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Born, August 29, 1824. Died, September 7, 1901.

In Memoriam.

OUR LATE PRESIDENT.

HIS was the vastest funeral known of man.
A nation's ceaseless life was huehd to do
Him reverence: stayed was the stream that ran
Unnumbered mills; stilled was the screw
That urged the steamship on; silent the marts
Of endless trafficking. Beside his grave
The Nation knelt, and sincere hearts
Intoned a land-wide dirge—the words he gave
To comfort us: "His will, not ours, be done."
So passed this simple man of steadfast faith
Who had a kindly smile for everyone.

The Pagan Bards of the Gael.*

ANTHONY J. BROGAN, LITT. B., 1901.

Those unacquainted with the language of the Gael will be surprised to find that bardic poetry is characterized by a classic reserve in thought and expression. As a good instance of this I quote entire one of Oisin's last lyrics known as

THE HOUSE OF FIONN.

I've seen the House of Fionn,
No housefolk they of humble fame,
Last night—a vision thin—
The Hero's household came.

I've seen the House of Art
Where towered apart his brown, bright son,
Not one like worth could win—
I've seen the House of Fionn.

None sees what I have seen,
Fionn wield the wondrous sword of Luin,
What woe, that sight—unseen!
I've seen the House of Fionn.

The tale could never cease
Of woes that rend my heart within,
Then let me Thou have peace—
I've seen the House of Fionn!

If to feel strongly and describe naturally, or suggest one's emotion to a reader, go chiefly to make up a lyric, then must we admit Oisin to have been a genius in this branch of literature. This old man who says of himself,

> The tale could never cease
> Of woes that rend my heart within,

has a suggestive lesson for the literary artist who would learn.

There is another musical poem attributed to Oisin that expresses finely the somewhat defiant state of mind that a pagan who is losing the joy of the world and can not reach the joy of God, has toward Christianity. Now this poem may not have been sung by Oisin at all. O'Curry seems to think that some lyrics ascribed to this poet were never composed by him but by bards of his age, or a little later, who like him regretted that the days of the Fianna were over, and who feared the encroachments of Christianity as destructive of their art and what it lived on. It must have been one of these who wrote the "Blackbird of Daricarn," parts of which are given.

Sweet thy song, in Dari grove,
No sweeter song from east to west,
No music like thy voice of love—
And thou beneath thy nest!

A strain the softest ever heard,
No more shall come its like to men.
O Hermit! list the wondrous bird—
Thou'lt chant thy hymn again.

If thou, as I, but knew the tale
It sings to all the ancient isle,
Thy tears would rise, and thou wouldst fail
To mind thy God awhile.
. . . . .

'Tis Daricarn, yon western wood—
The Fianna huntsmen loved it best,
And there on stately oak and good,
Lost Fionn placed its nest.

The tuneful tumult of that bird,
The belling deer on ferny steep—
This welcome in the dawn he heard,
These soothed at eve his sleep.

Dear to him the wind-loved heath,
The whir of wings, the rustling brake;
Dear the murmuring glens beneath,
And sob of Droma's lake.

The mountain, not the cell, they sought,
Great Fionn and the Fianna fleet;—
Than tinkle of the bells, they thought
The blackbird's song more sweet!

What poetry and defiance is in this song of the old pagan! How dear to him the bird singing from its nest in the oak tree of Daricarn. Dear to him because it called up the days when he could chant the glories of Fionn and receive his reward from the munificent hand of the great chief. And there is defiance also for that religion, in which he sees naught but self-denial and renouncement of the beautiful sights of the ancient isle.

The cadence of regret and the cry of defiance from the verge of the tomb are characteristics of Gaelic poetry at all times. They are the Gael's recognition of fact and his deep-set conviction that back of the fact there is something. He feels that though the world may

* Prize essay for the English Medal.

call him beaten he is not conquered unless he brings his own will to admit it. It is strange, when we consider the lapse of time and the new blood that has been mingled with the Gaelic, that in our time the same spirit should live in him as in the era of Oisin.

Many poems of the Oisianic period have been rather artistically translated by Dr. Sigerson. He has been faithful to the spirit of the original and frequently brings over the verse-form. In his book "The Bards of the Gael and Gall" are to be found the examples of pagan Gaelic lyrics quoted in this paper. Of the poems of Oisin "that sang of battles and the breath of stormy wars and violent death," a tyro should not presume to speak.

In the works of Aubrey De Vere and Sir Samuel Ferguson the warlike spirit of the ancient bard finds expression. These lyrics of lamentation close the pagan poetry of Erinn. Of the Christian poetry we shall only say that the "Guardsman's Cry" by St. Patrick makes an era in literature. It was the first hymn composed in European language beyond the classic world. The Gaelic was the only language that the ecclesiastics cultivated side by side with Latin. Europe owes to the tongue of the Gael more than half its rimed verse-forms, and, according to Dr. Sigerson, blank verse also. Literature, music and art were eagerly pursued in Christian Erinn, but poetry had reached its highest under the pagans. What befell English literature under Dryden and Pope for a time caused a stagnation in Gaelic literature. It suffered from a false classicism. A true artistic and classic restraint is noticeable in the poetry of the Oisianic era. This restraint was carried to excess in the fifth and sixth centuries by men who were very learned, but who lacked the poetic instinct. Bardic tales are attributed to them which they were not capable of producing, if we can judge by examples of their authentic work extant. The Gaelic epic, the "Tain bo Cuailgne," is supposed to have been written about this time, but O'Curry in his "Manners and Customs" states that parts of the poem existed before the coming of Patrick. The poem was first *written down* in the sixth century but not *composed*. The same may be said of a remarkable bardic tale known as "Deirdre," or "The Sons of Usna." After seeing this story we shall give reasons why the date of its composition should be placed in the third or fourth century.

"The Sons of Usna," according to Dr. Sigerson, is a tragedy, for at the slightest touch it falls into the form of one. Aubrey de Vere says it is "a tragedy cast in a narrative form." It does not lie with us to say whether it belongs to the drama or is an incomplete epic. I give it as a type of the bardic tales of pagan Erinn. My reasons for summarizing and quoting from so long a poem are (1) that it is not easily accessible, for Dr. Todhunter's translation of it is out of print; (2) that it is not well known; (3) because it serves as an illustration of what the bardic tales are like. It may be well to add, however, that in structure and art it excels all the other bardic tales. "The Sons of Usna" is too beautiful to find many poems like it in an ancient literature. The story runs as follows:

