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A Prayer.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.

GIVE me the strength, O God, to help a friend,
My brother, longing for the hidden light,
That, sunk below the mountain, shimmers slight
Upon the western sky. Grant me to lend
A cheering voice, a helping hand, to bend
His steps on upward till at last his sight
Is ravished with a view of glories bright
In which all hues of beauteous nature blend.

O grant that he may struggle till his eyes
Shall feast upon the fading splendors there,
And see in them the promise of a day,
That elsewhere in its glory shall arise;
Grant thus that hope be born and in him live
Lest doubting in the night his feet may stray.

Pastels.

LEO J. HEISER, 1902.

IN the sick boy's bed-room all was still. The doctor had just left, and had given no hopes of Jean's recovery. His mother worn out with long watchings, sat alone praying at the bedside. The little sufferer lay in a fevered sleep. Outside the shadows lengthened behind the church spires, and far away sounded the Angelus bell. The sleeper's breath came in short gasps; the death sweat stood on his brow, and a pang shot through the widowed mother's heart when she realized that her only child was going from her. Outside the shadows lengthened. Jean opened his eyes and tried to sit up; his mother caught him in her arms. He smiled and whispered softly: "Mother." Then his head fell on her breast and his upturned eyes were sightless. Outside the shadows deepened.

The shock of battle was over. Deadly had been the conflict. All around lay soldiers dead or dying. Away at the right was desultory firing. In the refreshing shade of a shrub lay a soldier boy; a ball had pierced his breast, and he was dying far from home and kin. Dead comrades were around him—silent mourners in his dying hour. All grew dim before him. He thought of the folk at home, of his mother—he raised himself on his arm, for he saw her standing before him. He reached out his arms to embrace her; his parched lips parted, and he whispered: "Mother." The soldier boy fell back on the sod beneath the shrub, and one name more was added to the long list of dead of that great battlefield.

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Around a log cabin alone on the plain the wind whistled. A dull gray sky covered the earth with gloom. In the cabin an old man sat alone by the fireside, his head, gray with years, buried in his hands. The only sound was the crackling of the flames and the ticking of the clock on the shelf.
From an inner room came the glimmer of a candle. A woman with a kind, motherly face, shrouded in black, lay in a long black box. Outside the wind whistled around the cabin, and the old man sat alone by the fireside.

One of Many.

AMBITION knocked at a young man's heart
And promised wealth untold:
He went from home; all friends forgot;
And lo! his soul was sold.

Black death then knocked at the young man's heart.
The Eternal Judge commanded
His soul before His judgment seat;
And lo! he was empty-handed.

The Pagan Bards of the Gael.*

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

There Naisi and his clan built a mighty fortress; and there Gaier, the son of Deirdre was born. The Red King of Alba heard of the might of the Sons of Usna and made them his allies. Faithful and true they were to him, but his heart was black. He heard of the beauty of Deirdre and coveted her for himself. On a summer's day she chanced abroad, and while seated beneath an oak with her boy, Gaier, the Red King's steward saw her, but he himself was unseen. Long he gazed on Deirdre's beauty.

Tall was she, like a queen, and graceful as the doe
That hears the hounds' far cry in the green heart of a wood;
She, standing like a pine shot from the craggy side
Of wild Slieve Mish; more lithe her bending than the boughs
Of a fair willow when the whispering summer breeze
Silvers Ard-Sallagh; sweet was the music that she made
In her going, for the eye, as ever for the ear
Of a great king was made by noble harps. Her face
Was lovelier in its light than the first glorious day
That bares the breast of heaven, and in the o'erwintered grass
Finds the brown lark, and up, shuddering with sudden song,
Lifts him, as with warm kiss upon their crimson lids
It opes the daisies' eyes. The dewdrops at your feet,
O Deirdre, were the tears wept by the blissful morn
That looked on you for joy that it had looked on you!

Back to the Red King the steward hastened, and back he came to Deirdre with gold and things of price, jewels and shining robes, gifts from his master to the wife of Naisi. He found her near her home, playing with her boy. But when his mission was made known to Deirdre she rose in wrath, and cried with a stern cry:

"To my side, Clan Usna!" Straight Ardan, left in the dun
Her guard was at her side.....
"Slay me this dog!" she cried. "He comes with his vile dross
To buy me for his lord." Ardan with one swift stroke
Smote him. The headless trunk fell prone, the severed head
Beside it in the dust puddled with blood. A shriek
From frighted women rose; and Gaier, who had stood
Grasping his mother's gown, set up a startled cry.

