

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 12, 1907.

No. 5.

## Why?

BY JAMES. C. MONAGHAN.

THE lark in the meadow just sings and sings,  
Mounts to the sky on his tireless wings—  
Swinging and singing, singing and swinging;  
Why?

Just for the reason that blossoms blow,  
Just for the reason that grasses grow:  
Simply that God has made him so.  
That is the reason.

Just as in summer soft breezes blow,  
Just as in winter the world has snow,  
Just because God has made him so.  
That is the reason.

The thrush in the meadow sings all day long,  
Joy, joy, joy is the theme of his song,  
Singing and swinging, swinging and singing;  
Why?

The linnet, the lark and the thrush *must* sing,  
Making the meadows and woodlands ring,  
Singing and swinging, swinging and singing;  
Why?

Just for the reason that roses bloom,  
Just for the reason that nature's loom  
Weaves for the cradle and then for the tomb.  
That is the reason.

Who is it weaves the golden glow  
Seen on the hills that are crowned with snow,  
Causes the waters to ebb and flow?  
God.

Who was it wove the marvelous weft?  
Whose were the fingers so wondrous deft,  
Weaving the robes of the crimson rose?  
God.

God is governing ever and aye  
During the night as well the day,—  
That is the reason we labor and pray,  
Those who love Him.

Who was it painted the lark's bright wing,  
Who was it taught him to whistle and sing?  
Who is the ruler of everything?  
God.

God gave the linnet and lark their song,  
Taught them to sing through the whole day long  
Out in the fields the flowers among—  
Why?

Because—  
That is the way that He speaks to men,  
Ever and always, again and again,  
In darkness and danger, and always when  
They're breaking His laws.

## A Tribute.

IN MEMORY OF THE REV. STANISLAUS FITTE, C. S. C.  
(Died October 8, 1907.)

BY MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.

THE words, "Take up thy cross and follow Me,"  
Methinks, will never strike more willing ear  
Than his whose life was spent, year after year,  
In serving Heaven's Queen. To him the key  
That opens God's own treasures and sets free  
The truth, was given, that he might make clear  
God's will unto Christ's chosen sons. In fear  
Of God he lived, and in God's memory

He chose to write his deeds. No gifted pen  
Needs he to sound his praises unto men;  
For we, his friends, can ne'er forget the kind  
And homely words of truth; his master mind  
Still lives in us, though chastened 'neath Death's rod,  
And guides our wavering footsteps on toward God.

## The Talmud and the Sabbath-Breaker.

JAMES J. QUINLAN, '08.



IN all the history of the Pharisaic doctrines there is no subject in which Rabbinic teaching is more painfully minute and more evidently incongruous in its intended object, than are the laws regulating the observance of the Sabbath. The underlying object of these complicated and intolerably exacting laws and regulations was to secure absolute rest from labor and thus to make the Sabbath a day of delight. No less than twenty-four chapters of the Talmud are given over to the discussion of matters which the Rabbis deemed of vital importance. The discussion and enumeration of possible infractions of the Sabbath-law drag tediously on through some sixty-four folio columns in the Jerusalem, and one hundred and fifty six double pages of the Babylon Talmud, with little or no relief. A certain Rabbi is said to have spent two and one-half years in the study of but one of the twenty-four chapters of laws.

The sheer externalism of all these ordinances, which are laid down in the Mishnah and in the Jerusalem Talmud is remarkable.

In all the wearisome details there is nothing spiritual, not a single word which would suggest a higher and nobler thought of God's holyday or of the spiritual benefit to be derived from its faithful observance. How extremely unprofitable were the endless discussions and minute exactions of the regulations may be best illustrated by a few citations from the laws.

The point I would have the reader bear in mind throughout this discussion is, that Christ was a Sabbath-breaker, and according to Jewish law should be stoned to death. It was on the strength of this law against Sabbath-breakers that the Pharisees hoped, and tried legally, to put Jesus to death.

In regard to the binding power of the laws it may be said in passing that the only time in which a law might be ignored was when the saving of life was involved. A few examples to show how extremely careful and studied a person would have to be, if he would escape condemnation at the hands of the exacting Rabbis, will illustrate, in a degree, the nature of the Pharisaic belief.

On the Sabbath it was not allowed to walk more than about three-quarters of a mile from one's dwelling; but if on Friday, before evening, a person should deposit, at the end of the first three-quarters of a mile, enough food for two meals, that point would be considered a part of his dwelling and so he could travel on another three-quarters of a mile. No burden could be carried on the Sabbath. The weight of one dried fig constituted a burden; but it was questionable whether the carrying of two half figs would not entail guilt, though it was permitted, through the kindness of the Rabbis, to carry a baby even if the child were holding a stone in its hand. The water which fell directly from the sky in rain might be carried; but if it first ran down a wall it would be a sin to carry it.

A few of the more interesting examples of the difficulties—interesting because of their remarkable insignificance,—which this complicated system of ordinances entailed, and of the necessity of great learning and ingenuity to avoid the meshes which traditionalism had so finely woven, are found a little further on in the Talmud. If, for instance, a person were in one place and had his hand

filled with fruit, or the like; stretched into another, and the Sabbath found him thus, he must drop the fruit without moving his hand lest he be guilty of carrying a burden on the Sabbath. If a journey ended on the Sabbath, the pack must not be lifted from the ass, though it may be loosened and let fall to the ground.

Clothes were not to be examined by lamp-light; pupils might not read if the teacher looked on the book; mixtures could not be made if the ingredients would not be dissolved or assimilated before the Sabbath. A light might not be extinguished unless in fear of the Gentiles, of robbers, of an evil spirit, or in order that a dangerously sick person might sleep. One of the Rabbis forbade the throwing of hot water over oneself, for fear of spreading the vapor and of cleansing the floor a little thereby.

The Jew had also a law which regulated what he might wear. He must not put on anything which might become a burden to him nor wear any ornament which he might take off or carry in his hand. If the laws which regulated the dress and preparation of the women in those times were even partially in vogue to-day, our streets would be surprisingly empty and sparsely decorated on Sunday afternoons or evenings.

A woman might not wear rings, pins, wristlets, or any ornaments which could be taken off. This prohibition of ornaments was made because women, in their vanity, might be tempted to take them off to show them to others and, in forgetfulness, carry them and thus violate the law. Women were forbidden to look in the glass on the Sabbath lest they might see a gray hair and try to pull it out, which would be a grievous offense; but men should not do so even on week-days, as it was considered undignified. A woman might not walk on the street with false hair, which would be a burden, and it would be a serious question, I believe, whether the women of to-day might take their rosy complexion abroad, or whether blackened eyebrows would be decreed against.

A man could not wear shoes studded with nails, or, only one shoe as this would entail labor, and it was seriously discussed what should be done if the tie of a sandal

had broken on the Sabbath day. False teeth might fall out and then be carried, and so were forbidden, as also were gold fillings in the tooth. If mud or water fell on a dress, the garment might be shaken, but never rubbed or brushed. To write two small letters was a sin, but to write a large one occupying the same space was no sin. And so endless details would carry us on forever. Two horse hairs would constitute a burden because they might make a bird trap; ink, if there was enough to write two letters, or a pebble, if it was large enough to aim at a little bird, might not be carried. A man might take a bath, but he must not rub himself hard enough to become tired.