Conchobar, the wise and subtle high-king of Erinn, was attending a feast in the house of Felimy, his chief bard. In Felimy's high house their was loud revelry; for the Bards, Druids, and Shanachies of the court of Conchobar were at the feast. The high-king was surrounded by his warriors; Conall Carnach was there and so was Cuchullain, the glorious young champion. Near him sat Fergus MacRoy, who had given his throne up to Conchobar. For Fergus "held the freedom of his mood, love, and the dreaming harp, that made the world a dream, and the comradeship of feasts dearer than power." The hastening day flew by on wings of song, and song led in the hooded night. Keen was the cry of harps, glorious the war of song. The wife of Felimy the Bard poured the brimming horns full of ale and filled with mead the golden cups. When the hearts of all were merry, a thin, shuddering cry rang eerily through the hall, dumbing all tongues. Then cheeks grew pale that never in the battle's brunt had whitened. Felimy was first to speak. "From what night-shrieking wraith, O Druid, came that voice?" Then Cathvah, the druid, "whose voice was like the sea's for mystery and awe and eyes were sad with things to come, answered: "A child cries in the gates of birth for terror of this world; yet shall she be the queen of this world for beauty." And in that hour a child was born to Felimy the Bard. Cathvah called her Deirdre, which means dread, for dear was Erinn to dree her birth. The babe was borne in among the feasters, and Cathvah pronounced his druid song over her. But the shield of Conchobar in the House of Arms bellowed to him in warning. Cathvah told

that the infant, new-born, would cost the land of Ulla dear in tears and blood. Then sprang up an old grey wolf of war, who said, "An evil babe is born this night in Ulla, crush dragons in the egg, be Deirdre but a dream!" From tongue to tongue the name of fear was tossed and many cried, "Slay her!" But Conchobar, frowning down the board, with stern voice asked: "What frights you thus? Shall we warriors, whose life is war for fear of war run mad? Felimy, I claim thy daughter's perilous hand. Black be his grave who wrongs the bride of Conchobar." And so Deirdre was saved. Cathbah, the Druid, smiling faintly and sad, told his king to hold the child; for if he should lose her he should lose all his power and glory.

Conchobar in a lonely mere, deep in the woods, built for Deirdre a fair sunny house, Here she throve "like a slender plant of willow near a stream." All about the mere that circled Deirdre's isle was a wide woodland space fenced in on every side. The king laid a vow on his chiefs that no one of them should go within three sling-shots of the fortress of his love. In this lonely spot Deirdre's rathe beauty ripened unseen, for, save Conchobar, Cathvah and the crafty Lavarcam, the king's Conversation-Dame, no one might come near her. She grew up fearless and free as the wild things she loved.

Cathvah she loved, and him, in her dead father's place,
She honoured most; but when the king, in whose grave soul
Her beauty's bright increase wrought like a druid's charm,
Dreaming her his, would come in his rare hours of ease
To gaze on her and feel the billows of his blood,
Warmed in her splendour, heave with mightier youth, would she
Frown like a captive queen, donning her haughtiest look,
And, dauntless, with cold eyes outstare the gazing king.

After a time Deirdre learned from Lavarcam that she was destined to be the king's bride. She fled in pain and rage into the woods, and Lavarcam to soothe her told her of Usna's three sons, Naisi the Bold, Ainli the Swift, and Ardan of the Sweet Voice. For beauty all three daunted the sun that looked on them; and Naisi was king of them all. The three young heroes had lately returned from the wars. Old Lavarcam loved Naisi as her own child, and promised Deirdre that they should meet. One day the deerhound of the young warrior ran into the isle where the king kept his prize. Naisi followed his hound and coaxed her to the leash, and then throwing himself in a wild furzy place sweet with the breath of spring, he sang like any bird, as carelessly and loud. Lavarcam and Deirdre that morning were walking in the wood, and

As they drew near the spot where Naisi in the furze
Still sat and sang; and Deirdre, ere she saw him, heard
His voice filling the air with jubilant song. Her heart
Failed in the flood of sound, that seemed to claim the world
With its bold manhood: tears sprang in her eyes, her breast
Swelled, as she strove with some new rapture wild to o'erleap
The bounds of the world. Anon, with an imperious hand,
Dismissing Lavarcam, forth, like an eaglet fledged,
That finds the mighty wind's keen summons in her wings
And sinks upon the unknown abyss of air, she went
Forth from the woods; and straight to Naisi where he sat
Came, like a wild thing lured, looked on him, and passed by.

Naisi as she came ceased his song, and as she passed he sprang from his lair and made one step, as though his feet must follow her, murmuring low: "Fair is the doe that finds a covert in these woods." Deirdre turning back cast her blue eyes on him and all the gold of the dawn was burning in her hair. Naisi knew she was Deirdre, the bride of Conchobar. Her face that spring morning outshone its whispered fame. She spoke to the young chieftain and he became her thrall. Long he talked to her. At last, turning away he called to him Ainli the Swift, and Ardan the Sweet of Voice, and said, "Deirdre has laid on me my vow that I shall take her hence. What must be, let it be." They sighed and said, "Let it be so." To Deirdre they then came and made her kiss their swords, and they also kissed them, saying, "Sword sister thou shalt be to Usna's sons, and blood our swords shall drink ere tears redden thine eyes."

So Deirdre spurned the love of Conchobar, and fled with Naisi and his clan. Now Conchobar was High-King of all Erinn, and no prince dare hide Usna's Sons. In all their native land there was no rest for them. "Ease never they had because of Conchobar, till, finding on the coast five galleys, swift of sail, they shipped for Alba of the Lakes."

(To be continued.)

An angel passing touched his pen,
And now he lives forever. J.

Varsity Verse.

SHADOWS.

THERE is a life as sweet as calm
As any breeze that scatters balm
From far Arabia's shore.
There is a life as calm as still
Whose very living seems to fill
With joy the heavenly corps.
There is a music in it too
That softer falls than pearly dew
Upon the grass;
Or petals from a blown moss-rose;
Or ripples where the zephyr blows
Or Naïads pass;
That softer on the spirit lies
Than weary lids on weary eyes
When children sleep
'Tis but to do, to love and pray,
To spend this mortal life away
In reverence deep.

D. P.

HORACE ON WINE.

In sapphic strains and measured line,
Friend Horace pleads the cause of wine.
He tells the joyous lot of him,
Who fills the goblet to the brim,
And caring not what others think,
Proceeds at once his wine to drink.
"No need," he says, "of heavy drinks;
Let each one tipple as best he thinks."
But lest his words might not be clear,
His rules are these for taking cheer:
"In case the man confirméd be
Let him with Massic be quite free,
But in nine parts of wine he'll add
Three parts of water, good or bad."
And to the beardless youth he speaks,
Who for a little courage seeks:
"When'er you take your glass of wine,
Let water rule as three to nine,
And when you think you've had your fill,
You owe to Bacchus honour still;
For play as well as work demands
Obedience to the gods' commands.

M. J. W.

VACATION.

(Triolets.)

I sat upon the lawn one day
While zephyrs were a-rustling by.
All nature spoke most happily
To me upon the lawn one day,
She sweetly ever seemed to say:
"Idler, vacation draweth nigh!"
As I sat upon the lawn one day
While zephyrs were a-rustling by.

I sat upon the lawn one day
When lusty winds were in a roar,
The leaves were falling drearily,
As I sat upon the lawn one day,
And in their flight they seemed to say:
"Idler, vacation days are o'er!"
As I sat upon the lawn one day
When lusty winds were in a roar.

