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Some Aspects of the Oxford Movement.

I—ITS HISTORICAL BASIS.

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THE purpose of this paper is to indicate some aspects of eighteenth century life that may be said to have caused, or at least, occasioned the Movement, which in the following century had its centre among the renowned leaders of thought in the University of Oxford. This Movement involved great issues, and was probably the most radical and far-reaching of nineteenth century efforts of reform. The trend of literature and art has been affected by it. Religious and philosophic thought of the present day may trace its antecedents to the Oxford Movement, which itself was a reaction on principles and systems of life and thought current in the preceding century. It is therefore to the form and content of eighteenth century letters, philosophy and religion that one must turn, if he would form any adequate estimate of the motive, genesis and effects of the Oxford Movement.

Let us first give our attention to the state of religion, since it is chiefly with religious influence we shall be later concerned. That in the middle of the eighteenth century religion had fallen into a peculiar lethargy is matter that no one will question. The spirit at Oxford and in the Establishment in general must be studied to ascertain the characteristic tendencies of the age. The influence of the clergy over the people in

the Church of England was in this time materially less than it was in former days. There was a time when the disposition of youths and their moral and intellectual character were considered before they were destined to the Church. "It must be notorious," says Southey, "to any person who looks back upon his own contemporaries at the University and recollects those among them who were destined for the altar." And he adds: "It must be admitted; therefore, that the reason why the influence of the clergy has diminished, is thus in a certain degree explained." The High Churchman had little sense of duty. When his work did not interfere with his personal convenience he was willing to fulfil his obligations. Years ago the clergyman was truly the pastor of the flock, and it was considered both his privilege and his duty to befriend and advise those entrusted to his spiritual care. Now, the rector chose his own society and was so much above his parishioners that they regarded him rather as gentleman than as priest. The curate on the other hand, was reduced by his necessities so nearly to the level with them that he was not sufficiently respected to be spiritually useful. The ordinary country parson hardly differed in habits, intellectual refinement and tone of life from the people among whom he lived. If we make due allowance for the satirical strain of Dean Swift's writings, we are still able to draw a graphic account of the average clergyman as the Dean portrays him in "The Parson's Case."

That you, friend Marcus, like a stoic,
Can wish to die in strains heroic,
No real fortitude implies;
Yet, all must own, thy wish is wise.
The curate's place, thy fruitful wife,

Thy busy, drudging scene of life,
 Thy insolent, illiterate vicar,
 Thy want of all-consoling liquor,
 Thy threadbare gown, thy cassock rent,
 Thy credit sunk, thy money spent,
 The week made up of fasting days,
 Thy grate unconscious to a blaze,
 And to complete thy curses,
 The quarterly demands of nurses,
 Are ills you wish to leave,
 And fly for refuge to the grave,
 And, O what virtue you express,
 In wishing such afflictions less!

But, now, should Fortune shift the scene,
 And make thy curateship a dean:
 Or some rich benefice provide
 To pamper luxury and pride;
 With labor small, and income great;
 With chariot less for use than state;
 With swelling scarf, and glossy gown,
 And license to reside in town:
 To shine where all the gay resort,
 At concerts, coffee-house, or court;
 And weekly persecute His Grace
 With visits, or to beg a place:
 With underlings thy flock to teach,
 With no desire to pray or preach;
 With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
 With plenteous meals and generous wine;
 Wouldst thou not wish, in so much ease,
 Thy years as numerous as thy days?

What has been said of the High Churchman applies only with greater force to the Low Churchman. The latter preferred to sit at home in ease to while away his time in a humdrum manner, never realizing the grave responsibility that his state imposed upon him. He never thought of his parishioners, except as utterly beyond his reach. The result of his indolence was everywhere manifest, and in rural districts the people sank into practical heathenism. Is it any wonder that immorality stalked unblushingly through the land? Impoverished by lust and neglect of religion, the members of large families were herded in miserable hovels without the least regard for decency. When hunger and want drove the more unfortunate from their wretched livings, they collected in the growing manufacturing towns or mining centres, but still the Church did little to improve their spiritual condition. This manner of speaking would appear to be a tirade against the Established Church, were not facts at hand.

The Sunday services exhibited the same shameful neglect. So unintelligible were some of the sermons, that Blackstone was

unable to discover whether the preacher was a follower of Confucius, of Mahomet, or of Christ. "Preachers were more eager to denounce an absent adversary," says Albert Welsh, "than to save the souls of those who heard them." "In England," says Voltaire, "a sermon is a solid, but sometimes dry dissertation which a man reads to the people without gesture and without any particular exaltation of voice." Dr. Johnson, if we are to believe Boswell, declared that he never met a religious clergyman.

Thus we see that the decay of religious principles began by carelessness in the clergy. No zealous effort was made to inspire congregations with enthusiasm and interest. Goldsmith, after a visit to St. Paul's Church, was much scandalized at the behavior of the people. In the *Citizen of the World* he writes: "Would you persuade me that such numbers who profess religion and morality would in this shameless manner quit the temple before service was concluded; not even the Kalucks would be guilty of such indecency." Devotion was dead among the people, hence exercises of piety became burdensome. The young were tortured, the old were wearied by the lifelessness and tediousness of church services. This religious indifference in time begot two classes of Christians: those who knew the better but did the worse, and those who did the worst without knowing the better. John Wesley hardly overestimates facts in his vehement arraignment of "godless licentiousness, mammon worship, and brutal ignorance." The words of Butler, written in 1736, tell the same sad story. He says: "It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment; and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world." And indeed Montesquieu when he visited England carried away a similar impression. He was surprised how even the mention of religion

was laughed to scorn by many of the higher class.

The obstacles to reform, which the Establishment encountered from without, were almost as grave as her deplorable internal evils. The Church had fallen into the quagmire of political influence, and day by day became more a machine and a mere organ of the government. Dr. Johnson confesses towards the close of the century that no man could be made a bishop for his learning and piety; his only chance of promotion was some controlling agency in Parliament. "A general good education," says Newman, "a public school, a knowledge of the classics makes a parson; and he is chosen for a benefice or a dignity not on any abstract ground of merit, but by the great officers of the state, by members of the aristocracy, and by country gentlemen, or by their nominees; men who by their position are a sufficient guarantee that the nation will continually flow into the Establishment and give it its own color." And we are forced to admit that the little enlightenment the clergy possessed was not used for the benefit of their flocks or to illuminate the classes. No great prospects could be entertained for a Church whose ministers were courtiers, politicians, lawyers, merchants, usurers, civil magistrates, and ordinary squires. We need not wonder a great deal, that with such an abasement of priestly dignity, education among the clergy was of so limited a nature.