Nothing could be eaten on the Sabbath which had not been prepared on a week-day expressly for the Sabbath. Thus an egg which a hen laid on the Sabbath was forbidden, because evidently it could not have been intended for the Sabbath since it was not yet laid; but if the hen had been kept to be fattened and not to lay, the egg might be eaten as a part of the hen which had dropped off.

And so on through pages, innumerable examples of such puerile regulations might be piled up to show the extreme unnaturalness, the shallow externalism, and the unprofitable formalism, which were the fundamental characteristics of the Rabbinical teaching.

Such is the nature of the laws which the Pharisees accused Christ of breaking. These are a few examples out of many such provisions by which the Rabbis enlarged the simple Sabbath law of the Bible, and in their anxiety to secure absolute rest substituted for it the intricate system of external and tedious regulations.

Christ was, indeed, a breaker of the Sabbath, for He had openly transgressed the Sabbath law by making clay and applying it as a cure to a blind man's eye. He broke it again with His disciples when they plucked the ears of corn and on several other occasions; therefore, the Pharisees wished to put Him to death. But Jesus argued with them and used reason in His own defense. It surely could not be wrong for Him to do good on the Sabbath, since this was what His Father had done at all times from the beginning, notwith-

standing the Sabbath law. As the Son of God, Jesus was not fettered or bound down by the law, for He was Lord of the Sabbath also. David and the priests worked on the Sabbath and were not bound by these laws because they worked for the service of the Lord, which was the object of the holydays; so also were the disciples, when following Jesus, in the service of the Lord; ministering unto Him was far above ministering in the temple, for Christ was greater than the temple. The Pharisees not only did not believe in Him, but they sinned in that higher law which demands mercy and not sacrifice.

But the Rabbis were further troubled, for in their law there was an old tradition which held that the answer to prayer presupposed a devout state of mind in the one who petitioned. Christ's prayers had been answered when He cured the blind man and restored the withered hand, and therefore He must be in favor with God. But these things were done in violation of the law! Rabbinism was now at its great trial. Was it true that their traditional law of Sabbath observance was divine, or was He who had done such wonderful miracles divine? Could Christ be of God since He did not keep the Sabbath-law as they kept it, and then again could He be a transgressor of God's law and do such marvelous miracles?

The Rabbis saw in Jesus a great and powerful man and they feared Him. They did not like His teaching because if it prevailed it would reduce them to insignificance and their long-cherished traditions would crumble into nothingness. They wished to apprehend Jesus and put Him away, but they wished to have law on their side. Therefore it was that they watched Jesus, laid snares for Him, and triumphantly seized every opportunity to bring charges for death against Him. And when they saw that He plucked ears of corn on the Sabbath—which act involved two sins: that of reaping and that of rubbing the ears, or threshing—and when they saw Him restore sight and cure the withered hand,—which involved the making of clay and the doing of an act of curing both of which were strictly forbidden by the Sabbath law,—they cried out against Him as a law-breaker and a desecrator of the Lord's holyday.

Christ's life was an exhortation to good, everywhere and at all times, and a living condemnation of everything evil or meaningless in life. And so when Jesus openly violated the Sabbath-law and undertook to defend Himself, He did it in order to convince the Pharisees of the sheer externalism of their views and to show them the wonderful truth of His saying that though the letter of the law killeth, the spirit, indeed, giveth life.

### Bolivar Heights.

BESIDE the friendly waters of the dear old stream  
St. Joe

There stands near Niles a river-bluff, our camp grounds,  
you should know;

'Tis not a Wall St. Bughouse nor a Yankee Hall  
of Fame,

But just a summer jacket for the sons of Notre Dame.  
If you're loaded with the money, you may get a  
room to rent;

If you haven't got a copper, why, you've got to be  
content

With a roughhouse in the darkness, 'cause there  
aint no use for lights

On this place of fun and fancy—we have styled it  
"Bolivar Heights."

The order of the day begets disorder of the night,  
For thriving on old "Stogies" stirs up quite an  
appetite,—

A salad from the screech-owls, or a brick served  
"à la carte,"

Replenishes your stomach and cools off your burning  
heart.

The luncheon is a mixture of facetious puns with  
frost,—

They come when least expected, therefore keep your  
fingers crossed;

For chickens lay in daytime according to their rights;  
You see, at night they're roosters upon old

"Bolivar Heights."

Our leader is a hero, he's been christened "Prootch  
The Wise,"—

A name bespeaking shrewdness on his part to show  
us guys

The way to save the camp-fire from drowning in  
the deep.

Of waters cast upon it by the lads who want to sleep.  
If, perchance, you come to see us, leave your winning  
ways at home,

For we'll rob you if you gamble,—we'll cartoon you  
in the "Dome."

But bring along your song-books, your "Hand Made"  
and your tights,

For we live in song and incense in the swim at  
"Bolivar Heights." P. E. HEBERT.

## Some Aspects of the Oxford Movement.

## II.—THE GENESIS OF THE MOVEMENT.

PAUL J. FOIK, '07.

When the nineteenth century opened, England bore the same dismal aspect that characterized the country for more than a hundred years. The spectre of the past still hovered near, sadly bewailing the egregious folly of an unhappy age. The tumultuous chaos of another "Great Flood" spread upon a world already sickened by a thousand woes. The waves of enmity and discontent rose high and swept unfettered across the whole of Europe. The deluge of the French Revolution submerged almost every land in war. Far and wide, swift as the cannon's shot, proceeded the cry of liberty—prophetic sound that made kings tremble on their thrones, and impregnated into the hearts of men a strange enthusiasm. The flood abated its fury, and soon the Ararat of hope and peace appeared. The strain of one of the greatest and most eventful wars in the world's history had been removed. Men freed from the trammels of a system based on royal prerogative breathed now a more congenial atmosphere. The mind of the age, at last awakened and roused, sought objects whereon to vent its energy. Then was born that intellectual activity and moral earnestness which was to stir the soul of genius in relation to literature and religion.

The consequence of all this revival of learning was felt in a series of movements, political, religious, and philosophical, the results of which have lasted even to our day. Three schools of thought began to affect England vitally at this time. All were nourished in that great home of culture, Oxford; all were led by men of original mind and strong individuality; all differed on very important questions; hence all by their teaching naturally exerted a powerful influence upon the University and in turn upon the whole country.

The two Mills, father and son, disciples of Jeremy Bentham, were popularizing the principles and doctrines of that political

and radical school, established more than half a century ago in England. They recommended, with certain modifications, that new idea of government which was the aim and partial success of the French Revolution. These rationalists tried to sift everything down to first principles. They attacked with vigor prevailing traditions and endeavored to substitute instead the reason of the individual. They hoped to uproot in a short space those sacred constitutional rules which the experience of ages had sanctioned, and attempted to rebuild a new structure of politics in which "first principles" were to be the foundation.

