grounds seemed deserted, but against the dark background of a trellis just beneath her she saw the glow of a cigar and the outlines of a man sitting on a bench. Through the open windows below she could hear the music of the orchestra and the swish of the dancers. Suddenly she heard steps upon the gravelled path, and around the corner of the building came two men. She was about to turn away, but stopped instinctively to listen when she heard her own name.

"I know beyond a doubt that old man Conway hasn't got a cent, so she can have but one object in spending her summer at a place like this."

"And that is?"

"Fortune-hunting. Look how she's trying to rope in that poor fool Sneeringer."

Nell recognized in the first speaker the voice of Will Morris.

"You're lucky, old man, to have discovered this in time," laughed Will's companion. "To be candid, we all expected to see you—"

"Don't you believe it. Just a little sport, you know. You never seriously thought—"

He cut short his remark when a figure left the shadow of the trellis and stepped before the two. Nell could not catch the words that followed, but suddenly Will raised his cane threateningly. The next moment it was struck from his hand, and he reeled across the path

under a blow. As his assailant coolly turned away and walked down the path, the light from a window fell upon his face, and Nell saw that it was Tom.

Pale and trembling, she followed the retreating figure with her eyes, and the strangest sensations were fluttering at her heart. Somehow his offensive hair was entirely forgotten, and there in the dark recess of the balcony her consciousness began to adjust itself to some entirely new and strange emotions.

Tom had just come into the hall shortly after his encounter with Morris when he met Nell at the foot of the stairs.

"Miss Romantic, you look charming enough to make the most hardened fall right in love with you," he whispered. She smiled gravely, and he thought her unusually serious.

"I do not care to dance," she said. "The room is so very warm. Let us walk on the veranda a little. Your hand"—she added when they reached the door.

"Why, it's bleeding. I must have scratched it on the grounds somewhere. Oh! it's nothing, but you're very kind," he said when she insisted upon wiping away the blood with her handkerchief.

They walked back and forth on the veranda, and Nell was so very quiet that Tom wondered what was wrong. Their conversation had almost entirely languished when a porter appeared at the door and brought Tom a telegram. He glanced at the message and then turned slowly to Nell.

"I'm called home and must leave to-morrow," he said thoughtfully.

Away down deep in her heart Nell felt a pang that surprised even herself.

"It is too bad," he added with a forced laugh, "that we can not continue our interesting disputes about the proper color of a lover's hair."

Nell looked down at a rose that slightly trembled in her hand.

"I am very sorry that you must go," she said, a little sadly, "we have had such good times together."


Before he could reply she came a little closer, and suddenly her hand fell upon his scratched fingers as they rested on the veranda railing.

"Tell me, Tom," she went on, so low that he hardly caught the words, "what makes you think that I dislike red hair?"

When Tom came to the mountains the following summer he was not alone.

Innocent III. and King John.

JOHN M. BYRNE, 1900.

 ICERO says in his "De Officiis" that if a man makes a mistake and afterward finds out his error, he should strive to rectify it. This is what Green, the English historian, did when in his "Short History of the English People" he made a rash and unwarrantable statement regarding the enfeoffment of England by King John to Pope Innocent III. In a later work he greatly modified this statement. In the earlier work we read: "'England thrilled at the news with a sense of national shame such as she had never felt before. He has become the Pope's man,' the whole country murmured; 'he has forfeited the very name of king; from a free man he has degraded himself to a serf.'" In his later history we have the following: "In after-times men believed that England thrilled at the news with a sense of national shame such as she had never felt before. 'He has become the pope's man,' the whole country was said to have murmured..."

While Green deserves our esteem and praise for this partial concession to truth, we are still dissatisfied with the "believed" and "was said to have" in the later work, for Catholic historians have the same source of information as Green had, and nowhere can they find "believed" and was "said to have." It is, however, pleasant to note that questions in which the popes of Rome were implicated with unfortunate rulers are now beginning to be viewed in a more favorable light by those outside the Church.

The complaints made by Englishmen against Innocent III. are that he suspended Stephen Langton, tried to annul the Magna Charta, and excommunicated the barons and the majority of the clergy. We shall first examine the causes which led to these events.

When Hubert Walter, the Archbishop of Canterbury, died there was some dispute about the election of a successor to that see. John de Grey, the Bishop of Norwich, was elected by the monks of Canterbury at the bidding of King John; but in a previous election, which was deemed illegal, the monastery had chosen its sub-prior Reginald. The rival claimants appealed to the Pope who set aside the two contestants and urged the election of Stephen Langton an Englishman.

King John refused to sanction the election of Langton, whereupon Innocent, after exhausting all diplomatic means, placed John and his kingdom under interdict. From 1210 to 1212 the king acted defiantly toward the Pope, and the interdict was followed by excommunication from the Church. During these two years John remained obstinate, but at the end the pope declared him worthy of deposition from his rank as king, that his subjects were no longer bound by allegiance.

Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Pandulph, the Pope's legate, this violent harangue against John:

Then by the lawful power that I have
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate;
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worshipped as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

This is very strong language; but did Pandulph really give utterance to such a violent expression? Neither Walter of Coventry, Roger of Wendover, Matthew of Paris, nor any of the later historians, say what were the exact words used by him.

Shakespeare was not a historian, and consequently had the right to draw upon his imagination as do all artists of fiction. The Church never urged or sanctioned the breaking of allegiance with an heretic. That was an opinion erroneously entertained by some Protestants after the Reformation, but without any foundation whatever. That it was false may be seen from the perusal of Lord Nugent's letters to Lord Liverpool, where it is stated that seven different universities of Europe had been questioned upon that point, and all returned a negative answer. As to the canonization of one that unlawfully kills a bad man who is at variance with the Church, it is ridiculous to think that the pope would do that.

Men at the present time do not blame Innocent III. so much for deposing King John as they do for annulling the Magna Charta, because they are beginning to see that the popes of those times had a perfect right to depose any king that was not faithful to his coronation oath. Henry IV. of Germany was deposed by Gregory VII. for trying to subject spiritual to temporal authority, and we find Gregory's action defended by Count De Maistre, Abbé Jager, Leibnitz, Bolingbroke, and Voltaire. Now if Gregory's attitude toward Henry IV. is stren-

uously defended by Catholic, Protestant, and infidel authors alike, why should not Innocent's treatment of King John be vindicated also?

After John submitted to the Pope and sanctioned Archbishop Langton's election to the See of Canterbury a reconciliation with Rome was effected, but the king had other obstacles to encounter. Philip of France was warring upon him; his barons were plotting against him, and he saw no way of saving his crown except by laying it at the feet of the Pope, and receiving it back on condition of allegiance. Yet for this act Green accuses Innocent III. of ambition in trying to extend his authority over a larger extent of Christendom than any of his predecessors had ever attempted.

Since the Pope accepted John's fealty the Pope was morally bound to protect him against injustice; and, for doing this, Innocent is blamed again as being hostile to liberty. The barons, headed by Langton, compelled the king under oath to grant them certain privileges which their ancestors were said to enjoy in the days of Edward the Confessor. This they did at Runnymede in the presence of an army during an interview to which they had invited John. The king thought he was not bound to keep an oath that had been extorted from him by compulsion, and he sent deputies to Innocent concerning the matter.

The Pope annulled the charter, excommunicated the barons, suspended Stephen Langton, and freed John from the oath. This action of the Holy Father is even now regarded by some shallow-minded men as being detrimental to true liberty. They do not stop to consider that the Pope did not annul the Magna Charta because it gave liberties to the people, but because of the unlawful means used in obtaining it. Moral philosophers have always maintained that the end never justifies the means, and whoever does not see that the means used in this instance were illegal, is a fit subject for stratagems and spoils.