F. J. M.

Fons Bandusiæ.

JOSEPH P. S. KELLEHER, 1902.

John Nicols was the editor of a country magazine. One day he sat at his desk looking carelessly about his office, seemingly at a loss for something to do. He ran his fingers through his hair, and smiled. Now and then he would bend forward and hurriedly write a few lines, lest a striking idea would be lost; then he would draw his hand across his brow, pull his chair out from the desk and lean back as far as he could. He put his feet up on the desk, clasped his hands, and nervously made circles with his thumbs, and stared intently at the ceiling as if he would make a hole in it. He had been in this position for some time, when the office door was opened and a young man entered. With a bound Nicols jumped up and saluted the visitor.

"Are you the editor of the *Mascot Magazine?*" inquired the young man.

"Yes, sir," returned the editor. "What can I do for you?"

"Well," replied the young man, "I've got an article here that I want to have printed."

"Is that so? Who sent you here?" dryly asked Nicols.

"Oh! I came here on my own account. You edit a pretty interesting book, and I hear you pay good prices for translations, short stories and the like. I've got an article here on Horace. You've heard of him, haven't you?"

"Why no! Who was he?"

"He was one of our great poets who died a few years ago."

"By George! young fellow," cried Nicols taking the manuscript, "you're just the man I'm looking for. I've racked my brain for the last three hours for a novel article. If your paper meets my expectations, I'll pay you well for it."

The editor unrolled the manuscript and began to read:

"Horace had returned from the city where he had dined with Augustus, and talked with Mæcenas. He had walked all the way from the city to his Sabine villa in the hot days of August, when the sultry atmosphere takes away all the energy one has. He could scarcely walk upright so unable were his shoulders to bear the burden of his head so filled was it with Latin rhythms and quantities. Even the shopkeepers and peddlers and street

urchins noticed something wrong in the poet; for it was his daily custom to visit the shops, to ask the price of vegetables, and to toss his spare money to the urchins who called him a good fellow. The beautiful Roman dames with their brown eyes and chiselled features and rosy cheeks wondered why he did not salute them. The wine-sellers stood at their shop doors and beckoned him to come and test some wine that had been drawn from casks, unopened for twenty years. But to-day Horace passed by all these, and seemed lost to all but himself. He was gloomy and sad as well as tired, for Augustus had declared his intention of joining a total abstinence society which Mæcenas was starting. No more would Horace sup with the emperor; no more would he drink ten times ten glasses of wine drawn from the rusty, bronze-bound casks in Augustus' cellar; no more would he hear fair Lydia sing, and see her delicate fingers play on the golden lyre; no more would he hear the emperor invoke Bacchus, and declare that the god of wine and song should live forever. All this was over, for Horace had quarrelled with Mæcenas.

"By Jove! Domitian," cried Horace to one of his slaves as he walked up the avenue of laurel trees that led to the old Sabine villa, "you must take down that statue of the emperor, and that of Mæcenas, too. Break them in pieces! Pulverize them so that their dust will raise thicker clouds than the prancing steeds raise in the chariot races. But come now, go fetch me some of that sparkling wine from the two-handled jug which has not been opened since my father's death."

"There is no wine, master. The last drop you had was sent to the emperor yesterday. You yourself sent the order by Lydia's slave. There is the edict, too: 'No more wine to be drunk by Roman citizens,' so Lydia's slave told me."

"No wine!" yelled Horace. "O Bacchus! thou who art my guardian, and who art truly great, send me some wine—some of that ambrosial nectar which makes the lips of father Jove smack with delight at the sight of it. Do this and I'll quit writing poetry, and become a philosopher under your patronage."

Horace stood with his eyes looking far into the sky utterly dejected. A breeze sprang up; drops of rain fell, and in a little while thunder rolled and lightning flashed across the place where he stood.

"Does it take all this trouble, O Bacchus!" continued Horace in his prayer, "to get your father's consent?"

Instead of an answer, the wind grew stronger, the rain fell faster, and it thundered and lightninged fearfully. A terrible rumbling arose; there was a clash, and a ball of fire fell on the tree under which Horace stood. He quickly ran away, but only in time to prevent the tree from falling on him. He had never before run so fast not even when he threw away his shield before the battle of Phillippi.

"Oh Fates!" cried he, rushing up the steps of his marble villa. "I'll"—but Domitian came up and handed him a letter. It was from Julius Florus. Horace read it and threw it down in disgust saying: "He wants me to write him an epistle. Yes, I'll write him one, and a long, sarcastic one at that. I presume Augustus is trying to win me back; but I'll let him see what I'm made of. What beastly luck I've had all day. No wine, no game, no banquet, and a rupture with Mæcenas. You rascal of a tree" continued he, shaking his fist at the tree that had been struck by lightning, "I'll cut you into pieces, and cast you into the fire. You'll feel pretty mean, when you learn I was going to turn you into a lyre on which the golden haired Lydia would play sweet music."

"Domitian! Domitian! cried Horace, entering his villa and sitting at a marble table, "some wine, boy. Ye gods, why did I ever write those odes in honor of Augustus and Mæcenas? Here boy! Boy! some wine!"

No answer came. Horace was enraged. He started out in search of the boy. He searched after him in the upper story of the house, then in the lower story, and lastly in the cellar. Here he found Domitian asleep beside an empty wine cask. He kicked the slave. With a bound the lad arose, uttering: "O Fons splendissime vinorum."

"Domitian, lad!" said Horace, amazed, "what has happened?"

"Not much of anything, master. While I was looking after some wine for you, I found this note beside one of the empty casks. I read it, and lo! it was a formula for making wine out of water. I tested the formula. I got some water from the Bandusian fountain, and mixed some goat's blood with it, as the formula directed, and drank. At once I was seized with a delightful feeling. I went to sleep and I was enjoying a beautiful dream, when you aroused me. Yes, master, we'll have wine to give away despite the edict."

"Boy! you'll have your freedom. Oh! father

Bacchus, I thank you. I'll celebrate you from now until I die. Boy, prepare a drink for me. Bring it to my couch."

Domitian mixed some goat's blood with the Bandusian water. Horace drank it and went to sleep mumbling a few Latin words. He slept all day. In the evening he awoke—a new man. He was cheerful, witty and humourous. It would do anyone good to see him sitting at his table as he played with a glass of the newly found drink. Horace smiled as he thought of the many glasses of absinthe he had drunk to forget his troubles, to enliven his imagination, only to make him afterward gloomy. Now the Bandusian fountain would supply him with a drink that would leave no evil effects on his powers.

"Ah! Bacchus," said he, this drink is fit for Lydia. I'll invite her here with her golden lyre. I'll invite Mæcenas and Augustus, also. Yes, I forgive them. Let them sign their pledges, and give their toasts with water. By Jove! I'll raise nothing but goats on my farm; with their blood, I'll daily color the beautiful fountain in my Sabine farm. What an endless supply of wine I'll have; always new but never unpalatable."

