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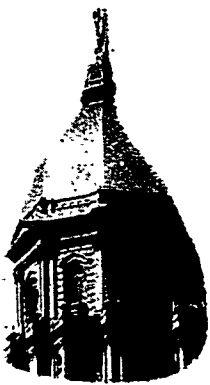
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Notre Dame.

HARRY LEDWIDGE, '09.



THY spire and golden dome, oh Notre Dame,
Point ever upward to the changing blue,
Symbolic of our motive's shifting hue
While thou remainest steadfast and the same.

Behold the Dreamer Cometh!*

REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH, LL. D.

Let me preface my remarks to the graduating class of the University of Notre Dame by the expression of my delight and astonishment at all that I have seen in the last few days. Most visitors to this institution are prepared for wonders, for its fame by degrees has gone abroad; but no descriptions tally with the glory of the institution itself, and it has given me tremendous pleasure to pass from feature to feature of the greatest Catholic educational outfit in the United States, studying its methods and its results at first hand. It is a consolation to find in existence so vigorous a community, whose labors remind one of the glories of the ancient monasteries. Last Sunday as I watched the steady inpour of a thousand men into your basilica, heard the solemn music of the robust choirs, followed the beautiful ceremonies of the sanctuary, and studied the priests, seminarians, brothers, collegians, as

they stood transfigured in the glory of that beautiful church, my heart swelled with joy at the scene and the thought that sprang from it: that at least one place existed amongst us where the best of the mediæval age flourished. Oh, that our beloved country had five hundred such glories as Notre Dame! All honor to the brave men of the past and the present that have given us this miracle!

And I rejoiced the more because all this beauty possessed a voice which enabled it to reach the outer world in that delightful messenger of devotion and literary taste, the *Ave Maria*. Like all the reading Americans of the day I skim the pages of dailies and monthlies and quarterlies for that single fact or charm of which I have need, and then fling them to the waste-paper heap; but the simple publication from Notre Dame has to be read from the opening verse to the last tender tribute to the dead; it must be reserved for the quiet hour of the night.

* Address to the graduates of Notre Dame, June, 1907.

when the noise of the world has faded, and when its sweet and solemn and sensible utterances, in charming verse and story, in essay and editorial, in book-review and apt quotation, fill the heart and the mind with content and beauty. It is the aim of all current publications to achieve the distinction which marks a difference, however slight, from the crowd, the difference of a real personality. The *Ave Maria* enjoys that distinction. It is not the least of the glories of Notre Dame, and as the voice of the labor and beauty here manifested speaks everywhere charmingly of the great work accomplished, I speak with praise of these things because Catholics are too diffident, as a rule, with regard to their own merits and achievements as a body; they are apt to ignore them or depreciate them, because the bustling and superficial world does both, when actually the merit and achievement are beyond the ability of the world to imitate.

Gentlemen of the graduating class, I can speak of these matters more happily than I can speak to you, who are about to leave paradise for the world. In a few days the gates will be shut against you, and the angel with the flaming sword of experience will see to it that you never enter again. I recall that in the days of my youth we laughed gaily at the solemn old visitor who uttered this platitude about paradise. We thought him an agent for the college trying by poetic speech to induce us to return another year or two to the school-paradise. But the reference is really to the glorious period of your youth and not to any institution. To-day you leave your youth forever behind, and pass into the world; and what that exit and that entrance means only the years can reveal to you. Up to this moment you have led the life of the dreamer, of one who has seen visions. It is therefore impossible to make you understand the paradise which you are leaving, and nearly impossible to describe for you the world which you are about to enter. A friend said to me upon hearing of the honor conferred upon me by the invitation to address you: "For heaven's sake talk to them sensibly about the world; describe it as it is; above all don't tell them of the frightful struggle every newcomer

has to make to get a footing; for they have only to look at you and the visitors, all smooth, not to say fat, comfortable and smiling, to see that there is no struggle; just say that the world wants them, has a place for them, and will pay them well for labor and virtue." To which I made answer thus: "I shall speak as you suggest, setting forth the things which you have forgotten; for if we do not look as if we had had much of a struggle to achieve something, let it not be forgotten that a thousand others set out with us on the journey of life thirty years ago; though we have lived and succeeded half the others failed and perished; so shall it be with these young men, and I shall tell them."

It is true that the world is ready to welcome you, with a place for all earnest young men, with good wages and a good time. Granted all the sorrow and trouble which one man must meet with in fifty years, the American world of to-day is full of hearty enjoyment for the poor no less than the rich. I have found very few who desired to leave it. Its good fellowship seems to be increasing every year; and the moment you take your place in it its charms, its allurements, its rewards, its ambitions, will fill your souls with unmeasured content. This is so true that a large number of public speakers regularly inform us that the world never was better than at this moment. The optimist is really at large. Yet we Catholics can not forget the most significant fact of the times: that materialism is king, and that his prime minister is secularism. For the surface world at least Christ has been dethroned and His principles partially abandoned. That can hardly be a better world whose god is pleasure and whose end is the grave, no matter if the pleasures and comforts of living have been multiplied and made common. And for the Catholic that world can hardly be called profitable which shuts him out from many departments, often ignores him, and refuses to notice the best work of his Catholic mind, simply because he is a Catholic. It will be worth while therefore to take a closer look at the world which you are about to enter, ruled as it is by the monarch and minister, Materialism and Secularism.

The theory that man ends with death has had a century and a half to plant its seed and ripen its grain; the twentieth century is about to reap the harvest. You have observed the agitation in this country for the past five years and the consequent investigations into various departments of public and private activity. The revelations have produced a most profound, a most depressing sensation among the more thoughtful classes. Because of the corruption revealed? Hardly, for corruption has been since the beginning and will be found to the end in all departments as the legacy of nature which turns all matter to worms and dust. Why then are the good troubled?