Even the English people have never deemed the charter condemned by Innocent to be legal, and if anyone seeks for it in the law books of England he will not find it. The Magna Charta, which the English law recognizes, is that granted by Henry III. after the death of King John. It is idle to attempt to accuse Innocent of unfriendliness to liberty, for his life shows that the principle upon which he based all his actions was justice, and justice is never opposed to liberty.

The Vigil of the Grave.

JOHN L. CORLEY.

OUT in the night the cold winds sigh,
About the windows towering high,
And to and fro they gently sway,
But calm the little cedars stay,
Close to her grave while winds pass by.
Upon the mound dead flowers lie,
And now methinks the cedars try
To guard the grave while breezes play,
Out in the night.

From 'cross the hill the night-owls' cry,
Makes lonely tones as home they fly.
"Why should she be in that cold clay?"
I mutter o'er and answering say,—
"Ah, she's above and it is I,
Out in the night."

The Puzzle of the Savants.

ANTHONY BROGAN, 1901.

IN the year 5042 of the Christian era the scholars of Dalcais, an island of the Pacific, eagerly awaited the coming of Rengenken, the Savant of the North. They had excavated a peculiar monument in an uninhabited continent far in the West. This monument was hollow within, square in shape, and smooth on the outside, except where metal plates, set apart at regular intervals projected beyond the surface.

The learned men of Dalcais knew these plates were a crude means of writing, yet they were unable to interpret their meaning. Consequently, they sent for Rengenken, the most erudite man of his time. He left his home at Rikivik, bordering on the Arctic Ocean, and in a few hours arrived at Dalcais. The Dalcaisians were rejoiced at his coming, for the monolith had been a source of great annoyance to them. All their efforts to find out the meaning of the uncouth letters had failed. The Savant of the North immediately went at the task of interpretation. He had a high building erected within which he placed the monument, and forbade anyone besides himself to have access to it.

After two weeks' confinement he appeared one morning visibly aged. He looked irritated. All thought he had failed in accomplishing the task he had undertaken. Yet he went directly to the temple of knowledge where the great men of the state were in session.

On his entrance the High Head Reader, who presided over the assembly, noticed his wasted frame and chagrined look.

"So, it is as I feared," he said, "even the erudite Rengenken has been unable to interpret the strange writing.

Rengenken did not appear cognizant of the speaker, but stalked through the assembly, and took the lecturer's stand.

"Men of Dalcais," he began, "*I have* solved the problem, and much good fruits have my labors begotten."

The latter part of his sentence was spoken most ironically.

"By this time," continued the savant, "we ought to know that we but waste our energies in trying to decipher the writings on the monuments of these ancient nations. Here are some of our results:

"In Egypt stood an obelisk that was moved—what time we do not know—to an island called Britain off the east coast of Europe. The inhabitants of this land were unable ever to make out what the characters that were on the obelisk meant. After years of ceaseless toil our scholars interpreted them, and here are the wonderful words that were hidden for ages:

"I, Pharaoh-necho of Egypt, when I reached a land where the sun looks from the North, found there gigantic, hairy dates."

"Truly, this was a marvellous secret; in time we learned these dates were cocoa-nuts.

"Later, in the continent where we found this monolith, the subject of our present study, we excavated a circular object which resembled the shields of older nations. This similarity puzzled us a good deal, for we thought in that land, once known as North America, men did not use shields in their savage contests called wars. But a shield, you savants of Dalcais made the object out to be, and for the following reasons:

"It was shaped like implements of warfare that you actually knew to be shields. It had this figure, S, which you concluded stood for a coat of arms. Some words that you surmised to represent a motto were almost erased. There was one word entire, however, and that led you astray. It was written thus—*Bier*. This you knew meant a couch of death in the tongue of that people; and what, thought you can be more appropriate to have upon an implement of slaughter than some word representing death. Besides a large D stood at the head of the motto, which indubitably in

your judgment, began the word death. You therefore decided that those nations of North America used shields, and, in your wisdom, further reasoned they had but a scant knowledge of the useful arts, since men more civilized would have deadly weapons against which so small a thing as this would be of no avail.

"What did your interpretation amount to when taken up by the scholars of Rikivik? To nought! For we clearly proved that the circular object was not a shield, but an instrument of trade. On it was advertised a vile malt liquor, called beer. So the motto, after all, was a notice that men ought to *Drink Brimmingfalls Bier*.

"It seems this people of North America wasted all their days in getting and spending. They left nothing undone to advertise their wares, and cultivated the arts only so far as they were useful. Yet there were some among them who tried to find out what the wind said when it sighed, and who wondered if the sea could forever tell its story and no man understand.

"As for music, they deemed it a mystery unsolvable. For this, however, we can not blame them. But recently we came to know, ourselves, that sweet music was the drops shaken from the golden tips of an angel's wings, who had dipped them in the sea of soft sounds in paradise. So much for that matter. Let us get at this wonderful monument.

"After a fortnight of tiresome work, hardly taking time to swallow a capsule of condensed food, or to inject enough ether of life to lift the cloud of sleep from my weary brain, these things I have discovered.

"The monument was used by this people as a factory chimney. The metallic plates or letters, projecting beyond the surface, are a means of advertising. To each plate a wire is attached, and all the wires are connected. By a crude method of lighting, known as electricity, the letters could be made to blaze out into the night. This, no doubt, was deemed an admirable advertising plan among them. Now, after all my exhausting efforts, here is what the monolith or chimney has to tell,

"WEAR HOTFOOT'S SHOES AND BE AHEAD
OF THE TIMES."

"Men of Dalcais and savants of the sphere, let us be warned by these specious monuments, and cease from further inquiry into the ways of these barbarous peoples, for the world has nothing to learn from them. I have done."

The Ghost of the Trees.

HUGH S. GALLAGHER, 1900.

(Translated from the Gaelic.)

AT the foot of Mount Nephin Beg there lived in olden times a man named Paddy Kelly. He had but one daughter who was blind from her birth, and for that reason the neighbors called her blind Nora. Of land Paddy had but two acres, and of course, he was poor. He spent every night out doors; he did not know why, but his mind was so troubled he could not keep within.

In those days it was believed that every ghost and spirit in creation was let loose on Hallow Eve to destroy the blackberries, for which reason the people would not taste a berry after that for the whole world. Paddy, however, was afraid of nothing.

Hallow Eve he went out as usual, and he bent his way to an old wood. It was full moon, and the night was as bright as day. Paddy looked up and saw a man jumping from tree to tree. Every hair on his head stood on end, and cold sweat encompassed him. Paralyzed with fear he could not lift a foot. The ghost dropped down beside him, and said:

"Don't fear, Paddy, I won't injure you; take courage now and I'll show you the armies of Connaught and Munster playing for the championship of hurly on the top of Nephin More."

He took Paddy by the hand, threw him on his shoulders as a woman would a child, and jumped upon a tree. Off he went from branch to branch till he reached the top of Nephin More and there laid him down quiet and easy. Soon the fairy hosts came, and at once the match began. Paddy or no other living creature ever saw the like, and for the time he forgot his poverty. At last the leader of the Connaught host shouted to the ghost of the trees, asking in whose favor he decided the championship.

"To yours," was the reply.

"You lie," said the king of the Munster host, "and we'll fight before we give up."

The fight began and lasted long and with great havoc on both sides, until at last the Munster king gave up on condition of fighting again on Bealtin Eve. Then the kings gave each a purse of gold to Paddy, for they could not have played without his presence, and

the ghost asked him if he wanted anything else.