Evidences of a change in political conditions became strikingly manifest when the Catholic Emancipation Act was passed. Daniel O'Connell had his difficult task somewhat lightened by the influence of this radical school, although he was in no way connected with it. Their aim was universal suffrage, and anything which would further that end was generously assisted. Hence the measure did more than to relieve the Catholics of their disabilities: it aimed a most decisive blow at Erastianism in England. This innovation in the existing state of things, involving, as it did, a change in the policy of the government, radically affected the constitution. Hitherto the full rights of a sovereign people were only enjoyed by the members of the Established Church. Catholics and Dissenters had just a little toleration, and were placed, as it were, outside the state, for they could have no representation in government. But by the new Act of 1829, the Establishment could no longer hold an exalted place as the state religion, since British subjects were now free to adopt any creed they pleased.

The Anglican Church saw the ordinary course that events must take, and was filled with some apprehension that dissolution was close at hand if effort were not made for improvement. As Catholics and Dissenters were now part of the sovereign people, they were on the same footing as the Establishment. Another matter seemed to create a general uneasiness among Anglicans. This was the recognized fact that a new relation had been effected between Church and State by the recent Emancipation. The government might

refuse to give its support, for the reason that the teaching of the Church of England was no longer the national belief, and again, on more arbitrary grounds, that since she was brought into being by constitutional means that same power could be used to remove her. That such a proceeding involved the assumption of no new principles, either ecclesiastical or political, both Church and State seemed to be equally well aware. The Establishment thought its worst fears were about to be realized when shortly after the famous Emancipation Act the government proposed the suppression of ten Irish Sees. If once the reforming zeal of Parliament began, they thought, this suppression of a few Irish Sees would only be the prelude to entire suppression in Ireland, and that it would be just a matter of time till the whole realm would share the same fate.

Parliament had been carrying affairs with a high hand until the success of the Reform Bill of 1832, when the Church began to bestir herself to shake off the mortal coils that were daily rendering her more and more powerless. In this struggle that was to revolutionize religion in England, some of the most brilliant minds were soon to take part. The Establishment was face to face with the political hydra that had already attacked Tradition in almost every conceivable way, and was now about to wage war against the historical ordinances and institutions of the Church. There was even talk in Parliamentary circles of appointing special committees to examine and revise the Prayer Book and to remodel the creed. It was clear to most people from the very beginning that there was a portion of the government opposed to the very existence of the Church. In fact, John Mill writes: "Next to an aristocracy an Established Church or corporation of priests, as being by position depravers of religion, and interested in opposing the progress of the human mind, was an object of my father's greatest detestation." The younger Mill had a project in hand in 1832, which would confiscate the Church property for the benefit of the state. Had he carried out this scheme, there was grave fear that he would bring about an actual abolition of the Establishment.

No one except an eye-witness can

adequately estimate the effects that these new feelings had on the educated mind. "The whole fabric of English, and indeed of European society," writes Mr. Morley, "was trembling to its foundations. Every party, every interest, political or religious, in the country was pushing its claims to universal acceptance, with the single exception of the Church of England, which was folding its robes to die with what dignity it could. At such a time, when a thousand projectors were screaming from a thousand platforms, when all England was dinning with philanthropy and revolution, spirituality and reform, when the scissors and paste-pot were everywhere at work on the Prayer Book, when Whatley was preparing to walk quietly over ten churches in Ireland, and Arnold was confidently hoping to surpass Bunsen's scheme of comprehension in England, Newman was laboriously working his way into the hitherto unvisited region of patristic theology."

The members of the school to which Arnold belonged received from Oxford men the disparaging name of "Noetics." This appellation was changed in time to the equally indefinite one of "Liberals." Besides Arnold there were Copleston, Whatley, and Hampden, all of whom have a place in the Oxford history of this time. "The (Liberal) party," writes Newman, "grew all the time I was at Oxford, even in numbers, certainly in breadth and definiteness of doctrine and in power; and what was a far higher consideration, by the accession of Dr. Arnold's pupils claimed the respect even of its opponents." Early in 1832 Arnold became alarmed at the critical condition of the Church, and fearing that disestablishment was not far distant, took upon himself the task of writing a pamphlet on Church Reform, in which he advocated a closer union between Church and State. In addition he proposed extending state control to all Christian sects, and he hoped by this means to bring about a reaction which would purify the State. In his opinion if the State were permitted to go on in its present course, there was danger that it would continue to tyrannize over the Church. The culmination probably would be the confiscation of ecclesiastical land and property. This, according to Arnold, would be strik-



ing a deathblow at the Establishment. He asked the High Church party to join with him to bring about a common good, but as there were men in the party with entirely different ideals, he met from the very beginning a spirited opposition. The Noetics viewed the Church as a Protestant establishment, which position was diametrically opposed to the Tractarians. Under existing conditions Arnold and his men could hope to produce no permanent effect, since the principles upheld were somewhat Utopian, and because the philosophy and theology taught were tinged with some of the destructive doctrines of Mill. The tenets they selected only in part from that school, which brought forth a severe criticism from Mill, the charge of being inconsistent.

"The time was ripe," says Dean Church, "for great collisions of principles and aims, for the decomposition of elements which had hitherto been united; for sifting them out of their old combinations and regrouping them according to their most natural affinities. It was a time for the formation and development of unexpected novelties in teaching and practical effort. There was a great historic church party imperfectly conscious of its position and responsibilities; there was an active but declining pietistic school resting on a feeble intellectual basis and narrow and meagre interpretation of Scripture, and a strong one in its circle of philanthropic work; there was confronting both a rising body of inquisitive and in some ways menacing thought. To men deeply interested in religion the ground seemed confused and treacherous. There was room and there was a call for new effort, but to find resources for it, it seemed necessary to cut down deep below the level of what good men accepted as the adequate expression of Christianity and its fit application to the conditions of the nineteenth century."

Certain influences were already at work quietly preparing the way for the great activity which was soon to follow. "Like the voice of one crying in the wilderness: Make straight the paths of the Lord," thus did "The Christian Year" sound the advent of the Tractarian Movement. By this thoughtful and soothing collection of hymns John Keble, "the singer and sweet

saint," raised the High Church from a formal and jejune condition to fuller life. Taking the Prayer-Book as his guide he expressed in beautiful language and exquisite imagery the sound religious sentiments that filled his heart. He characterized his work with "the emotion of Evangelicalism," avoiding at the same time contact with its distinguishing principles and doctrines. He shows in his poetry and his life that he was a man of high talent, "from whose rarely opened lips," to quote the words of Dr. Barry, "pearls and diamonds of wisdom dropped when listeners were congenial." He aimed at relieving the overburdened mind by lifting the weariness and dullness that weighed down religious worship. But how was this to be accomplished? He found Anglicanism wanting in that divine essential element which makes a divine poetry. Little could be gathered from "a ritual dashed upon the ground, trodden on, and broken piecemeal," for so Cardinal Newman described it, or from "prayers clipped, pieced, torn, shuffled about at pleasure until the meaning of the composition perished, and offices which had been poetry were no longer good prose."