Domitian was sent to Augustus Mæcenas and Lydia with invitations to a midnight banquet at Horace's villa. They came. The marble villa was elegantly adorned for the occasion. Luckily, Domitian had forgotten to knock down the statues in the avenue. It was moonlight, too; and the soft rays of the moon darting through the laurel trees reflected a yellow light from some statues, green lights from others, and red from others. The villa itself was resplendent with waxen tapers. Within it black slaves were going to and fro from room to room bearing silver trays on which were glasses filled with the new wine. At the smoothly polished table Horace, Augustus and Mæcenas sat. Lydia stood at the right of the emperor. Now and then she pricked the strings of her lyre; and the tingling sound added charm to their conversation. They drank.

"Delicious wine," said the emperor; "I must have some of this at my palace. It makes me sleepy, Horace. Ah, Lydia! won't you taste this excellent drink, and you, Mæce—"but Augustus had fallen to sleep; so too had Mæcenas and Lydia. Horace awakened them, and the emperor cried out: "O splendide fons!"

"We'll take another drink," said Horace, "and go to sleep. In the morning we'll visit this beautiful fountain whose waters drive away sadness and inspire one with poetry."

"I'll confess, Horace," said Augustus, in the morning, "I'm a fool. I'll sign no more temperance pledges."

"Nor I," said Mæcenas.

"Nor I," said Lydia.

"Boy!" said Horace, "bring forward the gold-lined cups, and fetch some goat's blood that we may turn this little stream into a rivulet of wine! Oh, father Bacchus, thus will I remember this kindness. I'll write this ode in thy honor:"

"O fountain more sparkling and sweet than the sweetest wine! Thou art indeed worthy of our praise. Yes, thou divine stream, I'll color thy waters with many a quart of goat's blood. To-morrow, I'll kill all the goats on my farm, and let their blood mix with thy clear waters. You shall forever more be my favorite drink. Thou hast brought me back again into the friendship of Augustus and Mæcenas. Thou hast inspired me with song, and awakened my poetical imagination. Thou shalt live forever; for I shall dedicate an ode to thee, and this will compel all generations to read about Horace whose poetical genius was restored by thy waters. That accursed tree shall be pulled up by the roots, and thrown across thy banks to shade thee from the scorching sun, and to prevent the wandering cattle from drinking thy waters!"

Horace never found out how water mixed with goat's blood would make good wine; but Domitian knew. Long before Augustus had ordered the edict against wine drinking to be posted up in the forum, Domitian had given all Horace's wine to the goats on the Sabine farm; hence, they were always drunk. One night Bacchus came to the slave, and told him to sacrifice one goat each day in the Bandusian fountain and he would be rewarded. Domitian obeyed Bacchus. For his devotion the god repaid the slave by causing one of the Naiads to drop the formula in Horace's wine-cellar where Domitian found it."

"Well that's a strange story, young man," said the editor yawning. "That Horace was a queer fellow. A lover of good wine, no doubt; I think he was a fool. The idea of a man believing in so foolish a god as Bacchus! I'll accept this article on Horace. I'll print it in my next edition. The people of this town must be warned against reading any of that man's poetry.

Shakspere's Characterization.

Shakspere's glory is in characterization rather than in plot, for most of the material of his plays is not his own. He has surpassed all others because he knew how to create men and women who, though never existing, appeal to us more forcibly than real persons. Scores of dramatists have but one character who changes his name and address to suit the occasion, but Shakspere has made characters as distinct as any two persons can differ. The unskilful playwright sticks out from his characters; thus if Mr. Jones wrote a play, we would see his own sentiments and opinions pervading each character, so that instead of separate personages, we have Mr. Jones as hero, heroine and porter all at once. Mr. Jones is the essence underlying the whole play, and this essence is accidentally changed to take the name Mary Stuart or Napoleon. Shakspere, on the contrary, never breaks through any of his characters; he has baffled all critics, who with so many of his plays can learn so little about the life and mind of the poet himself.

We can notice Shakspere's power of characterization from the third scene in the first act of *Coriolanus*. The scene is only about one hundred lines in all, and for our purpose we need use but the first part of the little scene where Volumnia mother of Coriolanus, and Virgilia his wife are together. Volumnia's opening words, "I pray thee, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort," tell a whole story. They reveal to us Virgilia sad and melancholy because she can not have her warlike husband near. They show us a young wife's loneliness, better felt than described. Volumnia's words present us with a stern old Roman mother whose glory is to see her son in glory, and coming home with brows crowned in oak. She could say, "Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather have eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action." The mother and the wife are in strong contrast; the latter's timid nature can not think of anything save her husband's safety. Hearing Volumnia talk of cruel war, she can not help crying out: "But had he died in the business, madam, what then?" Her nature is more shocked when she hears the words "bloody brow" and she nearly faints dead away. "His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!"

Valeria, a lady friend of Virgilia, is announced as a caller, and right away the young wife says to Volumnia, "Give me leave to retire myself!" What could be more natural and in better keeping with Virgilia's loneliness than to wish no one to intrude upon her sadness? Simple as the above words are they could come only from an artist. We should have Virgilia say anything else except those words, for we overlook the fact that "Perfection consists in little things, but perfection itself is no little thing." Why I dwell so much on Virgilia rather than on Volumnia is because she has less to say in the scene and about least in the whole play, and yet from the three lines of hers which I have quoted above, we get a complete picture of as perfect a young wife as we ever saw or perhaps ever will see. Other writers might devote a whole chapter to her delineation and still leave us in the dark, while Shakspere in three lines makes the portrait. In Shakspere we feel ourselves present with the characters; in other dramatists we are generally conscious that we are reading about some supposed man or woman. Hence in the latter we are likely to be at an artificial task, and certainly we are not dealing with art, for art is so simple that we are through with it before we are aware. As we seldom are conscious of our happiest hours in life till they are past, so we are not conscious of our appreciation for art till some inferior make-up comes before our mind and the contrast shows us the delightful charm of the one and the tastelessness of the other.

G. J. M.

John Ruskin.

FRANCIS J. MAURIN.

When John Ruskin passed away a few months ago, most European and American journals and magazines were loud in their praises of the departed scholar; still there were some that disregarded the *De mortis nihil nisi bonum* proverb. *Blackwood's* which probably caused the Turner controversy, and the writing of the "Modern Painters," criticised him adversely in all things but his style of writing. It laid bare each fault and idiosyncracy, and others aided. They asserted that Ruskin was no art critic, that he lacked proportion in his writing, that he was exces-

sively emotional and dogmatic, also that his ideas in political economy were childish and unpractical.

Let us admit that he was far from infallible in art criticism, still he uttered many great truths concerning art; also admit that his ideas in political economy are childish; yet many of these notions proved successful. Ruskin's work was chiefly that of an agitator, and an agitator must be dogmatic and enthusiastic. If he went into ecstasy and almost apotheosized Turner, it was to open his countrymen's eyes to the appreciation not only of Turner but also of all painting; when he set the whole of English commercialism agog by his notions on engineering and finance it was only to awaken them to the beauties of nature, and enkindle a spirit of charity. Columbus' mistaking San Salvador for India does not sully his name as a discoverer; so with John Ruskin,—he made many mistakes and clung to them dogmatically; nevertheless, the very mistakes were the instruments for finding the truth. Ruskin revived art and founded art-criticism.