The mischief and scandals of the century were aggravated by the fact that convocation had not met since 1717. The assaults of unscrupulous ministers of the crown were feebly defended by prelates who owed their rank and position to men in power. Thus for nearly a hundred years aristocratic principles prevailed, during which time the voice of the Church of England was silent; she was unable to express or assert herself in a corporate capacity, and, consequently, public opinions and public discussions were stifled, and efforts at reform, whether of doctrine or of practice, were rendered extremely difficult.

Some men at last became tired of the formal and lifeless position of the National Church. There was a sharp hunger in their hearts for a higher ideal in the spiritual

life. They felt a deep and growing conviction which told them that religion as then practised had not a godly or soul-inspiring aim. The Methodists sought to improve matters by fashioning a religion to their own liking. That the zeal of John Wesley, Whitefield and their followers, had a great leavening influence in the Establishment, and in the country at large, goes without question. In Wesley, the great Newman, as a Catholic, recognized "the shadow of a Catholic saint." It had not been the original intention of the founder of this new sect to leave the Church of England. Nothing was further from his purpose than heresy. He burned with religious enthusiasm to free his country from the trammels of vice. His fervent preaching soon gathered about him many souls, but drew forth hatred, antagonism and scorn from many of his brethren within the Established Church, especially from men in high places. The pulpits all over England were closed against him and his preachers who were very often mobbed and maltreated by the Church's adherents as they preached on the streets. Attention to the poor both in religion and in their material condition received a new impetus by this Methodist movement. It must ever be borne in mind that for many people in England, manners, to a great extent, supplied the chief rule of faith during a larger part of the century. The lower one descended in society the worse were the morals of the people. It was these principally that Wesley, Whitefield and others endeavored to save. As the Methodists began to multiply and grow strong, some anxiety was felt in the Church of England. This spiritual disquietude was the first rift in the clouds of a dark and dismal sky, preparatory to the spreading of the light for a fairer day.

Life at the great University was but a prototype of life elsewhere. This fountain-head of knowledge was dry; culture there became stagnant, originality of thought could not be found. "The Fellows, or monks of my time," says Gibbon, "were decent, easy men, who supinely enjoyed the gifts of the founder; their days were filled with a series of uniform employments, the chapel and the hall, the coffee-house and the common room, till they retired, weary and well

satisfied, to a long slumber. From the toil of reading, or thinking, or writing, they had absolved their consciences; and the first fruits of learning and ingenuity withered on the ground. Their conversation stagnated in a round of college business, Tory politics, personal anecdotes, and private scandal; their dull and deep potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth; and their constitutional toasts were not expressive of the most lively loyalty for the House of Hanover." We may supplement these facts with others from the records of Adam Smith, the Scotch economist. "In the University of Oxford," he says, "the greater part of the public professors have for these many years given up altogether even the pretense of teaching." This time was, in the words of Lord Macaulay, the "dark night" of literature, for the "age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived." When at last the time did arrive, Oxford was to shake off its torpor and to lend itself again to fruitful activity.

If the Church and the University showed many disgraceful evils, we must not forget they possessed also many redeeming qualities. "Had I not come to Oxford," said Cardinal Newman, "perhaps I never should have heard of the visible Church, or of Tradition or of other Catholic doctrines. And as I have received so much good from the Anglican Establishment itself, can I have the heart, or rather the want of charity, considering that it does for so many others what it has done for me, to wish to see it overthrown?" Again in the "Apologia" he writes: "Doubtless, the National Church has hitherto been a serviceable breakwater against doctrinal errors more fundamental than its own." In still another place he declares: "My own idea of a Catholic's fitting attitude toward the National Church, in this its supreme hour, is that of assisting and sustaining it, if it be in our power, in the interest of dogmatic truth."

During this period there was a dearth of religious zeal, which in a certain degree was responsible for the people's remissness for learning; we should not, however, do right to impute to this cause all the faults of the age. This century, unlike those which preceded it, had not its Reformation or its

civil wars. There was nothing, therefore, that would stir the minds of the people, that would rouse their passions, that would excite their imagination. The people lacking that courage and adventure which characterized their ancestors, preferred to sit at home to read and re-read their old books with great patience and stupidity. The great literary critic, Jeffrey, writes: "Certainly there was never so remarkable a dearth of original talent—so long an interregnum of native genius—as during about sixty years in the middle of the century. The dramatic art was dead fifty years before, and poetry seemed verging to a similar extinction. The few sparks that appeared, too, showed that the old fire was burned out and that the altar must be heaped with the fuel of another quality."

When Johnson lived, the condition of many writers was that of extreme poverty. In such a dull, prosaic time, the word poet was synonymous with squalor and misery. So poor, indeed, was he that even the poorest pitied him. True enough, he was deserving of pity. "It was his lot," so Macaulay writes, "to lodge in a garret up four flights of stairs, to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place, to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher, to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another." With such a precarious livelihood always threatening him, we can understand why he combined the life of a gambler and a beggar with that of the author. Fortune was generally abused as often as he had a few guineas in his pocket, for "a week of taverns soon qualified him again for another year of night cellars." Thus he dragged out his dreary, wretched, and ruinous existence, not because society did not wish to lend him aid, but because his untamable nature was wedded to desolate freedom.

We look in vain amidst this depravity for that enlivening spirit which quickened the pulse of poetry in other times. Pope with his heroic couplets seems to have been the pattern and the ideal of many a writer. These hosts of dull imitators set mechanically to work to grind out verses with the result that sense was

Sacrificed to sound,
And truth cut short to make the period round.

The dramatic literature like the poetry was polished and artificial. It appears that the prevailing taste was for coarse comedies and gaudy spectacles of ballets. The immorality of the stage was shamed into decency through the writings of Addison and Steele, in the *Spectator* and *Tattler*. A parson, Adams by name, writes in a novel of that day: "I never heard of any plays fit for a Christian to read but 'Cato' and 'Conscious Lovers.'"

During the eighteenth century a wealthy middle class grew up who wished to spend their leisure moments at the coffee-houses, reading the news of the hour. This condition developed a new and peculiar kind of literature, consisting of essays on social phenomena and scraps of political and public intelligence. Irreligion and the immorality of the times were topics frequently chosen for these great literary publications.

When we analyze the literature of the era we find that formalism and irreverent rationalism to a certain extent tinged most writings whether prose or poetry. Amid such tendencies materialistic philosophy and rationalistic theology received a powerful stimulus. Locke led men to examine the principles of ethics and religion and to exalt reason above authority—the reason of later inquirers against that of earlier. With Hume we see the complete development of scepticism.