Yes, Keble by the brilliancy of his genius revived devotion and awakened the long-forgotten practices of a better day. Like magic he animated the Church of England by his soul-inspiring strains. The benefited clergymen, those lovers of luxurious ease, had long put aside the devotions which caused them inconvenience or broke in upon their rest. Christmas eves came and went, and the observance of them was left to a few carollers and bell-ringers. Now all arose to do homage to their new-born King.

Still as the day comes round  
For Thee to be revealed,  
By wakeful shepherds Thou art found,  
Abiding in the field.

All through the wintry heaven and chill night air,  
In music and in light Thou dawnest on their prayer.

O faint not ye for fear—  
What though your wandering sheep,  
Reckless of what they see and hear,  
Lie lost in wilful sleep!

High Heaven in mercy to your sad annoy  
Still greets with glad tidings of immortal joy.

Think on th' eternal home,  
The Saviour left for you;  
Think on the Lord most holy, come  
To dwell with hearts untrue;

So shall ye tread untried His pastored ways,  
And in the darkness sing your carol of high praise.

At a time when the light of faith grew dim "when," to use the words of Newman, "the Real Presence was all but utterly forgotten or denied," the doctrine of Sacrament was revived and reclaimed by the devotional zeal of this searcher after truth, John Keble. Thus in his "Holy Communion" he breathed forth these heartfelt verses:

Fresh from th' atoning sacrifice  
The world's Creator bleeding lies,  
That man, His foe, by whom He bled,  
May take Him for his daily bread.

Whispering it says to each apart,  
Come unto Me thou trembling heart,  
And we must hope, so sweet the tone,  
The precious words are all our own.

We can not help admiring the work wrought on the Establishment by this sacred poet. His poems kindled hearts till now forlorn with sweet enthusiasm for his Church and brought back unbelieving wanderers and made of them trusty advocates. Such, indeed, was the influence of "The Christian Year."

Hardly less powerful in influence was a collection of religious poems, bearing more directly on the movement, entitled the "Lyra Apostolica." Canon Scott Holland says: "It sprang out of a critical hour in which the force of a historical movement first found speech." The challenge which it contained startled the world with no uncertain sound. The vehemence, the thoroughness, and the precision of its language could not be mistaken. The people had taken too many things for granted and never inquired into their veracity. Only the soundest doctrine was now to be nourished and propagated. Three men shine as beacon lights of truth on the threshold of this age of religious enlightenment,—brilliant guides for many that were soon to be attracted to them. John Newman, John Keble, and Hurrell Froude were the pioneers of the Movement. That they had full confidence in their cause we gather from the majestic swing and radiant courage of the poems which make up the "Lyra Apostolica." It was during these years prior to 1833 that the subtle brain of Newman especially, with all the inspiration, fire, and force that his noble nature possessed, was swept into the very soul of the Movement.

In such a poem as "The Watchman," we behold the firm note of steadfastness and encouragement which characterized these lovers of truth.

Faint not and fret not for threatened woe,  
Watchman on Truth's grey height,  
Few tho' the faithful and fierce tho' the foe,  
Weakness is aye Heaven's might.

Infidel Ammon and niggard Tyre  
(Ill-attuned pair!) unite;  
Some work for love and some work for hire,  
But weakness shall be Heaven's might.

Quail not and quake not, thou Warder bold,  
Be there no friend in sight,  
Turn thee to question the days of old,  
When weakness was aye Heaven's might.

Time's years are many, Eternity one,  
And one is the Infinite,  
The chosen are few, few the deeds well done,  
For scantness is still Heaven's might.

We can not help observe that stanzas such as these were but the battle songs against the shallow religious principles and loose sentimentality of certain existing forms of belief. The spirit of these lyrical strains varied according to the different effects they were expected to produce. Some contain a pleading and persuasive tone like the following sweet lyric on "Private Judgment:"

Wanderer, come home, obey the call,  
A Mother pleads, who ne'er let fall  
One grain of Holy Truth,

Warn you and win she shall and must,  
For now she lifts her from the dust  
To reign as in her youth.

We see in the poems of the *Lyra Apostolica* a determined effort on the part of these three sages to found a school of thought keen, serious and real in character, not a slave to reason, but faithful always to truth. Keble gave the inspiration, Froude the impulse and Newman, in the course of time, was to have a directing hand. Their poetry, as Wordsworth's at an earlier date in a kindred sphere, prepared the way to deeper and more studied efforts in the realm of theology and history. Many came to think like they did. They saw the perils that beset the Church and religion, and questioned how these dangers should be resisted. They even were in communication with the Oxford men, and some ultimately took part in organizing various measures for reform. Interest in the Church's welfare occupied everybody's mind. The result of the searching of the heart and the profound meditation of seven years—from 1826 to 1833—of many illustrious men were about to be made known.

(To be continued.)



Varsity Verse.

AT EXAMINATION.

WHY is it that we brand as *Dark* the Middle Age?"  
The teacher on the blackboard writes,  
And Willie answers, with the wisdom of a sage,  
"'Twas 'cause it had so many Knights."

C. W. L.

IT'S GREAT.

What is half so full of meaning, as "It's great?"  
Just a bit of English screening, yet—"It's great"  
Qualifies your friend and foe,  
Tells you all that some folks know;  
It's of all things apropos, 'cause "It's great."

When you smoke a good cigar, "aint it great?"  
When you skive on Hill St car, "aint it great?"  
When you're trudging up a road  
Plugging out a Latin ode  
Till your brains about explode, "aint it great?"

When you "pull" well with your teachers, "aint  
it great?"  
When you're rooting on the bleachers, "aint  
it great?"  
When you feel like reading verse,  
Don't take mine,—there's nothing worse;  
Here's a lemon, now don't curse, "aint it  
great?"

P. E. H.

TOO TRUE, SIR.

In Egypt there once was a Jew, Sir,  
Who kept a wife just to abuse her,  
A youth said, "You bruiser,  
Why don't you amuse her?"  
"I'll amuse or abuse as I choose, Sir.

"My wife is so used to abuse, Sir,  
That if I'd amuse 'twould confuse her.  
It's nothing to you, Sir;  
This day you shall rue Sir,—  
Skidoo, Sir, and go to the deuce, Sir."

The youth said, "Your wife is a muse, Sir,—  
It's really a shame how you use her."  
The bruiser was loser;  
They ran off, the two, Sir,  
The muse, and the youth that did choose her.

G. F.

A LONG VACATION.

A maiden whose tastes were unique,  
Spent a year and a half on Pike's Pique.  
When asked if she'd stay  
Forever and aye,  
She declined, for her lungs were too wique.

F. T. M.

A TANTALIZER.

A maiden, by name Anna Lizer,  
Fell in love with a young advertizer.  
They got married of course,  
But she now seeks divorce  
Because he's in love with Bud Wizer.

W. P. L.

The Sacred Meeting Ground.

COE A. MCKENNA, '10.