Let us examine into the conditions and discover the reasons for their grief and astonishment and alarm. Let us begin with commerce, which deals in the manufacture, the distribution and the exchange of the necessities as well as the luxuries of life. More than any others its members have surrendered to the specious principles and the disgraceful practices of atheistic materialism. What is the meaning of the investigation of the beef-trust conducted by the agents of the Federal Government? You all know the revelations, the horrid revelations, set forth by those agents, who actually made known to the public only a part of the truth: the frauds, the adulterations, the substitutions, the cheats practised by the wealthiest men in the country on the helpless millions who dealt with them; the short weights, the decayed and horrible foods, the poisoned stuffs, the exorbitant prices; their trickeries upon the producers of raw stuff, their injustices toward their own employees, their frauds upon their patrons. In a word, that long list of petty crimes whose aggregate constituted treason to the people, if not to the State, and earned for the members of the beef-trust the scorn and hatred of mankind. What was the source of those crimes? Indifference to the fate of the human race, which has to die anyway, which is only the animal herd, and which might as well perish in ministering to the rapacity and power and pleasure of the great as in any other way.

Let us continue with the drink-trust which has not yet been investigated, but whose methods we know. Whatever the

merits of the discussion on the use of alcohol, the fact is patent that numbers of men and women indulge in it and are ready to pay a good price for its various forms. Millions in capital have been invested in the manufacture of beers, wines and liquors. The people pay for it and they are therefore entitled to a fair, honest, healthful article. What do they get? No sooner has a trade been established than the cheat makes his appearance, and at once substitutes for the genuine beer, wine and liquor his poisonous concoction. In France the makers and sellers of artificial and poisonous wine so completely hold the market that the genuine wine-makers had to put up a protest this year that for a moment threatened the existence of the French republic. In this country out of every twenty-six gallons of whiskey only one is a genuine product of the still. If every maker and seller of alcoholic drinks were compelled by the government, or his own honesty, to furnish a pure article, the capital and the workers in this industry would have to be multiplied by ten. But it is easier as well as cheaper to poison the people with poisonous adulterations and substitutions, and the dealers have done with conscience. What need to respect a race which is no more than the animals of the field, which has to die anyway, and which may as well perish in ministering to the rapacity, and power and pleasure of the great as in any other fashion?

I might take up department after department of human activity only to display to you the same horrors: the drug business, which risks the lives of the sick and suffering for dreadful and bloody gain; the money concerns, such as trust, insurance, stock, railroad and banking companies, which are all based on the principle of taking from their patrons, under specious forms of business and benevolence, every cent that can be seized with no regard to honesty and justice; but I must pass to the professions to show you how atheistic materialism, breeding its abhorrent indifference to the fate of the individual and the race, has invaded their ranks. I begin with journalism, that press which boasts of its necessity to the civilization of the time, to the freedom of the nation, to the welfare of the citizen.

Is it too much to say that the press of the world, like the governments of Europe, is owned by the money power? I think so. Yet so near are the facts to that declaration that an investigator could be pardoned for making it. Whatever be the independence of this or that journal, there can be no question that the press of the time is materialistic to the marrow, that its members in great part are bound to the service of materialism, and that every great fraud practised on the American people finds support in its columns. We Catholics will not soon forget its attitude and its methods in the struggle between the atheistic French republic and the Catholic Church, and some time we shall settle the account justly and powerfully. No one can forget its action in the Cuban difficulties, its recent behavior towards the Czar of Russia, its support of the frenzied financiers, its attacks on President Roosevelt. The truth is that journalism is dominated by the press agency, an instrument invented by the money power, to control in various ways the genuine press; and where it is not so dominated in single cases, the money power owns its own newspaper plant, as in the case of several eminent American publications.

In the profession of law it is now known that the great law-breaking monopolies, known as trusts, were invented, maintained, guided and protected, against all the efforts of the government to smash them, by the greatest lawyers of the time. Consider that cold fact and shudder! The greatest lawyers of our day, the most talented, most experienced, most honorable, most virtuous, most patriotic, have enabled the giant monopolies to live and thrive on their own crimes, to escape the snares of the law, to slip from the hands of judges and juries from 1880 to the present time. In the profession of medicine the conditions are not merely beyond the power of words to paint, they are simply unprintable except in a foreign language. In the profession of literature commercialism has banished the true and the beautiful, and all the great names have passed away leaving no successors. Wherever the observer turns his gaze he meets with this universal indifference to the rights of the multitude, to the duties of conscience; but horrified as he may be it is not this

universality of fraud and crime which depresses him. It is rather its organization. Vice and crime organized! What new horror is here? Yet why should we be surprised? Is not this the day of system and organization? Have not the purveyors of vice and dirt the same access to modern methods and machinery, to the telephone and the telegraph and the railroad and the steamship? Can not their business advance and progress as well as others?

And they have on the principles of materialism. The purveyors of drink are determined to increase their business until every man, woman and child, even the beasts, are drinking to the limit of capacity, whatever stuff they are permitted to make and to sell. The gamblers are determined that they shall have the same freedom of action as is accorded to others until the limits of their business have been reached. The purveyors of lust have adopted the best business methods in all the details of their trade, and are bound to secure for it the highest freedom of action. The giant monopolies of every kind, in spite of the hammering of the law, are making preparations to continue and increase by the old methods of fraud their nefarious business. Stand apart and look at this gigantic world of fraud. Is it not Dante's Inferno upon which we gaze, only more true and therefore more terrible, on the surface of the earth, not within its dark bosom, feeding upon the souls of men? Yes, indeed, it is another world. And therefore you are about to enter two worlds instead of one, young gentlemen: two worlds that are utterly apart, utterly opposed and contradictory, yet distinct, tangible, and so mingled with each other that, like the pictures of the stereopticon, they fade into each other, mingle, exist side by side. And you are as heartily welcome in the Inferno as in the Paradiso. Your youth, your spirit, your ambition, your industry, your strength, your genius, your talent, your skill, are needed in the world of crime as in the world of virtue; for the world of crime can not exist without such natural virtue in its executives as will keep it together: skill in the management, honesty in the accounting, and industry in the labor of spreading universal corruption. Behold the final result

of that government in which materialism is king and secularism the prime minister.