"Yes," said Paddy, "I have a daughter blind from her birth and I wish she could see."

"That will be easy," said the ghost, "if you do as I tell you. On the grave of your grandmother there grows a little hawthorn, one of whose spines if you put through the pimple that is on the back of the girl's head, she will see as well as you. But if you divulge the secret she will become blind again. It's time to be going now as I must show you where I live before you go home."

The ghost picked Paddy up, threw him on his shoulders, and off he went without stopping till he let him down quiet and easy beside a large tree in the wood. He caught the tree, pulled it up so as to admit an entrance and told Paddy to follow him. They went down beautiful stairs at the foot of which was a door which they entered. There to his surprise Paddy saw many of the neighbors that had died in his own time.

"When did you die," he was asked, but Paddy smiling said he was still alive.

"But how could you have come here?"

The ghost came forward and told Paddy not to heed them, for that there was yet a long life ahead of him. "Come now with me," he continued, "it's time for you to go home. Here's a little pot for you which whenever you are hungry you have but to strike three times and say 'Food and drink and waiters,' when you will get what you want, but if you part with it you will be sorry. Here's for you too a little whistle, and whenever you are in trouble blow it and you will get help; but on your life do not part with it."

Then he took Paddy up, left him on the road leading homeward, and told him on his life not to tell a mortal what he had seen that night.

"Nora won't be long blind," said Paddy to his wife after the three had tasted of the goods of the pot. "I will get a cure for her, but I want you to make no further inquiries about it."

"You are making fun of me now. Don't you know she was born blind?"

"Wait and you will see," said Paddy; and he went out and did not stop till he was on the grave of his grandmother. He got the thorn spine as directed, came home and put it through the pimple, when immediately Nora shouted that she could see everything. To crown the joy the pot was again resorted to;

and never did a happier party sit down to a better banquet than they at that one.

Jealousy now crept in among the neighbors, and they determined to kill Paddy. This he was made aware of by his brother-in-law, and he blew the whistle for assistance. A voice in his ear told him to eat of a certain herb in his garden and for every hair in his head he would have a man's strength. "Give some to your wife and to Nora too," it said.

It was a sad story for the neighbors then to come the next day; but anyhow, Paddy was not troubled any more.

It is true women can not keep a secret, and so it was here. Paddy's wife told about the pot to one of her neighbors, who in turn told it to another, and the story spread till it reached the ears of the landlord. He came to Paddy inquiring about the pot, and, of course, Paddy showed it to him and how to use it besides. The landlord was to have a hunting party soon, and he expressed a desire to have the pot for the occasion.

"But it will be of no use to you unless I am there myself," said Paddy.

"You may come and welcome," said the landlord, "but be well dressed."

"Certainly," said Paddy, for he became proud of having an opportunity of mingling in higher society. He bought a new suit of clothes next day, and when he had it on it was with difficulty his wife and Nora knew him, he looked so well.

On Monday morning he made his way to the landlord's. There was a great gathering of gentry there. The landlord took him into the dining-room and told him to get everything necessary ready. Paddy struck the pot, said "food and drink and waiters," and immediately six young lady waiters jumped out and set a board of the most excellent viands.

The dinner bell rang and all went to the dining-room where they partook of a most inviting meal. The quality, of course, was a surprise to everybody. Soon, however, they all fell into a deep slumber, and when they awoke there was not a roof over them. The pot, the whistle and the two purses of gold had been taken from Paddy, and he was as poor as ever. Ill luck befell him from that day, and no wonder, for not keeping the advice of his friend, the ghost of the trees.

"Run if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death."

The Wind and the Sea.

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

THE sea is a happy old fellow,
He laughs wherever he goes;
His merriment shines in the dimpling lines
That wrinkle his hale repose.

He lays himself down at the feet of the Sun,
And shakes all over with glee;
While the broad-bucked billows fall faint on the shore
In the mirth of the mighty sea.

But the wind is mad and restless,
And cursed with an inward pain;
You may hark as you will by valley or hill,
But you'll hear him still complain.

He wails on the barren mountains;
He shrieks on the wintry sea;
He sobs in the cedars and sighs in the pines,
And shudders all over the willow-tree.

Welcome are both their voices,
But I know not which is the best—
The laughter that slips from the ocean's lips,
Or the comfortless wind's unrest.

There is a pang in all rejoicing,
A joy in the heart of pain,
While the Wind that saddens and the Sun that gladdens
Are singing the self-same strain.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

HARRY P. BARRY, 1901.

Poet and Moralist, Emerson has beauty and truth for all men's edification and delight.—A. BROWNSON ALCOT.



ABOUT the year 1825 a great activity manifested itself in religion, politics and literature. In our country this activity received an impulse from the writings and lectures of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In New England Puritanism was beginning to wane and a transcendental spirit was rife. Writers and thinkers of America were undoubtedly influenced by our Democratic form of government. New laws, customs and habits change the condition of society, and when a people has changed into a condition peculiar to itself, literature must also change. Emerson introduced a new element into literature which was not sectional, but American. His first little book entitled "Nature," met with a storm of opposition. "Whatever is too original," says De Quincey, "will be hated at first."

Men cling to old methods. A new doctrine must come as an evolutionary growth. We

are utilitarian. We want all the labor-saving machinery that human genius can produce, but we do not care to bother ourselves with intellectual problems. The sage of to-day will turn to his library, and accept as a truth something that Aristotle wrote when a boy rather than think out the problem himself. Emerson was the first American to refuse to accept any doctrine, philosophy, or teaching as true until he passed it through the alembic of his own mind. Men of the sixteenth century would call him a Reformer. Although he was not an organizer, he was at the centre of a great many movements.

His first volume of essays was published in 1841. Most of his readers were prejudiced against his teachings, but they could not help admiring his daring imagination and his brilliant illustrations. He always prepared the mind of his listener with some charming picture. His divinity school lecture was a plea for self-consciousness, and most of his audience was antagonistic to such a creed. He began by saying: "In this refulgent summer it has been a luxury to draw the breath of life. The grass grows and the buds burst, the meadow is spotted with fire and gold in the tint of flowers. The air is full of birds, and sweet with the breath of pine, the balm of Gilead and the new hay. Night brings no gloom to the heart with its welcome shade. Through the transparent darkness the stars pour their almost spiritual rays. Man under them seems a young child, and this huge globe a toy. The cool night bathes the world as with a river, and prepares his eyes again for crimson dawn."

These gentle phrases not only subdued his questioning theologians, but he aroused their attention, and he had no difficulty in getting their sympathy and good-will.

Emerson possessed a true poetic love for all nature. This love was not the result of study or sentimentalism, but it was a disposition that existed in his inmost nature. He seemed to feel rather than see the beautiful illustrations which give charm and color to his writings. Many passages of his prose are as fresh and as beautiful as the white dew that glitters and sparkles in the gray dawn of morning. He delighted to roam in the fields and meadows, and study nature,—see God in nature—and, as Bryant said: "Hold communion with her visible forms." In speaking of the rising sun, he said: "The long slender clouds float like fishes in a sea of

crimson light. Give me health and bread and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." We see the tint of the violet in his prose. But he loved the humblest shrub, the stunted scrub-oak, with its knotty limbs and worm-eaten bark, as well as the pure white lily. For him there was no mean thing in nature, but there was much good in everything. He loved nature for its own sake, and not as one "who would peep and botanize on his mother's grave."