The *Spectator* says: "Infidelity has been attacked with such good success of late years that it is driven out of its bulwarks. The atheist has not found his post tenable, and is therefore retired into deism, a disbelief of revealed religion only. But the truth of it is, the greatest number of this set of men are those who, for want of virtuous education or examining the grounds of religion, know so little about the matter in question, that their infidelity is but another name for their ignorance." Those who have read the opening scene of Goethe's "Faust" have in the doctor a fair type of the larger class of sceptics of the eighteenth century, with this exception, however, that they never went deeper than the surface in any branch of knowledge. Both philosophy and theology were very imperfectly understood by even some of the most intelligent writers of the age. The deists disturbed opinion

and wrought havoc with the generally received beliefs. Even Addison, the great advocate of moral reform, held a somewhat cold and indifferent view in regard to things eternal. He told men that in case of very grave doubt it behooves them prudently to choose the safe side and make friends with God.

"Theology," says Leslie Stephen (himself an agnostic), one of the authoritative writers on this period of English literature, "theology was for the most part almost as deistical as the deist. A hatred for enthusiasm was strongly impressed upon the whole character of contemporary thought as a hatred of scepticism. A good, common-sense religion should be taken for granted and no questions asked. With Shakespeare, or Sir Thomas Browne, or Jeremy Taylor, or Milton, man is contemplated in his relations to the universe; he is in presence of eternity and infinity. Life is a brief drama; heaven and hell are behind the veil of phenomena; at every step our friends vanish into the abyss of ever-present mystery. To all such thoughts the writers of the eighteenth century seemed to close their eyes as resolutely as possible. The absence of any deeper speculative ground makes the immediate practical questions of life all the more interesting. We know not what we are, nor whither we are going, nor whence we come; but we can, by the help of common-sense discover a sufficient share of moral maxims for our guidance in life. Knowledge of human nature, as it actually presents itself in the shifting scene before them, and a vivid appreciation of the moral law, are the staple of the best literature of the time."

Along with the deists it looked as if the powers of evil were daily marshalling a stronger confederacy with vice. It seemed as though the time was not far distant when a general apostasy would come about. Even Pope, a professed Catholic, was tainted with the abstract idea of God so common to many of his contemporaries. Contrast, if you will, the lifeless lines of Pope's "Universal Prayer" with the soul-inspiring music of Newman's "Dream of Gerontius:"

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confined,
 To know but this, that Thou art good,
 And I myself am blind.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume Thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land
 On each I judge Thy foe.

"Jehovah," "Jove," "Lord," "Great First Cause," the very synonyms for the divine name, are characteristic of the times. A century later Cardinal Newman prays:

Jesu, Maria—I am near to death,
 And Thou art calling me; I know it now—
 Not by the token of this faltering breath,
 This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow,
 (Jesus, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)—
 'Tis this new feeling never felt before,
 (Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)
 That I am going, that I am no more.
 'Tis this strange innermost abandonment
 (Lover of souls! Great God I look to Thee,)
 This emptying out of each constituent
 And natural force, by which I come to be.

Thus we see in literature and in religion alike, the abstract and the general were elevated above the concrete and the real. Freethinkers made codes of morals to suit themselves by systematizing their religious experience and by reasoning their own theology. The free-thinking Chesterfield is a very representative figure of the period. The devout Johnson once angrily affirmed that this man's celebrated letters taught "the morality of a whore with the manners of a dancing master." There was, in fine, not that delicacy of taste and refinement that one expects to find among men of culture.

From this "vulgar mediocrity," as Mark Pattison terms the age we have just been describing, Oxford was soon to awaken to a life of higher thought. The leaders of the movement must have paused for a moment as they measured the task before them. They were about to embark on a treacherous sea. They were to be tossed hither and thither by the waves of controversy and by the rough winds of adversity, suspicion, ignorance and contempt. At times their souls were racked by fear and searched with hope, for they knew not where their ship would carry them. Human effort alone could never have coped with half the difficulties that here presented themselves had not the Omnipotent prepared the way.

(To be continued.)

An Affectionate Warning.

ARTHUR J. STACE.

Air:—"Call Me Pet Names, Dearest!"

KEEP off the grass, darling, keep off the grass!
 Stray not from orthodox paths as you pass;
 Let the bright verdure untrampled remain,
 Clothing the dry arenaceous plain.
 Manifold checks its exuberance grieve,
 Sunburn and frostbite it needs must receive;
 Add not your mite to its woe, then, alas!
 Keep off the grass, darling, keep off the grass!

Blacksmiths have aprons to keep off the sparks,
 Swimmers torpedoes to keep off the sharks;
 Parasols keep off the hot solar beams,
 Stouter umbrellas the pluvial streams;
 People who dwell 'mid malarial ills
 Always have something to keep off the chills,
 Why not belong to a numerous class?
 Keep off the grass, darling, keep off the grass!"

Saul of Tarsus.*

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

With its own sense of justice the world has ever judged of the deeds of men. On those renowned for their strong and thoughtful action in the great crises from which it has come forth to a new and a better life it confers the laurels of greatness. Military genius and political insight have obtained for more than one man a bright page in the annals of history.

But the greatest hero need not be a warrior; the greatest hero need not be a politician; the change in the religions of the world has done far more to make and unmake peoples than has the fall of dynasties or the discovery of new worlds. The One Man, devoting His life to teaching the lessons of right, made a more lasting impression, wrought a nobler work, made a greater change in the ever-changing world than was effected by a multitude of wonderful discoveries or by the quieting of countless revolutions. The world recognizes in the great man, to whatsoever he may devote himself, a true calling to do some grand and noble work. This has sufficed to make it single out such a man and lift him to

* Prize Oration in the Inter-Hall Oratorical Contest.

the summit of renown from which the splendor of his achievements may lead others on to worthy undertakings. The man I would bring before you was possessed of a mind so eminent, of a will so determined, of a conviction so strong, of a character so manly, that the whole suffrage of mankind has declared him the truest, the most noble, the most manly man the world has ever known. This man is Saul of Tarsus.