And as you, the graduates of decency, appear upon the scene, ready to take your place in the great drama, the leaders of both worlds turn from the struggle to look upon you with curiosity or interest or affection. Their different feelings are expressed in a single phrase: Behold the dreamer cometh! His appearance betrays the glorious fact, for his dreams are in his eyes; in his innocent face, in his unconsciousness of the evil around him. Goodness and kindness and honesty are the essence of his nature, and before these two worlds of good and of evil he stands for the tremendous ideas that convulse society, or urge it on to the heights. He is the dreamer because of his perfect confidence in the providence of God, his splendid optimism, his hope in the future, his wonderful faith, his certainty that evil can be at least confined to its own swamps. Reality has not yet tainted his dreams or weakened their glorious coloring; and he will go down into Egypt courageous, sincere and winning, to win its prizes without the surrender of purity or dignity. I have said, young gentlemen, that you stand for great principles and ideas before these two worlds; and I add that you stand for them, you represent them, as the young man never before represented them, at least since the days of Constantine.

You stand for Christ; for to the world of the present the great Teacher who once dominated the hearts, the minds, the imaginations, the institutions of men, is only a broken idol about to pass away. When men look at you they will see, will come into actual contact with that historic Christ, whose personality and whose religion have been relegated to the same shelf which holds Socrates and Plato.

You stand for the Church. The world is fond of declaring that the Church is dead, its principles barbarous, its practices absurd, its worship ridiculous; but it will look upon you and learn from your virtue and devotion, your humanity and honesty, how truly and beautifully the great Church still lives in the lives of her children.

You stand for the soul, whose immortal nature is doubted and denied, although it is the source of democracy, the guarantee

of the dignity of mankind, the protection of the individual against the attacks of the unscrupulous great. When men see your life guided by your baptized soul they will fall under the influence of its glory.

You stand for the people; the humble, hard-pressed multitude, which materialism cheats and poisons and degrades openly or secretly as the case demands. You are their children, and now you are to be their leaders; and you are to fight for them to the death, resisting that great bribe which the world of evil has flung to the talented of every generation, to separate you from your own and to chain you to the service of sin.

You stand for Christian paternity, since you are to be the fathers of the next generation; and what that high office means in this degenerate time, when so many scorn the office of parent, despise the children, and fairly destroy their own nature for the sake of false comfort and inglorious ease, the loud protest of the decent have already made plain to you.

Ah, what honors God has heaped upon you in causing you to be His representative! Accept them with pride and confidence. In the long journey of life you will be tempted to play the traitor and the coward as often as the hero. Before you are a year in the world you will see the traitors seated in the high places, honored by the mob, fed with flatteries and incomes; and their souls are as slaves within them, waiting in fear and horror for the judgment that awaits the traitor. The coward is more frequent than the traitor, and he may sit in the high place or the low, colorless, timid, whining, ignorant, like the mud in which he lives indistinguishable and useless. We have hundreds of cowards scattered over the land, but your part, trained as you have been in the innermost sanctuary of the great Catholic household, is to be everywhere and always the hero, the representative of Christ; His Church, His people, humanity; whatever your destiny, humble or lofty, in wealth or in poverty, in power or weakness, such a man as Notre Dame will never be ashamed of; for he who in the world carries through life a stainless soul, a faithful mind, a firm will to the end, is entitled to the eternal respect of God and man.

To Notre Dame.

FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08.

YOU are fair in summer-time
 When the sounds of vesper chime
 Haunt the air;
 When the wintry storms resound
 And the snowdrifts wrap you round,
 You are fair.

Midst the autumn's crimsoned leaf
 When the year is in the sheaf
 You are fair;
 And the springtime come again
 June and roses in her train
 Queens it there.

The Theory of Poetry as Set Forth
in the "Germ." *

THOMAS E. BURKE, A. B.

The broad river of literature moves on through the ages with wonderful swiftness and beauty. Sometimes it runs smooth and straight for a long stretch, reflecting in its bosom the even banks on either side, dotted here and there with an occasional violet or wild rose; sometimes the falling stones from a steep hillside form, little by little, a stronger barrier than the current's force can break through, and the stream turns out into a new channel amid different trees and flowers. Now in its onward rush it dashes over a steep dam and throws up jets of silver that sparkle with true beauty in the sunlight, holding in wonder and admiration all who behold them; only a few times, however, has it been impeded in such a way as to make a sharp turn and flow directly opposite to the course it has come. It is my purpose in this paper to deal with a turn in English literature similar to this last one, a turn that was directly opposed to the spirit and teachings of the times, and to show forth in brief the new theory of poetry advanced by the Pre-raphaelites in their short-lived magazine, commonly known as the *Germ*.

If we would know the true meaning of

*The Meehan Prize Essay.

the theory of poetry set forth in the *Germ*, its origin, its mission, and how far that mission was accomplished, we must betake ourselves back to the beginning of the eighteenth century, to a time when a far different theory held sway, and trace, at least in outline, the growth of English poetry through its various stages of evolution, down to the days of 1842.

In the time of Pope, classicism was the watchword of the hour. Fixed rules of expression were laid down, the writings of the ancients were studied, measured with pencil and rule, and imitated as closely as possible. Every idea was polished till it dazzled with magnificence and splendor on the surface, at the risk of losing half its warmth and soul. The violet was picked out of the field and coated with the varnish of the heroic couplet, until it lost all that soft freshness that made it so dear to the poets of nature. It had been Pope's intention to follow nature and to represent accurately what he perceived there; but he had received a wrong idea of what nature was, and not unconsciously did he imitate the forms and manners of polite society. Writing to Cromwell concerning the poems of Crashaw, Pope said: "All that regards design, form, fable, which is the soul of poetry; all that concerns exactness or content of parts, which is the body, will probably be wanting. Only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expressions and something of a neat cast of verse may be found in these lines. These men should be considered as versifiers and witty men rather than as poets."