The sun had set. Dark shadows of night  
crept from the towering mountains into  
the valley beneath. Over the hills came the  
yelp of the coyote, calling out of the night  
and filling the hills with echoes of dread.  
And as the dismal sound echoed and  
re-echoed and passed away to that myste-  
rious beyond, the very stillness itself seemed  
to quake with living instincts. This lonely  
valley, carved out of the mountains with  
a barrier of sheer rock guarding its  
approaches, was the meeting ground of an  
old Indian tribe. Here on the cool, shaded  
banks of a merry, rippling stream that  
flowed through its bosom, the red men were  
accustomed to gather every five years at  
the time when the oak leaves began to fall.

The time had now arrived when all true  
members of that tribe were to assemble.  
Many changes had come over the earth  
since they last met, and on this occasion but  
one lone tepee stood where only a few  
years before there had been many. The chief  
and his aged wife, the last remnant of that  
chivalrous tribe, now sat alone in their  
doorway. Lovers they were in their youth,  
and lovers still when the purple shadows  
of old age gently reminded them that they  
were soon to part, each going on the long,  
long journey. Daylight sank into darkness,  
the moon rose, sieving its mellow light  
through the trees on the lonely couple.  
The dog at their feet aroused himself, and  
pointing his nose skyward answered with  
a long, pitiful wail his wild brothers of  
the hills. As silence settled again over the  
earth, the old man clasped affectionately the  
withered hand of his mate.

There had been a tradition among the  
members of the tribe that when a fiery  
dragon should pass through the meeting  
ground in the dead of night, the power  
of the tribe would be forever broken, and  
as the two—the last of their clan—sat  
there alone, something seemed to whisper  
that the fatal day had arrived.

In the distance was heard a rumble that  
soon grew into a roar, as if a thousand  
cataracts had broken loose. A light burst  
forth from the side of the mountain. A  
large, puffing monster seemed to spring forth  
from the very rocks, dragging its illumi-  
nated body after it. The two stout hearts  
trembled for the first time. Their last hour  
had come, for the legend of the sacred  
meeting ground was fulfilled. The demon  
wound down the valley, and as it vanished  
in the distance two spirits passed to the  
happy hunting ground.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Published every Saturday during Term Time at the  
University of Notre Dame.

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

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

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

Notre Dame, Indiana, October 12, 1907.

## Board of Editors.

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07	ROBERT A. KASPER, '07
ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08	WILLIAM LENNARTZ, '08
FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08	JAMES J. QUINLAN, '08
IGNATIUS E. MCNAMEE, '09	VARNUM A. PARISH, '09

—The action of South Bend Council, No. 553, Knights of Columbus, in voting \$300 to the University annually for two day scholarships, is not only a

**K. of C. Scholarships.** generous service to Notre Dame and to St. Joseph County, but is a great exam-

ple as well. It is a curious thing that our people, while understanding the need of building churches, hospitals and asylums, have not yet come to understand the need of assisting Catholic colleges by donations. Everybody understands the aches and pains of the body and the sorrows of the homeless and the abandoned, but few people, except scholars, have a right sympathy for the growing pains of the mind, and scholars usually have little money to bestow on benefactions. The action of the Knights of Columbus, therefore, is as a moral as well as a financial value. May they have many imitators.

—“Example,” says Edmund Burke, “is the school of mankind and they will learn from no other.” Perhaps nowhere is the power of example so great as in the

**The Power of Example.** home or in the school. The influence for good or evil, which students exert over their fellows, might well deserve a

passing thought. It has been well remarked “that as our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed,

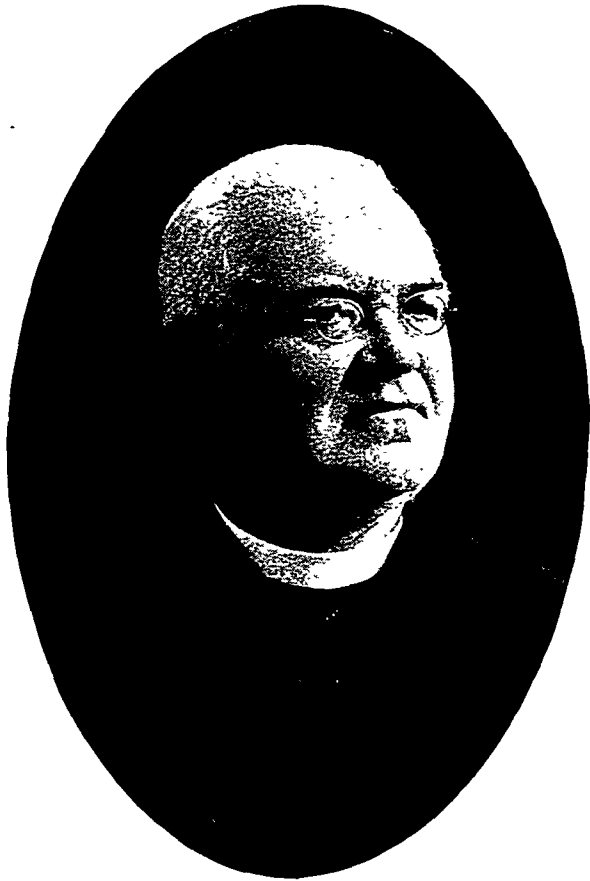
so do our souls as insensibly take in virtue or vice by the example of good or bad company.” Mankind is by nature imitative, and all persons, especially the young, are more or less impressed by the ways of acting and speaking, and even by the habits of thought in others. A look, a word, a suggestion may be the making or the unmaking of a life. Nor does such influence stop with this or that individual with whom one comes in contact. To every act, no matter how trivial it may be, there is attached a train of consequences which are eternal in their effects. The good or bad influences we exert are again reflected forth in the lives of our associates, and so eternity is their duration.

—The commencement of the scholastic year gives rise to speculation as to our prospects of success in the various lines of college activities. Thoughts or

**Concerning Public Speaking.** football and track are at present occupying the student mind; later the

interest will shift to baseball. But interesting and important as these sports are from an undergraduate point of view, there is another branch of activity deserving of equal, if not greater attention, one which is perhaps more beneficial and far-reaching in its results, namely, debating. The practical value of facility in public speaking is manifest to everyone, and the ability, not often of easy acquisition, to give fitting expression to one's thoughts and convictions before a public assemblage is an endowment which may prove the college man's richest asset.

The place and time to develop one's natural ability is right here in college, where the mind is quickened by scholarly influences and where splendid opportunities are afforded for practice and improvement. The real standard of education prevailing at an institution is reflected by no department of college activity so much as by the work done in debating and public speaking in general. Athletic triumphs, though of benefit and advantage in many ways, are only evidences of superior physical skill and prowess, glories of an hour, while debating victories stand indicative of the true worth of a school as a factor in mental development and culture.



The Death of Father Fitte, C. S. C.