In all his writings we see scintillations of philosophy—a strange philosophy. He makes no reference to Kant, St. Thomas, Locke or Bacon. He does not use their terms. "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds." According to this statement he would teach us a new philosophy every day. The flower under his window makes no reference to the flower of last year. It is a flower of the present day. So we should be thinkers of to-day and make no reference to the thinkers or traditions of past time. "The sun shines to-day also! Let us demand our own works and laws." It is safe to say he did not doubt the existence of matter, nor did he care a straw whether it existed or not. It made no difference to him whether the image in the mind corresponds to the image outside the mind. "What difference does it make whether Orion is up there in the heavens, or some god paints the image on the firmament of the soul!"

Hume, in dealing with the Cosmos, states his propositions in logical order, and we can draw a conclusion based on the premises. Emerson's propositions are like a shooting star—we see the flash, and are dazed for an instant, but we can not tell whence it comes or where it goes. His philosophy is like the mirage in the desert—it glitters and sparkles in the distance; but if approached it vanishes, and leaves the weary caravan disappointed. Reason seeks truth, not visions.

It is safe to say that the fame of Emerson as a literary man is secure. Many Europeans have derided his theories and philosophy because they do not understand them. The originality of his thoughts, his descriptions of nature and the cleverness of his expression will be studied. What was grandest and noblest in the nature of man interested him most. He desired like Milton to ameliorate the condition of society. His spirit exists in his works and they will be treasured up and read as long as man desires the possession of the good.

The Tragic Incidents of Shakspeare

WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, '01.

THE Shaksperian plays are constructed with so much skill and subtlety that, without a knowledge of their technique, one is hardly able to appreciate them. The tragedy, with which this paper has to do, is one of the noblest of all the works of art. It treats in the most skilful manner of the workings of the passions of man, and concerns itself with his very soul.

Aristotle defined the tragedy to be "an institution of a worthy or illustrious and perfect action possessing magnitude in pleasing language, using separately the several species of imitation in its parts by men acting and not through narration; through pity and fear effecting a purification from such like passions." A more concise definition would be the overthrow of something great through the instrumentality of a tragic deed.

The tragedy is begun by an introduction which is initiative, explanatory or prefigurative. After the introduction in the case of explanatory and prefigurative introductions the main action of the play begins. The rise of the action continues; the hero in the Macbeth action and the counter-players in the Lear action, succeeding in all their undertakings, until the climax or turn in the action is reached. After the climax the action is suspended momentarily, and begins to fall commonly after some deed of violence has been committed which turns the action against the hitherto successful hero or counter-players. The catastrophe—the death of the hero and chief counter-players—is the natural outgrowth from the deed of violence or tragic incident after the climax. Such a beginning of the fall in the action is called the Tragic Incident.

From the nature and structure of the tragedy the tragic incident is essentially a most important stage in the action. The poet's purpose is to make his hero successful until a certain period is reached and then to turn the trend of events against him. This turning of events against the hero—the tragic incident—results eventually in the hero's destruction, the end to which the whole tragedy is directed.

In Shakspeare's earliest plays he did not use the tragic incident, presumably because he did not understand its value. His art improved constantly from the time his first play was

published in 1590 until he was in his full power in 1600, and the tragic incident was an addition to his tragedies that came with Shakspeare's own improvement.

That Shakspeare did not use a tragic incident in "Timon of Athens," one of his last plays, is true, but we presume he omitted the tragic incident in this play for the sake of change. In the early plays the development of the tragic incident, as we shall see, was very gradual.

In "King Henry VI.," Shakspeare's first play, there is what is called an imperfect tragic incident. The deaths of Rutland and York have very little to do with the fall of the action; they merely deepen the resentment of Edward of York and Richard of Gloster. To be a real tragic incident the killing of these persons should be the direct cause of what follows, whereas they but influence the action for a time, and that influence ceases.

In the next play, "King Richard II.," there is no tragic incident. In "King Richard III.," the next play, we have a typical example of a false tragic incident. In this play King Richard has the two princes put to death in the tower. The deed comes in the place where we should expect a tragic incident, but it has no bearing at all on what follows.

In "Romeo and Juliet" we find the first real tragic incident in Shakspeare. Romeo becomes involved in a quarrel with Tybalt, one of the rival house of Capulet, and Tybalt is slain. Romeo is banished for the murder, and from Romeo's banishment the catastrophe follows at the tomb. In nearly all the tragedies written after "Romeo and Juliet" there are real tragic incidents. In "King Henry IV." and some others, however, there are imperfect tragic and even false tragic incidents.

The tragic incidents in the Shaksperian plays are usually murders, but in some plays they are not so. In Julius Cæsar the results of the speech of Mark Antony are the tragic incident, however, principally because of its effect, which follows close upon it. Again in "Coriolanus" we take the banishment of Coriolanus to be the tragic incident. The banishment in itself is not tragic, but like the putting out of Gloster's eyes in Lear, it was thought by the Romans to be worse than death. In "Romeo and Juliet," when Friar John tells Romeo the prince has banished him, Romeo implores the good friar to say his punishment is immediate death and not banishment.

"Easter Bonnets."

FRANK F. DUKETTE, '02.

Put your bonnet to its right use; 'tis for the head.—SHAKSPERE.



LOSE on the spiritual ardor of the Easter season comes the zeal for fashion and dress. Sackcloth and ashes very materially spring forth for the woman in plumes and multi-colored ribands. None could be that irreligious and ungallant as to hint that Lent's expiration had grown into a crowning-time for the susceptible sex. Yet, at this time each young lady becomes the happy possessor of some sort of *corona* more attractive and less humble in proportion to the particular social grade of the wearer.

April days in old Italy must have brought in the bonnet; for ingenious southern beauties, careless of constancy but ever careful of adornment, first cut down the flapping rim of their serviceable old-time hat, and got credit for a new school in millinery. The steady tropical sun was less to be feared by them than the sudden gust of wind, and the scamping feet of vexed, large-eyed Italian dames grew tired of chasing the wide-brimmed "gypsy hat." The ingenuity of woman was as great then in these matters as it is now, and of course there was a real result when she put her wits to work. She first fastened her wide, sun-averting hat by means of gaudy ribbons, and, however unconsciously, made possible that dangerous, though not uncomely seaside girl. Perhaps the olive tint painted on healthy cheeks emboldened the original transgressor, or some light-thoughted enamored one said a word of compliment; for the wide rims were ruthlessly torn off, and that article of much-disputed value and of dangerous attractiveness, the bonnet, was fastened on locks no longer flowing. Behold the bonnet that first bloomed under Italian skies.

An innate religious sense strove hard with those newly crowned candidates for notice and conquest. For at an age when excuse first permitted such indulgent cares for beauty-effect, the vain ones did penance somewhat by fixing up most alluringly on the feast days of the Church. If rather self-consciously, they offered their beauty to the mother whose respectful and dutiful children, despite all their vanity, they wished to be. The mazes of First Communion veils were religiously

outgrown, and in solemn pilgrimage the older children meant no less spiritual sincerity if jaunty plaits of slender straw did insure the glances of impressible, bare-footed youths. With natural artlessness, these pure-minded, modest maidens guiltlessly adjusted the bone hat-pins without the studied pains into which these little practices were soon to degenerate. Thus did the forerunner of what was to be Fashion's most mooted question quietly and unwittingly takes its rise. How can the innocent church-loving child of that very old time be blamed if *she builded worse than she knew?*

That thoughtful bravery, as a woman would have it, robbed the native hat of some of its ugliness, and bonnets without number began to appear. The Court Ladies, powdered and primed and long ago reconciled to the artificial in dress, were not slow to take up whatever would make their out-door appearance more attractive and conspicuous. While those a step lower in grade did not stop at envy, but consoled themselves by imitation. Strange shapes and intricate geometric tilts, peeked points and a most uncertain stability, marked last century's bonnets. Where nature was not prodigal with wealth of hair, scheming maids improved on nature. Milliners did not become a hat to the head, but the natural growth of a head was increased or lessened to favor the hat. Plumes were torn from captured ostriches and bright-feathered singing birds taken from their tropical nests; newer and gaudier colors were compounded, and from like sources, notwithstanding its Protean character, the legitimate bonnet sprang forth triumphant and regal.