How unconsciously he had depicted himself in these words! How unwittingly he had spoken his own condemnation. He was really no poet, but a highly-tempered versifier; one who made the idea fit the verse by cutting and measuring and polishing, instead of taking the pure, unsullied thought as it came to him from the inspiration of nature and spilling its melody forth as spontaneously as the bird of the field. He forgot that the soul of true expression was the true expression of the soul; that the height of all true poetry was the depth of true simplicity. He had glittering phrases, but the shine was artificial; he had lofty thoughts, but he covered them with the

false tinsel of expression; he had blazes of imagination, but he quenched them forever beneath the iron cast in which he tried to mould them; he had picked the paper rose enamored of its smoothness and glitter, while the living, pulsating rose of the field had been passed by because it was surrounded by thorns. Pope lived in the Augustan age of prose, and many of his productions might just as well have been prose as verse, yet, I believe, in writing in the heroic couplet, he has added to our verse a correctness and smoothness, which was used to the best advantage by the romantic poets who succeeded him; though they kept sacrilegiously away from his form of expression.

And so this classicism, I say, was the watchword of the hour. It had been advanced in the infallible writings of Pope, stamped "Imprimatur" by the indelible pen of Jonson, and accepted without murmur by the majority of writers and readers of the eighteenth century. But it was not to live forever. The human heart is too spirited and living to be held encaged for a long period. Like the wild bird it must soar over the daisied fields beneath the warm rays of the sun, or bustle down in the fresh green of the forest to rest; but it will wither and die if kept enclosed for a long time, be its cage ever so golden, its surroundings ever so fair.

In 1730, the first stones of a new barrier were dropped into the river of English literature when Thomson published his four long poems entitled "The Seasons." Grey followed some ten years later with his immortal "Elegy," the fame of which was carried through the world. William Cowper, George Crabbe, William Blake and Robert Burns filled the last gap in the barrier, and the stream turned into its new channel, no longer bearing in its bosom the even banks of golden sand, but winding in and out freely and flexibly amid a new scenery of Romanticism. The heroic couplet was no longer the dominant cast. Blank verse, octosyllabic, and the Spenserian stanza, were used nearly altogether by the new school. Doctor Jonson, perceiving that blank verse was to be the most common form, as it gave a wider and deeper scope to the imagination, and fearing

the total obliteration of the heroic couplet, threw his whole force against the former, hoping to stop the revolt; but it was of no use. The heroic couplet had reached its summit under Pope and could be carried no further. The new poets would mount higher on the wings of Romanticism.

As the new century began, the romantic tendency, which had developed with increasing strength under Burns, Cowper and Grey, reached its culminating point. The stream which had been turned, little by little, from its course, now rushed on increasing and swelling as it went, until it threw its waters with tremendous force over the dam of public opinion, giving up those diamond jets of rare beauty which are found in the poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Both of these men were connected with the romantic movement. The first was remarkable for his simplicity and naturalness, the second for his weird and mystical flight. Had Wordsworth's youth been half a century later he would, in all probability, have taken part, and perhaps a very prominent part, in the Pre-raphaelite movement. As it was, he struck the keynote of that movement in his "Lyrical Ballads," getting his inspiration fresh from the breath of nature. In his later life, however, he wandered from the light, desiring to write a great poem that would ever live, and the work done during those years places him among the Romantics.

Byron and Shelley, commonly known as the revolutionary poets, came soon after. Of volcanic natures, hot with the molten lava of passion, they disregarded the teachings of the times, and gave themselves to every blaze of desire. "I work the mine of my youth to the last vein of the ore," said Lord Byron, "and then good night." Aside from some of their verse, which was really immoral, they produced rich, imaginative poetry of a highly romantic character that will ever live. Shelley especially, in some of his lyrics, catches the real sentiments and unchanging emotions of the human heart, and is unsurpassed in the splendor of imagery. And so followed Browning and Tennyson, some time afterward, who, though not exceedingly remarkable for their poetical powers in their early days were

by far the best of the second generation of the century.

There was a pause in English poetry. A hundred years had rolled away since Pope ended his dying life in the city of London; a half century had spread its flowers over the graves of Cowper, Burns and Grey; the waters of the Bay of Pisa had closed over the head of Shelley, and Keats' light had been extinguished at Rome, when there came forth from the schools of the Royal Academy four young men to whom the poetry and painting of the time seemed altogether insufficient, offensive. They were just at the age of manhood, and were not very well grounded in the theory or practice of their art, but their eyes were opened, and their minds were acutely sensitive to impressions of beauty. They hated the poetry of Pope's time, which was studied and polished, smooth and pretty, lacking all the heat and soul that makes poetry true. To take a multitude of truisms, as Pope did, and run them on the grindstone of expression until they fairly dazzled the eye, seems to them mere mechanical work. Still more did they hate the notion that each author should not obey his own impulse, follow his own inspiration from nature, and give that inspiration direct reflection from his own heart; but that he should plod assiduously through the dust-covered volumes of the ancients, study each detail and mannerism of some model and try to make himself like some one else. If a man is not himself he is no one, was their belief, and he might just as well never have toiled and labored, if he obtain but the transforming of himself into the half-formed image of another.

They saw in the romantic poets not the stiffness and polish of the Augustans; they commended them in so far as they had departed from the old hardened channel of the heroic couplet into a more flexible and wider one; but they believed they had not turned altogether in the right direction. Their poetry was too ideal, too flighty, too vaporous. Instead of presenting nature as they found it, in all its simplicity and beauty, in all its depth and grandeur, they were altogether too shallow in their observation, or they too often drew from

the white heat of their imagination. They skimmed over the surface of the water, gathering here and there a bright bubble or silver mass of foam, forgetting that the real treasured pearls were buried in the river bed; they soared over the fields amid the flowers, saw their charming form and delicate colors, but forgot that the poetry of the flowers lay in something deeper than color and form, in that power that conceived them in the barren womb of winter and brought them forth in splendor in the spring. They saw the smithy at his work, observed his wrinkled brow and whitened hair, his sinewy arms that brought the hammer down upon the crimson iron; but further than this they did not go; nor did it ever occur to them, that "behind the hand that swings the hammer is the soul that guides the hand." And so they believed the Romantics had not turned altogether in the right direction, though they made no little improvement upon the Augustans.