That same night the steward's gory head wrapt in a broidered scarf, was cast into the Red King's fortress. After that there was a battle, and Naisi with his clan through strategy defeated the Red King. Naisi could have killed the ruler but would not, because the "Sons of Usna had taken his wage for two years, and shared his board." They left Alba and sailed till a goodly isle they found, where no man dwelt, pleasant with forest land and good for hunters. There they made their home, Deirdre and the sons of Usna.

The men of Erinn heard of the deeds done by Usna's exiled sons in Alba, and they complained that the youthful champions could not live in their own land. Their murmurs crept to the ears of Conchobar by crooked ways, for no one durst name the name of the sons of Usna to him. He recalled the saying of Cathvah, "Hold her, O king, thou hast dominion in thy hand; lose her and with her go thy glory and thy power." And now his fierce hate like a thawed snake stirred in his bosom. Conchobar determined to recall the exiles. Openly his tongue proclaimed their forgiveness, but his heart held vengeance. He went to Conall Carnach, and said: "Tell me, what wouldst thou do if I should send thee now for Usna's sons, and death perchance should come to them under thy surety?" "But this; every treacherous heart that should abet their death would I tear out!" Of Cuchullain the high-king he asked the same question, and with the same result. But Fergus MacRoy, who had laughed away a kingdom, said he would bring back Usna's sons in peace, for under his surety no evil chance could come to them.

Fergus with his sons, Illan the Fair, and Buine the Pitiless, sailed to Loch Eta where dwelt the exiles. One morning Naisi and Deirdre while playing chess heard the shout of Fergus on the beach. The heart of Naisi leapt within him at the glad sound; but not so Deirdre. Druid's child that she was, she foresaw Conchobar's treachery. Her words and cries dismayed them all. She would not have Naisi meet Fergus MacRoy. But he said to Ardan, "Go to him and greet him well, and bring him hither straight. Were it my death I long to see an Irish face." And when Fergus was brought in and Naisi talked with him his heart went over the sea to the friends he had left behind in the Red Branch House. To Fergus he said:

This is a goodly land, but not my land. Not here
Our mother kissed us first; not here our father saw
His boys grow strong; not here our kinsmen's cairns are green;

* Prize essay for the English Medal.

Though great our having here, 'tis Ireland has my love.
Fair be her fortunes! O the fields my childhood knew,
The flowers upon her fields, the fair skies over them!
White were the daisies there in springtime in her fields,
Yellow the cowslips there, yellow upon her hills
The scented furze, and blue the bluebells of her woods!
Sweet in the autumn there the apples that we plucked,
I and my brothers, sweet the first-found blackberries
Riping on the hot rocks! O for the thrush's note
In her glad woods first heard, the blackbird's whistle there!
O the red stags of her glens, the eagles of her crags,
That first I climbed; and O the first brave hounds I followed
Through the sweet Irish dew! I left my life behind
When I left Ireland. O the comrades that I had
In Ireland! O the games on Eman's Green, the feasts
In the Red Branch House, the friendly faces in the hall,
Irish and true! My heart, a bird above the waves,
Flies to the glad green fields of Ireland that I love.
I am a lonely man till I am home in Ulla!

Because Naisi's heart knew no guile, he trusted Conchobar and went back to his death, Deirdre and Clan Usna with him. On the coast of Erinn they were met by the chieftain Barach, who, obeying the instructions of the high-king, asked Fergus to a feast at his dun. Now Fergus had made a vow *never to refuse a feast*, and therefore he had to go with Barach of the Beetle Heart. The sons of Usna went on alone. Again Deirdre warned Naisi to turn aside and not go to Conchobar without Fergus, but he answered: "Danger is dangerous most when men turn back and find wisdom in woman's fear." Under Illan the Fair and Buine the Pitiless, the sons of Usna thought themselves safe. They bode at the Red Branch House, and glad were the men of Ulla to see them back again. The high-king longed to see Deirdre once more, and he sent the old dame Lavarcam to find out if she still retained her beauty. Now Lavarcam loved Naisi and his bride, and her hot tears flowed that night when she laid eyes on them. She went back to the king and told him that the light of Deirdre's eyes was quencht, the bloom flown from her face, the withering of her flesh left her an autumn leaf. But Conchobar said to himself, "This hag winked at her flight, and now may lie like truth." So he sent Tren-dorn, whose father Naisi had slain in battle, to see Deirdre. Tren-dorn found the Red Branch House barred and durst not force an entrance. And yet he durst not return to the king; going around the house he found an open window, and looking in he saw Naisi and Deirdre playing at chess. Naisi beheld the spy and flung a chessman at him with aim so true that it knocked out one eye. Tren-dorn blind and bleeding rushed back to the high-king and told him:

