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## To-Day.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, 1902.

Was not our heart burning within us as He talked to us on the road and explained to us the Scriptures?

OF-TIMES, O Lord, my heart within me burns,

A taste of heaven I feel, I know not why;

A taste of joy too deep for mirth or sigh,

And then to live for Thee my fond heart yearns;

And then on earth no woe my mind discerns:

The vales, the hills, the mountains and the sky

In beauties are bathed by Thy light on high—

And cloudy darkness then to brightness turns.

I wonder still, O Lord, when thus we feel,

If Thou hast broken thro' our crust of sin

As thro' the tomb, and opened wide the heart

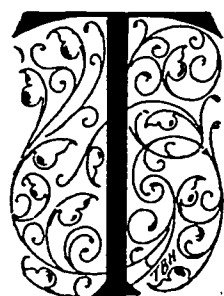
Unto the light, e'en placing angels in;

And then not minding yet what they reveal,

*Thou* walk'st with us and guidest by Thine art.

## Mary Magdalene.

GEORGE W. BURKITT, 1902.



TO-MORROW sackcloth and ashes will be changed for garments of joy, the purple and black robes of sorrow are replaced by robes of snowy white, and for the first time in forty days the joyous "Laudate Dominum" rings out. Yesterday we commemorated the death and burial of our Lord, to-morrow we shall celebrate His glorious Resurrection. In the minds of Christians many persons are intimately associated with this great event; but pre-eminent is Magdalene, the penitent, "the Saint of the Resurrection."

From the time of her repentance, Mary's life was one of love. Learning that our Lord was in the house of the Pharisee, the least

delay seemed a new crime; she could not wait for a more favourable opportunity. She did not heed the contempt of the Pharisee, nor the indignation of the honourable guests, nor did she falter at the fear that Christ would openly reprimand the untimely intrusion. Her only recommendation was the fact that in her soul was the image, though horribly distorted, of her Divine Master. Conscious of her crimes and unworthiness she did not dare to appear before His face. Prostrate at His feet she bathed them with tears, dried them with her hair, kissed them reverently, and anointed them with sweet perfumes. Eyes that once were raised in all their beauty now poured forth a flood of tears to wash away her guilt; tresses that adorned a head once lifted up in pride—"those waving locks that circled o'er a brow surpassing fair,"—were now dishevelled and wet with tears; lips that had never uttered a penitent prayer were now employed in supplications for mercy and forgiveness; perfumes that gratified only self-love now anointed the feet of Him for whom her heart was bleeding. Grief choked her speech, but her tears and sighs cried louder than a thousand voices.

"She to whom much had been forgiven now loved God the more," and henceforth Mary's whole life was devoted to her Saviour. Everything she did, everything she said, was a proof of her love. No sacrifice was too high or too dear. At the house of Simon she prodigally poured ointment over the feet of our Lord until the whole house was filled with perfume; and the avaricious Judas reproached her: "This ointment might have been sold for more than three hundred pence and given to the poor."

Amongst the foremost at the foot of the cross stood Mary Magdalene. What trials she must have undergone! But she would be with her Saviour until the end. Through love she suffered what He suffered: the nails that pierced His hands and feet, the thorns that wounded His head, entered her heart, and

she was burdened with His sorrows. At the ninth hour He was taken down from the cross, and Mary followed to the tomb. She was not content to stand on Calvary for three terrible hours; she took a last look at her Lord. The cold lips did not seem cold, the lifeless corpse did not seem lifeless to Mary Magdalene. Those lips spoke the same sweet words of love and consolation, and smiled the old smile again; the pierced hands bestowed the same benediction; and the closed eyes beamed upon her in the same kindly way.

The day seemed endless, the sun to stand still; but she kept the Sabbath. At last the shadows lengthened, and darkness fell upon the city. Mary Magdalene treaded the same road along which she followed our Lord on Good Friday. All the incidents of that terrible day were vividly recalled. She saw her Divine Master before the prætorium of Pilate; she heard the rabble cry "Crucify Him!" and again she followed on to Calvary. She threw herself at the foot of the cross still wet with His Precious Blood, and poured forth her soul in an agony of tears. The hours passed unheeded, for her Saviour again hung on the bloody cross, and all the sorrows of the Crucifixion pierced her heart.

In the East a few faint streaks of light heralded the first rays of the Easter sun. Mary embraced the cross for the last time and hastened to the sepulchre. "Fear not, He is risen," said the angel whose "face was like lightning, his raiment as snow." And Mary departed to announce the glad tidings to the disciples.

Again her love was paramount, and she watched and wept at the door of the sepulchre. "They have taken away my Lord!" This is her greatest grief. She could endure the three terrible hours of the Crucifixion because she was with Him and could see Him; she could endure the burial because she was to return with spices and ointments; she could endure the long Sabbath because her heart was at the tomb and she thought of to-morrow's visit. But to lose Him forever—oh! this was too great a grief.

"Woman, why weepest thou?"

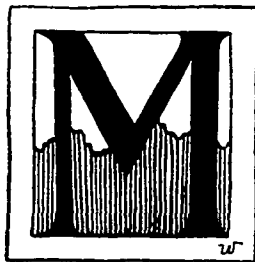
She knew Him not.

"Mary!" Oh! what a multitude of memories that one word recalled—all the scenes of the passion. Turning she fell on her knees before Him: "Master!"

At last her search was ended, and she sought no longer "the Living among the dead."

### A New Soul for English Letters?

ANTHONY J. BROGAN, 1901.



MATTHEW ARNOLD, in his essay on "Celtic Literature," says: "The Celt is always ready to react against the despotism of fact." By Celt he means the Cymri and the Gael. In his remarkable paper he notes that spirituality predominates in the nature of the Celt.

Principal Shairp, in his "Poetry of the Scottish Highlands," makes the same admission; and furthermore says that poetry must draw upon the invisible; that to have the highest art we must have a belief in the eternal; in the supernatural. The truth of this is evident, for otherwise no artist could be truly sincere, or consistently practise self-restraint. And without self-restraint there can be no art.

Both Arnold and Mr. Shairp reached the conclusion that the Cymri and the Gael have this belief in the invisible and supernatural to an eminent degree; and these critics reached such a conclusion without having access to translations that are instinct with the deepest life and spirit of the Gael, for they spoke only of the poetry of Wales and of the Highlands.

Arnold seemed conscious of a movement, which was started in his time, to embody again this spirit in the Gaelic tongue, but he hardly thought it would seriously affect English literature. He did not hint that the Celtic spirit would creep into the language of his fathers. What Principal Shairp thinks of the movement remains to be seen. But whatever its effects, or whatever the best critics may think of it, the movement is now demanding recognition. A conception of it can be had by a study of Mr. Stopford Brooke's new book, "A Treasury of Irish Poetry."

About forty years ago Sir Samuel Ferguson made a conscious effort to revive the Gaelic literature of Ireland. This he deemed could best be accomplished by giving readers, of English some notion of the treasures that were buried with the dead Gaelic tongue. He did noble and unselfish work himself, and soon other cultured men were at the task with him. His project has grown into a national movement,

but not an aggressive national movement. The men engaged in it are of every political party and religious creed. It is the one ground on which they can all meet. How great a proof is this that art has no boundaries; that it is the only universal republic! And yet the spiritual life of a people must animate a literature, otherwise it were lifeless. The more intense and national the spirit of a people, the more vivified the literature that gives expression to their soul.

This modern movement to revive Gaelic literature and produce an English literature instinct with the Gaelic spirit is followed by its disciples for the sake of poetry; but not entirely for the love of song, since the best of the workers are impelled by patriotism: a feeling like that Burns had when he wished to do something for old Scotia's sake; "to write a song at laist." Although in the allotted space we can give but a crude notion of the poetry of the new school, a word about the leaders may be of interest. The men engaged in the work are for the most part scholars.

Sir Samuel Ferguson, the first conscious toiler, had no public when he began his work. England knew nothing of buried Irish epics and lyrics; the cultured class in Ireland did not care. But Ferguson was a man of faith; he said, "My time will come." He sacrificed a good deal to follow his chosen task, for he was a writer of no mean ability in English, as his various original works in our tongue attest. He had leisure and wealth enough to allow him to follow his bent. He roved all over his native country; seeking manuscripts wherever they might be found, and picking up tales and old songs in lonesome valleys and obscure byways. He was the first scout to enter the promised land and bring back beautiful fruits to show to the tribes in the desert. He rendered some virile Gaelic poems into English, and these were his inspiration for original work. Ferguson is strong, always manly, but not always musical; yet he may be classed among the best of the translators.

After him came Doctor George Sigerson, another man of faith. He is very talented and cultured. Doctor Hyde, in a biographical sketch of him, says: "Darwin was interested in Sigerson's biological work, and Tyndall observed that his microscopic researches on the atmosphere revealed the true nature of organisms whose presence he himself had detected. His study of the 'Land Tenure and Land Classes of Ireland' was read by Mr.

Gladstone in proof, and convinced that statesman on the subject of customary rights, which he embodied in his first Land Law." He wrote many other works, professional, scientific and literary. Sigerson more than any other has united in his translations the spirit and music of the Gael. In his latest literary work, "The Bards of the Gael and the Gall," are two short poems that may give some notion of his power to carry over the rhythm of the ancient tongue. The first of these was written before the Christian era, and is attributed to Fionn McCumal, the father of the great Gaelic poet, Oisín. It is called "Winter's Approach." (It has scarcely any merit, but is useful for the sake of example).

List my lay, oxen roar,  
Winter chides, summer's o'er,  
Sinks the sun, cold winds rise  
Moans assail, ocean cries.

Ferns flush red, change hides all,  
Clanging now, gray geese call,  
Wild wings cringe, cold with rime,  
Drear, most drear, ice-frost time.

The second, the "Blackbird's Song," was written about 850 A. D. by an Irish monk on the margin of a Latin MS. which he was copying when the bird's song distracted him.

Great woods gird me now around,  
With sweet sound merle sings to me,  
My much-lined pages over  
Sings its lover minstrelsie.

Soft it sings its measured song,  
Hid among the tree-tops green;  
May God on high thus love me;  
Thus approve me all unseen.

Dr. Sigerson began his work forty years ago, and is as enthusiastic to-day as when he started as a boy. After him comes Mr. Whitely Stokes, Drs. Todhunter, Hyde Joyce, and scores of others; cultured men and women who are enraptured with the glimpses of beauty they have caught in Gaelic song. The foremost among them in our time is Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose contributions to English literature are well known. He is a finished artist, a mystic; and yet, the material he uses has always a human interest.

He believes in the world of spirits, and has almost a personal acquaintance with the hill and river gods he loves to sing about. The fairies to him are no people of an age long past. A quotation from his poem of the "Two Trees" will give a notion of the spiritual and mystical character of his work, though not of his versatility:

## THE TWO TREES.

Belovéd, gaze in thine own heart,  
 The holy tree is growing there;  
 From joy the holy branches start,  
 And all the trembling flowers they bear.  
 The changing colours of its fruit  
 Have dowered the stars with merry light;  
 The surety of its hidden root  
 Has planted quiet in the night;  
 The shaking of its leafy head  
 Has given the waves their melody,  
 And made my lips and music wed,  
 Murmuring a wizard song for thee.  
 There through bewildered branches go  
 Winged loves borne on in gentle strife,  
 Tossing and tossing to and fro  
 The flowing circle of our life,  
 When looking on their shaken hair,  
 And dreaming how they dance and dart,  
 Thine eyes grow full of tender care:  
 Belovéd, look in thine own heart.

Mr. Yeats is going to give a turn to the road travelled by the band of enthusiasts who have drawn from the fount of Ferguson. Ferguson, Sigerson, Hyde, and Todhunter have been scouts who went into the promised land and returned with sparkling grapes; but Yeats has taken up his abode in the mystical but human country. He holds that to express the spirit of the Gael does not always mean to go down into the mines of past lore, but on the contrary its full significance can be felt only by seekers who go into new and loftier spiritual domains. And these the material world does not readily offer. What he says in his "Celtic Twilight" of the "Sheanachie," or old story-teller, may be true of himself. "Perhaps by his kind the Gaelic people shall bring back the ancient simplicity and amplitude of imagination." He and his sort may be the ones who will infuse a sincere and fresher spirit into our English poetry.

This new movement can scarcely fail to affect English men of letters. And this is all the more probable when we note that those now interested are not of the Gael, but sons of the Norse and Norman as well. Ferguson, the pioneer, was of Scotch descent; Sigerson of Norse; even Yeats himself has the blood of the stranger in his veins.

This new poetry is now a high art and in the hands of consummate artists; men who, like Wordsworth, think they have a holy trust. It may affect English literature by its freshness and sincerity. Besides, the suggestive power of the old traditions, legends and myths of the Greek and Norse is becoming exhausted. They no longer call up the old images, but rather remind us of some earlier English

poems wherein they were used. The new material brought in from the Gaelic will tend to enliven the somewhat sluggish body of our language. The legends and tales of the older race are full of human interest; sparkling with sunshine, and have something of the exaggeration and simplicity of primitive life; and it is to be wished that the spiritual and sincere elements that predominate in the work of the new school will enter our English poetry.

Of late our best poets, or those reckoned our best, have paid but little attention to the life beyond. Mr. Kipling is the poet of the strong. He sings the physical conquests of his race over weaker peoples; he has to do mostly with the pomp of the earth. He performs his task in clever fashion, but is it the highest work he could set himself at? Has he shown that belief in the eternal and supernatural that Shairp holds a true poet must have? Oisín of old

Sang of battles and the breath  
 Of stormy wars and violent death,

but Oisín was a pagan.

Mr. Phillips, who is more refined than Mr. Kipling, has not shown us that he has grasped life in its entirety; he has given no evidence that the here has to do with the hereafter. Perhaps he has not been treated as his genius deserves; but in his shorter poems it is noticeable that he lays undue stress on purely physical suffering; not showing how it fits into the eternal.

The dominant rational philosophies of our day may have affected these poets, binding them to the knowable, which means to the earth. And true poetry consists in the human's effort to get away from the things of the earth. It seems now as if we had to turn to this new school of enthusiasts we have been speaking of to lead us, not back to the past with its circumscribed spiritual limits, but into new domains with boundless seas and skies and mountains no man can see the tops of, where the soul can escape from this sphere, and not vainly strive for satisfaction and heaven here. This they will unconsciously do, for such a spirit vivifies the country whose soul they are trying to express.

## A Nun.

NO pansy smiling o'er the sod,  
 Nor violet hiding in the dell,  
 Is fairer in the eye of God  
 Than thou within thy cell. A. J. B.

A Journey to Emmaus.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, 1902.



WALKING out of Jerusalem were two men of ordinary appearance. Their faces were sombre, expressive of great disappointment. The words they spoke were few and sad.

The shadow of a crucifixion still brooded on the earth. The terror that pulsed in their hearts, when, three days before, the sun was darkened and the graves gave up weird spectres, which moved amid the darkness, while houses toppled and rocks were rent on the quaking earth, was not yet all dispelled.