Holman Hunt, John Millias, Dante G. Rossetti and Thomas Woolner, were the four enthusiastic young men who first styled themselves the Pre-Raphaelites. They had a deep affection and sincere regard for some of the painters who had preceded Raphael, because they had developed their own individuality, disregarding the set rules and teachings of the various schools. They believed that the only true poetry and painting was in giving nature direct reflection from their own souls, regardless of what others had thought and said. Nor does the term "pre-Raphaelites" mean that they seriously disliked the immortal works of Raphael. It was not so. They admired his technique and perfect study of anatomy, and proposed to use it in developing their own inspiration, but they did not like the works of those uninspired satellites of Raphael, who imitated his ideas and tried to produce similar works. Let nature be your study was their cry; get your inspiration from her mellow voice, and add to it if you can the perfect technique of Raphael. Perhaps their theory of poetry is best expressed by the sonnet which appeared on the cover page of the *Germ*.

When whoso merely hath a little thought
Will plainly think the thought which is in him,—

Not imaging another's bright or dim,
Not mingling with new words what others taught;
When whoso speaks, from having either sought
Or only found,—will speak, not just to skim
A shallow surface with words made and trim,
But in that very speech the matter brought:

Be not too keen to cry—"So this is all—
The thing I might myself have thought as well,
But would not say it, for it was not worth!"
Ask: "Is this truth?" For is it still to tell
That, be the theme a point or the whole earth,
Truth is a circle, perfect, great or small?

Get something true from your own obser-
vation, and be it a point or the whole
earth, it is worth expressing, if you have
thought it out yourself.

Thus we see their theory proposed to
take the stream of literature and turn it
directly opposite to the course it had come,
back beyond the days of Raphael to the
groves of the muses and naiads that sang
in the pure music of the heart. The Pre-
raphaelite brotherhood, having been firmly
established and some of their paintings hav-
ing met with generous applause, the idea
was conceived by Dante Gabriel Rossetti
of publishing a magazine in which the new
theory could be spread broadcast through
the land. This plan met the approval of
all the Preraphaelites, who were now
seven in number, having added to their
list in 1848, Mr. J. Collison, George Stephens
and William Rossetti.

Preparations were at once on foot for
the advent of such a periodical. William
Rossetti was appointed editor, and began
immediately to gather material for the first
number of the new magazine which was to
be called *The Germ*. He wrote the sonnet
that appeared on the cover page of every
number and which was thought by some
to be absurd and meaningless. Nevertheless
I believe it conveys his idea, and critics who
censure it must have thought his theory
absurd, not his way of expressing it. *The
Germ* we have seen was a direct revolt
against the spirit of the times, and with
such power and vigor did it advance its
theory that it burned itself out in four
numbers. The people were not prepared for
such a turn, their minds were running
in a totally different direction, and they
refused to know of the existence of such a
magazine.

(CONCLUSION IN NEXT ISSUE.)

Vacation Musings.

VACATION.

For some went home to smoke a pipe in peace
And some remained who hoped to find surcease
From care by scribbling verses for awhile
To whom think you brought joy her golden fleece.
And some went home and think vacation fine,
But never drop their hapless friends a line
Who wait and wait, till in despair at last
Take courage in their hands to beg a line.

H. L.

SALVE.

He went back to Missouri and said he to Nancy
Hanks:
Why even Notre Dame has got its advertisin
cranks.
It's certainly outlandish the way these people
have
For in the big main entry they're advertisin'
"Salve."

M. J. D.

CAPTURED.

Your eyes have no tint of the violet,
The gold does not gleam in your hair,
You are not a Venus of Milo
Or goddess eternally fair.

But ah, the true spark of bright fire
That gleams from each raven-black eye
Goes straight to my heart when it flashes
As warm as the sun to the sky.

Your black silken tresses ensnare me,
I'm captured,—oh, who is to blame?
You are not a Venus of Milo
But the girl of my heart just the same.

T. L.

THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE MOSQUITO.

I saw him oft before
As he blew in at the door,
And again,
When in the arms of sleep
There would come to me his deep,
Sad refrain.

He would light with great repose
On my ruby-colored nose
And prepare
His bloody scalping-knife
For the taking of my life
Then and there.

In low mesmeric tones
He would sing till all my bones
Shook with fear,
And upon my nose's brink
His proboscis he would sink
To my ear.

Though my blood ran in his veins
I have dashed out all his brains
On the floor,
Never more will he come round
Bout my head with buzzing sound
As I snore.

F. T. M.

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Changes at the University.

The present summer has witnessed changes at the University which will be of interest to thousands of students and friends of Notre Dame. The Reverend M. J. Regan, C. S. C., who for twenty-three years has held the burdensome and important office of Prefect of Discipline in the University, has retired from this position and is now enjoying a well-deserved rest. He has been succeeded by the Rev. T. E. Murphy, C. S. C., for the last two years Rector of Sorin Hall. Another change that will interest a large public is the retirement of Reverend William A. Moloney, C. S. C., from the position which he has held so brilliantly for the past two years as Director of Studies. He is succeeded by the Rev. Matthew A. Schumacher, C. S. C. The long and signal services which Father



REV. M. J. REGAN, C. S. C.



REV. T. E. MURPHY, C. S. C.