However evolved, this flimsy structure of bent wire and plaits has done its part to beautify woman's appearance. The same spirit that prompted the foreign dame to lay her soul, though so covered with trinkets and fineries, at the foot of her saving Crucifix, has come to our own day, until all cathedrals and meeting-houses testify to the custom. Sufficient sun filters through stained windows of a Sunday to picture entire audiences gracefully garmented and capped. Whether Easter Bonnets are becoming, or over expensive, does not matter so much after all, unless it matter greatly with the wearers. Anyway, the Easter Bonnet's fame is world-wide. If bonnet is first and church second with the society woman, then all regret the fact; for Easter Bonnets in themselves are attractive contrivances.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Notre Dame, April 14, 1900.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at Notre Dame University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

The Board of Editors.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN, '97;	
JAMES F. MURPHY, '99;	ANTHONY F. DORLEY, '00;
F. O'SHAUGHNESSY, '00;	JOHN M. BYRNE, '00;
JAMES H. MCGINNIS, '00;	PATRICK J. DWAN, '00;
VINCENT D. DWYER, '00;	WILLIAM D. FURRY, '00;
HUGH S. GALLAGHER, '00;	JOSEPH P. SHIELS, '00;
ANDREW J. SAMMON, '00;	JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, '00;
ANTHONY J. BROGAN, '01;	HARRY P. BARRY, '01;
WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, '01;	FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02;
WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, '01;	EUGENE T. AHERN, '03.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY
JOHN L. CORLEY
LEO J. KELLY
THOMAS J. MURRAY

} *Reporters.*

—In presenting our photographs we, members of the staff, desire also to offer our compliments to you, good sirs of the Faculty, to you, fellow-students, and to our many esteemed friends, wishing that this Easter-tide may be a happy one for you all!

—Again we must acknowledge a favor from our friends at Saint Mary's Academy. The beautiful pennant won by our Preparatory debating team comes as a gift from them, and it is one highly prized.

—Gen. W. A. Olmsted has been appointed on the staff of Xavier D. Shaw, Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., to arrange for the national encampment to be held at Chicago in the last week of August.

—Professor Green and the members of his family wish to express their sincere appreciation of the many favors received during the past few weeks from members of the Faculty and others at Notre Dame, also from friends at St. Mary's and in South Bend.

—On account of the illness of Professor James McLaughlin, the rendition of his new Mass that was to have been given to-morrow, has been postponed and will not occur until the following Sunday, or perhaps a week later.

—For the beautiful cover design that ornaments this number of our journal, as well as for the plan according to which the photographs of the editors are arranged, the SCHOLASTIC acknowledges its indebtedness to Professor Francis X. Ackerman.

—The University of Wisconsin has announced a very thorough course in Sociology and Economics for its Summer School. The services of Professor Franklin H. Giddings of Cornell have been secured to direct the workings of the course in Sociology. Professors Moses Coit Tyler and H. Morse Stephens of Cornell, and Jesse Macy of Iowa, will assist the regular Wisconsin force of teachers in the department of Political Science.

—Our many friends that are intending to attend this year's Commencement exercises will be pleased with the announcement that the Right Reverend John J. Glennon, D. D., of Kansas City, an able student and orator, will deliver the Oration of the Day on June 13. Besides this we have been told that Very Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, of the class of '76, now Irremovable Rector of Clinton, Iowa, has been invited to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon, June 10.

—Professor John G. Ewing of the Department of History and Economics has been appointed as a member of the committee that is to name the "American Immortals." This is no small honor for our Professor, as it indicates that he is known to be a man of sound judgment. Moreover, it proves that his ability as a historian, and his powers of discerning what men have shown themselves worthy of so high a distinction at the hands of American people, are clearly established. Prof. Ewing's appointment is an honor not only to himself but to Notre Dame as well; and the University, knowing his worth, feels certain that if the other members of the committee are as competent as he, the "American Immortals" will be well chosen.

—The latest aspect of the South African war would indicate that there has been a *resurrexit*, so to speak, in the Boer forces. The prediction that the relief of Ladysmith would be the turning-point in the war seems all to be overthrown. If there was any turn it is in favor of the Boers, for their army seems larger, their generals better and their power stronger than ever. Each daily paper that comes brings news of fresh victories for the natives and of disasters to the British. Devil's Island may not be the future home of the valiant Cronjé after all.

—Mr Arthur Hobson Quinn, an alumnus of the University of Pennsylvania, has published a very neat little book called "Pennsylvania Stories." As the title would indicate, the stories are all written about incidents that happen in the course of student life at the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Quinn has told them all in a very pleasing way, and for Penn. students they should be deeply interesting. Now who will be the first to write a book of Notre Dame stories? The ability is not lacking; the opportunity is not lacking; only the ambition and the spirit are needed to give us a volume that will be dear for the memories it treasures of our college days. The SCHOLASTIC calls on the members of its board to give this their attention.

—Next week the regular bi-monthly examination will be held in all the departments. As this is the last one before the finals in June it is well worth while to call serious attention to it. Some time in the near future the members of the Faculty will assemble to discuss the qualifications we have for diplomas, for admission to higher classes, etc., and the marks of the next examination may be very important for the affirmance or rejection of our claims. Those that rest their cause on slight foundations will not find it an easy matter to get through. Those that would make sure their claims had better seize an opportunity before it is beyond their reach. Credits can not be piled up until they become burdensome; in fact, they work the other way. The more of them a student has, the easier will be his journey. After the Easter boxes have been dealt with fairly, then let each man give the greater part of his attention to make good preparation for the examination.

Our Debating Team.

THE primaries in the debating contest are finished, and of the twenty-nine men that registered as candidates before the first preliminary, the three lucky ones have been chosen: Messrs. Ragan, McInerny and Hayes are the men left. They are now the University debating team, and on them rests the honorable duty of defending Notre Dame against the eloquence and logic of the University of Indianapolis. The question for discussion is: "Resolved, That the formation of trusts should be opposed by legislation." Our men will have the affirmative side.

The finals were held in Washington Hall last Tuesday evening. There was a great deal of enthusiasm apparent before the discussion started, as any one of the six debaters had staunch supporters in the audience who would have backed him to win a place on the team. When the discussion had finished the enthusiasm had not in the least subsided, for the showing made by each contestant was in every respect gratifying to his friends. Messrs. Kuppler, Ragan and Hayes had the affirmative; Messrs. McInerny, Sullivan and Tierney had the negative. Each man was allowed fifteen minutes to talk, with the exception of the first affirmative who had twelve minutes to open and seven minutes to close. The arguments presented on both sides were very well founded and were pretty evenly balanced. The great part of the struggle lay in delivery. Much persuasive ability was shown all through, and from the equality of the applause that followed each man's effort, the audience seemed to have much sympathy with the remarks expressed by all.

Rev. Vice-President French filled the chair as moderator. The judges were Hon. Lucius Hubbard, LL. D., Judge of the St. Joseph Circuit Court; Mr. Elmer Crockett of the South Bend *Tribune*, and Mr. William Clem, Superintendent of the St. Joseph County schools. Their decision awarded the places as follows: Ragan, first; McInerny, second; Hayes, third, and Tierney alternate.