Born at Tarsus, where scholars from the East and West met as at a common home, he began life amidst environments which were in every way conducive to the acquiring of great learning. That Saul turned to account these golden advantages we can not doubt. From boyhood he was remarked for his thoughtfulness, his great earnestness in all he undertook, but above all for his exemplary devotion to his one guiding principle, the Jewish faith. Apart from a few glimpses that Saul himself gives us in his writings, we know very little in detail concerning these earliest years. We see him first in Jerusalem at the academy of Gamaliel, whither he has been sent to prepare himself to become a Rabbi. Here Saul's studies were principally of the law and the prophets. Especially did the study of the prophets, those majestic pillars of light and strength of the Old Testament, fascinate him, because it was from their writings, explained and commented upon by the Rabbis, that knowledge of the Messiah was obtained.

From these prophetic Scriptures he learned that the advent of the world's Redeemer was near at hand; the time had come, and it was but the sins of the people that delayed His arrival. He would come to His chosen people as a mighty king, and from the throne of Juda He would rule the whole world in splendor and majesty; He would battle with the mighty, and before His invincible weapons all the enemies of the Jews should fall.

When, after his study at Jerusalem, Saul returned to Tarsus, the thought of the coming Messiah was ever before his mind; it entered largely into his daily reflections and haunted his nightly dreams. How he longed to see Him; how he longed to enlist under His glorious banner; how he yearned

to speak to Him, to feel His influence. He felt that he would see a king, not only mighty but good, not only just but kind; and thrice a day, as he turned his face toward the Holy City and poured forth his soul in the glorious benediction of the Jewish Credo, he prayed that he might live to know this object of his loftiest aspirations. His prayer was to be granted; but little did the youthful Saul know under what circumstances he was to speak to the Messiah, or under what conditions he was to feel His influence.

When at last Saul became a Rabbi he felt himself nearer his Maker and held himself ever in readiness to serve the Messiah on His appearance. A few years passed during which he strove to make his brethren more worthy of the Redeemer. The Messiah was the favorite theme of his teaching, and the Jews learned from his lips, as he had learned, of the wonderful personality of the God-sent One, and of His incomparably glorious kingdom. Following the example of the great Rabbi, the Jews waited and fasted and prayed in preparation for His coming. He must soon come; all the prophecies and writings pointed to this particular period.

Such was the state of the Jewish people when one day messengers coming from the East brought word that caused no little alarm and consternation. A man had appeared at Jerusalem claiming to be the Son of God. Did he come in majesty and strength? No! He came with doctrines utterly opposed to those that had become the very soul of the Jewish faith. He was the son of a carpenter; a poor man, whereas He should have been rich and influential; with a few indigent followers, whereas the whole world should have entered His legions; the friend of sinners, whereas the courts of the Holy City should have been His abode. To the ears of Saul this was outrageous and blasphemous. Small wonder that this earnest expounder of the law felt within him a bitter hatred for such an impostor; small wonder that his heart turned against such a malefactor! The responsibility of his position as prophet of the Messiah weighed upon him, and he bent his whole mind and strength to oppose the blasphemous infringements of this detested Nazarene. When, three years later, Christ was crowned with thorns, scourged, buffeted and crucified, Saul

rejoiced. Never once did a doubt enter his mind but that he was right, and although he was wrong, bitterly wrong, still he was wrong honestly—"I sinned in unbelief."

Christ died, but the number of His disciples increased so rapidly, and so fruitful were the labors of the handful of apostles, that it appeared to this zealous Rabbi that the whole Jewish race must fall under the spell of the new doctrines. Was it possible that Jewish men could stoop to such absurdity? It must not be! The noble soul of Saul was wrought with anger, and then did he use those marvelous, God-given faculties to effect the uprooting of Christianity. He would do anything; he would use any means. Means! What of means? To that end all means were sacred. His duty was to save his people, and he strained every nerve to accomplish this. His mind had become so saturated with belief drawn from prophecy and tradition, that nothing met his eyes but the vilest fanaticism in the teachings of the low-born Nazarene.

In spite of all Saul's labors, the conversions to Christianity rapidly increased; but did his hatred of the Christians abate? No! Time seemed but to make him feel more and more the surety of his position. He lost no chance of speaking against them, and when Stephen, the disciple of Christ, came before his life he warred against him hotly and turned the people from him. When the enraged Jews took Stephen and stoned him to death, it was Saul, the Rabbi, who consented to his death; it was Saul, the Rabbi, who held the garments of the executioners and urged them on by his hate; yea, it was Saul who mocked the martyr's patient sufferings as folly.

On and on Christianity advanced, and still deeper and deeper grew the bitterness of Saul. The only means left to him now was imprisonment and punishment for those who so far despised the faith and teachings of their forefathers as to follow this false Messiah. At Saul's orders men and women were dragged to prison, there either to give up their faith or suffer the most severe punishment. Babies were made to blaspheme, and the Christians, who came to fear the very name of this leader of the people, were forced to flee to other cities for protection. Saul's zeal grew to ardor and this

ardor turned to frenzy, and hearing of the many conversions that had taken place at Damascus, he hastened to the high priest, obtained an order for their arrest and deliverance, and rode away to perform his task.

Little did he know what was to be the outcome of that journey; little did he know what the Nazarene was to accomplish in him that day; but always believing he was in the right, with his heart filled with relentless hatred and malice, he rode on,—each moment in his journey to Damascus bringing him nearer to that supreme turning-point in his life when the veil of ignorance was to be snatched from his eyes and he was to see his great folly, the great error of his life.

Forward he sped towards old Damascus within whose walls the many new disciples of Christ sojourned in peace. Many a noble leader had marched to victory over this selfsame road, but among them all was no one to whom was vouchsafed an unlooked-for victory greater than that which awaited Saul of Tarsus. He rejoiced as a true warrior, that now at last he might strike a telling blow at the progress of Christianity. His spirit exulted, and passion swayed his soul. Mile after mile passed away, and in the distance he saw the last hill on the road from the high summit of which the battlements of Damascus would appear below him. As a victor almost in sight of his triumph, Saul rode on and at last began that ascent. Looking upwards he saw in the summit of that mount the last barrier that could separate him from duty, and he felt that when he had crossed it he would meet face to face the pilot of success in this his honest work. With such thoughts he rode on; but just as he was on the point of gaining that longed-for height a sudden light burst forth from the heavens and beat down upon him. So intense was its brilliancy and of such strength were its rays that, blinded and weakened, he fell violently to the earth. The light seemed to pierce his inmost being and his soul felt a sickness overpowering in its weight.

He strove to rise but could not; he looked up but could see nothing, for his sight had been taken from him. Suddenly there

rang in his ears a voice that struck the inmost chords of his soul: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" Surprised and troubled, Saul cried out: "Who art Thou, Lord?" Then clear came the answer that was to light his mind to the great truth: "I am Jesus of Nazareth whom thou persecutest." Saul was amazed at these words. Was it possible! The Nazarene! Blinded in his bodily eyes, his soul was opened; and the awful truths, so unexpected, were forced upon him.