On the previous Friday, when the universal gloom was densest, there was a heavenly light in one place—around the cold, agonized face of the crucified Man; their hearts retained this image, but their eyes were closed to the light, and so they doubted.

And this darkness brooded over their souls. They forgot the words of the Master, "I am come as light into the world that whoever believes in Me may not remain in darkness." They forgot that He said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men to Myself."

A little before some women reported that His tomb was empty, and that angels told them He was risen; but this tale only irritated the disciples.

They thought that He had abandoned them. They did not know that the lance which pierced His side, opened a way for them and all humanity straight to His Heart.

It was toward evening; and the sun was struggling through the murky atmosphere.

As they walked along, faith struggling to regain some mastery was forced to succumb.

They talked of the past events and of Him. "Was this the King," said they, "that was to rule the earth and conquer all men? Was this He whose crown sent the blood in streams over His face, whose throne was the infamous cross?"

And so giving vent to disappointment, and yet remembering with tenderness and love the Master, they walked along.

And lo! a Stranger drew near and walked with them. A burning rebuke entered their hearts, yet they knew not who He was.

His voice was mild and full of compassion, like the Master's; but their eyes were held.

"What communications," said He, "are those that you hold with each other as you walk along?"

His sweetness irritated their troubled souls; and one, Cleophas, said: "Are you the only Stranger in Jerusalem that does not know the events that have taken place in these days?"

"What events?" He said, in a voice that won their hearts. Thereupon Cleophas told Him of Jesus of Nazareth: "We were hoping that He was to deliver us; but they have crucified Him. We loved Him; we believed in Him; for He was a great Wonder-worker. He cured all sicknesses; He even raised the dead from the corruption of the tomb. He was a mighty Prophet; but we hoped He was the Son of God. He said, 'Follow me and I will give you life everlasting;' but now He is dead. He came to establish a kingdom—His throne is the sepulchre. We were His disciples. We hoped to follow Him into His kingdom. He spoke in parables. Many things He said we did not understand. Now we go back to our former labour: we had left all things to follow Him."

"O foolish men and slow of heart to believe what the prophets have spoken!" And beginning with Moses and going through all the prophets He interpreted to them in all the Scriptures the things which concerned Himself. He showed them that Christ was not to come with power and majesty as an earthly ruler. He showed them that all the events of His holy life, from birth to death, were foretold.

As He talked the hearts of the disciples were softened. They wondered at the charm cast over them; but still their eyes were held.

And then he spoke of the Death; of the darkness: "And it shall come to pass in that day . . . that the sun shall go down at mid-day . . ."; of the burial: "My life is fallen into the pit and they have laid a stone over me"; of the desertion of His followers: "Strike the Shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered."

These words sank into the hearts of the dis-

ciples; they felt the presentiment that they were doing wrong, just as we feel it to-day. At last they drew near the village of Emmaüs, and He made as though He would go farther, but they constrained Him, saying: "Stay with us, for it is toward evening and the day is now far spent." So He went in to stay with them.

And it came to pass while He was at table, He took bread and blessed and broke and gave to them.

And their eyes were opened, and lo! they saw the wounds in His hands, and He vanished out of their sight. And they said to one another: "Were not our hearts burning within us as He talked to us on the road and explained to us the Scriptures?"

Then remorse and penitence entered their hearts: they remembered how gloomy were the last few days. They repented that His words, "In three days I shall rise again," did not sink into their souls.

They had doubted; hence they did not watch to see their Beloved Saviour rising gloriously from the tomb, with dazzling brightness, His countenance like the sun, and His raiment as snow.

They had forsaken Him; but He came to reclaim them, and now they felt the brightness of Easter instead of Good Friday's gloom.

And rising up they went back that night to Jerusalem and told the disciples what they had heard and seen.

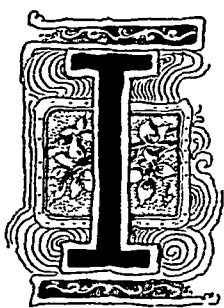
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### My Friend.

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HENRY E. BROWN, 1902.

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HAVE a card and a picture here before me, and they tell me that she is dead. She—my friend. My friend in childhood and my friend in youth, and now—a memory. And as I look at these last tidings of her, I see her smiling face again. Not as that lying portrait pictures it. Ah no! That is the picture of some new face, in some things like her, yet how far unlike! This—this that my memory calls up with all its gladsome beauty, this is my friend! And memory calls back again the many happy years of our young life, and looking back I pass again through days and weeks and months and years of blissful, childish intercourse.

I do not know when first I met her; but I have heard our parents talk about it, laughing to see us two playing before them in all the freedom and the joy of youth. I can hear my mother now telling how I was taken down to call for the first time on this young Miss, in my little baby-carriage; and how we toddled up to each other with arms and mouths stretched open wide, and met in a friendly, wide-mouthed baby kiss. Well, that may be or may not,—I can not disprove it; but sure I am that from the first of my remembrance this same little girl was my most cherished friend.

Even when we both went to the public school, and I passed through that stage of

boyhood when the girl is looked upon as worthless and a thing despised, and to be seen to talk with any girl save one's own sister is enough to draw down the wrath of the almighty "kids," we two "kept company." At first I was ignored, and then, seeing that this did not much trouble me, my boyish judges soon began to poke fun at us, and with those small mean tricks that children know they would torment us,—but to no use. We two were proof against that, and smiling went our ways, not knowing what they hinted at of love, and caring only for a pleasant hour of talk and mutual advice, once in a while, together.

And this I know, that I worked harder there at school for fear I might be passed and left behind by this bright young companion than I should ever have done had I been left alone. And soon, seeing that all their taunts and petty tricks availed them naught, the boys began to take our comradeship as something natural, albeit strange, and ceased to tease; and we, not caring whether they did tease or no, still held the best of friends.

Our families for generations back had been the best of friends, and so it was only natural that we two should be friends; and from this fact also it arose that we were often thrown together,—at parties and at festivals and on the many trips and visits our parents made together. And all the time our friendship grew more strong, and each became to the other better known than often are the members of



one family; and through this intercourse we each derived a benefit. And content with this strong friendship, seemingly to last through all the trials of many years, we did not seek the closer claim of love, and never mentioned it; but even when we had passed our childish state and come upon the wiser age of youth, stayed simply—friends. And so we were when our school course was done and I was ready to set out for college, to return—the Lord knows when.

How well I can remember that night when for the last time I went down to call,—to call for the last time at this house that had come to be for me a second home. The evening passed as usual with games and pleasing talk and childish play,—sometimes her sister and another joining in, but most we two; and how at last the time for good-bye came. I said good-bye to all her family, and last to her. And that,—it was more than I could stand. We were alone in the dim-lighted hall where we so often said good-bye before; but then it was only for the night, and now it was to be until,—the Lord knows when.

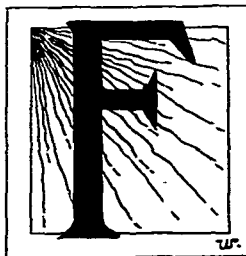
And, in spite of me, my eyes were filled as I stooped down to give the farewell kiss. And for good-bye. "You know," she whispered, "I will always be your friend." And with one long last embrace, she turned and ran upstairs; and so she went, from me, forever.

And now? This card and picture tell me she is dead? Aye, she is dead to me; and both these messages from her reiterate the fact with numbing certitude. The picture tells me that the girl I knew in those years past is dead, and in her place there is a woman, like and yet unlike my friend. And the card? It tells me in the shortest, coldest terms that before another week has passed the very name of her will die and she will wed another.

And what a fool was I! What right had I to think that she would wait for me through all these years, and still would think of me as I have always thought of her! Nay, more! What right had I to dream that she would ever look on me but as a friend! And yet, what did I hope? What was it that I yearned for and dreamed of during all the years since I left home and—friend? The Lord knows what, and so do I, but neither one will tell. She is gone from me, as she had a right to go; she was my friend, and that was all she claimed. And now, whatever betide, she is still my friend, and may the Lord protect—my friend!

### The Angel Child.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.



FOR many weeks Mrs. Steele had promised her angel child, Ruth, to take her on a visit to Dundee. Now, as Easter was approaching, and since Ruth had made great progress in her classes, almost catching up to her brother Lennie, Mrs. Steele felt in duty bound to keep her word.

Ruth had been in Dundee before, and the village tribe had not as yet fully recovered from the excitement occasioned by her entrance into their councils on that visit. The mothers of the youthful barbarians looked upon the child as the proximate cause of many of the trials and tribulations that disturbed their fledglings. Ballard Mann, the village chief, still felt a pang in his heart of hearts at the memory of her. But time heals all wounds, especially those in the heart of a boy. He had repudiated her openly when one of his henchmen hinted that Ballard had still a lingering affection for the angel child. "I don't care nothin' 'bout her!" he shouted defiantly. Well might he, for she had weakened his influence over the tribe, and had driven him into a serious difficulty which brought on his total humiliation, and kept him within doors after school for many a week after her departure.

On this former visit, she had not been in Dundee a week when she ran the affairs of the tribe in a high-handed manner. Ballard had fallen a victim to her charms, and she ordered him to get apples from a near-by orchard. As a result of his chivalry, he received a severe spanking. Eddie Lister, his first lieutenant, and after him commander in the village, laughed derisively at his chief's plight, and carried the news of his humiliation to the tribe. Besides, Eddie had been making sheep's eyes at the angel child. Ballard looked upon this as an act of treason, and as an impertinence. Then in order to prove to the angel child that he was the superior of his lieutenant he cried out in her presence:

"I can jump farther'n you, Eddie."

"Naw, you can't," cried Eddie.

"Yes, I can," said Ballard.

But Eddie again reiterated that he couldn't. It seems that they would never have come to

issue had not the child insisted on their jumping. Perhaps Eddie won, or maybe Ballard won, but the tribe were more afraid of Ballard than of Eddie, so to Ballard they gave their decision.

"I won, didn't I, Karl; didn't I, Hiram?" cried Eddie to two of his close friends, when he saw the tide going against him.

"No, he didn't!" cried Ballard as he came close to Karl and to Hiram. "Didn't I win?" and those worthies fell in line with the rest of the chief's followers. Eddie was deserted as though he were a "social leper;" but the angel child espoused his cause, claiming that he won.

Seeing the way things were going, Ballard cried: "I can beat him too in throwing. Can't I, Karl?" and Karl admitted that he could. It was then that the awful catastrophe happened that came near keeping Ballard indoors after school during the entire year. Whether or not it was that impelled by a desire to completely overshadow his rival, he threw father than usual, or whether or not the stone slipped, will never be known; but anyway, as soon as the stone left his hand a crash was heard, for a large window had been broken. The tribe immediately scattered to its various homes; each member to tell in bated breath, to his mother, the downfall of Ballard Mann.

Soon after this the child left for her father's house, and the village tribe breathed a less disturbed air. During her short stay, she had ruled as with a rod of steel. The two bravest chiefs of the tribe, Ballard Mann and Eddie Lister, had been under her sway, and had obeyed her dictates with that complacency which characterizes devoted followers. Peace once more reigned. Eddie was again content to take second place in the council of the tribe, and Ballard, after a long probation, occasioned by the fatal stone-throw, fought his way back into the admiration and the respect of his mates.

Those youthful barbarians carried on their simple way of living, imagining themselves at times to be pirates and robbers. They spoke bravely and loudly of what they would do, if they encountered a rival robber; but whenever the dark caught them any distance from home they whistled to keep themselves company as they came along the middle of the street, quickly looking from one side to the other to see that no one would suddenly spring upon them. When in one of

these boasting talks some one called Ballard's attention to the window broken the previous summer, he declared that it was all up forever between himself and the angel child, stating that "he didn't care nothin' for her."

When Ruth came to Dundee the second time she was with her mother, and fully alive to the way she had ruled before, she thought that her reign would again be established. A committee of the tribe inspected the carriage curiously as she and her mother got out. She shouted at Ballard, but that worthy was too astonished to answer. The radiance of the angel child dazzled him. Then she came out of her aunt's house and went among the village tribe boldly. They drew back somewhat abashed as they eyed her. Ballard was the first one to speak:

"When'd you come?" asked he.

"Now," answered the angel child.

"Is that your ma?" was another query.

"Uh-uh," said Ruth, "we're going to stay with cousin Grace ever so long."

A disagreeable silence followed this.

"Let's play hop-scotch," broke out the angel child.

This was addressed to Ballard. The eyes of the tribe were on him; only a few days before he had openly repudiated all mention of her, but now he could not resist the witchery of her presence and the hypnotism of her eye. To break one's word is not considered a weakness in boyville, so he followed her like a willing captive. In a short time the tribe was fast at a game of hop-scotch, and for the next few days hop-scotch was the first game in the village. The mothers of the village hopefully warned their young barbarians against following too closely in the wake of the angel child, and though each one said "yes'm," as soon as he got out he stood ready at the bidding of Ruth.

"I do not know what I can do with that child," said Mrs. Steele to her cousin Grace Griffith, as both of them watched Ruth rush across the lawn with the entire village tribe close behind. "Yesterday a number of them were playing Indian in the basement; she streaked Ballard Mann's and Eddie Lister's faces with black paint, and ruined a new duster in making a feathery crown for them. This morning shortly after I had put a clean dress on her, she came into the parlor carrying in her arms a half-drowned, dirty puppy; this she hugged with solicitude as though her heart would break. You allow her too much freedom



of the house, Grace, and as for me, she is destroying my peace of mind."

Grace pleaded for the child, though Grace had much to lament. Many of her choicest buds had been trampled underfoot by the village tribe rushing across the lawn intent on doing something suggested by Ruth; not only that, but the house itself had ceased to be held sacred. The kitchen had become a storehouse for them, and the cook was bothered continually with solicitations for cookies and sweets. Actions of this kind endeared the angel child all the more to the kind-hearted cook.

In the tribe itself things had gone wrong. Eddie Lister had refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the village chief. Ruth had urged him on in this course. And Eddie felt that if he were second in the village council he could not be first in her eyes. Ballard would not submit to his henchman throwing off allegiance and setting up an independent rule, so he proceeded to annihilate him.

"I'll paste the stuff'n out'n you, when I ketch you," he shouted to Eddie at a distance.

"You can ketch me now," holloed back Eddie.

Ballard pretended not to hear this, but two or three of the tribe that were with him reminded him of what Eddie said. By this time Eddie had turned and was walking toward his own gate.

"See! see!" said Ballard, "he's ascares. I'll laman his head when I ketch him."

Unluckily Eddie heard this and he stopped; then Ballard's companions, ever desirous of seeing two of their members in a row, urged Ballard toward him.

"See! see!" he's stoppin', they cried; "he ain't ascares."

"O yes! he is," said Ballard as he turned in the opposite way, and then some of them shouted: "Ballard Mann's ascares;" but he, with flashing eyes, turned quickly on his heel, and made for Eddie.