Regan has rendered to the University are known and appreciated by many generations of students. His simple and manly religious character made him literally a slave to duty, and the example of devotedness and conscientious attention to every detail of his office has had a precious influence upon all who were connected with the University. He had many special endowments for the difficult position which he held so long. Gifted with a fine sympathy, he was able to deal tactfully with students of all tempers and of all grades of development. His experience supplemented a rather remarkable natural gift for judging character. It was seldom that he was mistaken in his estimate of a boy. His enthusiasm for the advancement of the University and the welfare of all connected with it was a striking characteristic; but perhaps the most remarkable feature of his work was the fact that, compelled every moment of the day to restrain here and check there, to refuse requests and administer admonitions and penalties, he enjoys in a remarkable degree the respect and affection of the students of the University, past and present. In the hearts of thousands of young men throughout the country the influence of Father Regan is cherished and his kindly character revered. When the future historian of the University will be called upon to estimate the services of the men who have made Notre Dame the name of Father Regan will be found well up among the first of them.

Father Moloney has served only two years in the important office of Director of Studies, but in that time he left his impress upon the work of the University forever. Intellectually he was a superb man for the position. His ideals were the finest, and the standard he set for the work of the University was the highest. Students and professors alike felt that nothing but the best quality of work would be acceptable. well, occupy another for a lifetime. His devotion to his duty under unfavorable circumstances was nothing short of marvelous, but his delicate health was unequal to the strain which his eager spirit put upon it. He lays down the duties of his difficult office with the admiration and respect of all who have come within the sphere of his influence. He goes to Portland, Oregon, whose climate is proverbially genial,



REV. W. A. MOLONEY, C. S. C.

If at times he seemed to be exacting it was only in order that there should be no lowering of ideals and no slackening in the effort to attain them. His position demanded great candor and courage, as well as energy and enthusiasm, and because he possessed these qualities in a very unusual degree he was able to accomplish during his two years of service a work that might

and with him go the best wishes of the University and its friends.

Father Murphy enters upon his duties as Prefect of Discipline after long preparation. He grew up from early boyhood at the University and he is familiar with its spirit and traditions. For years he has administered Sorin Hall with signal success, and he now enters upon his larger duties with

the courage that experience gives and in the enjoyment of the full confidence of the officers, students and friends of the University. His kindly spirit united to a firm character insures success.

Father Schumacher is a great favorite with the students of the University during recent years. He, too, is a son of *Alma Mater* and was brought up from early boyhood within her walls. After making a brilliant record during his college course he continued



REV. M. A. SCHUMACHER, C. S. C.

to do remarkable work at the Catholic University of America where he was graduated with a degree of Ph. D. in 1905. He is a man of charming character, and is sure to be admired by all who come in contact with him.

The departure of Dr. Frank O'Hara to take up educational interests in which he is especially concerned involves important changes in the teaching staff of the Univer-

sity. He is succeeded by Dr. James C. Monaghan, for a long term of years head of the consular service of the United States. Dr. Monaghan has had a varied career in many countries and has held many important positions in the world of education as well as government. He is a graduate of Brown University and made post-graduate studies at Heidelberg. For many years he was Professor in the State University of Wisconsin. He is known throughout the country as a brilliant lecturer, and for years he has enjoyed extreme popularity with the students of the University to whom he has given special courses of lectures. There is perhaps no American scholar whose mind is so richly stored with knowledge in the field of political economy. Added to this advantage there is the fact that Dr. Monaghan has the art of presenting facts in such a charming way as to arouse the interest of the most indifferent. The University feels that the addition of Dr. Monaghan to the teaching staff for the first session of the coming year is a very notable advantage.

After Christmas Dr. Monaghan will be succeeded by the Rev. Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., who won the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the Catholic University of America last June. Dr. Walsh has made a very thorough course in history under Professor Charles McCarthy of Washington, and he has pursued post-graduate studies in Economics at Columbia University and Johns Hopkins'. He is remarkably well equipped to assume charge of the course in history and economics.

The Rev. Dr. Crowley, C. S. C., has entered upon a new field of labor as a missionary in India. Dr. Crowley had established himself firmly in the confidence and affection of his students last year. He is succeeded as head of the English Department by Rev. M. A. Quinlan, C. S. C., who has done much literary work and whose ability as a teacher has been demonstrated by many years of success.

The Reverend Dominic O'Malley, recently ordained to the priesthood, replaces Father

Murphy as Rector of Sorin Hall. Father O'Malley is a graduate of the class of '04, and was a very popular student during his career in college. Father John Farley, who was also ordained during the present summer, replaces Father McManus as Rector of Corby Hall. Father Farley is known by reputation at least to all who have been in touch with the University within recent years. Father Walter Lavin, C.S.C., replaces Mr. O'Brien as Prefect in Corby.

The University faces the scholastic year of 1907-1908 with bright prospects. The number of applications for admission, together with the enthusiasm of the old students, assure a large attendance.

Personals.

—Mr. W. Fogarty, Jr., student from '81-'83, was a welcome visitor during the summer months. Mr. Fogarty is engaged in the real estate business in Lincoln, Illinois.

—Mr. Lloyd W. Hatch, student '72-'73, was a most welcome visitor to the University during vacation. Mr. Hatch is now in the paper ruling business in Hartford, Connecticut.

—Mr. Hugh O'Donnell of the class of '0— is assistant manager of the advertising department of the *Chicago Record-Herald*. His recent visit to the University delighted all his old friends.

—Mr. John W. Forbing of the class of 1899 is pursuing some special research work in Chicago libraries. Mr. Forbing has been for many years a professor in Lima College, Lima, Ohio.

—The marriage is announced of Clara B. Latimer to Francis T. Greene, student '02. The ceremony took place June 19th at Wapella, Illinois. Frank and Mrs. Green have the good wishes of all at Notre Dame.

—Mr. William Moran, of Mattoon, Ill., is attracting considerable attention by his power of eloquent speech. At a recent gathering of twelve thousand Knights of Columbus at Terra Haute, Indiana, Will discoursed on "The Young Knight." Old students who know Mr. Moran will not

be surprised to hear that his effort drew forth storms of applause from the delegates representing the chief cities of Indiana.

—The Reverend Dennis A. Clark of the Class of 1870, Pastor of Holy Family Church, Columbus, Ohio, spent last week at the University. Father Clark is one of the most devoted alumni of the University and has had a distinguished career as editor of the *Catholic Columbian* and pastor of an important parish.