He agitated the minds of people by means of a wonderfully facile pen. His prose ranks with that of Newman; it is poetical, easy-flowing and brilliant with figures like a shower of precious stones. Ruskin's best prose is found in the "Modern Painters," the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and the "Stones of Venice." When he suddenly became aware that the people enjoyed his rhetoric to the detriment of his thought, then he began to write such books as "Unto His Last" and "Notes on the Constitutions of Sheep-Folds." This method of Ruskin's is not right according to what Newman says in his lecture on literature in the "Idea of a University." "Thought and speech are inseparable from each other. Matter and expression are parts of one; style is a thinking into language.... That pomp of language, that full, tuneful diction, that felicitousness in the choice and exquisiteness in the collocation of words, which to prosaic writers seem artificial, is nothing else but the mere habit of a lofty intellect."

Among Ruskin's other noteworthy books are "Fors Clavigera" and "Munera Pulveris." "The Political Economy of art," the "Elements of Drawing and of Perspective," and a volume of poems.

Ruskin was born in London in the year 1819. His parents were Scotch of the strict religious kind, and they brought the boy up in a somewhat ascetic manner. His genius blossomed very early; at the age of eight he wrote verse. His premature budding probably accounts for the great decay of his genius before death.

He was taught first privately by a Doctor Andrews, then at the private school of the Rev. Thomas Dale. He entered Oxford and took the Newdigate prize. During his school-days and ever afterward, he travelled much, studying architecture and painting, and also making naturalistic observations. The Alps, especially, were his delight, and it is said that he fell on his knees and thanked God whenever he came among them. In 1870 he was elected to the Slade professorship at Oxford. It was at this time that he set the students to make a road, called the "Hinksey Digging," in a village near by.

Ruskin's attitude toward the Catholic Church in the beginning of his career was extremely bigoted; but in the course of time he became so attached to the Church, its saints and associations, that it was rumored he would become a Catholic. His spirit was with that of Catholicism; he loved the faith and works of the Middle Ages. St. Francis was a favorite of his. One night, when ill, he dreamed that he had been made a brother of the third degree of the Order of that saint.

Ruskin's love affairs are romantic. At seventeen, he was smitten with the pretty Domecq girl, daughter of his father's partner in the wine business, whom he nearly married. He married a Scotch maiden for whom he had written the "King of the Golden River," but her love for the studious and delicate Ruskin was lost in that for the full-chested Millais who came one day to paint her portrait, and Ruskin platonically gave her to him. It is said that Ruskin became enamored of a third woman who refused to marry him on account of his different faith.

Though it strikes us peculiarly that Ruskin should have exercised such stoicism in his wife's divorce, and finally her marriage to Millais, yet this line of action was consistent with his rule of conduct. His aim in life was to add to the happiness and perfection of others. And he fully believed that Mrs. Ruskin would be miserable with him and happy with Millais. Inheriting a large fortune, he spent this in social schemes, living entirely during his last few years on royalties from his books.

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—"Nothing is more terrible than ignorance with spurs on," says Goethe. With us that are entering the scholastic year, it lies to take this statement for what it is worth. We have the desire to reach places of honor and wealth as we grapple with the facts of life, but if the spirit is wanting, the desire means nothing.

A residence at college has no signification if the year is wasted. Contact with men of culture may give a certain appearance of refinement but this at best is only a veneer, lacking a substratum of knowledge to boost it up. So the question with us is to get all we can; for men will not ask us where we have been, but how much do we know. Our knowledge will be measured by our ability to do.

One of God's weakliest creations is the man that has been at a University and has no intellectual development. To give him an opportunity for knowledge and culture is like throwing pearls to swine. The plaudits of a multitude may tickle his vanity as he wins a hotly contested foot race, but these will not bring him anything in after life. At the end of the year he should look to see not alone that his shoulders are wider, but that his mind is keener and more active. Then in after days, he will not look upon his college course as the proximate cause of his failure in after life.

A Few Words on Eliza Allen Starr.

Stevenson, in his admirable essay on Burns, calls attention to the fact, that if we endeavor to criticise the works of some great master we should have a bond of common feeling. What is best in him should appeal to us, and what is best in us go out to him. If we are lacking in this true sympathy, our criticism is wanting in range and our vision of the master's power blurred.

In following the career of Eliza Allen Starr, we find a life admirable in every detail. She came from a stock of New England gentry. But when she was convinced by the eloquent reasoning of Theodore Parker, in Boston, in 1845, she threw over her old beliefs for the new. In a like manner was she ever consistent in her conduct of life, and a story is told of her which has its foundation in fact.

When she sent her sketches of "Great Artists" to an Eastern publisher, she was offered $300 on condition that she would extract the catholicism with which the articles were pregnant. But she refused, stating that to omit the spirit of catholicity that inspired these men was like taking the soul from the body. The articles were afterward sold to a Catholic publisher for $30.

We can feel a strong interest in the life and writings of Miss Starr, for she held a unique position among the Catholic women of America. As founder of the art course at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, she helped to build it up to its present high standing. Then, breaking through a time-honored custom of the University, she was the first woman to deliver a lecture in our halls. But her crowning honor from Notre Dame came in 1885 when the Lætare Medal was presented to her in recognition of her talents and her admirable Christian life,—an honor that had never before been conferred on a woman.

Her family for generations had been men and women of knowledge and culture. Thus a life backed up by a youth of refinement added a fine discerning power to her critical ability. Miss Starr was not wanting in that sympathy Stevenson demands. She proves this in her works. It is true that she is no burly figure in literature—not even in the Catholic literature of America. She never pretended to be inspired by the divine fire as she turned out her volumes of verse. But yet her books

have a value of their own. The pages are not full of the glamour that fascinates; they have none of the brilliancy of a Ruskin in dealing with kindred subjects—nevertheless, they are rich with valuable thought. She held for the ideal and the spiritual in all true works of art; stating that one hundred years of Christianity produced "works in mosaic which totally eclipse anything attempted in this manner by any artists of pagan antiquity." She proceeded to show how true spiritual insight, as engendered and developed by the religion of Christ, has perfected the artist, opening up his soul to a range of ideas which before lay beyond his vision. Chateaubriand advances a similar opinion in his "Genius of Christanity," holding that a man's mental activity is quickened by an enlargement of the spiritual.

Conventionalities did not bother Miss Starr, for she was an original woman. Had she lived during the Renaissance we might conceive her a lecturer in the University of Bologna. Yet she held no radical views. Devoting her life to Catholic art, she said that she devoted her life to all art, for she held that no art could be true art and not Catholic. To give this art its proper place was the motive power of her life.