"Can't I lick you?" he asked as he came close to his rival.

"I dunno," said the rebellious lieutenant. "Can't I?" reiterated Ballard. "There's the Carty's blow," as he struck Eddie on the right shoulder. But the blood of Eddie was up, and as soon as Ballard struck his shoulder he struck Ballard. And then they fought and grasped each other—both of them were sobbing and weeping as they tried to throw each other to the ground. They used no "science,"

but rushed at each other swinging both hands wildly, and when they were separated they were more bodily scared than hurt, and each one of the belligerents was brought home to his mother to be comforted.

The angel child had witnessed the combat between the village chiefs, and though her sympathies during the struggle were with each alternately, this fact did not weaken her hold on their hearts and her command over their services.

Cousin Grace had arranged a party to be given in Ruth's honor Easter Saturday afternoon. Ruth was carefully washed and dressed; she was clothed in a newly made white silk frock; there was a witchery in her movements, a sparkle in her eye, and she was as restless as a fairy. In a short time the village tribe began to arrive, and with some of the youthful barbarians, their mothers. Ruth headed the contingent from one room to another, and while the ladies were busy with gossip in the parlor, she led the youngsters down into the basement to show them a litter of lately arrived kittens. Then it was that Ruth proposed that Ballard tie the clothes-line around the stove in the basement, and make a swing for the kittens. This was readily acquiesced to by Ballard. He put two poorly balancing blocks on a chair as he reached up to fasten the line; he could hardly reach it on this unstable footing as he threw the line over the pipe.

Just then the ladies in the parlor heard a crash and a series of screams, for Ballard's footing had given way, and he had fallen dragging the pipe down with him. The pipe struck him as he fell and an immense quantity of the soot had fallen on the angel child. She let forth a number of screams, for her new frock was ruined, and Ballard, believing himself mortally wounded, allowed his voice to add to the harmony of hers. In a short time the house was filled with cries of "Ma! oh, Ma!" and the entire tribe, more or less scared and covered with soot, burst into the parlor, with Ruth and Ballard close behind them and both crying strongly. The smoke from the basement came into the parlor through the ventilators, making that room uncomfortable; then many of the mothers departed with their soiled offspring.

"I do not know, Grace, what I shall do with this child," said Mrs. Steele as she slowly took off the blackened silk, but one thing is certain she leaves for Chicago to-morrow."

## Rabboni.

WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, 1901.

SILENCE and Sleep keep their sentinel watch round  
 Jerusalem's towers,  
 Calling the hours of night, while Death on the hillside  
 lamenting  
 Mourned for the mighty Lord asleep in the sepulchre  
 rock-bound.  
 Now toward the West stoop the heavens and pale  
 grow the stars in the dawning;  
 Flashes of gold all empurpled are piercing the clouds  
 to the eastward;  
 Up rise the songsters rejoicing, and, catching the sun  
 on their pinions,  
 Sparkle anew in the drops empearling the beautiful  
 garden;  
 But all the brightness of dawning strikes not on the  
 heart of the watcher,  
 Who through the long night had knelt in patience  
 awaiting the morning,  
 While through the olives the wind sang a note to  
 companion her sighing.

"Gone is my Lord from the day: I shall never again  
 behold Him,  
 Yet lo! I see Him again blood-hid on the bosom of  
 Mary,  
 When from the cross Nicodemus and Joseph of  
 Arimathea  
 Lowered His body with love to the arms of that  
 sorrowing Mother.  
 Night came not on us that day, for the sun was all  
 black at His dying,  
 And chill the ghostly gloom hung over the heads of  
 the mourners.  
 All of our love could not keep Him out of His tomb  
 on the hillside."

Passed was the Sabbath, and now on this beautiful  
 morning she sought Him,

Passing o'er Golgotha's brow where naked the cross of  
 His passion  
 Shone in the glorious light that flooded all nature with  
 beauty;  
 Down the lone hill to the garden of Joseph of Arimathea  
 Where the pale soldiers of Pilate the cenotaph anxiously  
 guarded,  
 Fearing to leave, though they knew that the tomb was  
 already deserted;  
 Now are they anxious with fear of the discipline strict  
 of the Romans;  
 But all their terror is naught compared with the grief-  
 stricken Mary:  
 Sword upon sword has been sunk in a heart that can  
 bear up no longer;  
 Loneliness like unto nights that are starless rankles in  
 the Magdalene's bosom.

Peering within the dark grave she noticed two angels  
 resplendent,  
 Who were moved by the grief of the woman, and thus  
 in compassion addressed her:  
 "Why art thou weeping, O woman, and whom dost thou  
 seek in the dawning?"  
 "Because they have taken my Lord and I know not  
 the place where they laid Him."  
 Softly the angel replied: "With the dead thou art  
 seeking the living.  
 He is not here but arisen; go tell the glad news to  
 the others."  
 Doubting she turned her about, her eyes still bedimmed  
 with her weeping,  
 There 'neath a dew-laden olive, unknown, He that was  
 dead is to meet her.  
 Strangely He gazes upon her, and gently He says to  
 her, "Mary!"  
 Simple the sound but enough, and kneeling she  
 answered, "Rabboni!"

## Easter Frocks and Bonnets.

WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, 1901.



AS the raw March winds  
 soften into the gentle blow-  
 ing of an April showery  
 day, and the snow-clad hills  
 give place to knolls of  
 green verdure, the cumber-  
 some garments of winter  
 become wearisome. The sun of an April morn-  
 ing makes one feel like freeing himself from  
 the friends of less pleasant days, and seeking  
 out raiment more comfortable. Of course,  
 these things occur more to the women folk,  
 since the matter of dress is essentially a  
 woman's problem. The weighty garments that

did good service against the searching winds  
 of January will be relegated to some nook,  
 and the milliner's art will be taxed to its  
 utmost to invent some ingenious pattern for  
 Miss May Fair's Easter gown and bonnet.  
 That industrious person, the milliner, has been  
 beyond seas to increase her stock of ideas  
 on such things, and returned from Paris  
 shops full to overflowing with suggestions for  
 fastidious customers. Dame Fashion, they say,  
 this year has elaborated rather than changed.  
 She has softened the ground-work and over-  
 laid it with myriads of dainty fabrics. Hard  
 masculine lines have been obliterated to be

replaced by blending curves, so that the Easter girl of this season may be more lissome and winsome and feminine. Plumes and brilliantly coloured feathers in profusion for her bonnet, and chiffons, taffetas and insertions (whatever these things may be) for her gown, are laid before the lucky purchaser, and she chooses with awful precision some gaudy or more subdued colours as her individual taste dictates. In the meanwhile the milliner is fashioning the loose fabrics into a bewitching gown of violet or pink or other hue, and a bonnet of indescribable films. Then on glorious Easter morning Miss May Fair steps forth faultlessly clad in her gossamer raiment, the cynosure of all eyes and the personification of loveliness.

To church of course she wends her way, and helps to fill out the picture that one sees in church on Easter morning. The organ's peal and the lady chorister's sweet soprano touch a responsive chord in the gladsome hearts of the congregation. Then as the worshipers file out after the service into the soft morning air, one handsome gown is followed by a more charming one, and the scene is one of loveliness. The spectator goes home to an Easter luncheon happy because everyone else is happy, and made good-natured by the brilliant scene he has just witnessed.

Easter frocks and bonnets, while they are a source of infinite pleasure to their wearers, are also a means of delight to others that see them. Macaulay says that the most beautiful thing in the world is a beautiful woman, and we see her at her best on Easter morning. Our eyes have been accustomed to the winter girl in sackcloth during the Lenten season and her sudden budding forth into plumes and multi-coloured ribands at Easter, affect the masculine view deeply, and render him better able to judge of woman's charms.

But these Easter frocks and bonnets are things of wonder. The intricate and myriad shapes the materials are made to assume, and the attractive arrangement of the component parts are produced by skilful hands. Some one has said that the construction of a building or the painting of a picture requires no more skill than the building of one of these remarkable gowns. This may be true, for we know that in the Exposition at Paris last summer, displays of handsome gowns were seen in very prominent and conspicuous places, and that they were given considerable notice by both sexes of every

nationality. The men looked on out of curiosity and without much enthusiasm, perhaps wondering, probably at the cause of the display, and, maybe, looking further for a trouser exhibit.

A woman's realm is the home, and to make it complete, especially since she is regarded as a major part of the home, she devotes a part of her time, and has done so since days immemorial, to her own adornment. That she has hit upon marvelous fashions, which are bewitching and at the same time unique, and continues to do so as regularly as the seasons change, should excite no surprise. Woman is naturally of an inventive turn, and the concentration of forces that she can bring to bear upon a subject so absorbing and so vital must necessarily produce some results. And since the Easter season is the universally accepted period of complete change from winter to summer clothing it is no wonder that the pretty frocks and bonnets are to be seen.

Another phase of the question of spring frocks and bonnets, not of so much concern to femininity, but more to the masculine order, is the matter of expense. The materials for neither bonnet nor gown in themselves cost comparatively a great deal; it is the design and the skill of the artisans who mould the materials into enchanting shapes that command American dollars. A dainty, frail-looking hat, not much larger nor apparently containing more substance than man's headgear, costs a fabulous sum. And the gown that sets off my Lady's charms to such advantage is a source of some worry and not a little unpleasant monologue to her dear papa. But we must have these things, and the cost can not interfere materially. For what would Easter be to us who have grown accustomed to the fashion without Easter frocks and bonnets? It would be like spring without flowers and blossoms; and we should be affected and moved by the spiritual side of the occasion and by the beauties of nature alone, while the pleasure of our own making which we have enjoyed for so many seasons, would be wanting sadly.

All hail then to the Easter girl with her smart frock and bonnet! Long may she continue to gladden the hearts of humanity!

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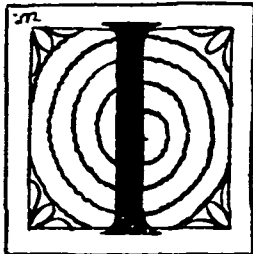
#### A Dream.

WHEN May twines roses in her hair,  
And locusts' bloom hang in the breeze,  
And Robin's note floats in the air,  
At books I'll toil beneath the trees. B. A.

## Church Music and the Annual Easter.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, 1902.

"The plain song of the choir is full of poetry, full of history, full of sanctity."



F the shortcomings in modern church music do but abide through the intervening twelve months, then the pre-arranged outbreak on Easter Sunday is the natural consequence of such a toleration.

Or, if the shortcomings are somehow beauties, then must we taste these beauties to their highest degree on Easter Sunday. The Sacrifice of the Mass thus celebrated by the various peoples in their varied musical manners at least makes for their sincerity if not always for their good sense. Religion can not entirely do without music, for even our Lord sang in company with His Apostles. Then, too, at the earliest recorded time, music had a place in public worship.

Pope John XXII. in the fourteenth century had just occasion to complain of the novelties introduced into the execution of the plain chant. Also up to Palestrina's time and, lamentable to say, always afterward, has the good Pope's criticism been timely: *Torpere non sinunt*, said Pope John:—"Let harmonies delight the ear, excite devotion and prevent the spirit of those who sing to God from drooping." Later, Palestrina sounded the true note in sacred music. Surely Palestrina's genius and mission was to disentangle the "sweet spirit of song" from mazes in which that spirit had been well-nigh lost.

Endless as are the disputes regarding the respective artistic and religious merits of the Gregorian chants, the chants of Palestrina, and the later figured music, all critics are bound to admit the beauty and appropriateness of the chants. Palestrina's music is still sung by the Pope's own choir. Beside, for the last three generations, travellers have journeyed to Rome during Holy Week particularly to hear the religious harmonies of this inspired man,—harmonies, though "ever ancient," like the beauty of divine truth, found to be "ever new."

That for sacred music in its native purity. There has long since been a woful change. The perfection of the organ, more scientific complications in harmony, the use of the natural discord, developments of melody by

means of different voices and instruments, these, where they have added much to the possibilities of the sacred service, have taken as much away. The light airs of the newly discovered opera and melodies from the brand new drama soon sifted into the church service. This because the directors of the rich patrons' amusement houses were invariably masters of the church choir. "Verily," comments one observer, "if the church does not want to make the soul dance a jig to heaven, then, in the name of common-sense, why should Master Haydn be permitted to offer the church singers a musical jig?"

The complaints of the rapid degeneracy of church music were not confined to the religious alone, for musicians themselves have not wholly lacked a sense of propriety. Mme. de Sévigné relates that Baptiste—the celebrated Lulli—on hearing at Mass one day an air which he had composed for the theatre, cried out: "Lord, Lord, I crave Your pardon. I did not write it for You!" To the other extreme was Verdi's announcement in the *Herald*: "Signor Verdi protests indignantly against his "Requiem" being played in a circus at Ferrara."

A reason that the much-lauded Masses and requiems are not religious is that in each case the composer went to an herculean effort to illustrate the words as separately and coldly taken from the ritual, instead of grasping the leading ideas to which the Church strives to give expression. Descriptive music should have no place in worship. All pains taken to make the audience hear the booming of cannon, the neighing of horses, and all harrowing vocalistic flights, while of questionable taste in any place, certainly border on the sacrilegious when applied to sacred service.

Every misconception of what proper church music consists in is sure to crop out at the grand celebration of Eastertide. While Easter rightfully is the time that most tuneful harmonies should ascend to the newly arisen Lord, there is little excuse for the chorister's ambition to overleap itself. In common, religious spirit is not encouraged by salaried soloists, nor by orchestrated accompaniments. Even Mozart's Masses, immortal as they are from a purely artistic standpoint, leave much to be desired on the religious side. Probably Gounod in his *Messe Solennelle* came nearer the true conception of Catholic music as immortalized by Palestrina than has any latter-day musician.

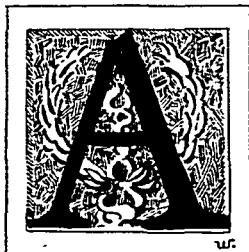
Easter Morn.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03

BORNE from near and far  
Upon the joyous breeze—  
Hark to the symphonies!  
Listen! Listen!  
Earth and sky and star  
Vibrate with one voice:  
"Rejoice! Rejoice!"  
Christ is risen!"

Unmasked.

ALBERT L. KRUG, 1902.



AGNES MORRISON turned from the telephone with an angry exclamation:

"This is really terrible!" she cried stamping her foot.

"I called up the costumers once more, and, just think of it, mother, they can not tell whether my masquerade costume can be delivered in time. The woman that does the embroidering has fallen ill very suddenly, and the work has been sent to her house. It is at the end of the world of course, Park Street, up four flights of stairs. I must go there to try on the domino."

"My dear child, it is very annoying, but were I in your place I should take one of the ready-made costumes," replied her mother.

"I could not think of such a thing. If I can not go to the ball in that blue velvet domino, I will not go at all."

"And Max?"

The angry girl shrugged her shoulders and her face assumed an expression of disgust.