When the death knell was sounded in the church tower shortly before noon on Tuesday last, there was scarcely a person who, hearing it, did not understand its meaning,—scarcely a person who did not instinctively feel that God had in due time taken to Himself one who had rounded out a life of usefulness in the Community of Holy Cross and had endured with edifying patience a siege of suffering such as saints might yearn for with the eager spirit of the martyrs. Father Stanislaus Fitte, C. S. C., is gone now after having reached a ripe old age which was characterized by signal devotion to duty, rare vitality in ending the battle of life, and persevering energy in all things. He has joined the company of those saintly soldiers of the Cross whose ashes repose in the little cemetery that overlooks St. Mary's Lake. A new mound of clay marks the spot where his mortal remains have been laid to rest, and on it stands an iron cross, simple but suggestive of the greatest monument that ever typified the true relations of life and death.

The burial ceremony was one worthy of the occasion. The Very Rev. Dr. Morrissey, C. S. C., was celebrant of the Solemn Mass of requiem; Father J. B. Scheier, C. S. C., was deacon, and Father Andrew Sammon,

C. S. C., was subdeacon. The sermon, which we have the pleasure of printing in full, was preached by Father J. J. French, C. S. C.:

"On Tuesday morning last the tolling bells of Notre Dame announced that the taps had sounded for another comrade of Holy Cross. Father Stanislaus Fitte, hearkening to the imperative call of his Divine Master bowed his head and said: *Adsum*, 'present,'—'Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit; Lord Jesus, receive my soul.'

"To the community his going is an echoing of the old familiar words: 'They are dropping out of the ranks one by one, tried and true. They are passing like the leaves in autumn-tide.' His death reminds us all of the inevitable truth, 'To-day for me and to-morrow for you.' To the student body his death means the passing away of one who for over a quarter of a century held the chair of Philosophy and Latin in the University of Notre Dame. To the old students Father Fitte was a familiar figure. While some might have discussed in critical terms the merits of his system of teaching, all on leaving college were forced to admit that they had learned much from him, and acknowledged his superior mental training. He was an educated man in the broad, liberal sense of the word. After making his preparatory studies under the Jesuits of Nancy, France, he entered the Grand Seminary of the same place from which place he was ordained by the celebrated Cardinal Lavigerie in 1864 in the 24th year of his age. Latterly he graduated from the celebrated Sorbonne of Paris.

"His whole course of schooling had fully equipped him to fill the chair of Philosophy and Latin with credit to himself and to the University and to add lustre to the collegiate faculty of which he was one of its most conspicuous figures. About the year 1880 he entered the Congregation of Holy Cross, and from that time up to two years ago he was inseparably connected with this University. His whole heart and soul was wrapped up in its honor, and he left nothing undone to give it prestige among similar institutions of learning. One of his characteristics was punctuality to duty. I might say he was slavishly so. Neither the lateness of the hour of retiring the evening before nor the multitudinous

calls upon his generous assistance to help or to do could induce him to miss his class.

"I mention this fact, dear students, to show you that as a professor devoted to his calling he has a claim upon your prayers, for what he has done for others he would as assiduously do for you, were it so permitted him by divine Providence. Pray for his soul, and in this way you can help, as Holy Church teaches, one who by his indefatigable zeal endeavored to build up and fortify by sound principles of Catholic philosophy and religious precepts the students to battle with the false maxims of the world in after life.

"Looking at the deceased in the vigorous days of maturer years, he seemed exteriorly as a gnarled oak, but like the oak in exterior his grain of honesty was straight up and down. Hence the brusque expression so familiar to his friends, 'No, sir; Yes, sir.' His piety, like his character, was strong, robust and devoid of devotional phylacteries.

"Whatever may have been thy faults, friend and Father, I can hear thee from thy silent couch quoting to me the words of St. Paul to the Corinthians: 'It is a thing of very little account how I am judged by you or human judgment, but He that judgeth me is the Lord.' Owing to bodily ailments, which he had long sought to conceal, Father Fitte was forced to leave his class some two years ago. It is with reluctance I enter this period of his life. It was truly a sanctuary of suffering, a veritable Gethsemane, and he sat therein like holy Job with the potsherd of patience to scrape himself. His infirmity, like a gnawing cancer, made each movement of his body an agony of pain. And when one came to him like the comforters of Job to mourn with him he answered almost in the words of the patient man of the Land of Uz: 'The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be His Holy Name.'

"'Father,' said he to me when I endeavored to find out the cause of his ailment, so that the superiors could give him special help, 'I was once proud of my physical form, I boasted of my strength; and I regard this ailment as a divine chastisement. I have asked God to strike hard.' These words amazed me, and I sat dumfounded before him, for I felt that I was gazing upon

the face of one who had gone down into the arena to wrestle with the great angel of death and who saw before him the grave that was soon to receive him. In these two years of excruciating pain he girded himself; not once did he complain over his suffering or the condition of his body. It was a lesson in patient suffering to see the agony depicted upon his face when he was obliged to move, and a marvel it was that never did his lips open to murmur or complain. What a lesson for us all: the buoyant, vigorous, robust man of former years, sat silent upon the stool of suffering in the school of Christ Crucified. If our Divine Saviour, as the apostle says, was made perfect through human suffering, may we not reasonably hope that the silence and submission of these two years has served to atone for the past and to purify and cleanse his soul?

"To all of us, and particularly to the Catholics, his death means much, for the death of any priest is a loss to the Catholic Church. It means that there is one less to stand at the altar and to pray for the living and the dead. One less to break the Bread of Eternal Life to the hungry soul. One less to raise his anointed hand and to absolve the penitent, saying, 'Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee.' One less to bind up the bruised and broken heart. One less to sit at the bedside of the dying and through words of faith show how the darkened pathway leading beyond is lighted up. One less to raise his hand and impart the benediction of God. His death is a loss to the Church, a loss to his community. Pray then that his spirit may live and be fructified in those who are endeavoring to follow in his footsteps as priests of Holy Cross.

"Sweet Lord, look down from Thy sanctuary upon this Thy priest and our friend, and hear the prayer which we pour forth for him who so often stood at Thy altar and prayed for others. Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord, and let Thy perpetual light shine upon him."

The services took place in the Church of the Sacred Heart on Thursday morning October 10, at nine o'clock, and were attended by members of the Community, by the students of the University, by a number of Sisters of Holy Cross and some of their pupils, and by many visitors.

Among the visiting clergy who attended the funeral were the following: Fathers J. Guendling, F. Jansen, H. O'Gara, J. Dinnen, T. Rosensteel, H. McShane, T. O'Sullivan, L. Moench, C. Stuer, G. Vermeulen, D. O'Leary, A. Goupille, D. Hagerty, J. Scherer, P. Lauth, T. Vagnier, C. Sztuczko, B. Ill, R. Marciniak, J. DeGroote, V. Czyzewski, A. Zubowicz, and S. Gruza.

The pall-bearers were the Reverend Fathers Kirsch, Scherer, Zubowicz, Sztuczko, Goupille and O'Sullivan.