A leading trait in her character was a desire to be surrounded by things artistic. We find her life in "St. Joseph's Cottage" an ideal one. Here she had everything arranged with that rare spirit of carelessness which suggests the Bohemian and yet bespeaks the true artist. Every corner was filled with curios; the furniture dated back a few centuries,—in fact, could any chair in the room speak it would tell a capital story.

Miss Starr has written much, and her reputation must rise or fall with her work. In passing an opinion on her we must not forget the singleness of her aim and the persistency with which she followed it. We may not be satisfied with her interpretation of a Fra Angelico or a Michael Angelo, believing it impossible for one of a lesser spiritual perfection to adequately measure one of a greater; yet we are attracted by her clever delineation of other artists. Nor should we omit that when she first espoused the side of Christian art, Christian art was little understood and woefully misrepresented.

"Pilgrims and Shrines" is perhaps her best known book. It is the story of a pilgrimage made to Rome during the Jubilee of 1875. Its form is autobiographical, and is interesting as all autobiographies are interesting.

Miss Starr was a lover of nature. She proved this in "Christian Art in Our Own Age." She shows how a painting may have the accidents of a religious picture, but yet, being wanting in unity, lack religion. She deplores the want of true spiritual insight in the moderns, so characteristic of a Fra Angelico; but she hopefully looked to an awakening when the spiritual in art would be triumphant.

The titles of her books are ever suggestive. "The Seven Dolors of the Virgin Mary" and "The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art" contain a series of interpretative essays dealing with paintings of the masters on these subjects. At times she forgets the part of the critic and blends highly imaginative interpretations with her criticisms.

When all has been said on the work she has done, the fact remains that her permanency in literature as an art critic and interpreter rests upon "Three Keys to the Camera Della Signatura." This book is a beautiful one and full of paintings of the old masters. The paintings are explained in a clever and appreciative manner, for their nature is such that they could be understood only by an artist. Here it is well to state that were it not for the pecuniary aid lent by the Archbishop of Chicago, this work would never have been published.

We can not help but be struck by the simplicity and the fervor of her life. She had passed many years at her labor of love before she received the honors which were properly hers. Notre Dame was the first to appreciate her labor, with the conferring of the Lætare Medal in 1885. After that came a testimonial of recognition in 1893 signed by Cardinal Gibbons and the prominent Catholic clegymen and laity in the United States. Finally, the Pope's beautiful medallion of the Immaculate Conception, sent in 1899, was the crowning approval of her work.

At the time when Miss Starr made her appearance, Catholic art was a field unexplored and badly misunderstood. And her success is especially remarkable on account of the prejudices of publishers and a public which she had to put up with. But yet she labored on hoping that some day the recognition would come which was richly merited. It is not for us to say how well she has succeeded—time alone can decide that. But with her passing goes a noble character; one that ever labored for what was true and best.

Memorial Services at Notre Dame.

When the news reached us that President McKinley had been shot at the Buffalo Exposition, we felt that one of our most sacred traditions had been violated. We no longer believed that the President of the United States could go among his countrymen unprotected. But when word came Saturday that he was dead, we bowed our head in sorrow. We could not understand why a man so rich in good works, the most beloved perhaps of our Presidents, should have been the victim of an assassin's bullet. We had ever admired his wisdom and his ability, and we felt that he was the man for these tumultuous times. But we did not stop here. The bells were tolled during the entire day—the large bell ringing out its monotone; the flag hung at half-mast and the college was draped in mourning. Our President sent a message of condolence to Mrs. McKinley which runs as follows:

MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY:—In this hour of sad affliction to our country and profound bereavement to yourself, I tender personally, and on behalf of the Faculty and students of the University of Notre Dame, assurance of heartfelt sympathy, and invoke the blessings of Almighty God upon your stricken home and our common country.

A MORRISSEY, C. S. C., President.

Immediately the Faculty assembled and drew up resolutions denouncing the crime. The resolutions:

"At a time like this when the Nation's authority coming through the people from God, is outraged, and the Chief Executive, the concrete manifestation of that authority, has been stricken down through the foolishness of revolt, it is the duty of men and institutions whose work is to teach youth that obedience to authority is the noblest and first obligation, to make solemn protest against the crime committed on the person of our late President. The crime, however, is one of such horror in its insult to the majesty of the Republic that adequate restoration of order is impossible, and we can only deplore the public calamity.

"With the indignation we feel, is mingled sorrow for the loss of a good Christian man, a citizen whose example was always edifying; and, more than this, we lament the untimely removal of a president who leaves the nation at peace and united, powerful on land and sea, respected by the world; a result in great measure the effect of his own prudence and justice.

"We, therefore, the President and Faculty of Notre Dame University, join in the sorrow of the nation as in a personal sorrow, and we offer Mrs. McKinley our heartfelt sympathy in her affliction; reminding her of the resolution in the last words of her husband: "God's will, not ours, be done;" for God's will is for the best, no matter how incomprehensible it may be at the first."

Following the announcement of President Roosevelt, the Reverend President laid aside Thursday as the day on which we would hold our memorial services. When we gathered in Washington Hall on this appointed day we found the flag of mourning entwined with the stars and stripes and the gold and blue. Then we knew that we had come to pay our last respects to a great man. We felt we were but a small part of a vast throng that shed a silent tear for this departed hero. We admired the simplicity of his life, the singleness of his religious fervor, and deplored his end.

We knew that we had been for the past week a nation of mourners. The wonderful depth and spontaneity of national sorrow had evidenced the people's reverence and love for their departed chief. The voices of personal ambition and political antipathy were stilled. The loving husband, the upright, patriotic citizen, the man of high intelligence and moral worth alone was remembered.

The Reverend President began the services with a prayer based on scriptural reading. Chopin's March, Funebré, was rendered by the band. "Lead on, O Kindly Light" was sung by the student body, and the resolutions of the Faculty read by Dr. Austin O'Malley. Then came the three addresses delivered in the order as they appear. Colonel William Hoynes, Dean of the Law School, was the first speaker. In an eloquent manner he began:

We meet here to testify to the sense of mingled grief and horror aroused throughout the country by the assassination of one who had endeared himself to the people, William McKinley, our late President. But a few days ago, while mingling and rejoicing with his fellow-citizens at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, he was cruelly and wantonly shot down by a dastardly wretch, a nameless monster, and to-day his mortal remains are to be laid away to rest forever in his home city of Canton, Ohio.

In common with the people of the entire country we have to-day assembled to do honor to the illustrious dead, to manifest our appreciation of the virtues of his private life and to acknowledge our sense of gratitude in contemplation of the prudent and patriotic acts with which his name and public life are indissolubly associated.

The occasion is one of profound solemnity. It is full of significance from every point of view. It is instructive as to our civic duties. It concerns even the fundamental principles

of law, order and government. We may well pause and reflect in view of its admonitory lessons. It points also to the fickleness of fame and fortune, recalling the words of Greeley:

"Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion; no man can foresee what a day may bring forth, while those who cheer to-day may often curse to-morrow."