"Oh! he has been boring me fearfully during the last few days. Why is there so much sickness in the city just now? He has so much to do that he can scarcely find a few moments to devote to his future wife. As if Max needed that miserable practice among the poor people, now that—" She paused.

"Now that he is to become my son-in-law, you wanted to say," threw in her mother. "I am not surprised at that, Agnes. Some persons delight in such men and their whims. Your father, for instance—"

"I do not, Mamma. Many a time I conceal a smile when Max unfolds one of his wonder-

ful ideas. He overestimates me. I do not wish to appear as anything but what I really am. Oh, how he vexes me!"

She picked nervously at a large orchid before her, and then, following a sudden impulse, rang for a servant.

"James, the coupé at once. You will go with me."

"So you are going after all," her mother ventured to say. "What shall I tell Max when he comes?"

"He will not come before evening," Agnes replied. "How could the poor man find time to look after his future wife when some washerwoman has a cough, or a little street arab skins a knee!"

At these scornful words her beautiful face assumed a look that was almost repulsive.

"Good-bye," Mamma, she said curtly, and a few moments later drove off.

Mrs. Morrison looked after her with a deep sigh. "What a time Max will have with her," she said. "Just now the poor man is in love, but what will his feelings be when he begins to expect so much from his wife's common-sense and charity? We have spoiled her; we have been too indulgent. I see now that it was very wrong of us, but it is too late." She buried her face in her hands.

In the meantime Agnes had arrived "at the end of the world." The woman she was seeking lived at the top of a house which was situated at the back of a very dirty yard.

"Oh, Heavens!" gasped the girl, "must I go through that too?" and gathering her skirts about her she crossed the yard. Agnes was accustomed to ascend the hundred steps to her drawing-master's studio several times a week. Those steps, however, were made of marble, and had gilded railings. The girl wondered how a seamstress, who, no doubt, had many rich patrons, could live at the top of a building;—and oh! those dirty worn-away steps; that mixture of bad odours! At last the young lady reached the top, scarcely daring to breathe.

"James," she said to the servant who had preceded her, "ask whether I can see Mrs. Ellsley."

The pale, thin little girl who answered the knock, gazed at the visitors with large eyes.

"Mother is somewhat better this morning," she answered. "She embroidered all night, as the work was so important."

"Good God!" said James pityingly, as he stepped aside to allow his mistress to pass.

A pale, sickly woman was seated before a large needlework frame. One of her eyes was covered with a bandage. Her busy fingers flew back and forth; her head was bent low over the work.

"Mother, a lady!"

The poor woman started, and then slowly, almost painfully, raised her head.

Agnes approached.

"Good day, Mrs. Ellsley," she said, "I am the lady that ordered that blue velvet domino. I am almost beside myself to think that I might be disappointed. Therefore, I have taken the trouble to come here and see the work for myself. If it is possible I should like to try it on. Of course,"—looking about the meanly furnished room,—“I imagined that everything would be so different. It is really too bad that I should be left in the lurch.”

"The domino shall be finished," said Mrs. Ellsley reassuringly. "Even though these pains should not leave me, I will not get up from this chair till the costume is ready. I was always punctual, but this sudden illness—and it had to attack my eyes first of all."

"Mother has had ice on her head for two days and two nights," complained the little girl, her eyes filling with tears. "The doctor has forbidden her to work, but she does it anyhow."

Agnes saw only the fingers plying the needle.

"A few dollars more will make no difference to me," she said, "but the work must be finished by eight." Can my servant get it then? If anything does not fit properly, my maid will alter it."

"At eight? I am afraid it will hardly be possible."

With a gesture of impatience Agnes bent over the work and examined it closely through her lorgnette.

"Very uneven," she scolded. "I wanted to have something extra fine this time too."

The seamstress flushed painfully.

"I repeat it once more," the girl continued, "do your best, or you may lose the patronage of the costumers. If this work is well done, you shall have orders for my wedding outfit."

"Agnes!"

An earnest, reproachful voice was heard. A fine-looking young man had stepped between the two women. His face was flushed, his eyes flashed.

Agnes started.

"Max! You here?"

The older woman had also started,

"The doctor," she cried. "But I did not think that you would take the trouble to come here again. Please do not be angry! I am really feeling better. My head still pains, but the wages—"

"Mrs. Ellsley, put down that work at once," said the doctor firmly. "You owe it to no one to sacrifice your health; perhaps your life. This young lady will find some other means—"

"Max, I am to wear that costume at the ball to-night. I can not get another now."

"But you must. Agnes, do you care to have a crime on your conscience?"

Instead of replying, Agnes walked to the door. There the girl turned:

"Good-bye," she called curtly to the woman, and then added: "Send that domino back to the costumers, and tell them that I do not want it. Max, are you coming?"

"I'll follow in a few moments," he answered.

On the homeward ride both were silent, Max, because he was deeply grieved, and Agnes on account of her obstinacy.

"A strange meeting," she said at length. "Were you up there some time before you appeared so suddenly? If so, you must have heard me."

"I saw your coupé before the house, and rushed upstairs immediately, thinking that your heart had been softened by my appeal," Max replied sadly. "I expected to find you cheering that poor woman with kind words and deeds. Oh, what a disappointment! What harsh words reached my ears! Was this my gentle Agnes, whose tenderness and warm heart I had prized so highly? How dearly must I pay for that mistake of my life; how suddenly all my hopes were shattered!"

The poor man was almost sobbing. Overcome by emotion, he covered his face with his hands for a few moments, and then helped Agnes out of the coupé.

"Are you coming to the ball to-night?" she asked hastily when they had reached the hall.

"To the masquerade? That is past. Do you not see that the mask fell from your face? Good-bye, Agnes. You have unmasked too soon."

#### Content.

CONTENTMENT seeks a whispering stream  
And lays him down where bluebells nod,  
To watch the sunny ripples gleam,  
Or skyward gaze, and haply dream;  
Forgetful then of fish and rod.

J. A.



## A Chinese Lily.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, 1903.



HE storm that drenched the city had subsided. The sky was almost cloudless and the stars glittered like a shower of sparks on a newly swept hearth. An occasional gust of wind whisked through the narrow streets and made the signs and rainbow lanterns swing to its cadence. The night was growing late, almost ten o'clock, but that was little more than high noon for the district east of Mulberry Bend. This region of strange sights and rancid odours swarmed with humanity. How many types thronged the sidewalks, who could tell? There, a priest with active step and serious face, accompanied by a little boy, disappeared up a labyrinth of stairs to where some human life was flickering in its socket. Hebrew and Italian pedlers, itinerant orators and philosophers, with long, matted beards and glassy coats, straggling soldiers and sailors, women and children—all poured along under the dragon lamps, a veritable inky stream.

Hunched up against the door-post of his laundry in Mott Street, stood Wung Lee, an impassive observer of this motley throng. Wung was one of the mysteries of Chinatown, itself the home of mystery. A few years before he had been the star tragedian in the dingy theatre in Doyers Street, and why he had abandoned the footlights for the smoothing iron could only be surmised. Rumour had it that on the eve of his departure for the Flowery Kingdom he imbibed too much Chinese brandy and lost the saving of years in a game of fan-tan. From whatever cause, his life had suffered a wondrous change. He had abandoned his old haunts and even his old friends, but he had cultivated the good-will of the children that danced every evening to the wail of a hand organ at the corner near by.

One of these was Francisco Botero who lived with his widowed mother in a miserable room on the second floor of the flat facing Wung Lee's laundry. Francisco was Wung's "lobbygar," which in the jargon of Chinatown was an epithet applied to one who carried messages for a Chinaman. Little Francisco was returning home with a few unsold copies of *El Progreso* under his arm, and as he passed

the laundry door he plucked Wung's *dylow* and looked up into his face.

"Sabbe," he murmured, "to-morrow is Easter Sunday. You keep dat promise, eh?"

He had often seen his mother decorate the little altar at home with flowers discarded from the desk, of a certain magazine editor whose office she dusted, and this led him to covet, for a similar purpose, one of the lilies that leaned toward the light from a shelf near the laundry window. Wung removed his thimble-bowled pipe, and, gazing down at the little questioner, his features relaxed, and a smile stole across his countenance.

"What you ask? Hway!" he exclaimed as he recalled his promise in response to the importunities of the little Francisco.

"Come, chilo," he added, "Wung Lee keep plomise. He good man. Hab one, two chilos heeself ober Canton way.—Hway!" and he swore an oath as if the mention of his children revived the memory of some bitter wrong.

"Flowahs backside. No take these. Come," he called, once more indulging in "pidgin" English, a language he heartily despised as became a haughty mandarin. Francisco followed, past the little counter, then up the dark stairway to a narrow corridor that led to the balcony. Wung paused to open a side door and drop on his knees before the shrine of the household god, Po-saht. He returned immediately and assured Francisco with the remark:

"Be no flaid, chil. Wung Lee no halm. Hab chilos Canton way. He see'm bimebye."

Then taking one of the earthenware pots off the teak-wood stool near the window, he descended the stairs and accompanied Francisco to the door, where, upon redeeming his word, he muttered with some show of pride:

"Wung Lee keep plomise. See?"

"Yip," responded Francisco, gleefully, and passed out to the sidewalk.

Scarcely had the sound of the door-bell died away than there arose the chorus of a thousand shrieks. Wung Lee rushed out to be knocked down almost by a vulgar Amazon with whom he collided.

"What cause? Why run?" he asked.

"Run'way team, yer blind idjit," was the reply, and the scene that followed confirmed the information so politely conveyed. Less than a block distant, a pair of horses dashed down the street. Hundreds melted into alleys and doorways, but the greater number swirled into a slow receding wave that spent itself at

the nearest street crossing. "Francisco mio! Madre di Dio!" shrieked an agonized voice from an uplifted window. It was Francisco's mother that screamed and Wung Lee understood the cause. With the foolhardiness of youth the little boy was trying to recover the flower-pot which, in the scramble for safety, had rolled from his grasp to the middle of the street. A few seconds more and the ricocheting wagon would be upon him. Wung Lee braced his lank frame and swooped like a hawk before the thundering steeds hoping to seize Francisco and bear him to the opposite curb. But too late. The boy was just in his arms when the wagon pole caught the devoted Wung on the head, and hurled both with awful force on some bales of rags outside Giovanni the Tarantine's basement. The horses were captured a moment later, and Francisco, slightly bruised and clinging to his fateful gift, was clasped up by his beloved mother.

The policeman who had come on the scene flashed his lantern on the prostrate form of Wung Lee now doubled up in a purple bundle. "Guess he's turned in his chips," was the laconic comment as he viewed the body and saw blood oozing from the ears and nostrils.

"Make way for the ambulance," he snarled. The morbid spectators slunk back, and forthwith Wung Lee was hurried off to Hudson St.

Next morning a delegation of the Tung-Gong-Choy Society, of which the injured Chinaman was a lapsed member, called at the hospital. "Dead an hour ago," remarked the clerk at the desk, and turning to an orderly that happened to be in the office:

"Say, Joyce, you were in the ward when he went off; what was that you told me he said when he regained consciousness?"

"Hanged! if I remember," replied Joyce in an undertone, "some gibberish or another; but as you're after askin' me an' the chinks might like to know, I'll see if I can recall it. O yes! here it is: 'Wung Lee keep plomise to lil Melican boy. Hab chilos ober Canton way. See'm bimebye.'"

Before early Easter Mass in the Italian church in Roosevelt Street, a pale-faced woman, dressed in black and wearing a mantilla, walked nervously up to the sanctuary rail, and besought the sacristan to place a crumpled flower in the vase before the Virgin's statue. It was the silent witness of Wung Lee's troth and heroic self-sacrifice, both inspired by love for his absent "lil chilos," whom, let us hope, he will meet "bimebye."

### Gladness and Gloom.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

OUT o'er the hills one April day  
With joyful heart I strolled,  
And all the things that 'round me lay  
The tale of nature told.

I heard a whisp'ring 'mong the trees,  
Like viewless angels' words,  
And in the perfumed passing breeze  
Came twittering of birds.

I traced each sunbeam to the earth,  
And found it playing where  
It brought some flower into birth  
And warmed the blossom there.

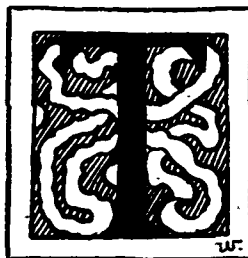
But thoughtlessly I chanced to go  
Adown the northern slope,  
And there I found a plot of snow  
Like some grief-blighted hope.

'Twas in a cold secluded spot  
By winter windstorm blown,  
Where April breezes wandered not  
And sunbeams were unknown.

And then a sadness o'er me crept,  
For there in nature's bloom,  
I saw 'twas but a single step  
From gladness into gloom.

### Sancho Panza.

HARRY P. BARRY, 1901.



HE May day was warm, exhilarating, and Jim Atkinson felt happy. He decided on spending Sunday with Miss Grace Downey, a young lady whom he had not seen since they played together as children.

Miss Downey lived in a neighboring town, twenty-one miles distant. Jim wanted to have some one to chat with him going and coming, so he asked his friend, Fred Metsker, to accompany him.

"I should be delighted to go," said Fred, "but three—well, you know the old adage."

"Never mind," interrupted Jim, "I will arrange for a quartet."

So the boys hitched up a lively team of black horses and were soon off for Sheldon.

"By the way," said Fred as he lit his

cigar, "who is the young lady you are going to see?"

"Oh! she is a pretty school ma'am,—a graduate from Vassar." So he made Fred his confidant; told him how he and Miss Downey had been playmates when they were children, and so on.

The boys chatted merrily, and before they were aware they saw the church steeples of Sheldon looking out over the tall poplar trees. After dinner the boys sat down to smoke and arrange for Fred's happiness.

"Well," said Jim as he tossed his cigar away, "I'll go up and see if Miss Downey is in and ask her to have her friend, Miss Greenwell; visit her. Then I shall return for you."

"Very well," answered Fred unconcerned.

Jim went to find Grace, but he had not gone two blocks when a sprightly young lady opened the side door of the office and inquired if a young man named Atkinson had been there. The clerk very kindly informed her that the young man was out on the veranda.

Fred overheard this conversation and said to himself, "I'll be Atkinson," and he sprang to his feet to meet Miss Downey with outstretched hand.

"I am so glad to see you, Miss Downey. I scarcely knew you, for you have changed remarkably since our childhood."

"I am sure I should not have known you," said Grace.

They chatted in a lively manner as they went toward her home; she as if they were old friends, and he now desiring to tell her who he was, but fearing it would create coldness between them, or at the least hinder her easy and genial conversation. Beside, he was somewhat of a fatalist, and he determined to let events take their course.

When they arrived at her home Miss Downey began to discuss the many clever things he had said in his letters.

"Do you know," she said, "that at your suggestion I read 'Don Quixote.' Indeed, I do not wonder that Sancho Panza was an old and tried friend of yours."