But did the manliness, the hope, the perseverance of Saul desert him here? Did he, knowing his sin, despair like the traitor Judas? Ah, no! Duty pointed out to him the way that he should follow, and no man knew better than he what it meant to obey duty's call. In that moment his whole life lay before him as a book. He beheld the men, women and children, the despised and outcast Christians, that he had punished; he saw the disciple stoned at his bidding; he saw the crowned head of the crucified One, whom he had hated with all the strength of his soul and whose cause he must now make his own. All this flashed before his eyes, and a flood of sorrow and anguish overwhelmed him as he recognized that his cause, the cause for which he had worked and lived, was wrong. But more, he saw the wealth and worldly honors that had been his about to vanish from him; he saw his friends deserting him, and himself an outcast and despised Christian. All this he saw, and knowing all that it meant, he never faltered.

At no time did the soul of Saul of Tarsus appear so magnanimous as at this moment. Humbled and abased, his spirit torn with sorrow and his heart almost bursting with anguish, with his arms raised to heaven, he uttered those never-dying words of submission, of hope and of repentance: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Such was the conversion of the great Saul. He rose up a follower of Christ. Not that his character, his will and his mind were changed. No! But from this time forth his determination, his earnestness and his manliness were to be spent in another cause. The intensity with which he had persecuted Christ was now devoted to the spreading of His Gospel. His call was

directly from the mouth of God. With him it was the mystery of the eleventh hour. Sorrow, sorrow deep and lasting, took possession of him for deeds done in his ignorance; but during the remainder of his life, we well know that for every cruelty he had inflicted on the followers of Christ he himself suffered a hundredfold. Stoned at one place, scourged at another, misjudged and scorned, bound and imprisoned, mocked and finally beheaded for the Christ whom he had once persecuted, Saul gives us here an example of the most manly endurance, of the most sincere repentance, of the most heroic self-sacrifice.

His missions were long and tedious, but he had a work to perform and never grew weary. So persevering was he in his purpose to make Christ known, that, written in all the annals of time, there is no such sustained concern and anxiety for the growth of one idea. Saul lived in a mighty time in the world's history, one to which all ages had looked. Conquests for great power and universal dominion brought to light a Cæsar, an Augustus, a Pompey and a Herod; but for firmness and tenacity of purpose, for utter self-abandoning devotion to a cause infinitely higher and holier than himself, for intense, sustained authority, for an iron will that laughs all obstacles away, for thorough dominancy of men and situations, for all the qualities of a commander, Saul is more than an equal to any man of his time. "He may be rude and hard and stern, if you will, but he is certain, self-identical and reliable. There was in him no shiftiness or plasticity; with him it was always yea! yea! or no! no!"

Such a man was Saul of Tarsus, and to such a man should the whole world of men look as an example. All can copy after him, for he was but human like ourselves. Like us he was a man, like Christ he was a true man. He taught by word and writing, but never so much as by example. And the great world justly exclaiming "Happy are we to have had such a man," can look up to Saul of Tarsus as the man, who, after Christ, has done the most for men simply by being the man.

THE flower of illusions does not bloom on a heart's ruins.—Abbé Casgrain.

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—In the alumni weekly of Princeton University President Woodrow Wilson offers several suggestions for the good of the

University. Among them we quote the following:

The Scope of a University. "My plan is to draw the undergraduates together into residential squads, in which they shall eat as well as lodge together, and in which they shall, under the direction of a member of the faculty, regulate their own corporate life by some simple method of self-government. For this purpose it may be necessary to place all future dormitories in such relation to those already erected as to form geographical units and erect in connection with each group a kitchen, dining and serving rooms, and a handsome common room for social purposes.

"Every undergraduate will be required to actually live in his squad, and the residents will be made up as nearly as possible of members of every class. The objects of this arrangement will be to bring the faculty, into close connection with the students, and give the University the common consciousness which apparently comes from the closer sorts of contact."

This will be interesting reading to Notre Dame men. Apart from the single suggestion that the undergraduates are to establish a form of self-government under a member of

the faculty, the plan outlined by President Wilson is exactly similar to our hall system. It is curious to note how many points that are commonly considered peculiar to Notre Dame have come to be adopted by other institutions. For example, one condition at Notre Dame that has been a matter of considerable criticism among students for many years is the presence of undergraduates and particularly of the minims. As a matter of fact, the minims and the undergraduates have been withdrawing more and more from the general life of the University and forming more and more a special atmosphere of their own; but the curious thing is, that the University of Chicago is founded with exactly the same ideal in view. The purpose of President Harper and his advisors was to create an enormous institution which would exemplify the process of education from the kindergarten up to the most advanced research work.

—At the last meeting of the American Conference of Pharmaceutical Faculties seven schools of Pharmacy applied for admission but only three were

Of Interest to our Pharmacists. successful, Notre Dame being one of the three. This recognition of the Department gives

Notre Dame a place among the old established schools of Pharmacy and a standing with boards of Pharmacy in states where prerequisite laws are in force.

—Recent additions to the membership of the faculty have brought to our attention the fact that the number of new names has been greatly increased in

New Members of the Faculty. this respect since the official announcements were made in the midsummer number of the SCHOLASTIC. The list of additions includes the fol-

lowing: Milton B. Griffiths, of South Bend, Ind.; John J. Barrett, of Volga, W. Virginia; John L. Tanner, of Utica, New York; Wm. E. Farrell, of Frankfort, Ky.; Hal G. Van Akin, of South Bend, Ind.; Bertram G. Maris, of Ann Arbor, Mich.; Jacob Young, Edward F. O'Flynn, J. Frank Hanan, J. Aloysius Dwan and Joseph Lantry, former

students of Notre Dame. The increase in the teaching Staff of the University is in a measure an indication of a notable increase in the student enrollment in the various courses, in some of which the attendance has been doubled.

Bishop Hickey's Visit.