—The SCHOLASTIC announces with pride the ordination to the priesthood of an alumnus of the University, the Rev. George E. Gormley, of the class of '04. Father Gormley was ordained by Archbishop Messmer of St. Francis' Seminary, St. Francis, Wis., on Sunday, June 23d, and celebrated his first Mass in St. Bernard's Church, Watertown, Wis., on Thursday, June 27th.

—Mr. Wm. Furry, '03; M. A. '05, because of excellent work done while pursuing a Ph. D. at Johns Hopkins' University, has merited a scholarship which provides for special study in any American or European university. This is a signal honor and a climax to Mr. Furry's brilliant college record. The University and friends extend their heartiest congratulations, and earnestly wish him future successes.

—"Joe" Rowan has joined the ranks of the Benedicts. On June 26th at Dubuque, Iowa, there was performed a beautiful ceremony which made Anna Cecilia Harrington the wife of Dr. Joseph James Rowan. Joe was one of the most popular students of his time, and doubtless there will be many a reader of the SCHOLASTIC who will regret that he was not present to fling a handful of rice after the happy pair.

Obituary Note.

Professor William J. Mahoney has the heartfelt sympathy of the University in the death of his mother at North Brookfield, Massachusetts. Mrs. Mahoney had been ill for some time and bore her sufferings with Christian resignation. Professors and students will not fail to remember her in their prayers.



An Old Soldier's Day.

TO BROTHER BENJAMIN, C. S. C., ON HIS GOLDEN JUBILEE.

AS civic honors deck the remnant scant
 Of regiments that fought in other days,
 Scarred veterans who saw war's lightnings blaze
 What time they marched with Sherman, Lee or Grant,
 So may Religion crown the combatant
 Whose arm his Leader's standard still upstays,
 Whose lips, through fifty years, that Leader's praise
 Have constant sung, nor ever would recant.

"Take up thy cross and follow Me,"—a youth,
 Five decades gone, he heard the whisper sweet,
 And ever since in very deed and truth
 Has walked the path traced by the Saviour's feet.
 A veteran unknown to worldly fame,
 His Captain, Christ, to-day exalts his name.

A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

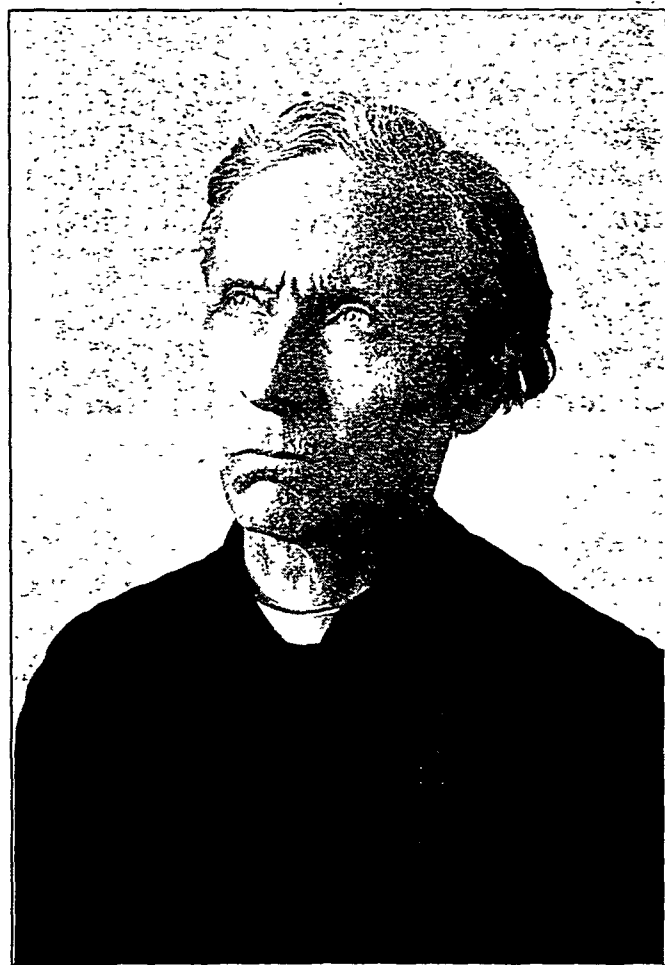
Assumption Day at Notre Dame.

The Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin has always been a day of special celebration at Notre Dame. But this year the Religious of Holy Cross had a triple reason to rejoice. Besides being the feast of the Blessed Virgin, Thursday, Aug. 15,

was also the day set apart for the formal opening of Dujarié Institute, a grand structure dedicated as a house for the preparatory and finished education of the Brothers for their work as teachers in the different schools and colleges of the Congregation. The building was blessed in the morning by the Very Rev. Superior-General Français, C. S. C., and was formally opened with the celebration of High Mass at which the Brothers and Seminarians assisted and received Holy Communion in a body.

Another event of the day, which marked it as a memorable one in the calendar, was the celebration of Brother Benjamin's Golden Jubilee. Brother Benjamin is as strong and vigorous to-day in the performance of his obedience as sacristan in the large Church of the Sacred Heart as he was when he taught in the schools and colleges of Holy Cross. Though it has taken fifty years of toil and hard labor to forge the golden crown which is his, Brother Benjamin is to-day as lively and cheerful as the youngest in our midst.

The celebration also marked the end of the fifty-third year of active service which Brother Basil has spent in the Congregation since his Profession. No one who has heard



BROTHER BASIL, C. S. C.

Brother Basil play the beautiful organ in the church will ever forget the sweet strains and harmonious musings that spring from the pipes when his fingers touch the keys. And when we look on Brother Basil we are pleased again to think of a Father Lilly and a Professor Gerard, as fond remembrances of their great geniuses fly back through receding years.

Brother Boniface, too, is one year past the golden bar, and still retains the same pleasing and affable manners which won for him so many friends during the time he spent as teacher at Cincinnati and in



BROTHER BONIFACE, C. S. C.

the South before his return to Notre Dame.