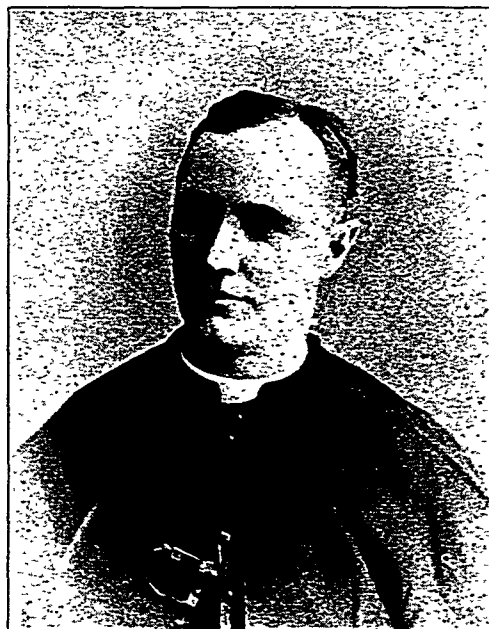
Born at Dienze, Alsace-Lorraine, October 25, 1842; ordained priest, October 25, 1865; entered the Congregation of Holy Cross, July 10, 1880; professed, July 22, 1883; died at Notre Dame, Ind., October 8, 1907,—this is the story in brief of the life that has just passed away. During his many years of service in the Community Father Fitte has filled posts of honor: at one time in the Seminary where he was for a while the Director, at another time in the Novitiate where he was Master of Novices, and finally in the Community House where he was Superior at the time of his death. As a member of the University faculty he came into close contact with a large number of graduates of Notre Dame, and shared in the responsibility of preparing them to be an honor to their *Alma Mater*. Many will remember him as Professor of Philosophy and the Classics. Others will remember him as a scholar and poet who knew the language of Horace as he knew his own. Some who came into closer contact with him will realize that death has taken a friend to whom is due a debt of gratitude.

---

#### Obituary.

---

The sad intelligence has reached us of the sudden death, on Tuesday last, of Dr. Richard Slevin, of Peoria, Ill. Richard was a Quon Medalist and Classical graduate of the class of '96. The SCHOLASTIC bespeaks for his sorrowing friends and relatives the sympathy of a wide circle of acquaintances to whom he had made himself dear during his stay at Notre Dame. Requiem Mass was celebrated this morning in the University Church. The students and faculty were present. *R. I. P.*



Father O'Neill's Silver Jubilee.

On Monday, October 7, Father Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., quietly celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. One by one anniversaries of this kind come and go in the lives of those who have grown up with the University of Notre Dame, and are sometimes overlooked; but in the life of one so prominent as Father O'Neill an event of this kind is worthy of more than passing consideration. Here and there in the press of this country and of Canada, too, attention has been called to the Jubilee in a manner that is quite gratifying. Father O'Neill is widely known on account of his literary work, so much so that he is generally styled the Poet-Priest. His skill as a writer has been attested on more than one occasion, as observed by readers of the SCHOLASTIC, and is commonly recognized, as may be gathered from the following reference which is taken from a recent number of the *Catholic Columbian*:

Father O'Neill became known to the majority of priests in the United States and Canada in 1893-'4-'5 as the author of a series of papers on clerical topics contributed to the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. The perfect literary form of these articles together with a lightness of touch and an abiding sense of humor noticeable therein, won for the young priest praise from authorities whose commendation was an honor indeed. Several years later, in 1899, he published a volume of poems, "Between Whiles," a book to which the best Catholic reviewers accorded uniformly flattering notices; . . . and Maurice Francis Egan is on record as stating that "Between Whiles" "is worthy of a place among books of sweetness and consolation."

## The Knights of Columbus and the University.

The following correspondence explains itself:

OCTOBER 7, 1907.

"THE REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.,

"President Notre Dame University, Notre Dame,

"REV. FATHER:—I take great pleasure in informing you that at the last regular meeting South Bend Council No. 553, Knights of Columbus, voted to donate two day scholarships, in the collegiate course, in Notre Dame University, to deserving young men of St. Joseph County.

"The manner of selecting the students is to be decided upon by a committee which will be appointed in the near future, and they, no doubt, will confer with you in regard to the matter.

"Fraternally yours,

"[Signed] J. B. WEBER, G. K."

OCTOBER 8, 1907.

"MR. J. B. WEBER, G. K.,

"Knights of Columbus, South Bend, Ind.

"MY DEAR MR. WEBER:—I have this morning received your letter giving me official information of the action of South Bend Council No. 553, Knights of Columbus, in donating two day scholarships to the University.

"I beg you to thank Council No. 553 in my name and in behalf of the University for this generous action. It will not only provide an opportunity for two deserving young men, but it will also serve as a signal example to persons and societies that are in a position to establish scholarships.

"I shall be glad to meet your committee at any time to consider the terms of appointment to these scholarships.

"Very sincerely yours,

"[Signed] JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.,  
"President."

## Athletic Notes.

Wood and Burdick look to be fixtures on the ends. So far no one has shown up who has a right to dispute their claim to the positions.

\*\*\*

Dolan was to have undergone an operation on his knee this week, but upon the advice of his physician he will continue to play until the cartilage, which is causing all the trouble in his knee, comes to the surface again, and then the operation will be performed.

\*\*\*

Franklin College has been scheduled for the next game, which will be played at Notre Dame next Saturday, October 19.

Ryan may be used at full-back in the first few games instead of at quarter. He is a light man but fast and heady. With Calli-  
crate, Cripe and Ryan as backs they would be the smallest backfield Notre Dame ever had and also one of the fastest.

\*\*\*

Coach Barry has made several shifts in the line this week in the hope of finding five centre men that appear to be of the right stuff to make a varsity line. Munson has been moved from guard to centre and gives every indication of making a fast man in the position. In fact, the changes have been so numerous that it is impossible to name them all; part of the time some of the regulars are playing on the second team and the second team men on the first. Every effort is being made to develop a line equal to the backfield which is one of the fastest Notre Dame ever had.

\*\*\*

The work of Schmitt in the backfield and on defense has been good during the past week, and if he continues at the gait he is going now he will undoubtedly appear in the line-up this season.

\*\*\*

Coach Maris has his track men in shape for the big handicap meet next Thursday, and the meet promises to be the largest of its kind ever held here. The men who have been working hard in preparation for the meet are: Moriarty in the pole vault and quarter mile; Roth, broad jump and mile; Roach, mile; Devine, half mile; Shafer, dashes; McDonough, high jump; Moloney, dashes; Blackman, quarter mile; Hebenstreet, dashes; and O'Leary, dashes and middle distances. All of the above-mentioned men have been working faithfully, and have shown the spirit which must be had if a winning track team is to be developed. Every man on the squad shows promise, and under the careful tutoring of Coach Maris will develop into good men.

\*\*\*

Remember that the entries close on Tuesday, and all those who wish to enter will by that time hand in to Coach Maris their names and the events in which they wish to compete.