But here the dominant note must sound to another key. It is an occasion of mourning for the lamented dead. A deep pall of gloom has settled over the land. A certain consciousness of national humiliation is involved in the prevalent feeling of bereavement. It is humiliating to believe that any being born on our own free soil and reared under our starry flag could deliberately raise a murderous hand against one of the gentlest and kindliest of men, one of the purest and most unselfish of our Presidents, one of the ablest and most progressive of our statesmen.

As a private citizen he would have been safe from harm everywhere throughout the land in the respect commanded by his devoted services to an invalid wife and aged mother; by his patriotism and courage in the fiery front of war, battling for the integrity of the Union; by his upright and zealous life in the walks of professional duty, and by his frank demeanor and exemplary conduct as man and citizen. But as the choice of the people for the highest station to which in all the world man may be called by popular suffrage—a station merited only by our best and worthiest—he became without censured word or shadow of fault the object of malicious envy, the victim of murderous treachery and passion. His life was taken, not because he had ever consciously wronged any man, not because the black-hearted monster that fired the fatal shot had any grievance against him, not because the vile and cunning dastard even knew him personally, but because he represented us, one and all, as Chief Magistrate of the Nation. For our sake, and not because of any act of his own, he was struck down in the noonday of life—in the height of a career that promised unprecedented influence and glory to our country. He died because he served us, and it is meet that we cherish his name as an inspiration to self-sacrificing deeds and fidelity to duty. He trusted the people and sought always to be guided by their wishes in the performance of his public functions. He was not arbitrary, nor was there trace of the tyrant or despot in his nature. He was free as the humblest citizen from the vices of vanity, presumption and affectation. He was cordial and kindly in his deportment toward all, and even the treacherous monster that took his life could deceitfully approach and take his hand in the grasp of pretended congratulation.

Like Lincoln and Garfield, he rose from the ranks of the poor and lowly, and he never forgot the ties that bound him in good will and sympathy to the plain people of the land. Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley now constitute in the temple of fame a triumvirate of the most unpretentious, inoffensive and magnanimous of all our Presidents, and yet they were sent to an untimely death by the murderous hands of vile assassins! It would seem as though inexorable fate had chosen them as victims to emphasize the atrocity and horror of assassination and murder.

Though death be the lot of all, yet how inexpressibly sad it seems on coming in this unapprehended and merciless manner! Though grief and tears fittingly attend it in the natural order, yet what deep pathos in the deplorable tragedy of its secret coming through the bloody hand of treachery and violence! The element of tragedy is the peculiarly mournful feature of this occasion, for as Meredith says in reference to the natural order:

> "Weary the cloud falleth out of the sky,
> Dreary the leaf falleth low;
> All things must come to the earth by and by,
> Out of which all things grow."

Though we deplore the tragic and premature death of our late President, yet we are sure his name will live on through ages unnúmbered in the affectionate remembrance of the American people, and find secure place in history as one of our greatest Chief Magistrates. In comprehensive grasp of subject, practical wisdom of thought and unfailing felicity of expression he was without a superior in public life. He hearkened to the popular voice, and was never so opinionated as to ignore it. In the chaos of excitement, agitation and clamor incident to foreign war, he was calm and firm, resourceful and sagacious, as constitutional head of the army and navy. Though personally he preferred arbitration to war, yet when war came and demanded vigorous prosecution he was ready and prompt to meet every requirement of the pressing emergency. He entered upon it at once with

a systematic and forceful grasp of the entire situation and quickly overcame all resistance. He achieved a decisive victory in three short campaigns conducted simultaneously on sea and land. He steered the ship of state to the islands and seas of commercial activity and growing traffic. His great aim was to further the development of our material resources and secure in growing measure prosperity and happiness for the people. On every side we behold evidence of how well and wisely he wrought to this end. His policy was tending rapidly to fulfilment when the final summons suddenly came and bade him away.

It often happens that we fail to recognize and appreciate the true worth of men during even the height of their usefulness in the activities of life. As the poet says:

"Their noonday never knows
What names immortal are;
'Tis night alone that shows
How star surpasses star."

But here certainly there is an exception. Even before the sad and weary eyes of our late President were closed in the sleep of death the people of the whole land had united in expressions of grief and condolence, and throughout the world tributes were paid to his exalted character. His approaching death was everywhere regretted and deplored. Everywhere it was remarked and acknowledged that no one but a man of exceptional power and clearness of vision could do the things that he accomplished. So far as out of routine, they were beyond the reach of achievement by the pygmies that so often crouch and creep and steal into political life; for, as strikingly said by Young, "Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps."

It has well been said that "The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart." And never was the heart of childhood lost to the plain, candid. friendly and unassuming gentleman whose sudden and untimely death through assassination we have met to deplore. He was a man of whom we may all feel justly proud, for by nature he filled the measure of the common ideal of American citizen. Many occasions awakened feelings of gratification that the exalted office of President was held by such man. He was broad and charitable of view, mindful of the rights of others, honest in the expression of opinion, fair in controversy with political opponents, fearless in the path of duty, upright in the discharge of the obligations officially devolving upon him, and resourceful in emergency through his command of a high order of practical wisdom and common sense. In short, he has left a record creditable to American manhood and citizenship. He so lived in private and public as to deserve the sincerest tributes of our respect, and such we seek to pay him in the memorial exercises of to-day. In conclusion, I may borrow the words of another in saying that he was

"A man from whose example,
As from a compass, we may steer our fortunes,
Our actions, and our age, and safe arrive at
A memory that shall become our ashes."

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Then came Professor John Ewing, who spoke as follows:

Throughout this fair land of ours, aye, and beyond its bounds among all men who honour integrity of character and uprightness of life, and who reverence the sanctity of government and law, are heads bared and bowed in sorrow, as his loving townsmen pay their last sad tribute of respect to William McKinley.

Rare and high in the estimate of men are the qualities that so endear, and ever will endear, his memory. It is not great deeds and mighty works that have so touched the hearts of us all, and brought us all as mourners at his grave. It is because upon the high stage of public life, under the unpitying scrutiny and criticism which all must endure who are exalted among the great ones of earth, he displayed those qualities of mind and heart which have caused our pulses oft to thrill as we have seen them in the lives of many a good man and woman treading the walks of humble rank. Great deeds and mighty works we admire, honor and applaud, but the true test of worth and merit, that which causes our hearts to go out in eager and unstinted affection and regard, lies not in action, but in that which prompts, enfolds and fashions it. Not by years, not by deeds, can we reckon the lives of those whose memories stir our deepest feelings, but by their character that shone forth in the actions of their lives, however obscure and short they may be.