On Monday afternoon the University was honored by the distinguished presence of his Lordship, the Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, D. D., Coadjutor-Bishop of Rochester and titular Bishop of Berenice. In company with the Bishop were the Rev. Peter A. Baart, S. T. L., LL. D., the Rev. Thomas Roach, C. S. B., and the Rev. William J. Fitzpatrick. The party came from Kalamazoo, accompanied by the Very Rev. Dr. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., and was met at Niles, Michigan, by the President of the University. Mr. Ellsworth of South Bend generously placed his automobile at Dr. Cavanaugh's disposal, thus making the trip from Niles convenient and enjoyable. At the conclusion of supper, which was served in the Senior dining-room, the Bishop was formally introduced to the students by the President of the University, and was invited to address them. In response his Lordship referred gracefully to the fact that he regarded himself a son of Notre Dame through the circumstance of having received a degree from the University. He spoke earnestly on the work of the Catholic school, and gave evidence of a sentiment of satisfaction and delight that the University of Notre Dame, so well equipped and so widely known, has contributed so much to the work of Catholic education in the United States

General Curtis Next Wednesday.

The next number of the Lecture Course will be a lecture by General Newton M. Curtis, the hero of Fort Fisher. General Curtis is the author of "From Bull Run to Chancellorsville," one of the best volumes of memoirs yielded by the Civil War, and few survivors of that memorable conflict have a more intimate knowledge of it. The subject of his lecture will be "Restoration Days in Virginia in 1865."

College Notes.

The University of Wisconsin now has a medical department by the authorization of the last legislature of that state. Only the first two years of the course will be given, the plan being to allow the students to enter as Juniors at other schools of medicine after the two years spent at the State University.

*
**

Glass, the great Harvard oarsman, has about the record for hard luck. He is obliged to give up rowing on account of his health, and will not be a candidate for the crew next spring. He came from Spokane and immediately made a place on the Freshman crew, but was unable to row in the Yale race because of illness. The next year he made the Varsity and rowed all season. He went to England with captain Filley's crew, but a bad knee prevented him from taking part in the Cambridge race. Last year an attack of mumps kept him out of the Columbia and Cornell races. When he recovered he took his place in the shell, only to go to pieces in the final practice at New London because of fever and nervous breakdown the day before the race.

*
**

Purdue is sceptical about our having a doubtful outlook. In other words it is believed that we are sending out "bear" stories with a few line-men up our sleeve. At any rate, it's good to have the encouragement coming from somewhere.

*
**

DePauw has joined Indiana and Purdue in sending out a daily.

*
**

"Boss" Williamson, the star half-back and end of Indiana, was put out of commission for the rest of the season in the Varsity-Freshman scrimmage. He collided with a big freshie back, and as a result his shoulder was thrown out of place. The Boilermakers will be strong this year, and the tenor of the *Exponent* is to sweep with very little dust left on the trail.

Athletic Notes.

Owing to the late start which the football squad got, Coach Barry decided that the men were not in shape for a game to-day, and hence the game with Hillsdale was cancelled. The first game will be played next Saturday with the Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago. The squad has been working hard all week, running signals and going through all the early season stunts. This week's work has caused the football stock to boom a little. With the appearance of Munson, last year's guard, and Doyle, one of the best second team men of last year, it now looks as if Coach Barry will be able to develop a fairly good line. With such men as Dolan, Munson, Mertes, Doyle, Lonergan, Frederickson, Hague, Henning, Beckman, Paine, Dillon, Dugan, and DeClercq, to pick from, the chances are that Notre Dame's five centre men will be able to withstand the rushes of any of their opponents.

* *

Cripe, the smallest man in the squad has practically cinched a place in the backfield. Cripe weighs but 142 lbs., but is putting up a great game behind the line, and will, without a doubt, be Callicrate's running mate.

* *

Ryan and Dillon are still in the race for quarter-back position. Both men are good, and it will be a hard matter to pick the man for the place. For the first few games both men will be given a chance, and, in that way, a better line can be had on them.

* *

"Big" Burdick of Brownson Hall appears to be the best end on the squad, and appears to have a sure place on the team. Hutzell is having some trouble with his classes, and has not been out this week. Should he not be able to get into the game, the chances are that Wood and Burdick will play the ends.

* *

Captain Callicrate is playing great football in the back-field. The same may be said of Red Miller. With these two seasoned men behind the line it is safe to predict

that ground will be gained against any team in the country.

* *

Dolan and Wood, who have been laid up with injured knees, are getting into shape and will be ready for the first game.

* *

The first scrimmage of the year was held on Thursday afternoon. Two teams were lined up, which on paper looked to be about equal, and were sent into a twenty-minute game. The work of the entire back-field—Cripe, Miller, Capt. Callicrate and Ryan—was all that could be expected for so early in the year. Both Ryan and Callicrate got away for long runs, and Miller and Cripe put up a good game. The ends, Wood and Burdick, also did all that could be asked, Wood especially who showed great form at breaking interference. The line by no means came up with the back-field and ends. Doyle and Frederickson played a good game. And Mertes at centre showed class; but as a whole the work of the line-men was disappointing.

On the second team, Schmidt and Dolan played good ball, Schmidt showing great form on defence. The back-field did not have a chance to show what they could do, as the regular line-men broke through and spoiled the plays before they were started. O'Flynn made a couple of good gains through the Varsity's line, and Bracken got around the end once or twice. All in all, the first real test was disappointing, and unless the line-men show better form, Notre Dame's chances for state honors are not very bright.

* *

Dillon has been away from practice for the past few days owing to illness.

* *

Coach Maris is working the track men hard in preparation for the handicap meet and has about fifteen men practising daily on Cartier Field.

* *

The candidates for the baseball team are taking advantage of the warm afternoons to show what they can do. It would seem that the team will be able to keep up our reputation.

A Page's Notes.

Time has been flying pretty fast lately, I guess, because the day set for reconvening the House is here and a lot of the Representatives haven't shown up. The floor looked pretty empty to-day when Speaker Reno's gavel fell; us pages had nothin' to do. The Reps. can come in any old time, but if us fellows aint here every day and right on the dot, there's the devil to pay. We've a few new fellows on the page's bench, but for the most part it's the old gang. Not so in the House: nearly half the floor is new men. Most of these seem to be pretty fine material; there aint much of it rinkey.

Getting back to work jollies a fellow up, don't you know? It feels good to see—and incidentally to hear—the old Speaker on the rostrum again, even if he is a Democrat; to be elbowing around among the wise ones of last session and sizing up our new material, isn't so bad either.

The House misses several of last year's big guns. Benz and Parish aren't in yet; Benz, so the papers say, because his freight failed to make connections, and Parish, because he is doing some governmental research work away over in Siberia. Philips, our rough-and-tumble Representative from the far West, is not here and rumor has it that he is not returning. Neither is Arvey, the staid legal light from the Middle States.