The meeting with Indianapolis will take place at Notre Dame in Washington Hall on the evening of May second. This will be the first intercollegiate debate ever held at Notre Dame, and our representatives will spare no efforts to win it. J. F. MURPHY.

A Victory for the Preparatory School.

THE first debate between the South Bend High School and the Notre Dame Preparatory Department took place Saturday night, March 31, and resulted in a victory for our representatives. The question discussed was: "Resolved, That strikes are productive of more harm than good to the working classes." Notre Dame had the affirmative, and made it plain at the start that they did not intend to consider the strikes of the past, but would endeavor rather to prove that under existing conditions strikes are productive of more harm than good to the laborer.

Mr. William Cameron, the first speaker, unfolded the plan to be followed by the affirmative, and then proceeded to show that strikes were not necessary at the present time and that much better results could be gained by arbitration.

Mr. John Krill in supporting the negative dwelt on the success that has attended strikes in the past, and gave many good reasons why they would continue to be successful. His delivery was easy and pleasing. He was followed by Mr. William J. Egan who, while not denying that the strikes of the past were attended with beneficial results in some instances, offered arguments tending to show that the conditions have changed, and that now strikes are not only impracticable, but even detrimental. He also argued that they were the chief cause of the formation of trusts.

Miss Ida Michael took up the argument

of the negative, and contended that despite the fact that strikes are occasionally followed by evil results they should not be condemned; for the good accomplished by them is far in excess of the evil. Her argument as a whole showed a thorough understanding of the subject.

Mr. John E. Corley depicted the misery and evil caused by strikes, and dwelt particularly upon the fact that they are, as a rule, unsuccessful. His arguments were well framed and well delivered.

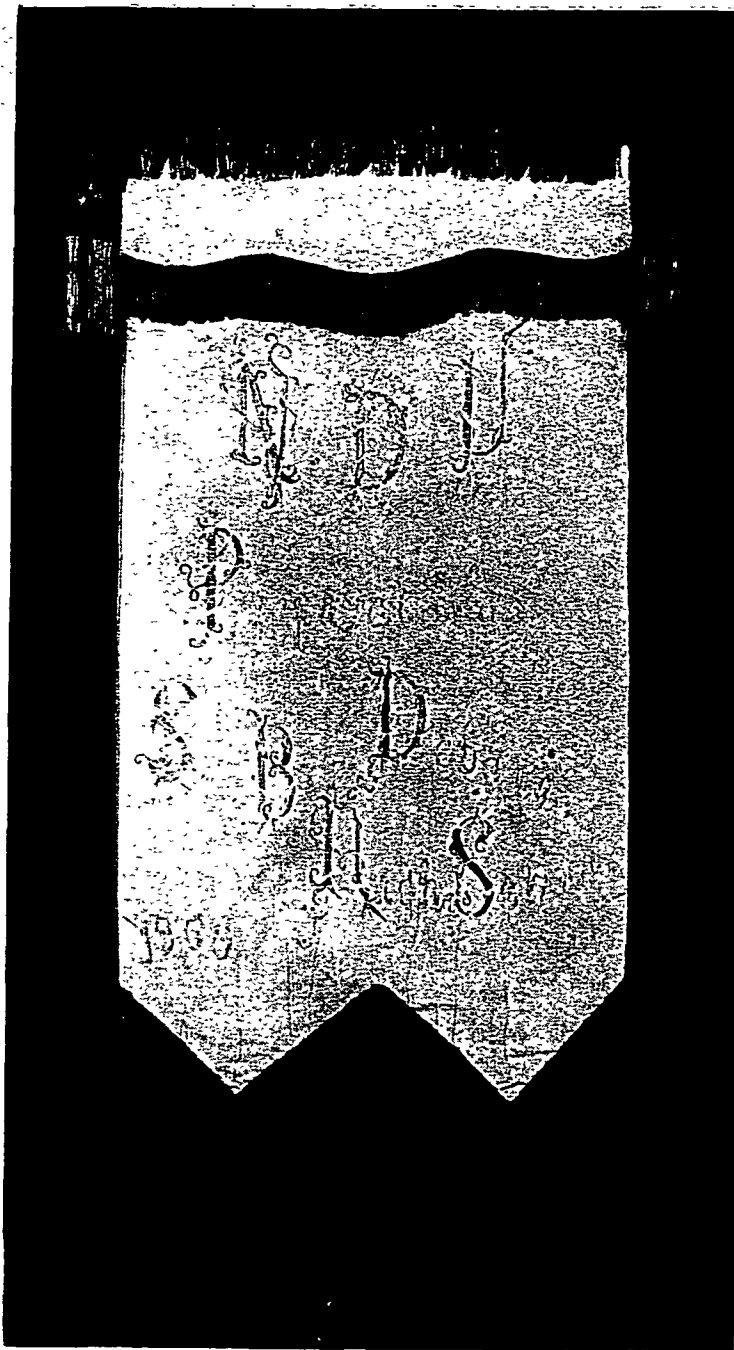
Mr. Robert Wuth, after a very strong plea for the negative, made an excellent résumé of the arguments brought forth by his colleagues. He was followed by Mr. Cameron who was given three minutes to rebut the arguments advanced by his opponents.

The judges were the Hon. Timothy E. Howard, Hon. George K. Ford and Hon. Marvin Campbell. The Rev. James J. French, Vice-President of the University, acted as chairman.

The interest and enthusiasm aroused by this debate shows that the efforts made by Professor Carmody for advancement in this line are fully appreciated by the students, and that they are beginning to realize the great benefits to be derived from work of this kind. The meeting with the High School

was gratifying. We had a strong team to oppose and one that made our boys fight every inch of ground. While congratulating our men, we wish also to congratulate the High School team, for they certainly did splendid work both in argument and in delivery.

JAMES F. MURPHY.



Pennant won in the debate against the South Bend High School by

W. J. CAMERON,

W. J. EGAN,

J. L. CORLEY.

Exchanges.

At this late day the March number of the *Buff* and *Blue* comes along from Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C. It was pretty late for us to say much to the visitor from the Capitol, but from a short chat we discovered a great improvement. The *Buff* and *Blue* tells better stories than he used to, and what is more, he tells them in a better way. Moreover, there are some historical papers in his budget that contain some very good information.

The March monthly edition of the *Ave Maria* is filled with many interesting articles. The "Notes and Remarks" in this magazine are always very timely, and, in fact, for the SCHOLASTIC's ex-man they are the best part of the magazine. Always terse, pithy and covering a wide range of subjects, these notes are very valuable to the student. Mrs. Sadlier's article on "The Plague of 1847 in Montreal" is interesting in a high degree, and it depicts scenes that are very pathetic.

The March *Stylus* is neither below nor above its ordinary standard. It comes with its usual style of essay—serious, interesting and fairly well-written, its verse lacking more in imagination than in technique, and its stories pretty good. As a matter of fact, the editorial columns of the *Stylus* are usually its best department, for rarely, if ever, is there anything carelessly written in them.

The *Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes*, published at Notre Dame under direction of Reverend William R. Connor, C. S. C., is a small pamphlet that should be read by all members of the Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception. The *Annals* makes its appearance monthly, and together with its many valuable prose articles presents some good verse contributions.