The record of the private and public life of William McKinley is an open book to you all. I need not read it. I would dwell on that which has called forth universal words of love and honour for his memory. The great and noted point in his character was his kindly symplicity, seen in his freedom form ostentation, his sympathy for all with whom he came in contact, evidenced in every action and word, and in his power to attach to him by bonds

of firmest friendship all who were privileged to know him. He had traits that appealed at once to the man of practical business affairs, to the teacher of God's holy law, to the soldier on the field, and to the woman in the home. His sound business sense, his unaffected devotion to the service of his country were exemplied in his years of public life. Wise, conservative, unselfish, with rare patiotism did he as legislator, statesman and President guide his people. His bravery and courage in the shock of war in the days of his early manhood appealed to all who honour manly valour. His tender, loyal devotion to his wife was a touching revelation of the strength and depth of his character. A most practical man, he was of a deeply religious nature. A simple, earnest Christian, his words of parting to his sorrowing and afflicted wife, "God's will, not ours be done," was the keynote of his character—of his life.

The irony of fate that strikes men down in the midst of their usefulness and happiness is not without its kindlier side. Of Agricola was it said, he was blest in the opportuneness of his death. Of McKinley may it be likewise said. It is well with him. With the sky of his life serene and cloudless, the storm and strife allayed, did he stand, when the bullet of the assassin laid him low. Safe is he forever from malice, envy or mistake, taken as he was at the very moment of assured success. The fame of his public deeds is forever assured, and the memory of his strong, kindly, loving character will ever be green in the hearts of his countrymen.

Gathered as we are to-day throughout our land, it is not only to do honour to our loved dead, but to testify our abhorrence of that principle in the name of which he was stricken, and to renew our allegiance to the government of our nation. Thrice have we in our history, stood mourning by the bier of our ruler, laid low by an assassin. But to-day, for the first time, was his deed prompted by a hatred of all government, a defiance of all law. If he who lies dead could speak, as does his dumb but eloquent corpse, not on himself or his deeds would he dwell; not in words of angry and unthinking denunciation of the coward who did the foul deed, would he indulge; but in clarion tones would his voice ring out in denunciation of the assault on the principle of law and the existence of government; and in earnest pleadings would he ask that from his end should we learn the lesson of loyal allegiance to government and ready obedience to law.

In the flush of his early manhood, did he risk his life in order that this nation should not fall; and now does he plead that this attack shall but cause a deeper love for our government and a readier obedience to its laws. Difficult is it for us to understand an attack on government in this free land of ours, yet wise, far-seeing men have noted long since with alarm the rising tide of lawlessness and of rejection—under many specious pleas—of obedience to law, in which is found the sole support of government. In such soil so prepared it is that anarchy, that assault on the existence of all governments, takes quick root. Let us recall the parting words of the Father of our Country: "The government which constitutes you as one people is the main pillar in your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize." We here to-day voice our detestation of that principle which would destroy the very foundation on which all this fair fabric of our civilization is built up.

In the words of Lincoln, uttered on the heights of Gettysburg: "It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task before us, that from the honoured dead we may take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain." If such renewal of reverence for and obedience to law, of loyal allegiance to our chosen rulers, comes from the death of Wm. McKinley, then he will not have died in vain. In the sunlight of the coming year, we will with loving hearts dwell on the memories of him whose death caused such renewal of our Nation's life.

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Professor Ewing was followed by Joseph J. Sullivan, who said:

We have come to honor our dead. The silent lips of a departed hero speak stronger than any pen can portray. His body may lie mute upon its bier, but his spirit lives and moves in the hearts of his countrymen. We remember not the good he has omitted but the good he has done. A nation looked to him, a nation reverenced him, and now a nation mourns him. From Maine, on whose rocky shores the ocean roaring, breaks and foams, to

Florida rich with the warm breath of the gulf stream, o'er the teeming plains of the Western States to the Golden Gate where the sun is lost in one large ball of fire, and up to that land whose hills are lighted in a glow of gold, funeral bells are tolled for him. And we assemble to do honor to this departed hero.

A few days ago our dead President's heart pulsated with the blood of life. His eyes lit up with a kindly fire. Now the end is here. You were a firm and good man. Like David of old there came a call for you. The destiny of 70,000,000 men and women was made your sacred trust; and you have kept it well. Our ships sailed out from sea to sea, and returning brought the riches of the world. The nation within acknowledged the wisdom of your rule. We believed that you would bring us safely through this time of crisis, the power we seek, when you fell by the bullet of an assassin. Now a nation pays you homage.

It is meet that we should pay our tribute to our dead. And when we look to our departed chief we find a life full of activity—a life unbroken but by one defeat. He was a type of the true American. He was intensely loyal to his native land. Her battlefields drank in his blood. He shirked no burden, avoided no danger, but where the fighting ranged fiercest was ever found. That same spirit that inspired him on the field of battle, stamped him in the Congress halls as a leader among men. He worked for the cause he believed in and the principles he loved. With no titled ancestry, with no inherited wealth, with nothing but his strength and his talent to recommend him, he arose from one place to another, until he acquired the highest honor a nation can confer.

Those that knew him best say that he was ever "patient, considerate, and kindly." He had the happy faculty of making enduring friendship with whomever he met. For men were touched by the simplicity of his character, his moral uprightness, integrity, and his chivalric devotion to an invalid wife. His wisdom in the political field is aptly seen by the fidelity with which his party followed his policy. Probably no President of the United States was ever held in more popular esteem than he. If the plaudits of a vast multitude count for anything, he was truly the chosen leader of a great people.

Those among us that have never recognized his ability must be touched by the singleness of his religious fervor and the simplicity of his death. We are moved by the heroic death of a Sir Philip Sidney, who, lying mortally wounded on the battlefield, his throat parched with thirst, turned over his last cup of water to a dying soldier that called for it; we admire the fortitude of Joseph Addison, who while on his death-bed, sent for his dissolute young stepson, the Earl of Warwick, to show him how a Christian could die; Napoleon never appealed to us so strongly as during his last few hours at St. Helena, when with crucifix in hand he uttered: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit";—at the dying bedside of any great man we are moved, for there the depths of nature are laid bare. Nor was there in the death of Mr. McKinley less of grandeur and heroic sacrifice than in the deaths of these men. Like one that has hearkened to the words of our Lord, he asked that his assassin be not injured. While he was lying within the shadow of death, he was solicitous for those about him. He asked that Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," be repeated to him. This was his favorite poem; and he felt that he was about to enter that land beyond the setting sun—a land full of mystery and hope from which no traveller returns. The physicians bending over him after he was first stricken down heard him repeating the words, "Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," and then after patient suffering with the words "not our will but Thy will be done, O Lord," he went before his Maker.

This is the kind of man we students of Notre Dame gather to honor. That same simplicity that marked his life marked his end. His death cast a gloom and yet a calm on the nation. It opened up to us a wider and truer life. It told us how to live; it taught us how to die.

To him that is gone it means nothing if men condemn or mourn. But to that brave, patient and untiring woman that is left to face the world alone it means much. All she has is but a memory of a chivalrous character that ever aided her along the uneven course of life. As individuals we are touched by the depth of her emotion; as American citizens we abhor the principles that inspired so loathsome a crime. We feel that Christian education alone can remove the pest. We can not think of our fallen chief without admiring him; we can not know him without loving him, and we find consolation in the thought that while America can produce men like William McKinley the Republic rests on sure foundations.