We did nothing yesterday but a little routine work. Coffey, on account of his political drag, was made house clerk pro tem, first shot out of the box, but got bounced when old John Delmas Fox polled the heaviest vote ever known in the history of the House for permanent clerk. Then they made Hutchins sergeant-at-arms; he swept the floor with a unanimous vote and a roar of applause. Hutchins is a good scout and a K. of C. too, so we'll probably elect him to honorary membership in the page's union,—that is, if he wants to get in.

A little fuss blew up over some of the new men's credentials, concerning which "Shiver-with-me-at-Valley-Forge" McNally made a stunning forensic plea. The Hon. Moriarty gave us a little confidential

talk along the same lines, and Kanaley of New York arose for the opposition.

It's too bad the Honorable Spleve has such poor health. The exertion of his speech affected him so severely that he was forced to leave the chamber immediately, fearing a nervous collapse. Kennedy, J. J.'s health seems to need fixing, too. They say the nervous strain and excitement of reconvening taxed his sensitive nerves to such an extent that he was not able to enter the House till the season was half over. The fact of his dogged determination to be seen on the floor got noised about before his arrival, and when he entered unassisted, the chamber rang with warm applause.

Obituary.

The numerous friends of Mr. Clarence Sheehan will be pained to learn of the recent death of his father. As a token of kindly remembrance, "Jerry's" classmates made an effort to send a floral tribute, but were handicapped for the want of time; they extend to him their heartfelt sympathy in his bereavement. *R. I. P.*

* *

Recent dispatches tell of the death of the Right Reverend Frederick Z. Rooker, D. D., Bishop of Jaro, Iloilo, Philippine Islands. The deceased had many personal friends at Notre Dame, and had on more than one occasion given evidence of his interest in the University during the time that he resided in Washington, D. C. Many will remember him for the splendid address on "The Twentieth Century Citizen" which he delivered in Washington Hall on Washington's Birthday, a little more than six years ago. *R. I. P.*

* *

After a life of singular devotedness to duty, Brother Casimir, C. S. C., passed to his rest at Notre Dame last Wednesday. Last year he was prefect in St. Joseph's Hall and thus came into close contact with student life. His gentle and kindly spirit and his prompt response to every call of duty were a source of edification to all who knew him. May he rest in peace!

Personals.

—A. Albert Browne, of the class of '86, is Deputy Collector of Customs at Brownsville, Texas.

—Frank J. Loughran, Law '05, is engaged in the real estate business with his father in Joliet, Ill.

—Franklin B. McCarty, '07, art editor of the "Dome" published by his class, has entered Harvard medical school.

—"Big" Tom Tobin, one of last year's graduates in the Engineering course, has secured a position in Galveston, Texas.

—Word has come from James Bach, '07, that he is working in Logansport, Ind., at his chosen profession of Engineering.

—Richard R. Benson, a former student of Notre Dame, is at present with the first National Bank of McLanesboro, Ill., where he is doing well.

—James Dubbs and Bill Feeley, both of the 1906 class, are at present doing engineering work just outside of the Northwestern Depot in Chicago.

—Colahan, who acquired the *nom de plume* of "Athletics" while at Notre Dame, was with us last week, and it seemed like old times to see him about.

—John J. Kleiber, of the class of '87, is District Attorney with headquarters at Brownsville, Texas. Mr. Kleiber was the valedictorian of his class.

—The Combes boys, of Brownsville, Texas, are well remembered at Notre Dame. Charles is a ranchman. Frederick and Joseph are practising medicine.

—James D. Jordan, '07, Editor-in-Chief of the year book of last year and Vice-President of his class, has entered the University of Philadelphia, where he is studying law.

—Albert B. Oberst, the genial "Colonel" of the law class of '06, is practising law in his home town of Owensboro, Kentucky, where he is rapidly becoming one of the leading legal lights.

—Another old student, Raymond Dashbach, visited the University last week. He now owns and operates a floral establishment in Pittsburg; and the indications are that he is making a good thing out of it.

A Devilish Affair.

Somewhere in Scripture it is recorded that the devil goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. The ubiquitous printer's devil took delight last week in forcing this unwelcome truth upon us, when he pounced upon the personal we had prepared in reference to Dr. Maurice Francis Egan who was formerly Professor of English Literature at the University of Notre Dame. We had intended to give the Doctor his official title, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary, instead of designating him by the less illustrious appellation of Consul at Copenhagen.

Local Items.

—Lost—A Bet. Finder please return to room 95 and receive reward.

—Found.—A fountain-pen. The owner may obtain same by applying to Bro. Alphonsus.

—Any keys for which the owner can not be found may be left with Brother Alphonsus, Brownson Hall.

—Professor Petersen reports that the outlook is good for both band and orchestra. Good hard practise has been inaugurated in preparation for Founder's Day.

—According to a regulation now in force for the first time at the University all members of the freshman class are obliged to take a course in gymnastics. The same kind of a rule has been enforced in other institutions with good results, and there is no reason why the plan should not work advantageously at Notre Dame.

—Brother Hugh reports that the exterior of the chapel at San José Park is nearly finished, and that the interior is almost ready for the plasterers. New pews, an altar, a sanctuary carpet, pieces of statuary, and an organ,—these are the items which are now uppermost in the mind of the good Brother who is making the chapel what it is and what, we hope, he desires it to be.

—Worthy of mention among the recent improvements which have been made about the University is the installment, in the Brownson Hall recreation parlor, of eight hard-wood tables for games, a new pool table, and new covers for the billiard tables. When the room is painted and more lights put in, the Brownsonites will be well provided against any inclement weather that may drive them from the campus.

—In a recent talk which he gave to the members of Brownson Hall Bro. Alphonsus described the spirit which makes for soci-

ability and gives to college life the friendly atmosphere of the home. He designated it as the characteristic spirit of the Hall, and referred in a happy manner to the many evidences of good will and democratic companionship for which the members of the Hall are noted.

—The Corby Glee Club has been organized and, under the leadership of Mr. Smith, who has had much experience in this line of work, promises to be a success. It will be under the jurisdiction of the Literary society.

—Those who are interested in the formation of a chess club will do well to give their names to Professor Reno. There is no good reason why we should not have a good chess club at Notre Dame, and give the organization a reputation by taking part in intercollegiate chess tournaments. It is not necessary that those who seek admission into such a society should know anything about the game as a prerequisite for membership.

—The recently organized Social Science Club might well be called a progress club, so happy is it in the spirit which animates its members. Considerable credit must be given to the officers to whom the society looks for its direction. Those to whom this distinction has been allotted for the fall term are Messrs. Otto Schmid, Varnum Parish, Coe McKenna, and Albert Gushurst, whose offices are, respectfully, president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer.