Fred had never read "Don Quixote," and as to Sancho Panza, he was a mortal that never entered into his world.

"Yes, yes," he commented rather obscurely, "Sancho Panza was a clever fellow; a man greatly to be admired."

"But," said she interrupting him, "what is

your opinion of that fair creature, Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"She was charming," indeed, said he more obscurely and vaguely; "in fact, I should not ask for a more ideal woman. She was so full of those ideal characteristics which would appeal to any sensitive soul."

She looked at him somewhat amazed, but before she could answer there was a faint knock at the door, and her friend, Miss Greenwell, entered.

Miss Greenwell had heard of Jim; in fact, she felt like an old friend, since she had heard Miss Downey mention his name so often. The confusion increased with the number of individuals. Fred was making sallies and avoiding attacks, when he saw Jim coming up the walk. What was he to do? An impulse struck him.

"Ah," said he to Miss Downey, "here is the friend I was telling you about." And when Jim stepped into the parlor Fred introduced Miss Greenwell as Miss Downey, and *vice versa*. The girls knowing that more blunders are made in formal introductions than a schoolboy makes in his first composition overlooked the mistake. Jim, of course, was a little astonished to find Fred so pleasantly chatting with the girls. However, he had no time to ask questions, for he was anxious to talk with Miss Downey, as he thought, about their childhood days. He asked Miss Greenwell several questions, and she answered with all the little touches of sympathy which gives light chats a secret and living charm. But when Jim asked if she remembered the day he threw sand in her hair she became confused, and was sure Jim did not have good sense.

In the meantime Miss Downey was getting Fred muddled. She asked him what he meant by the sentence, "The man who marries a second time does not deserve to have lost his first wife?"

"What am I to infer from this? Are you a misogynist?"

"Yes, I remember that sentence," said Fred, and he began to shatter a pet theory which he had often heard Jim advance. "Jim," said she, speaking to Fred, "I never understood the beauty of Heine until you called my attention to it."

"Heine," muttered Fred, "let me see. Yes, there is a poet in Chicago named Heine Gaboodler, but surely I never mentioned him to you."

"No, no; I mean Heine, the German poet," said Grace.

"Why yes," said Fred, "how stupid of me!" and his face flushed. He felt that he was approaching a perilous brink, for he had no knowledge of German.

"Oh! I forgot to tell you, Jim, that I have a surprise for you," said Grace. "I have telephoned your cousin Alice to come down, and I am expecting her every minute."

This latest information was of the greatest importance. He felt like a boy on the peak of a cliff where the poise is perilous, and the descent almost impossible. If Jim's cousin came into the room, and, in a burst of enthusiasm, fell into Jim's arms, his position would be untenable. There was but one way to get out of this thorn-brake, and that was to get up and go. He turned to Jim and said: "Do you not think it is time to go?—our distance is twenty-one miles."

"Surely, you will not desert us now," said Miss Downey, "especially since I am expecting your cousin Alice?"

"My cousin Alice?" cried Jim before he thought.

"No," interrupted Fred quickly, "not *your* cousin but mine."

Jim saw Fred's desire for going, but as the fun was now going his way he determined to see it out.

"Not so soon," he said, "we have plenty of time before us."—So they stayed.

Fred was restless and embarrassed. He fancied he heard Alice's step two or three times. His agony increased and his face flushed. He was out of tune with his environments. He would stay no longer, and as he stood up to go he heard a click at the outer gate.

"Alice at last!" said Grace as she started for the door.

"Stop a moment," said Fred under an impulse, "I have something to tell you before you open the door. I want to tell you that *there* is Mr. Atkinson, and I am his friend!"

Miss Downey was amazed, but she opened the door, and there stood a messenger boy. Grace took the message from him and read: "Can't come to-day.—ALICE."

#### The Mind's Eye.

BLESS the Power that makes me feel  
The beauty in a murmuring stream,  
And plans for it a use beside  
The turning of a miller's wheel.

A. B.

#### Dramatic Material in the Life of "Silken Thomas."

JOHN P. HAYES, 1901.



ISTORY has ever been one of the richest sources of material for the dramatic art, especially for plays of a serious or tragic nature. It is replete with strong characters that stand out as the embodiment of those particular qualities that interest and please us. As the aim of the drama is the expression of these qualities or feelings through imitation, the more marked the individualizing traits, and the higher the sentiment portrayed, the more fitted is the character for dramatic material.

Does the life of Thomas Fitzgerald, known familiarly in Irish history as "Silken Thomas," furnish material suitable for dramatic composition? Do the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, together with his subsequent conduct, render his career of a dramatic nature? We may justly say that the whole scene of his life presents the characters and incidents that would suffice for dramatic work of the highest type.

The story of his life is laid in the reign of Henry VIII. in Ireland; a time when England itself was beset with the greatest political and religious troubles. At the early age of twenty-one, an office of the highest responsibility was entrusted to him. His father, the Earl of Kildare, had been summoned to appear before the English court, and the young prince had been chosen to act in his stead. He was daring, impetuous and hot-tempered, and, youth-like, lacked almost wholly the faculty of discretion, which comes only with a more experienced and mature mind. This proved afterward to be his most serious fault. At a time when the very atmosphere was filled with innumerable accounts of bloody executions, the fate of the imprisoned Earl was naturally awaited with much anxiety. The report finally came that he had been put to death in the London tower. The news which greatly disturbed the young prince effected the first force in the rise of a highly dramatic action.

The Ormond faction, a powerful and bitter rival of the Geraldines, concocted a scheme to

precipitate the youthful and impetuous prince into open revolt. Letters giving detailed accounts of the Earl's death were forged and issued. The desired effect was gained. The letters confirmed the suspicions of the unwary Thomas, and without further investigation or delay, he prepared for open rebellion to avenge his father's death. He hastily called together his guards and retainers, and accompanied by the vengeful kinsmen of his clan, marched to Mary's Abbey where the privy council of the English lords was awaiting him. At his entrance the lords arose and made way for him to the chair of state; but he passionately told them that he had not come to preside over the council, but rather to inform them of the bloody execution of his father and of his own purpose of revenge. He openly accused the lords present of playing a part in the treacherous death of the Geraldine Earl. The lords were awe-stricken at the impetuosity of the young prince and the tumult among the soldiery without, whose curses and cries for vengeance resounding throughout the Abbey added to the general confusion. Alan, the Archbishop of Dublin, and Cromer, the Lord Chancellor, attempted to dissuade the youthful prince, but their words were in vain. The scene gradually reaches a climactic and highly dramatic point, when Thomas delivers up the sword of state which he had received as the Earl of Kildare. Amid the acclamations of his followers he renewed the oath of vengeance and offered to the assembled lords the sheathed sword.

"We have conspired," he said, "not like villains, but as becomes warriors and gentlemen. The sword of state is yours, not mine. I am no longer Henry Tudor's deputy; I am his foe."

The distress of the lords was undisguised. The Chancellor pleaded at great length; but it was all to no purpose. Thomas resolutely answered that they had not come to seek advice, but to declare openly their purpose.

"If you refuse, therefore, to accept this sword out of my hand," he said, "I can but cast it from me even as I here renounce all duty and allegiance to your master."

At these words he flung the sword of state upon the council table. He then hastily tore off the official robes in which he had been vested, revealing beneath a complete suit of mail. He was no longer the representative of an English earldom, but an armed and avowed rebel. The cheering and fierce exul-

tation of the Geraldine adherents contrasted well with the cries of pity from the assembled lords.

Few scenes have greater possibilities for dramatic effect than this one. The determined though unwarranted stand, taken by the young prince to avenge the murder of his father at the cost of any honour or fortune, and in the face of so great opposition appeals to us naturally in the strongest manner possible. It is without doubt the most interesting scene in the unusually dramatic career of the "Silken Thomas." The scene was scarcely over when the news gradually spread about that the imprisoned Earl was still living, and that the deception had been the result of a plot. But it was now too late for the young prince to retreat. The rebellion was begun with the greatest earnestness.

One of his first acts was to lay siege to the city of Dublin, which, with the castles of Ormond, were shortly reduced. Alan, the Archbishop, who had opposed the Geraldine cause, was seized and put to death. This unfortunate occurrence ruined any prospect of success that the cause may have had.

A sentence of excommunication was pronounced against the leaders of the rebellion, which aided materially in cutting off the support of the Geraldine party. The rebellion slowly began to wane, until the young prince was finally forced to surrender on condition that his life should be preserved. The pledge was unheeded by Henry who treacherously put to death the "Silken Thomas" and his five uncles. The news of the rebellion and the shock occasioned by the death of the young prince, overcame the grief-stricken Earl, who expired in prison.

Thus ends the scene of a life with the greatest dramatic possibilities. From first to last, the strong character of the prince asserts itself with consistency. His lack of discretion furnishes the opening for the dramatic incidents that follow, and form a unique and complete plot. The material has, above all, the unity required for an artistic work. Each incident bears directly upon the one important action. The revolt of the young prince and the consequent causes and effects tend directly toward one definite end—destruction through an unwarranted passion for revenge. The predominant qualities of the diverse characters and the interest we have in the various incidents render the career of "Silken Thomas" highly dramatic and interesting.

## Barabbas

THOU cam'st from out the gloomy place,  
 Thy wild locks knotted 'round thy face,  
 And wonder in thine eyes;  
 Thine hands against the blinding sun  
 Are held, thou know'st not where to run  
 When loud the rabble cries  
 Of "Crucify!" break on thine ear—  
 But, man of sin, thou need'st not fear.

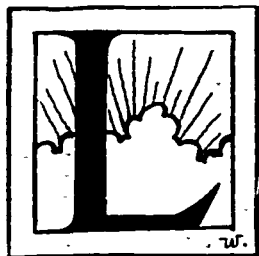
And, now, thy wonder grows to see  
 Another stand where thou shouldst be:

Behold, how meek His gaze!  
 Perhaps thy wonder is most to know  
 Who suffers death to let thee go  
 Back to thy darkened ways;  
 Alas! thou mayst go to thy grave  
 Unconscious of the Life He gave.

ANTHONY J. BROGAN, '01.

## The Easter Controversy.

LEO J. HEISER, 1902.



LENT with its sad petition, *Parce Domine*, gives way to the happy Easter time, and its alleluias. The Church to-day lays aside her signs of penance, and to-morrow will awaken to a new and joyous life with the Risen Christ. All the Catholic world celebrates the Resurrection Day in unison, and not, as of old, with a diversity of rite, which gave rise to the Easter Controversy: one hard to deal with because of its nature. It did not deal with any matter of faith, but one of discipline.

The question respecting the time for the celebration of Easter was first raised by St. Polycarp in the second century of the Christian era. It was a question destined to cause much trouble, and even threatened, at one time, to give rise to a schism.

The churches of Asia Minor, following, they said, the instructions of Saint John the Evangelist and St. Philip, celebrated the Pasch as did the Jews on the fourteenth day of the March moon. All the other churches, relying on the authority of St. Peter and St. Paul, postponed the celebration until the following Sunday. The Asiatics celebrated the feast of Easter on the third day after the Paschal meal; hence when the fourteenth day did not fall on Thursday, Easter could not be

celebrated on the proper day, Sunday. Outside of Asia Minor, the Paschal lamb was eaten on the night of Saturday, and so the Resurrection of Christ was always commemorated on Sunday. This state of affairs caused scandal, and easily led infidels to believe that it was an indication of schism. It was certainly strange that "one church should be buried in grief and wrapped in mourning and another filled with joy." Owing to this difference as to the date of Easter, trouble was caused throughout the whole ecclesiastical year; for upon this date depend the dates of all the movable feasts. The cause of the long controversy which followed this question was Rome's unwillingness to enforce her discipline where faith was not concerned.

In the year 194, during Victor's pontificate the question took a new aspect. Some began to assert, among the number Blastus, a Roman priest, that Christians were bound by divine law to celebrate the Pasch with the Jews. Pope Victor feared that any further delay in settling the controversy would result in the affecting of the Asiatics with this error. It was now time for Rome to act, because the question had become one of faith. The Pope ordered the metropolitans throughout the Church to hold synods; to consider the question of the Paschal celebration, and report their conclusions to the Holy See. In answer to the pontifical demand letters came from the bishops of Palestine, declaring that the Asiatic abuse was intrenching on matters of faith, and should be suppressed. These letters made Pope Victor more determined; he wrote to Polycrates, bishop of Ephesus, commanding him to convoke a synod of all the bishops of Asia Minor, and communicate to them the resolution of the Holy See to excommunicate all who continued to keep the Pasch on the fourteenth day of the March moon.

A synod was held in Rome under the presidency of the Pope, and another of the bishops of Pontus under the venerable Palma. Besides there were many other assemblies of bishops, and all issued the same decree: that Easter should be celebrated on the Sunday after the fourteenth March moon.

Polycrates assembled the bishops of Asia Minor, who declared that they must cling to the custom handed down to them of old. Polycrates wrote to Pope Victor and explained the tradition as they observed it. He said: "We celebrate the Paschal day inviolate; great luminaries have died in Asia. Philip one of



the twelve Apostles; John who reclined on the bosom of our Lord; Polycarp, the illustrious bishop of Smyrna; Thraseas, bishop and martyr of Eumenia; and blessed Melito, bishop of Sardis,—these all observed the day of the Pasch on the fourteenth day of the month, following the text of the Gospel and observing the rule of faith. And I, Polycrates, the humblest of the bishops, having lived sixty-five years in the service of the Lord, observe the tradition of my masters and fathers. I will not suffer myself to be alarmed by threats, knowing the words of the Apostles: 'It is better to obey God than man.'

This letter greatly grieved Victor. The bishop of Ephesus intrenched himself behind a tradition for which the Roman pontiffs had shown much consideration by tolerating it for a century and a half. Pope Victor felt that the time for compromise was past. He prepared a sentence of excommunication against the Asiatics, in which he declared them separated from the unity of the Church; but he never carried out his threat. The bishops of Asia Minor gained their point, and the affair remained a bone of contention, though it never culminated in anything like schism, until the year 325, when the first General Council of Nice was held and decreed that throughout the Catholic world Easter should be celebrated on the Sunday following the fourteenth moon after the vernal equinox.

It is quite commonly thought that there is a law prohibiting Catholics from celebrating the Pasch on the same day with the Jews; but no such law exists. This has happened several times, and will next occur in the year 1903, Pope Victor simply decreed that the feast of Easter should not be celebrated on any day of the week, but only on Sunday.

Constantine in his epistle to all the churches wrote: "It seems unworthy that we should celebrate the most holy festival with a copy of the Jewish rites and customs. And it is a great shame that there should reign dissension in regard to so solemn a feast of our religion; it is indecorous that on the same day some should be fasting and some banqueting; that after the Pasch some should be fasting for the remission of sin and others keeping the prescribed fasts."

The decree of the Council of Nice has never been disputed. The Catholic world accepted it as a gift of God; for whatever is agreed upon in the holy councils of bishops must be attributed to the Divine will.