## Lecture by General Curtis.

At half-past four o'clock on last Wednesday afternoon the students and members of the University faculty assembled in Washington Hall to listen to a lecture by General Newton M. Curtis. The speaker was introduced by Colonel William Hoynes, himself a distinguished member of the Grand Army of the Republic. The introduction showed the spirit of the soldier and the fine literary taste of the scholar; its ending was the signal for generous applause. General Curtis spoke most entertainingly on the "Restoration Days in Virginia in 1865." The speaker was reminiscent, and happy in the selection of his incidents which were chosen for narration. His personal experiences, during the War of Rebellion and afterwards, supplied him with ample material for a lecture of this kind. His prominence in the affairs of the army added greatly to the charm of what he had to say. The afternoon was well spent by all who were present.

---

 Personals.
 

---

—Mr. Walter O'Donnell, '06, returned to the University this week. He comes from the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., where he has been pursuing his theological studies under the handicap of bad health. He hopes to regain his strength at Notre Dame.

—The place made vacant by the lamented death of "Bob" Pinkerton, student '67, is to be filled by his son Allan. Mr. William Pinkerton writes: "Robert's son is now my partner in the business, having succeeded his father. He is a bright, capable young man of thirty years and very well adapted for the position which he holds." Mr. Pinkerton promises to visit his *Alma Mater* in company with Allan during the present year.

—Raymond F. Conron of Danville, Ill., who was a student of Notre Dame from 1902 to 1904 has accepted a position as instructor in physics in the Massachusetts Institution of Technology, from which school he was graduated last year. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him abundant success.

---

 A Page's Notes.
 

---

Mr. Speaker's been chewing cough lozenges for the past week to take the frog out of his throat, so his voice, like his figure, was pretty trim last Wednesday afternoon. A slight misunderstanding arose right at the opening of the session about the duties of certain major officers in the House. The sergeant-at-arms thought us pages were getting a salary to carry bills back and forth, but Mr. Speaker put a quietus on his delusion and a different interpretation on the house rule, which, I admit, is a bit vague on certain points of the law. So as not to make any mistake, however, and to do things up legally, we made Hutchins an honorary page right then and there, conferring on him full privileges to run any and all errands.

To run Fox's national university bill up to the clerk's desk was Hutchins' first official prerogative, and he balked at that. Delicacy prompted the worthy gentleman to think that perhaps Fox would like to deliver the bill himself; Fox entertained similar ideas regarding Hutchins, and there followed an "after you, my dear friend," dispute between them as to who should tote the bill. The speaker finally joined his pleadings to those of Delmas Fox, and, combined, their persuasion convinced Hutchins that he and nobody else could do the work satisfactorily.

Fox's bill was the first order of business. Strange to say, unlike most of the Fox bills, this one brought up a little sensation, but the excitement was lob-sided—everybody wanted a chance to lay the thing on the table, and it went there with a bang.

Next came a government bill to make promotions in the army and navy on an efficiency basis instead of according to seniority. Kanaley of New York, McKenna of Oregon, and philosophical Schmid of Missouri, all spoke on the subject without doing the bill any notable amount of harm. Schmid was the most convincing of the trio; he proved that civil service in the army is brought about by efficiency, and therefore that the moral status of North America is necessarily higher than Wall Street stocks before the slump.

## Local Items.

—Congress has granted Hutchins' the exclusive right to the Corby Bulletin Board.

—The Carroll Hall football team is working admirably under the skilful coaching of Professor Lantry.

—Lost.—A K. of C. emblem. The finder will receive a reward by leaving the emblem in care of Brother Alphonsus.

—Subject for the Inter-Hall debate: "Resolved: That the governor of a state should not have the power of pardon." Detailed announcement next week.

—"Unlimited Opportunities for Young Bankers" was the subject of a stirring talk which our lecturer in Economics and History, Dr. Monaghan, delivered at the Bankers' Institute, in Pittsburg last Tuesday evening.

—Professor Edwards takes pleasure in saying that, through the courtesy of the Krieg Brothers, the University is the recipient of 600 magazines which were donated to the library by the Indianapolis Council of the Knights of Columbus.

—Professor Griffith, the teacher of vocal music, is devoting a considerable portion of his time to the formation of a glee club. Local glee clubs in each of the halls will contribute greatly to the success of the professor's work by stimulating the interest of the students, as is already the case in Corby Hall.

—Dr. William Onahan, of Chicago, addressed the members of the upper English classes last Monday morning. The Doctor's personal experiences as a man of letters added a special value to the lecture which he so graciously delivered. We shall have occasion to present a portrait of the Doctor in our next issue.

—On Sunday morning, October 6, took place in the chapel of Holy Cross Hall the religious profession of Dr. John Delaunay, C. S. C., and Mr. Dennis O'Shea, C. S. C. The Very Rev. Dr. Morrissey, C. S. C., who performed the ceremony, congratulated the newly professed and addressed to them a few fatherly words of encouragement and advice.

—Owing to the overcrowding of our columns last week we had to postpone the announcement of the ordination of the Rev. Stanislaus Gorka, C. S. C., who celebrated his first Holy Mass in St. Stanislaus' Church, South Bend, Ind., Sunday, September 29. Father Gorka was ordained in Washington, D. C., where he pursued his theological studies after leaving Notre Dame.

—Charley DeLunden has been requested by the national commission to enter the "accurate throwing contest" at Cincinnati next year, and Charley is reported to have accepted the invitation. Meanwhile, he is keeping in practice by hurling bananas at the throng passing below his window. Several faces and suits have been spoiled, owing to his deadly accuracy, and there is serious talk of feeding DeLunden to the fishes.

—Tuesday evening the students of St. Joseph's Hall were given a welcome surprise in the nature of a talk by Dr. Monaghan. The Doctor took for his topic the customs and the school system of Germany, dwelling particularly on the duel and its pernicious effects. In speaking of the German universities, he stated that they emphasized the value of persistent effort. Only the serious worker succeeds in passing the university examinations, which are especially difficult.

—Many have read with interest the works of John Boyle O'Reilly, but few have ever been fortunate enough to hear him discussed by a man who is himself a poet of widespread reputation. Father O'Neill, who for years has been connected with the *Ave Maria*, will address the members of the Corby Literary Society next Wednesday evening, and it is unnecessary to state that the Reading-Room will be filled. The Glee Club, which has been progressing rapidly under the able directorship of Mr. G. Smith, will render selections.

—To-day we play the first football game of the season. How about the rooting? We haven't heard of any mass-meetings for rehearsing yells, choosing leaders, or making any of the other remote preparations necessary for systematic rooting. The duty of every student is to be at the games and cheer for his college team. The wearers of the "N. D." and those contesting for honors are worthy of our support. If they are not quite up to our expectations a little applause may renew their energy. If they are playing a superb game, the rooting will spur them on to still greater effort. Support the Varsity and you can be sure the Varsity will not disappoint you. A little of the enthusiastic spirit that characterized the Michigan and Illinois baseball games last session is what we want. Make the bleachers ring with lusty "U. N. D's," and show the gridiron heroes that they are not fighting alone. The big rooter filled with true college enthusiasm is a factor in determining every athletic contest. The old students are expected to lead the way, and the new ones are expected to follow. Let the old-time spirit be revived, and let the motto be: "Stay with the team, in victory or defeat, till the last white line is crossed."