To see her face is worth an eye. This world
Holds no such beauty, king, twixt sea and sea, as now
Shines on her. Blight of age durst never steal its bloom;
All women else are hags. Leave her in Naisi's arms,
And he is king of the world, as sure he deems himself,
Barring her in thy house, where now he sits at ease.

Conchobar, mad with rage, attacked the Red Branch House, all his fighting men at his back. Buine the Pitiless, for the promise of lands, betrayed Usna's sons in their hour of need. Deirdre cried out: "By Fergus! we are lost, the son false as the sire." But Illan the Fair made answer, "By the red pulse of my heart! while this hilt is friendly to my hand, though Fergus and his clan should leave you, yet will I myself fight to the death and never leave you." With his war men at his back he rushed upon the men of Conchobar and slew of them three fifties and three more. Then he drew breath, and sent a challenge to the host of Conchobar. Fiachra, the high-king's son, in the armour of his father, came to meet him. Conall Carnach rushing to the battle, and seeing the king's son in danger, drove his sword through the back of the golden-hearted Illan. The dying youth staggered into the hall where the sons of Usna still played at chess and said, "I am slain in your defense. Do valiantly for yourselves."

They raised him in their arms, and Deirdre o'er him bent.
"Faithful and true thou art, faithful and true!" she said,
Weeping; and on his face, damp with the dews of death,
Rained her hot tears. She knelt, and with her warm, soft mouth
Kissed his cold brow. Thereat with wistful glazing eyes
He stared at her. No speech was left him; but he smiled,
And dead they laid him down, that smile on his dead lips.

Then did Ardan and Ainli rush into the combat, and slew the high-king's men in heaps. Alternately they kept the watches of the night. Last, Naisi went forth, and he made the green of Eman red with slaughtering of the clans led on by Conchobar. Bravely did the sons of Usna fight, but to no avail.

For Cathvah on the green kindled a druid's fire,
And in the fire he cast magical herbs, that made
A smoke about the feet of Usna's sons; and soon
The smoke about their feet spread like a sea, wherein
They seemed to wade in waves; and, struggling to uplift
Deirdre above the waves, they battled on to reach
The shore of their own isle in Alba, where it seemed
Before them full in view.

Then they threw their arms away, and the men of Conchobar rushed in and bound them. No man of the land of Ulla would kill the fettered sons of Usna, but they fell by the hand of a hireling, Maini the Red, the son of a Norway king.

The ending of this tale is not satisfactory. Dr. Todhunter, who is true to the original Gaelic, lets Deirdre live a year with Conchobar after Naisi's death. This is not in accordance with the artistic finish of the poem throughtout. Dr. Sigerson, in making a dramatic plan of the tale, has Deirdre die with Naisi. Aubrey de Vere has her die on the tomb of the sons of Usna after singing their death song. It is very evident that the ending of the poem is not genuine. Most likely the bard who first wrote it down found it incomplete and added the inartistic and horrible stanzas that close it.