The only fault we can find with the latest issue of the *Xavier* is that it calls the SCHOLASTIC a bi-weekly, thus giving us credit for only one-half our work. We can excuse this oversight on the part of the *Xavier's* ex-man when we read the clever articles from its other staff-members. The "Letter from the Other World" is one of the best things in the April magazines. Next in importance to

this is the essay, "A Critical Analysis of Various False Theories Regarding the Origin of the Human Soul." A new editorial board has taken charge of the *Xavier*, and we predict a successful career for them, if we can use the first issue under their management as a criterion of their ability.

The April number of the *Columbia Literary Monthly* contains many things worthy of notice, especially the criticism on William Watson's Apologia, which consists of a collection of his poems with many appropriate and intelligent remarks on them. "Dorothy, Pop and I" is the title of a clever little story about two college men out on their summer vacation and the strange manner in which the vacation came to an end. The plot is perhaps a little weak, but the development is very good.

Personals.

—Miss E. McLaughlin of Boston, Mass., sister to Professor James J. McLaughlin, is visiting at the University.

—Miss Katharine Naughton, sister of Joseph Naughton (student '95-'98), was a welcome guest at Notre Dame during the week.

—C. B. Flynn and brother, John P., both old Notre Dame men, are building a smelter and operating a large mine near Monterey, Mex. The smelter is to cost £600,000.

—Mr. John F. Fennessey, A. B. '99, came out second in a class of one hundred students at the Harvard University Medical School in a competitive examination held recently.

—Rev. P. P. Klein, C. S. C., rector of Sorin Hall for the years of '90-'93, but now head of the Mission branch in Cincinnati, while on his way home from Chicago, stopped at the University to spend an evening with his old friends of the Faculty.

—Dr. Elmer Sheerer, B. S. '91, is a surgeon in the United States Army and is located with one of the Arizona regiments. His brother Charles, an old Notre Dame student, is proprietor and manager of a large ranch near Denver, Col., and Leo, another brother and ex-Notre Dame man, is in the real estate business at East St. Louis, Ill.

—William A. Fagan ('97 B. S. in Biology), the center rush on our famous '96 Varsity team, spent a few days with friends at Notre Dame and South Bend. Fagan was one of the "Immortals" of the "French Academy," a wonderful organization that existed in Sorin Hall in his days, and was usually one of the leaders in all the moves his class made.

Local Items.

—What do you think of our new cover? All complimentary remarks belong to Professor Ackerman.

—It is a pity that the excited "rooters" can not stand away from the base line and let the players alone.

—Our friends that are receiving the large Easter boxes will receive valuable assistance in disposing of them by calling at our office.

—Last week the Anti-Specials organized. Mr. Farabaugh was elected captain. The Antis should have a good team as they have nearly the whole Carroll Hall from which to choose.

—The Reverend President spent Monday and Tuesday examining the classes in St. Edward's Hall. He was more than pleased with the splendid progress the young gentlemen had made since his last visit.

—George McGee is captain of the Brownson Hall baseball aggregation. He will put his men into active training as soon as possible and will make a game fight for the inter-hall championship.

—How many will organize scrub debating teams? The regular team must have a great amount of practice before they can defeat Indianapolis, for the latter men already proved their ability by defeating DePauw.

—It seems to be an established rule that the man who gets the last put out gets the ball. It would be a good thing if in inter-hall games each team would contribute a new ball and the winner keep both balls.

—The debating team is chosen. Who are the men now that will volunteer to serve on training teams and debate against these three men so that they may be able to win the first intercollegiate debate held in Washington Hall?

—The ex-Minims defeated the Minims last Sunday in a one-sided game. The spectators were surprised at the way Louis Wagner shot over his snakes and double shoots. The Minims could not solve them, and consequently were easily beaten.

—With the advent of spring come the golf trousers again. Even "Shag" has blossomed out in the same old abbreviated overalls that he brought back from the farm. He is a little bit sore because we would not make his picture in this number large enough to show them.

—NOTICE.—This year there will be two contests in elocution—one for the collegiate and one for the preparatory students. The candidates for honors in these contests must be prepared on two selections of different characters—one serious and the other in a lighter vein. The names of the candidates,

together with the titles of their selection, must be handed to Prof. Carmody not later than the 25th inst.

—The "Preps" held a meeting last week for the purpose of electing a captain and manager of the baseball team. McCambridge was elected captain, and Mr. Krug manager. Mr. F. Turnover was elected assistant manager. The "Preps" will undoubtedly turn out the best team in Carroll Hall, and they will be called the Specials.

—The "Preps" baseball team of Carroll and the Sorin Hall team had a little dispute last week that ended in Sorin's favor by a score of 6-5. The dispute was not finished, and judging by the way the "Preps" were climbing on to Shammy's dewdrops, there would have been a different tale to tell if the game had been finished.

—The *U. of M. Daily* makes the statement that the receipts at the dual meet with our track team were the largest ever taken in at any indoor or outdoor meet held at Ann Arbor. This should be no small satisfaction to the members of our team. In fact, it is a matter that we may all feel proud of, that our team has proved the best drawing card that Michigan has found. Evidently the people at Ann Arbor have heard of our men, and consider it worth while to see them perform.

—A first latin student is responsible for the following outburst:

THE TEACHER SAID:

"Two words in Latin look alike:

The verbs 'to conquer,' and 'to bind.'

Be careful, or your name is Mike,

If 'Vincio' comes first to your mind

And while you mean 'to bind,' you make

A barbarism. For 'conquered men,'

The verb 'vincis,' do not take,

For that is worse and worse again."

—The St. Joseph Hall Debating Society held its regular meeting Wednesday evening, Messrs. O'Connor, Cameron and Claffey were elected to fill the offices of Moderator, Elocution Critic and Sergeant-at-Arms, respectively. Mr. McNamara introduced a bill (22077) to adopt the constitution drawn up by the Ways and Means Committee. The bill was hotly debated. The Count shrank from no labor to effect its adoption; but continued his unrelenting warfare till three o'clock Thursday morning when the bill received a majority vote, there being only three members left in the hall.

—At a mass meeting of Brownsonites held recently in the reading-room, an organization to be known as The Brownson Hall Athletic Club was formed, its object being to promote and support the various branches of athletics in Brownson Hall. The following officers were elected for this session: President, Patrick McDonough; Vice-President, A. C. Stephan; Secretary, Joseph P. O'Reilly; Treasurer, Charles J. Mulcrone, Manager Track and Baseball Teams, H. V. Crumley. Yale blue and maroon have been adopted as the club colors.

—The Corby Hall baseball team was called out to give the Varsity a practise game last Tuesday. Though the latter had no trouble in winning, as the score 22-0 will indicate, still there is no disputing the fact that the game was beneficial for them. What the SCHOLASTIC would suggest is that these practise games be furnished not by one hall alone—not that it is a privilege that should be denied—for their team is scarcely strong enough. We should have a team picked from the best men in all halls. It may be said too, that this picked team would not be required to play more than a few weeks, for after the regular schedule of games is begun they will not be needed.

---Elsewhere in these columns an account of the meetings held in Sorin Hall for the purpose of choosing a hall hat or cap is given by an individual whose veracity we call into question. His attempts to implicate the class of 1900 in the prolonged wrangle are as ludicrous as his efforts to conceal his own personality by "modestly" alluding to himself as "Shag the First,"—an old trick of his, by the way. The fact is that the members of the class of 1900 have had nothing whatever to do with the proceedings, despite what the quondam gentleman from Missouri says. Let it be known to the limb of the law and the pillar of the press that the members of "naughty-naught" had remained absent but interested spectators of the amusing proceedings that had been noised abroad.