—The terminus of the street-car line on Notre Dame avenue has been making a little history for itself and a corresponding amount of excitement for the motorman. It has been discovered that a pole of ordinary size would not serve as a bumper, two poles having been put entirely out of commission when they were used for that purpose. The street-car company has finally planted in the fateful spot a pole that will probably make kindling wood of the next car that attempts to take a fall out of it.

—It is likely that our local landscape gardener will take more than usual delight in reading the verses entitled "An Affectionate Warning." We hope that those who are accustomed to make short cuts across the college lawns will receive with gentle spirit the implied admonition. The verses are taken from a collection which was prepared and published in book form by a former member of the university faculty; the title of the volume is "Vapid Vaporings" by Justin Thyme.

—On Friday evening, the 27th of last month, the members of the "Corby Literary Society" were given the rare opportunity of seeing Scotland in all its beauty, by following the words of Dr. Monaghan and

of hearing him recite in his own inimitable way the most beautiful of Sir Walter Scott's poems, "The Lady of the Lake." For fully an hour the Doctor held the attention of his audience and, as he finished his recitation, the reading room shook with applause. The members will again have the pleasure of listening to Doctor Monaghan in the near future.

—On Saturday evening, September 28, there was a meeting of the Senior class held for the purpose of reorganization and election of officers. The result of the election was as follows: J. B. Berteling, President; D. L. Callicrate, Vice-President; F. A. Zink, Secretary; J. J. Scales, Treasurer; J. J. Boyle, Orator; F. T. Maher, Poet; J. J. Quinlan, Historian; J. J. Flaherty, Prophet; R. E. Anderson, Sergeant-at-Arms. Robert Saley, who was president of the class by virtue of his election to that position a year ago, tendered his resignation and declined the honor of re-election which the members of the class had urged upon him. Both Mr. Berteling and Mr. Saley are held in high esteem by the class of 1908 and by their fellow-students in general.

—On Friday evening, Sept. 26, the Brownson Literary and Debating Society was reorganized. Officers for the ensuing four months were elected as follows: Mr. H. Burdick, President; Mr. P. Barsaloux, Vice-president; Mr. R. Wilson, Secretary; Mr. W. Duncan, Treasurer; Mr. J. O'Leary, Sergeant-at-Arms; Mr. C. Murphy, Chaplain; Mr. F. Madden, Reporter. Professor Farabaugh addressed the society in a few timely and interesting remarks, after which the meeting adjourned until Tuesday, Oct. 1, when a special meeting was called for the purpose of putting before the society the names of the several applicants for membership. These names will be voted on at the next meeting which will be held on Oct. 10. Circumstances indicate a larger membership than ever before, and present conditions assure us that the work of the society this year will be equal if not superior to its work in former years.

—The most exciting event in the annals of history in Corby happened on Wednesday evening, the 25th, when thirty-six candidates were initiated into the mysteries of the society. To be exact, one should say that thirty-one missed the mysteries, for only five were given the rare pleasure of being bumped. The others were sent from the council chamber and were very indignant because they could not see the "big five" eat oysters, red pepper, etc. They were awakened from their trance the next morning by President Hutchins who explained affairs to the satisfaction of everyone. One week later a mock trial was held. J. W.

Murphy was sued by "Miss Jane" Hayes for "breach of promise." She asked for \$10,000 damages; and the jury, after failing to pay the slightest attention to the evidence submitted, returned a verdict to the effect that the defendant was indebted to the plaintiff to the enormous extent of twenty-three cents.

—The "Dome" reporter is abroad these days watching for the obliging individual who is willing to get his name in the calendar; "and the bogey man will get you if you don't look out."

—The wooden steps used for the east entrance to Washington Hall and similar steps that have done service for the rear entrance to the Church have been removed, to be replaced by concrete approaches.

—It is an old saying that distance lends enchantment to the view; this may explain why it is that the St. Mary's car line has not entirely lost its student patronage. If our guess is at all inaccurate, we are willing to stand corrected.

—The beauty of the parks and lawns about Notre Dame was never more attractive than it is this year. The grass has come through the summer without showing the effects of the blistering heat of the sun; the century plants, which were bitten by the severe frost last October, have taken a new lease on life, and the flowers still contribute their share to the cheerfulness of the scene.

—The regular weekly meeting of the Social Science Club was held in the Law room in Sorin Hall last Saturday night. The large attendance of club members and visitors made it necessary to move into larger quarters, so the lecture room of the Law department was chosen as the future home of the Social Science Club. The meeting was called to order promptly at 8 o'clock, President Schmid occupying the chair. After the usual routine of business Dr. Monaghan, who has so willingly consented to become the club lecturer for the present session, gave the second of a series of talks on Socialism. At a former meeting he painted pictures of various socialistic leaders in both continents, showing the class of men they are and the principles they inculcate in their followers. Last Saturday he delineated the various forms of Socialism, and indicated the section of the world in which each is to be found. The lecture was highly appreciated by all who attended, and as similar talks are to be given every Saturday evening, students should not fail to take advantage of the rare opportunity to become better acquainted with the vast problems that Dr. Monaghan is explaining in such a masterly manner. Membership to the club is open to all the classes of the University.

Classified Enrollment of Students

	1905 1906	1906 1907
Austria		1
Alabama	1	3
Argentina	1	
Arizona	1	2
Arkansas	2	4
Belgium		1
Cuba	16	15
Colorado	14	16
Columbia, S. A.	7	5
Canada	4	4
California	3	1
Connecticut		2
District of Columbia	2	3
Delaware		1
France	4	
Florida		1
Germany	1	1
Illinois	219	218
Indiana	118	139
Iowa	18	21
Idaho	2	
Indian Territory	1	1
Ireland		5
Japan	1	1
Kentucky	9	8
Kansas	2	1
Louisiana	1	1
Michigan	34	41
Mexico	31	33
Minnesota	14	11
Missouri	12	28
Massachusetts	6	6
Mississippi	3	1
Montana	3	3
Maryland	2	
Nebraska		3
North Dakota	1	1
New Mexico	6	7
New York	31	38
Nevada		1
New Jersey		3
Ohio	47	51
Oregon	3	6
Oklahoma	1	1
Pennsylvania	56	55
Philippine Islands	15	9
Peru, S. A.	13	9
Puerto Rico	2	2
Rhode Island	4	1
Russia		2
South Dakota	12	13
Spain	2	1
Texas	5	4
Tennessee	3	3
Utah	2	
Virginia		
Wisconsin	21	27
West Virginia	8	8
Wyoming	2	5
Washington	3	5
Total	770	833