### The Easter Liturgy.

JOHN JOSEPH HENNESSY, 1902.

Oh music! no longer lamenting  
On pinions of tremulous flame,  
Go soaring to meet the Belovéd,  
And swell the sweet song of His fame.



HE robin has returned; all nature has assumed a cheerful aspect: the trees send forth tender blossoms, the stalks peep above the surface of the earth, and soon the air will be filled with the perfume of many flowers. This grand display of nature, this miraculous awakening from the dead, is but a faint image of that joy with which the entire Church is radiant this Easter morning; of that grandeur and sublimity which she exhibits in her liturgy, and above all of that supernatural feeling that pervades every Christian heart. The Church now celebrates the feast without which our faith were vain and our hopes unfounded; and is it any wonder that the liturgy which she uses should be the sublimest that man can conceive! To celebrate Easter in unison with the rites and ceremonies of the Church is to have a foretaste of Paradise where the everlasting Easter is celebrated.

As the beauty of anything can be best seen and admired only by contrast, the Church in her wisdom has used this means in her sacred liturgy. For weeks she has been in mourning; her ministers have been clothed in purple, and the joyous *alleluia* and the triumphant *Gloria* were not allowed to escape their lips. All this was to increase her Easter joy. Now the purple of Lent is laid aside for the white of Easter; the *alleluias* and the *Glorias* now break forth in a most unceasing strain; the bells, which we have not heard for a week, peal forth once more. During the days since Palm Sunday, the awful *Miserere* has ever sounded in our ears, and we have followed Christ to Calvary, so now we must rejoice, for "The children of the Bridegroom can not mourn as long as the Bridegroom is with them." How can we mourn when we are celebrating our greatest feast! "Easter, with its three admirable manifestations of divine love and power—the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost—yes, Easter is the perfection of the work of our redemption."

On Good Friday we had no Mass, "For,"

says Saint Thomas, "it is not becoming to represent the Passion of Christ mystically by the consecration of the Eucharist, whilst the Church is celebrating it as if really happening." On Holy Saturday the Church does not permit her ministers to celebrate Low Mass; but the Solemn High Mass, which properly belongs to midnight, is now celebrated in the morning, so that the ritual used by the Church on Holy Saturday is the ritual of Easter itself, that is, from midnight to Sunday morning, during which time the Resurrection took place.

"*Lumen Christi!*" sings the deacon on entering the church with the newly-blest fire. This is the everlasting flame of heaven's joy which enlighteneth the darkness. Our rejoicing soon begins, for the deacon before the blessing of the Paschal candle sings: "*Exultet jam angelica turba cœlorum.*" That this ceremony of the Paschal candle belonged to Saturday night can easily be inferred from the prayers used. "*In hujus igitur noctis,*" the deacon sings, and he also repeats five times the words: "*Hæc nox est.*" It is the night in which the Israelites fled from Egypt and crossed the Red Sea; and although the Christian Pasch and the Jewish Pasch are not now celebrated on the same day, still out of respect, the Church does not change the prayers of her liturgy.

When we assisted at Mass during Holy Week our attention was fixed exclusively upon the altar as a new Calvary. During Eastertide the Lamb is living; He is resplendent with glory. Many of the prayers used in the Mass of Holy Saturday go to show that this Mass was formerly celebrated at midnight. In the Sequence is read a part of the Gospel of Saint Matthew beginning with the words: "*Vespere autem sabbati, quæ lucescit in prima sabbati, venit Maria. . . videre sepulcrum.*" "For a week we have not heard the sound of a bell, but at the *Gloria*, to-day, all the bells peal forth once more. After the *Gloria* the Church reminds us again that it is night-time, when the celebrant says: "O God who enlightenest this most sacred night by the glory of the Resurrection of our Lord." The angels now join the chorus of millions of men in singing: "*Regina cœli, lætare. Alleluia!*"

Liturgical writers tell us that up to the present day the faithful of Bohemia, Hungary and Poland spend the night of Easter eve in prayer in their churches, and at daybreak the Blessed Sacrament is taken from the sepulchre and a Solemn Benediction is given. Father O'Brien in his work on the Mass says: "One

of the most gorgeous displays of ritual ever known is to be witnessed in Russia at the Midnight Mass of Easter. As soon as twelve o'clock is announced, the numberless bells of the Kremlin toll and are answered by those of Moscow. At the sound every inhabitant arises and repairs to the church to hear the news of the risen Saviour. The whole city is ablaze, every window has a light, and a torch burns at the corner of every street. Men, women and children carry lights in their hands."

It was once a part of the sacred liturgy that the faithful give each other the "kiss of peace" on Easter Sunday, using the words: "*Surrexit Christus;*" and in the Greek liturgy we find that a very beautiful hymn was sung during this ceremony. Here are a few lines of it:

"The most joyous Pasch, the Pasch of the Lord, has shone upon us! Let us embrace each other with joy. . . . It is the Resurrection Day; let us be radiant with joy as we keep the feast."

The liturgy of Easter is so arranged as to satisfy and even captivate the most carnal minds. The whole Eastertide is as one long Sunday; one continual feast; one whole season of rejoicing. The days are not marred by fasts, and the alleluias never cease. The week following Easter Sunday was formerly ordered to be kept holy, and all servile work had to be laid aside; and liturgical writers tell us that the faithful of the early Church loved the sacred liturgy so much that they joyfully spent the whole week in songs of praise, following all the services. Now, however, this week has dwindled down to one day—Easter Monday.

In the liturgy of Eastertide the Church has embodied all the proofs of our Saviour's Resurrection. Thus in the Vespers of Easter Sunday are contained the words of our Lord:

"Vide, Thoma, vide latus,  
Vide pedes, vide manus;  
Noli esse incredulus."

Then further on are read:

"Quando, Thomas, Christi latus,  
Pedes vidit atque manus,  
Dixit: 'Tu es Deus meus.'"

The alleluia is added after each stanza, and its frequent repetition is one of the distinguishing marks of the Easter liturgy.

*Gaude et lætare* is what the liturgy of Easter wishes us to do; and this joy will be increased if we repeat with the disciples at Emmaus, who, when they were overpowered with joy cried out:

"Mane nobiscum, Domine,  
Quoniam advesperascit."

To Chatterton.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

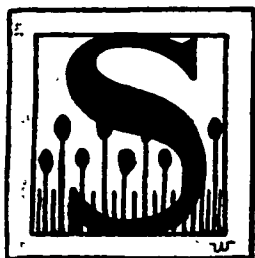
HE struck a few immortal chords,  
Despairing died;  
We pitied him; in vain we sighed,  
That he whose life bark tempest tossed,  
Its precious cargo then had lost  
It should to fairer lands have crossed,  
On life's full tide.

We weave our laurels round his name,  
For well we knew  
He was of God's own chosen few,  
For oft wild, plaintive notes he'd sing;  
Their echoes in our souls yet ring.  
Wild roses to his grave we bring,  
And tokens true.

We're sad whene'er we think of him,  
This source of light;  
Though wrapt in doubt and lost in night,  
He sought and seeking learned to love.  
We know he placed his hope above,  
Though hoping, yet in vain he strove,  
And fell in fight.

A Plea for the Greek Pentathlon in College Athletics.

JOHN M. LILLY, 1901.



SIR HENRY MAINE has said that "except the forces of nature, nothing moves in the world that is not Greek in origin." This statement may at first sight appear too broad and incredible, still it is in a great measure true that much that is beautiful, enlightening and progressive in the world to-day is received from the ancients: "A rich inheritance beautifully changed into something new and strange, yet always recognizable." Does not Greek architecture and sculpture stand far ahead of anything produced in modern times? Is not the study of Greek one of the essentials for a thorough education? Yes; even college athletics are but the survival of the famous "Pentathlon," or Olympian games. And we must recognize and appreciate these Grecian influences, for only after they have been intellectually apprehended do they become potent and helpful.

It is not the purpose of this paper to point out the advantages accruing from the Greeks, but merely to make a short plea for the "Pen-

tathlon" (five contests) in college athletics.

The Greeks always held that a sound mind and a sound body were indispensable to a nation's growth and prosperity; and should either of these be lacking, the downfall or death of the government was imminent. With this view in mind, they established the public games.

Probably no institution was so powerful as these contests in producing the strange physical and intellectual grace and beauty that is so noticeable in Grecian art and literature. These games were closely connected with the religion of the people, and after the sacrifice there was no more essential element in the festivities than the competitive games. For them each youth was trained ten months. They were a sort of central market where poet, artist, and merchant brought his wares, and they furnished the strongest bond of union for the different tribes.

True, these games are not purely Grecian. Thucydides says "That among the Barbarians of Asia boxing and wrestling matches were common," but it was only under the guidance of the supreme Grecian intellect that they became perfect. Probably the first Grecian games were those at the funeral of Patroclus described in the twenty-third book of the Iliad; or those in which the Greeks were contending when Xerxes and the Persian army were before Thermopylæ. Xerxes was astonished, not because they had these contests, but at them striving for no other prize than a garland of wild olive.

These wreaths or prizes were considered the greatest honour that a youth could receive, and were left behind in the sanctuary of the god. Unlike barbarous nations, the Greeks never mutilated their bodies, believing that a perfectly developed and robust form was most pleasing to the gods. "The gods," they say, "love that alone which is strong, vigorous and healthful, and they despise anything that is weak or puny." From this point of view the culture of the youth was conducted.

We have no knowledge of Greeks without competitive games. Homer describes the Ionians celebrating even the national festivals by competitive games; but a fixed system appeared first in the Dorian States,—in Crete and afterward in Sparta.

The first training schools, called "Gymnasia," were established in the Dorian States. In the "Gymnasia" the bodily frame alone was developed. Intellectual training was deemed

of little importance by the rulers, since the strength of the state depended solely on the good condition of the soldiers. But the word "Gymnasia" afterward obtained a broader signification, and we find among the later Greeks and the early Romans a gymnasium where both intellectual and bodily development was fostered.

In the Dorian States we find the beginning of the great "Pentathlon," or Olympian games, that afterward became universal throughout Greece. These games have never been equalled, and have remained the most celebrated of Grecian festivals. At daybreak the contestants presented themselves before the judges, proved that they were of pure Grecian descent and had no stain on their character. They next solemnly swore on the "bleeding victim" that they had qualified themselves by ten months of training and that they would use neither trickery nor fraudulent measures to win the contest. The contestants then stripped and anointed themselves. A herald proclaimed: "Let the runners put their feet to the line," and then called on the audience to protest anyone disqualified by blood or character. If there were no protests the trumpet sounded, the contestants entered, and the games began.

We now have leaping, running, and throwing the discus in our intercollegiate contest. Why not complete the series by adding spear-throwing and wrestling? Both are purely athletic and require the development of every muscle. Spear-throwing is not difficult, but very interesting; and that the games be made as interesting as possible is a very important consideration. Wrestling was the deciding event of the "Pentathlon," because the Greeks thought it the most interesting and a true test of an athlete's perfection. Every college man should learn to wrestle. To be able to use the natural means of defense is of some importance, and the best way to acquire skill in wrestling is to introduce it into intercollegiate contests.

The physical and moral development that the "Pentathlon" exercised over the Grecian youth can not be too highly estimated; and it is safe to say that the "Pentathlon" would exercise the same influence over the youth of to-day. Excluding, as they did, all consideration of gain, all gratification of passion, these games have been the direct cause of that noble, manly, self-sacrificing character so prominent in Grecian literature.

### Easter in Rome.

JOHN P. O'HARA, 1902.



HACKERAY, in one of Clive Newcome's letters to Pendennis from Rome describing the Easter ceremonies, makes the young man say: "There must be moments, in Rome especially, when every man of friendly heart who writes himself English and Protestant must feel a pang at thinking that he and his countrymen are insulated from European Christendom." He confesses to a feeling of awful pleasure to which so many have attested upon witnessing the ceremonies of Holy Week at the Vatican. In our own day Dr. Lyman Abbott has said: "If Luther could see the crowd of his professed followers that throng the Sistine Chapel, and, under the influence of its music, yield themselves to the influences of the place, and bow in genuine though transient adoration, he might almost burst from his grave to inaugurate a new reformation."

The intrinsic beauty that the services have, wherever performed, is enhanced by the fitness and magnificence of the setting which the Vatican offers. Formerly many of the churches in the city of Rome saw parts of the Papal ceremonies, but at present they are restricted to the Basilica of St. Peter's, the Sistine and Pauline chapels. The exposition of the relics of the Passion on Good Friday and the Papal Mass on Easter Sunday take place in Saint Peter's. The repository for the Blessed Sacrament from Thursday morning till Friday morning is in the Pauline Chapel. The other ceremonies are performed in the Sistine chapel. It was, in fact, for the celebration of these ceremonies that the chapel was built by Sixtus IV. in the latter part of the fifteenth century.

The services in Rome are, in the main, the same as those performed throughout the Church. The whole week is one of sorrow and of mourning. The sadness of the season is first observed on Palm Sunday when the Passion according to St. Matthew is chanted as the Gospel. On Monday and Tuesday there is a deep religious pathos running through the Church's liturgy, but no ceremony peculiar to those days. On Wednesday evening are

begun the offices of Tenebræ which are continued on Thursday and Friday. During these offices the sorrow evident in all the prayers and services of the week is intensified by the singing of the Lamentations of Jeremiah and the well-known music of the *Miserere*. Owing to the commemoration on Thursday of the institution of the Blessed Eucharist, the prevailing sorrow is mitigated somewhat. White vestments are worn at the Mass, and the *Gloria* is sung. When this tribute of gratitude has been paid everything again gives way to grief. The altar is stripped not only of its ornaments but of its ordinary coverings. The usual purple worn during the Lenten season is replaced by the more mournful black. As it has been a custom from the earliest times to omit the consecration on Good Friday, a previously consecrated Host is, after the Mass on Holy Thursday, carried in solemn procession and placed in the "Sepulchre" in the Pauline Chapel.

On Good Friday the services are mournful throughout. The Passion according to Saint John is chanted. The veneration of the crucifix follows, during which are sung the *Improperia*, which consist of mild reproaches placed in our Saviour's mouth to the Jews for their ungratefulness. In the afternoon the office of Tenebræ is finished, and the Pontiff with all his court descends from the Sistine to Saint Peter's for the veneration of the relics of our Lord's passion there kept.

Holy Saturday has been especially reserved for conferring Holy Orders and for the baptism and confirmation of converted Jews and Mohammedans. The services peculiar to the season performed on this day are the blessing of the new fire and of the Paschal candle. With Easter morning all signs of sorrow have disappeared. The religious ceremonies are concluded with the Easter Mass sung in St. Peter's by the Pope. It was formerly the custom for the Pontiff to be carried in brilliant procession to the balcony beside the Pauline Chapel, and there to give his solemn benediction, *urbi et orbi*, to Rome and the world, but this and many other ceremonies ceased when he became a prisoner in the Vatican.