Such men, indeed, as these have reason to be felicitated, and may many more years of loyal service and happiness add brightness to the crown which they have so deservedly won.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon there was a solemn procession to the Grotto, after which the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Very Rev. Dr. Morrissey, C. S. C., assisted by Father French as deacon and Father McGarry subdeacon.

The day was one of great jubilation at Notre Dame and one to be long remembered in the annals of Holy Cross.

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The following cablegram was received from the Procurator-General of the Holy Cross, Rev. Dr. Linneborn.

ROME.

SUPÉRIEUR GÉNÉRAL FRANÇAIS:

Occasion ouverture Dujarié Institut Saint Père affectueusement bénit les Frères de St. Joseph, profès, novices, postulants, leurs supérieurs, toute la Congregation de Sainte Croix.

LINNEBORN.

SUPERIOR GENERAL FRANÇAIS:

On occasion of opening of Dujarié Institute, Holy Father lovingly blesses Brothers of St. Joseph, Professed, Novices, Postulants, with their Superiors and whole Congregation of Holy Cross.

Rev. Francis Miskiewicz Dead.

Deep regret is felt throughout the diocese at the death of the Rev. Francis Miskiewicz, rector of St. Anthony's Church, Homestead, which occurred on Sunday evening last, July 28, from dropsy. For over a year he had suffered from this malady and from rheumatism; and he was preparing to go to Mount Clemens, Michigan, for treatment when his condition grew rapidly worse.

Rev. Francis Miskiewicz was born in Poland in 1874 and came to this country when quite young. After attending the parochial school, he entered the Notre Dame University, Indiana, where he studied for six years. He completed his ecclesiastical studies at St. Vincent's Seminary, Beatty, Pa. After his ordination he was assigned to St. Adalbert's Church, Pittsburg, of which his brother, the lamented Rev. Father Miskiewicz, was then rector. After remaining there for three years he organized a mission parish at Ford City, laboring there for two years. The three following years he was assistant at St. Joseph's Church, Everson, Westmoreland County. Two years ago he was appointed rector of St. Anthony's Church, Homestead, where his priestly zeal and energy were soon made manifest in the flourishing condition of the parish, both spiritually and temporally. R. I. P.

—Pittsburg Observer.

Local Happenings.

There will be a number of new faces in the faculty next year. There will be five more instructors in the preparatory department, a new man for elocution and oratory, one for violin, one for vocal culture and one for physical culture. Professors Reynolds, Dehey, O'Shea and McGaune will not be with us; we wish them success in the work they are to do the coming year.

The Lee Laboratory of Physics is being fitted out extensively. There are new tables and chairs, the old apparatus is entirely replaced and new pieces added, making it convenient and pleasant to carry on experiments. There will be a new instructor in physics devoting all his time to the work of the laboratory.

There has been added a new course in the junior year of the History and Economics program—Public Finance. The course will deal with the regulation and distribution of public finances, municipal and federal, with special reference to American experience. A few changes in the regular program were demanded by the introduction of this course; the catalogue gives full information on the point.

The number of recitation periods in the courses in French and German has been increased. The importance of these languages for the student can not be overestimated. The man who can handle the literature in these tongues bearing on all forms of activity has a decided advantage over one who is a stranger to it. There was a time when a knowledge of the modern languages was considered an accomplishment, to-day among the educated it is taken for granted. A practical side is found in this—that one hour a week will be given to scientific readings with a view of making the student familiar with terms used in books and magazines bearing on the subjects he is studying.

The old Brownson and Carroll wash-rooms are a thing of the past. The concrete floor and open-work stands with a new set of lockers (locker and wardrobe combination) make the rooms all that can be desired. A welcome change indeed! St. Joe Hall is improving generally, and especially by the introduction of lockers. Sorin and Corby are in the wake of the general renovation. The dreams of the Brownsonites and Carrollites will be all the sweeter this year for the new hard-wood floors that are now edging toward the dormitories. The building adjoining the old Brownson 'Gym' is in the hands of plumbers who have agreed to make a new place of it. A happy thought!

On Tuesday morning, July 23, the following young men were ordained priests in Sacred Heart Church, Notre Dame: Geo. O'Connor, L. Szybowicz, M. Gruza, J. Farley, D. O'Malley, T. McKeon, and S. Sypniewski. The ceremony was more than impressive, for nothing had been spared to make it memorable for the many friends of the newly-ordained. Each said his first Mass on July 28 in his home city. After completing their studies at Notre Dame they took up a three years' course of study at Holy Cross College and the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. They are now ready for work in the schools or parishes of the Order, and we wish them many years of fruitful labor.

A census taken by the post-office department in South Bend at the suggestion of the *Tribune* makes it tolerably sure that our city now has a population of about 62,000. This is remarkable growth. All signs point to the conclusion that within fifteen years at the latest South Bend will be a city of one hundred thousand.

The wise man writing in the pink sheet of the *Chicago Tribune* declares that Notre Dame is not considered in the running for honors because of non-membership in the conference group of colleges. Perhaps not. But so long as Notre Dame continues to wallop 'em all nobody is worrying much about what the pink man of the *Chicago Tribune* may say. In a schedule of twenty-nine games this year the University dropped only two, and these were to colleges that had already been decisively trounced by our boys.

The Trolley-Line at Last.

Everything comes to him who waits, so says the villain in the play. Of course, we don't associate with people of that kind, yet we have waited. It is to be a reality at last. Work has actually begun and the line is to be completed by the beginning of September. We can say positively that cars will be running when the school opens. The terminus for the present will be at the post-office.

This must be good news to the many friends and visitors that come to Notre Dame. A great convenience certainly for day-scholars of the neighboring cities, and occasionally it may serve a purpose in visiting the adjoining city. Shall we have open or closed cars? We'll leave that to the company. In all seriousness, we are glad our dream is realized, and are grateful to the street-car company that has been so accommodating in all points and so prompt in carrying out the agreement.