—The Corby Hall baseball team made their appearance in new uniforms against the Sorin Hall aggregation. The suits are grey, with maroon lettering, the caps gray with a red "C," the stockings red with a white band in the middle, and the jerseys plain maroon. They are perhaps the prettiest suits we have seen in a long while; and who has a better right than the Corbyites to wear such suits? A little help from the Athletic Association would assist the energetic Corbyites to rush the season with a clean record. Corby won her opening game Sunday by the score of 17-7 against the Sorin Hall team. It would be a very advisable thing to form the inter-hall league, as in any case the halls will keep playing one another. If a silk pennant and individual prizes for the members of the winning team were given it would put lots of ginger into the boys, and many interesting games would result.

—The Corbyites lost the track meet last week; but we would like to ask those that suppose themselves to be the victors, if there is a trace of sportsmanlike character in winning as they did? We must give full credit to those that officiated at the meet for the way in which things took their turn. These officials were inexperienced in track athletics, and as it was the first time they appeared in such rôles, there was sufficient reason for the nervous-

ness and unstableness they displayed. When unqualified men run in the finals of a race, and circumstances that need no explanation prevent a competitor from vaulting his best, then there are causes for complaint. The Hokey Pokey boys congratulate the winners, and assure them that they can always win under similar circumstances.

ED NOTE.—The "*we*" in this item is not the editorial "*we*;" it belongs to the reporter.

—It is funny how easily the little Hokey Pokey boys are tickled, since they at last got a chance to meet their stately opponents in an athletic contest. Did the *little* boys win? Well they haven't been running around that back-yard every day to let anything like that they went up against be an obstacle to them. The Corbyites had a football eleven last fall that beat almost every team in the vicinity. They must have been a husky bunch of players because they couldn't lure their neighbors out upon the field to play a friendly game. That *was one* of the diverse things in the way of athletics that they tried. But it is evident that they couldn't succeed in accomplishing much from them that wouldn't accept a challenge. By some decree of fate, however, Brownson, Sorin, and Corby Halls met in a relay race, and it is needless to relate how easily Corby won it. Then the rainbow sprouts stood perpendicular on the little boys, but their hats were no misfits. It tickled them to see how foolish the Sorinites were at last to come out and be "shown up," for many people actually believed that the stately young men were superior to their back-yard neighbors in athletics.

---It was clearly demonstrated last Sunday afternoon that the Corby Hall baseball team has the strongest aggregation of players outside the Varsity. In the game with Sorin Hall it was an easy thing for them from the very first inning. The Hokey Pokeys (with apologies to one of our recent writers) out-classed their stately opponents in every phase of the game. We would like to ask the defeated team where they ever got the idea that they were baseball players. They should not let their imagination get the better of their common sense in such a way. The little Hokey Pokey boys learned how to play the game in their opponents' back yard. Why the Sorin Hall rooters were assisted by the Brownsonites in their yelling, but it sounded like a faint echo to the Corby yells. The only kick that the Sorinites have coming is that the umpire was fair. It was a severe task for them to abide by unquestionable decisions. Their energetic rooters were brought to silence by the continued scoring of the Corbyites, especially in the ninth inning, when the little Hokey Pokey boys lulled them to a whisper with the tune of five hits, five runs, some bases on balls, and in shutting out the stately

aggregation with whom they were playing.

—All good poems are unintelligible to a certain extent because we common mortals can not get the inspiration that animates the writer. Seldom, however, do we find one so puzzling as the following lines from the Cincinnati bard, Svensden. We offer a prize of \$1.98 to the person that can give them a plausible interpretation:

What see'st thou, full beaming moon,
In this cold and dismal glen
With the rustling of the forest leaves
Amid the stillness of the world?
Ah, could I but wander through all deep
Winding of thy light.
Sorrowful thou 'pearest through
The glimmer of the pines,
While wailing of the night winds

O see thou, full beaming moon
The last time my sorrow
As oft many a midnight
Watch through this seat.
Then, over books and paper,
A sorrowful friend, thou appearest to me.
Oh, could I only walk with thee in
Thy loving light on mountain heights
To fly with spirits around mountain glens
Live gently in thy glimmer.
Endecked from all search for knowledge,
To bathe in health in thy dew.

—The different halls at the University are having great meetings and heated discussions over the adoption of hall hats and caps. Sorin started a meeting last Sunday night, and finished it Wednesday morning. The meeting was called to order regularly at the expiration of every second minute, and for the most part this was no useless ceremony. Chairman Collins wore out the sixteen-pound hammer, and pounded the top off several tables by his vigorous rapping to stop the disorder. Members of the class of '02 came in headed by a big black Bear, and were prepared to eat anything that stood in their way. The class of '01 came in no humor to be trifled with, and were resolved to "do or bust." The naughty naughts were in hiding all the time, and voted "aye" or "no" whenever they got a signal from "Shag the First," who was standing up where his golf trousers would be in full view. The whole trouble arose over the selection of hats. The assembly decided to wear a crush hat of steel gray with Yale blue trimmings. What these trimmings should be was the all-important question. Duperier insisted that we should have earlaps and throat piece in blue, with a monogram composed of the following letters, A. J. D. N. O. L. P. D. Q. X. O. Z. C., or by the great horned duck he would not wear one. Collins rapped four minutes for order, and then talked twenty minutes for a style of hat such as the Boston Firemen wear, with history of Sorin Hall on one side and biography of himself on the other. William Monahan, Esq., declared that he would wear nothing but a silk tile; Hon. W. W. O'Brien, of the Illinois Bar Association, wished a Notre

Dame monogram, a picture of a sprinter; a baseball bat and the word, Bar, to be engraved on his sky-piece. The class of '01 called for a Gainsborough or Leghorn, but as this was refused they bolted at once. The hat proposed by Jim Taylor was adopted. It is going to be on the plan of an eastern turban with several large blue feathers and photographs of the leading crap shooters in the country.

—Let the enthusiastic admirers of their respective inter-hall track teams at Notre Dame, forget it. Whether Corby or some other hall "got the worst of it," has been discussed to such an extent that no argument at the present time would have any weight.

If the members of any hall think they have been wronged they will have an opportunity to make good their claim to the Inter-Hall Championship, May 30, when the second annual track and field games will be held on Cartier Field. The following rules will govern the meet. The captains of the different halls may enter as many men as they like. All students of the University are eligible, except

Those students who have ever won a point in an intercollegiate track meet.

Those students who have ever competed for the University on the Varsity Track Team.

The games will start promptly at 2 p. m.

Field and track events will start at the same time.

The referee will not change the order of events as laid down in the official programme.

Absolutely no person, except the officials and competitors in the events actually taking place, will be allowed inside or upon the track or enclosure.

No contestant will be permitted to compete unless he is entered from one of the different halls.

First place will count five points, second place three points, and third place one point.

A suitable medal will be given the winner in each event, and a silver medal for second.

Following is the list of events:—

TRACK EVENTS

100-Yard Dash
220-Yard Dash
440-Yard Dash
880-Yard Run
1-Mile Run
120-Yard High Hurdles
220-Yard Low Hurdles
1/4-Mile Bicycle Race
1-Mile Bicycle Race
880-Yard Walk.

FIELD EVENTS

Pole Vault
Putting 16lb Shot
Throwing 16lb Hammer
Throwing Discus
Running Broad Jump
Running High Jump.

Entries close with J. W. Eggeman, Room 13, Sorin Hall, Saturday, May 26, 1900.

The rules which will be enforced at this meet in regard to contestants are exactly the same as those rules under which the meet was conducted last spring.

No entries will be received after Saturday, May 26. Let the different halls select their captains and get down to work immediatery.