The ceremonies have not been framed by cold and formal enactment, but have been formed gradually under the influence of the religious spirit of each age until they have acquired a consistent unity. Some, as the blessing of the Paschal candle, arose before the Church had emerged from the Catacombs.

In those days of persecution and restricted action the ceremonial naturally took a humble and simple form. There is still preserved a custom begun under the old penitential system. As is well known, in the old days one that had committed a grievous offence was liable to be cut off from the communion of the faithful and be made to expiate his fault publicly. Absolution in those cases was granted only during Holy Week. Although the system of public penance has ceased, absolution is withheld in many cases for the decision of the Cardinal-Penitentiary.

The conservatism of Rome has preserved many forms and customs which once were general but which are now unused beyond the Vatican walls. Among the hymns of Holy Week there is retained the only known example of the Church's ancient rhythmic chant. In this chant there was no written distinction of length in the notes. The quantity of the syllables was followed so as to express the prosody of the poem. The piece which remains is the hymn, "Pange lingua gloriosi, lauream certaminis," sung on Good Friday during the veneration of the crucifix. Another musical composition, remarkable alike for its value as music and for its history, is used exclusively during Holy Week. This is Palestrina's famous "Missa Papæ Marcelli." Many abuses had found their way into sacred music through relaxation of discipline. Profane and vulgar airs were chosen, and church music fell into a deplorable condition, especially during the period that the Papal residence was at Avignon. The Council of Trent decreed the abolition of these abuses, and a commission was appointed to carry the reform into effect. Palestrina, who had achieved some fame as a musician, was commissioned to write a suitable Mass. He was warned at the same time, that if he failed music would be forever banished from divine service as a thing profane. The result of his labour is the beautiful Mass sung at the Sistine on Holy Saturday.

In these Easter services, as in many of the services of the Church, may be noted a representative rather than a merely commemorative or historical character. They are dramatic in the best sense of the word. It is not meant by this that they are theatrical; the term dramatic is applied to their poetry, not to their external setting. At all events, whatever they have of the pageant, they assuredly did not receive from the theatre, and it is of that higher kind which the dignity of the action demands.



# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC



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Reporters.

—Mr. Orrin White, '02, has designed the cover for the Easter number of the SCHOLASTIC. It is an artistic production, and we compliment the versatile junior on his taste and talent. He also designed the cover of the Christmas number, and did it so well that it was adopted for the weekly SCHOLASTIC; so we should be doubly grateful to Mr. White.

—In less than two weeks our baseball nine will play their first game. A victory then will mean much to them for the rest of the season, and we can help them to win by good rooting. In the last number of the SCHOLASTIC we dwelt on this at some length; repetition is needless. But don't you think, fellows, it is time for the halls to organize, work out a system and appoint yell marshalls?

—A writer in the March *Bookman* comments on the strangeness of a Russian tramp, Maximilian Gorki, turning novelist. This is not so wonderful, after all, when we remember the great number of literary men who have been tramps of some kind at some period of their lives. Shakspeare, from what we know of him, left Avon very like a tramp, and might

have continued one like M. Gorki if he had not broken in on the London stage; Camoens was a tramp, though men called such wanderers soldiers of fortune in his day; Homer, we understand, was a professional rover, and, even, our own Mark Twain has had some experience on the road in his younger days. About a week ago M. Gorki's countryman, Tolstoi, was started off on a long tramp by his government. The scribe in the *Bookman* should not marvel at all because he has found a single literary tramp; The wonder is there is not more of them in our day considering the treatment the best literary men receive at the hands of the intelligent reading public.

—We the members of the editorial staff this week present our pictures to our tolerant readers. We are indebted to Professor F. X. Ackermann for the artistic arrangement of the photographs. We sincerely thank him for helping to make the typical number of the SCHOLASTIC as presentable as possible.

We would like our student readers to notice that more than half a dozen of the faces in the picture have '01 printed under them; and this means that some of our names will not be on the staff next year; that we will part with many dear associates no matter how loath we may be. Not the least dear will be the happy old SCHOLASTIC, for though we may have harrowed our brains at times trying to scrape up something for its pages, there were other times when we had to hold both our sides in laughter because its columns gave a chance to send broadcast a harmless joke on our less privileged fellows. But the thoughts of what was and what will be lead us off—so to get back. These vacant places on the staff must be filled, and with the *best* men here. That it may be possible to choose the best, aspirants for the places should turn in copy between now and June. We have no other just way of deciding who should take up the pens of the scribes passing out.

This year the SCHOLASTIC has been very fortunate in the choice of men. All have done their duty, and have performed it in an earnest and honorable manner. The men with special columns to fill have invariably been prompt; the reporters must have staid up nights looking for jokes on their beloved classmates. They have at any rate proved themselves "fellows of infinite jest." The SCHOLASTIC is heartily thankful.



## An Hour in the Art Studio.

A VISIT to the Art Studio is always pleasurable. And it is also profitable, for Professor Paradis, who is an enthusiast in his work, unconsciously imparts much useful information on a subject somewhat esoteric. The Studio is in a rather secluded place at the northeast end of the University Building, and has an atmosphere distinctly its own. To one who has been used to the hubbub and strife of the other class-rooms there is a quiet and calm in the art room that is soothing.

If the visitor to the Studio after examining the models, casts and prints of the works of the best Masters, takes pains to look at the work of Professor Paradis' art students he will find much that will interest him. At present they are studying water-colours, first having been made familiar with light and shadow.

Some of the studies in light and shadow are of a high order for students who can give only a few hours a day to their work. There is a medallion of Savonarola by Frank Van Dyke that makes a very good and clear impression on the observer. Mr. Willard has a study of the Discobolus of Myron that is rather clever, and he has also an excellent study of the Venus of Milo.

Mr. Putnma's head of boy after Donatello is carefully finished and has merit. Mr. Rayneri's architectural drawings attract attention; they have the boldness of innate talent about them.

Mr. John Worden is the most versatile of the art students; and he is also the best. He has some studies in oil painting, being ahead of his class in this respect. His work so far has been in still-life, and shows careful finish and some strength and originality in his stroke. He designed the cover for the programme of the play, *Hamlet*, a neat piece of work. At present he is working at one of Michael Angelo's captives; a rather difficult task, for his study is much larger than the ordinary academic size.

There are some promising students among the members of the elementary drawing class: Messrs. Uffendall, Trentman and Kasper being the best. The visitor is sure to be surprised at the excellence of the work of the more advanced students, and after an interesting chat with Prof. Paradis over the models he will leave the Art Studio well satisfied that he had climbed an extra flight of stairs from the Library floor to visit it.

## Notre Dame Athletes at St. Louis.

SOME months ago the Saint Louis U. A. A. determined to have an indoor track meet for the purpose of arousing interest in track Athletics in St. Louis, and extended Notre Dame an invitation to compete. Manager Eggeman accepted the invitation at the last minute, and took five of our sturdy athletes to the Missouri metropolis to try conclusions with St. Louis' cracks. The meet proved to be a runaway for our fellows, although they had not trained very earnestly for the occasion.

In the fifty-yard dash and the half-mile run our men finished one, two and three. In the relay race with St. Louis University as our competitor, Notre Dame men merely loped around, winning hands down. In the half-mile and the two hundred and twenty yard dash, Uffendall and Corcoran respectively clipped world's records; Corcoran making the same time he did here on March 9, and Uffendall going the distance two seconds faster than Mann's time at Milwaukee. These records may not be accepted since there was only one watch, and no one to vouch for the measurement of the track.

Our fellows, besides bringing home many trophies as proof of their excellent performances, made a very favorable impression in St. Louis. One paper states: "The Notre Dame men showed clean style, good ability and thorough sportsmanship in the meet, and made many friends in the city." All the other dailies request that in the meets to be held in St. Louis in the future Notre Dame's athletes be asked to compete. Our men while in St. Louis received most hospitable and gentlemanly treatment.

Fred Powers and John Eggeman gave exhibitions in putting the shot, and Fred competed in the pole vault and high jump, surprising even himself in these events. The summary is as follows:

Fifty-yard dash, Final heat—P. J. Corcoran, N. D. U., scratch, first; R. Glynn, N. D. U., two feet, second; J. F. Murphy, N. D. U., four feet, third; W. Hoffman, St. L. U., six feet, fourth. Time, :05.3-5.

Intercollegiate relay—Notre Dame, first (J. Murphy, W. Uffendall, W. Herbert and P. Corcoran); St. Louis U., second (Desloge, Hoffman, Mohrman and Maloney). Time, 2:33.

Half-mile run—W. Uffendall, N. D. U., scratch, first; W. Herbert, N. D. U., twenty-five yards, second; J. F. Murphy, N. D. U., ten yards, third. Time, 2:01.4-5.

Preparatory relay race—Marquette School, first; St. Louis, U. Jrs., second; Crow School, third.

## Carroll vs. Chicago Manual Training.

THE young athletes of Carroll Hall proved their mettle last Saturday afternoon by easily defeating the crack track team of the Chicago Manual Training School in the new gym, scoring 59 points to their opponent's 30. The Carrollites won the sprints, the hurdles, the half mile, and the running broad jump, and captured seconds and thirds in all the other events. Quinlan and Riley were the best performers for Carroll Hall. Quinlan made 18 feet 11 inches in the running broad jump, a wonderful performance for a youngster. Stewart Riley ran in splen-

dash, Crowley in the high jump, and Quinlan in the low hurdles and broad jump. Reichardt and Dolan, two of Carroll Hall's best athletes, do not appear in the accompanying picture, nor were they in the meet on Saturday, owing to their temporary absence from the college. McCormick, who holds the Carroll Hall shot-putting record of 38 feet 7 inches for the 12 lb shot, likewise failed to compete.

## SUMMARIES:

40 yard dash—Riley, C. H., first; Strauss, C. H., second; Budd, M. T., third. Time, 5 seconds.

40 yard low hurdles—Quinlan, C. H., first; Rohkam,



did form and easily won the 40 and the 220 yard dashes. Strong ran a good race in the half mile, winning it in 2.28. Crowley also did some good work for the Carrollites, securing second in the pole vault and the running broad jump, and tying with Ellett of the M. T. for first place in the high jump at 5 feet and  $\frac{1}{4}$  inches. Budd and Ellett showed up the best for the Manual Training. Budd, especially, made a very creditable showing, covering the quarter mile in 59 seconds.

Carroll Hall records in competition were broken last Saturday by Riley in the 220 yard

M. T., second; Crowley, C. H., third. Time, 5 3-5 seconds.

220 yard dash—Riley, C. H., first; Quinlan, C. H., second; McGuire, M. T., third. Time, 26 seconds.

440 yard dash—Budd, M. T., first; Farabaugh, C. H., second; Strauss, C. H., third. Time, 59 seconds.

880 yard run—Strong, C. H., first; Williams, C. H., second; Ellett, M. T., third. Time, 2-28.

12 lb. shot put—Wilson, M. T., first; Quinlan, C. H., second; Farabaugh, C. H., third. 39 feet 4 inches

Running broad jump—Quinlan, C. H., first; Crowley, C. H., second; Riley, C. H., third. 18 feet 11 in.

High jump—Crowley, C. H., and Ellett, M. T., tied for first; Medley, C. H., third. 5 feet  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch.

Pole vault—Norris, M. T., first; Crowley, C. H., second; Weidmann, C. H., third. 8 feet 1 inch.

Relay race,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile—Budd, McGuire, Norris, Ellett, C. M., T., first; Quinlan, Strong, Strauss, Riley, C. H., second. Time, 1.11 1-5.

Reserves, 66; South Bend Y. M. C. A; 23.

NOTRE DAME'S Reserves easily defeated the South Bend Y. M. C. A. track team in the new gymnasium last Saturday afternoon. The meet was interesting despite the large score made by the Reserves. Barrett of the S. B. Y. M. C. A's giving a hard tussle to our men in every event he entered. In the pole vault, he and Richon struggled for supremacy for over half an hour. Both vaulted over 9 feet easily, then 9 feet 3 inches and after three attempts by each 9 feet 9 inches was cleared. The bar was then raised to 10 feet, but they fell at this attempt, and finally decided to divide the point. Richon's work in this event was phenomenal, as heretofore he had not cleared over 9 feet indoors. He also displayed great form in the high jump, winning at 5 feet 5 inches. Kirby's performances were also remarkable. He won three first and two second places for a total of 21 points. In the low hurdles he ran the distance but 1-5 of a second slower than the 40 yard dash, finishing a few feet ahead of Quinlan, his team-mate. The fight for second place in the half mile resulted in a pretty contest between Grover Davis and the Y. M. C. A. man, Eldred. The judges could not decide the winner, and declared the race a tie. Jennings won first place in good time—2.14. Salmon did well in the shot put, hurling the 12 lb ball 42 feet 5 inches. The relay race was easy for the Reserves. Noonan, the first runner obtained a lead of 20 yards, which his team-mates, Riley, Rayneri, and Kirby increased to half a lap before the finish.

40 yard dash—Kirby, N. D. R., first; Clyne, N. D. R., second; Barrett, S. B. Y. M. C. A., third. Time, 5 seconds.

40 yard hurdles—Kirby, N. D. R., first; Quinlan, N. D. R., second; Barrett, S. B. Y. M. C. A., third. Time, 5 1-5 seconds.

220 yard dash—Barrett, S. B. Y. M. C. A., first; Noonan, N. D. R., second; Locke, Y. M. C. A., third. Time, 25 seconds.

440 yard dash—Kirby, N. D. R., first; Kahler, N. D. R., second; Rayneri, N. D. R., third. Time

880 yard run—Jennings, N. D. R., first; Davis, N. D. R., second; and Eldred, S. B. Y. M. C. A., tied for second, Time, 2. 14 seconds.

12 lb shot put—Salmon, N. D. R., first, 42 feet 5 inches; Kirby, N. D. R., second, 42 feet 1 1/2 inches; Boedemus, S. B. Y. M. C. A., third. 38 feet 6 inches.

High jump—Richon, N. D. R., first; Barrett, S. B. Y. M. C. A., second; Davitt, N. D. R., third. 5 feet 5 inches.

Pole vault—Richon, N. D. R., and Barrett, Y. M. C. A., tied for first place at 9 feet 9 inches; Boedemus, S. B. Y. M. C. A., third. 8 feet.

Running broad jump—Richon, N. D. R., first; Kirby,

N. D. R., second; Barrett, S. B. Y. M. C. A., third. 19 feet 10 inches.

880 yard relay—Noonan, Riley, Rayneri, Kirby, N. D. R., first. Time. 1. 46.

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A try-out of all the candidates for the Reserves was held two weeks ago last Thursday. This try-out was held to decide who shall represent the Varsity Reserves against South Division High School of Chicago on April 13. South Division has one of the strongest high school track teams in the country, and should give our lads a hard battle for supremacy. Those who were the best performers and consequently secured places on the team are as follows:

40 yard dash—Cline, Noonan, Kirby, Richon, Riley.

40 yard hurdles—Kirby, Clyne, Quinlan.

220 yard dash—Cline, Noonan, Kirby, Kahler, Riley, Rayneri.

440 yard run—Kirby, Kahler, Butler, Jennings.

880 yard run—Jennings, Davis, Butler.

Running broad jump—Richon, Kirby, Cline, Quinlan.

High jump—Richon, Davitt.

Pole vault—Richon, Kirby, Davitt.

Shot-put—Salmon, Kirby, Richon.

### Baseball Team Outdoors.

The good weather of the past few days has given the baseball men an opportunity to practise outside, and they are taking advantage of it with a vengeance. The regular nine, as it will line up against the other teams, has not been chosen as yet, but most likely, Captain Donahue will make a selection next week. The infield with Morgan at first, Walsh at second, Lynch at short and Bergen at third base, will probably be the order. As to the outfield, Captain Donahue and John Farley will take care of the centre and right field positions, with Hanley, Duggan, and Salmon candidates for the left garden. O'Neill and Campbell make a strong combination behind the batter, and some of the pitching material looks promising; Ryan especially is loosening up in good form. Of course, we do not expect to be as strong in the box this season as we were last year, but with good infield work behind our pitchers, we should fare reasonably well at the hands of our competitors. Very soon the first game of the season will be played on Cartier Field with Purdue University. Purdue has a strong team this year, and expects very likely to give us a beating when they line up against us on the nineteenth. After the Purdue game come the others at regular intervals; and our fellows will have to round into form quickly and with but little outdoor practice.

## Exchanges.

ONE of our most creditable magazines is *The Columbia Literary Monthly*. An essay, "The Shorter Poems of Shelley," though somewhat superficial, merits commendation. Against those who say that in Shelley there is nothing but despair, doubt and blasphemy, the writer holds that there also burns in him "to a wondrous degree, the light of love, the light of truth, which we may sometimes see made manifest." The material of "Number Six in the Varsity" is very skillfully developed, and leaves an impression of college spirit that is much wished for, though seldom realized. As a story, it is somewhat long; but this is a beauty rather than a defect, since the interest is well sustained throughout, the imagery and characterization good, and the plot carefully unfolded. Though there is no woman in the case, the admirers of the lived-happily-ever-afterward stories will find "Number Six in the Varsity" interesting and far superior to many of their favorite love themes. "Wu Chang" is a humorous satire on the promulgation of Christian enlightenment and European civilization in China. The verse, though scarce, is of a high quality. "A Literary History of America" is briefly and well summarized; the careful reviews of "Treasury of Irish Poetry," and "Carryl's Mother Goose" are well worth reading. Just and equitable criticism by equals is often more keenly felt and a stronger incentive toward improvement than that offered by superiors, and an exchange column would enhance the value of the magazine.

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*The University of Ottawa Review* for February is devoted exclusively to the life and works of Cardinal Newman. In an editorial, the editor seems inclined to apologize for this; but surely admiration for the greatest man of the eighteenth century deserves nothing but praise. *The Review* gives us a good idea of Newman, but from a religious rather than from a literary point of view. True, Newman's influence on religion can not be too highly estimated, still in treating of his literary productions, we should not continually harp on his religion. *The University of Ottawa Review* is above the ordinary college paper. The editorials deal with pertinent questions. In the exchange column praise and censure are judiciously distributed.

G. W. B.

## Personals.

—Mrs. A. C. Hawkins of Elgin, Ill., made a short stay here lately.

—Miss E. M. Carr of Cassopolis, Mich., visited her brother of Carroll Hall on Monday last.

—Mr. M. C. McDonald of Chicago, Ill., was a guest of the University during the week.

—Mrs. A. W. Stevens of Logansport, Ind., paid a brief visit to the University on last Saturday.

—Mr. John J. Harrington of Richmond, Ind., made a short stay here recently on a visit to friends.

—Mr. John H. McCarthy of St. Louis, Mo., paid us a brief visit during the past week.

—Mrs. Stouts of Indianapolis, Ind., entered her two sons in St. Edward's Hall on last Wednesday.

—The Rev. Father Dornick of Avilla, Ind., has been a guest of the University for the past few days.

—Mr. Charles Biehl of Nappanee, Ind., spent a few days here recently on a visit to his son of Carroll Hall.

—Miss Charlotte Miller of New York city favored us with a brief visit in the forepart of the past week.

—Mrs. Joseph d'Heur of Selbyville, Ind., spent a few days here as the guest of her son of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. Frank Delome, an old student of the University, is spending a few days with his brother of Corby Hall. "Frank" is now attending the University of Pennsylvania.

—The many friends of Pat O'Dea, our football coach, will be pleased to learn that he is succeeding in the practice of law in the city of South Bend. He is associated at present with Mr. George B. Clarke, the county prosecuting attorney, and is doing well in his chosen field of work. The SCHOLASTIC and students wish him every success in the legal profession.

—We have learned that Mr. Samuel A. Walker, a graduate of Notre Dame in the class of '95, is holding the position of Chief Clerk to the General Superintendent of the Great Northern Railroad. "Sam" was a member of the SCHOLASTIC Staff, '94-'95, and we congratulate him heartily on the acquisition of his present responsible position which affords great opportunities for future advancement.

—A few days ago, we received a communication from our old schoolmate, Mr. Robert J. Sweeney. The letter bears the postmark of Luxor, Egypt, the site of the ancient city of Thebes, which is about four hundred and fifty miles up the Nile from Cairo. "Bob" started out on his European and Oriental tour nearly two months ago, and his experiences have undoubtedly been numerous and interesting.

Observance of Holy Week at Notre Dame.



S Father Morrissey said during his remarks last Sunday, we of Notre Dame have an opportunity of seeing the ceremonies of the Easter season performed with a thoroughness observed only in cathedral churches. Before Mass on Sunday occurred the usual blessing of palms which was followed by a solemn procession of the acolytes and reverend clergy. The Gospel of the day was the Passion of our Lord according to St. Matthew. It was chanted in part by the Reverend Fathers Fitte, Kirsch and Ill, assisted by the choir.

On Thursday morning at early Mass the student body received Communion at the hands of the Very Rev. President, Father Morrissey, and Vice-President, Father French. Later, at eight o'clock Father L'Etourneau sang High Mass for the students. The venerable priest's voice rang out sincere and clear and full of emotion; and was noticeably better than when he celebrated Mass on St. Joseph's Day. The services of *Tenebrae* were sung by the whole body of the clergy at Notre Dame, and the chants were the most solemn and touching of all the weekly devotions. This morning the ceremonies consisted of the blessing of the water, of the Paschal candle and of the new fire. All the services of Holy Week were under the direction of Father Connor. The Lenten devotions closed this morning with Solemn High Mass.

The programme of the church music for Easter Sunday will be as follows:

Voluntary—Andante.....	<i>Baptiste</i>
Vide Aquam.....	<i>Gregorian</i>
Kyrie—Messe Solennelle.....	<i>Gounod</i>
Gloria—Fourth Mass.....	<i>Pleyel</i>
Credo—Messe Solennelle.....	<i>Gounod</i>
Offertory—Ave Maria (Violin Obligato)....	"
Sanctus—Messe Solennelle.....	"
Agnus Dei—Quartette.....	"
Processional—Voluntary.....	<i>Weber</i>

Local Items.

—Sorin Hall is lonely without Hogan and Lavelle.

—Twenty-nine hundred numbers of the Easter SCHOLASTIC have been printed this week.

—Lost in the Law Room, Thursday, March 28, a Parker fountain-pen. Finder will please return to H. P. Barry, Room 94, Sorin Hall.

—Mr. Gormley and his band of acolytes deserve great credit for their work during Holy Week.

—"The Prince and the Pauper" will be played by the Philopatrians in Washington Hall on Easter Monday afternoon.

—We know a good joke on Nick Furlong and a little brown cat, but he (Nick) doesn't want us to tell it. The better part of the joke, however, is on Nick.

—Eddie Flaherty smoked just one too many cigars on the evening of the 19th. The following articles were found on the morning of the 20th behind St. Joe Hall:—A pair of black woollen stockings, a religious sentiment, a thought, and a few other trifles.

—The following cases were tried during the past two sessions of the Moot-Court before Judge William Hoynes. *State vs. Wheeler et al.*, Mitchell and Cleary for the State; Baldwin and Cooney for defendant. Judgment in favor of the State. *Patterson vs. Patterson*, Cooney and Fielding for plaintiff; George Kuppler for defendant. Judgment for defendant. *Bright vs. Castor*, Baldwin and Pick for the plaintiff, O'Neill and Dinnen for defendant. Judgment for defendant.

—NOTICE to the Stockholders of the Billion and a Half Dollar Hand-ball Trust:—The next meeting of the Stockholders of the Hand-ball Trust will be held in Poverty Row, desk 42, Brownson Hall. This meeting is called for the purpose of warning the stockholders of the great falling off in the past few weeks of the earnings of the ass'n, and also to boycott a few members who appear to be bucking the trust. The Secretary, Ritchie Jay, reports that he has but thirteen hand-balls on hand at present as compared with twenty-five at the beginning of the season.

—The clock in the tower struck nine, but still those in the study-hall continued to battle on; some with the mysteries of Latin, some with the perplexities of the law; a few with scientific problems, and others with mysteries of their own. Here Ritchie Jay might be seen gazing at the ceiling waiting for an inspiration for a few lines of verse. In another place Kirby was tugging with all his strength at his faded mustache, in a vain endeavor to bring it back to life. Not a sound was to be heard save the beating of Mulligan's thoughts against his desk. It was a beautiful scene. Suddenly all was changed. A wild shriek tore through the room and fled over the transom out into the night. Hunt, who had been dreaming of Guinea hens, turtle doves, pug dogs and other wild animals, lifted his body off his chair and threw it on the floor. Everything was confusion. At this point, however, a hero sprang up in the person of Mr. Jarragher. Grasping the situation at one swoop of his eagle eyes, he rushed towards the



victim, a velvet blush on his cheeks and a big lump in his neck. With three stately strides he reached his victim, but Hunt had already recovered.

—About twelve o'clock the other night Big John smelt something burning, and looking out through his window which commands an elegant view of Sorin Hall court, he saw that the sky was all ablaze in the direction of St. Mary's. John was momentarily bewildered; thoughts of the terrible fate of the dear ones near the river made him shudder, and all he could do was to raise his eyes heavenward. Conceiving the possibilities of becoming a hero he reached for his necktie and called little Matt. "Matt, let me get up on your shoulders and then I can locate the fire with greater ease. Something has got to be done right away—quick." John climbed up on Matt's shoulders, but the pulse in his big toe beat so fast and feverishly and hard against Matt's neck that gravity deemed it expedient that he should come down hurriedly without getting a glimpse of the fire. John and Matt were not daunted by this accident, and made haste to climb Chief Kinney's watch tower. When they arrived at the top, he sent Matt inside for his bath robe, tobacco and opera-glasses. He soon returned, and John in his eagerness leaned over too far and fell off on his penknife smashing all the blades. By this time the sky near St. Mary's looked pretty blue again, so Matt picked John up in his arms and carried him to his bed.

—Mr. Duffy, Chauncey Wellington and "Sedgie," actor, poet and artist were among the distinguished spectators present at the Bear Dance in front of Corby Hall last week. Children at a zoölogical garden for the first time are immensely pleased to see the various wild creatures of nature, but the University men from Sorin and Corby Halls were actually fascinated by the clever performances of the civilized grizzlies. The big bruin and his little brother were kind enough to do a circular turn for the boys,—the latest Rocky Mountain Two-step to the tune of "Mademoiselle," sung by the other members of the troupe, a trio from the sunny fields of Italy. Once or twice the big fellow grunted like Fat Winter under a mass-on-tackle. The little bear stepped lively, and was the more graceful dancer of the two. When Bruin the Great stood erect he was almost as tall as big John. His appearance was somewhat unkempt, for his finger nails looked as if they had not been trimmed in a week. One of the chain-gang poked the big bear with a long pole that had an iron prong on the end of it and tickled Bruin's ribs violently, causing him to laugh so vociferously that you could not hear Chauncey. The big fellow tired of dancing alone, courteously dropped on his four feet before Sedgie to request the pleasure of a hop with him, but Sedgie, mistaking the

friendly intentions of bruin, took to the nearest sapling and soon felt like a man up a tree. Mr. Duffy remained for three collections, but his friend Chauncey mysteriously disappeared, thinking they might ask his services to amuse the bears while they were off duty.

MANILA, April 1, 1901.

DEAR EDITOR:—Give my heartfelt thanks to our old friend "Mike." His soap worked wonders with me. When I reached here last October I was entirely out of condition, but a few applications of his famous "Killixer" Soap made me feel like a new man. I suppose my friends would like to hear how I captured Aggy. Well you may give all the credit to "Mike."

This is the way it happened. I was out hunting jungle mosquitoes one afternoon with a few of my trusty attendants, when chief scout Reindeerio came rushing up with word that Aguinaldo was over in the neighboring jungle chinning himself on the limb of a cactus plant. Hastily throwing away my chew I grabbed up my rifle and dashed over mountains, villages, and streams, reaching the jungle in time to see Aggy getting a rub-down from his trainer, Slamboozio. This gave me an idea, and I carefully marked the spot where the trainer concealed the liniment and that evening I pinched it. When I got back to my tent I mixed a few bars of the "Killixer" with liniment and then sent my scout back to replace it. The next afternoon Aggy appeared as usual and began to go through his customary manoeuvres. When he had finished, the trainer took him in hands. The first application of the mixture made Aggy turn pale, but the next one sent both Aggy and the trainer into convulsions. At this point my body guard surrounded the jungle and with fixed bayonets charged on the Filipino chief who graciously surrendered and handed over his running suit, shoes, liniment and other implements to me.

The soap has also worked a great many other wonders. My Chinese cook had his pig-tail cut off by a band of vicious-minded rebels. I washed his scalp with "Killixer," and in three days he looked like a load of blushing hay. At another time my chief scout Reindeerio got shot, and was suffering great agony until I applied the soap. He was then relieved from all further pain.

This country is a pretty good place to dwell in, especially after one has lived in Kansas with "Sockless" Jerry, Carrie Hatchet, and Mrs. Lease. I intend to remain here until some one puts Mrs. Nation's throwing arm in the "has-been" class, as I am not very clever at dodging hatchets. Well, I think I'll chop off here as Aggy is out in the back yard waiting for me to swear him in as a citizen. Love to my friends.

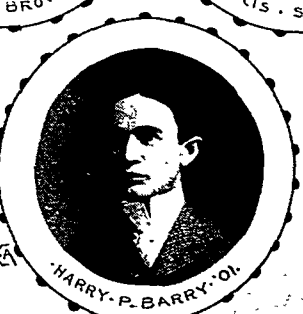
Yours triumphantly,

FUNNY FUNSTON, U. S. V., B. G.





# NOTRE-DAME-SCHOLASTIC



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