As I have stated, before making a summary of this tale, there are reasons that lead us to believe that it was composed by one of the pagan bards. It has many of the characteristics of the Gaelic poetry of the third and fourth centuries. A deeper and more human note is struck in this period than in the succeeding age. The chord of noble friendship vibrates. At no time was loyal companionship more highly honored, or its cleavage more keenly felt. It is the tragic element in the "Tain bo Cuaillgne," a poem of Oisin's time. Unselfish companionship is the central idea in the "Pursuit of Diarmad." And in the "Sons of Usna" it forms the tragic background. Because the latter poem resembles the others in its plan and above all in the source of its inspiration, Dr. Sigerson has placed it among the tales composed in the time of King Cormac Mac-Art, that is, in the period we treat of here. The strongest proof, however, that may be advanced in favor of its antiquity is the omission of any allusion to Christian truths in it. If this tale were composed by King Fergus in the sixth century it most assuredly would bear some marks of Christianity. At that time the teachings of the Church so permeated the life and literature of the Gael that no artist could be found strong enough to put aside all the influences of his age, and imagine himself in a land entirely pagan. Instance the works of Shakspere; how when he nods the customs and ideas of his time slip into his plays. Remembering this, shall we say that a bard living in a land intensely Christian writes a poem that more than any of its kind breathes the pagan spirit? To do so would scarcely be good reasoning. The alternative left is to place it in the age to which it naturally belongs.

In the original Gaelic of the "Sons of Usna" there is no mention of a supreme being. This omission of a higher power than man is very marked in ancient Gaelic literature. The druidic spells of seers like Cathvah hint at a supernatural power. These druidic charms, however, fall short of the supreme, for another and more learned seer could have rendered useless the incantations of Cathvah. Besides, the ancient druids may have been able to cause extraordinary manifestations of material forces, just as barbaric peoples of our time can perform the "fire walk" or other tasks incomprehensible to us. The druids had a wonderful knowledge of physical nature. Their graded course of study extended over forty years, and they invariably led secluded lives. But whatever their powers were, or were believed to be, they are the strongest forces used by the pagan bards.

Oisin, Fergus and Fionn were not wont to drag in the gods to help them. And it must be admitted that Gaelic poetry is all the more artistic because it dispenses with the interference of deities at critical moments. The marvellous, of course, has a great charm for many readers. It gratifies the imagination and affords room for striking and sublime descriptions. Still there is nothing more difficult than to adjust properly the marvellous with the probable. No work from which probability is altogether excluded can make a deep or lasting impression. Human actions and manners are the most interesting objects that can be presented to a human mind. All supernatural interference, therefore, is faulty that withdraws these too much from view and hides them in a cloud of incredible fictions.

We are not to understand, however, that the pagan Gael excluded everything supernatural from his poetry. Far from it. His tales are full of ghosts and spirits, and very immaterial spirits too. Fionn saw one, and describes it: "A dark red stream of fire comes down from the hill; he that lately fell, striving in the battle of heroes. His face is like a beam of the setting moon. His robes are of the cloud of the hill; his eyes are like the decaying flames. Dark is the wound of his breast. The stars dim twinkled through his form; and his voice was like the sound of a distant stream." His ghost must have been made up of a very

shadowy substance when Fionn could see "the stars dim twinkling through his form." Besides the ghosts of departed mortals, the Gael had airy spirits of the hill, like the fairies of the modern Irish peasant. They were gentle spirits, descending on sunbeams, dancing on the daisies of the meadows, their forms white and bright, their voices sweet and their actions kindly to men. In many ways the ancient bards showed their belief in the supernatural, thereby adding greater charm to their tales and lyrics. Although Oisin and the singers of his time were silent as to a supreme being, they and the warriors they sang about must have had some idea of such a power above man. The heroes swore by their shields and swords, but no one can think they deemed themselves responsible to these inanimate weapons. There was something back of it all; something that made Deirdre true to Naisi and Crédé constant to Cael; some belief that made Illan the Fair lay down his life for his father's promise.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

One Road to Success.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

Long had he been at literary work, but success seemed not destined to attend his efforts. He had turned from the novel to the short story, to the literary essay, and finally ended as a newspaper reporter. His novels would not sell, his short stories could find no publisher, and his literary essays were lost for want of appreciative readers. The city editor of the daily paper on which he worked, told him that his literary training had destroyed his natural ability to turn out a "newsy" story; one with a good "lead," with news features well developed; one that would appear to be true, though it might have but little foundation in fact. So he came back to his first work, novels, short stories, essays, and verse, believing the old German adage that genius is the power to work; and he who works persistently must succeed. He did not reason that death might cut short his career before he reached ultimate success.

After repeated failures he began to look within himself. At first he had thought that the public must be educated to his standard, but now he admitted that much wisdom lay in the ability to know the public's level. There was reason for this. His board and lodging, which, after all, are essential things, even to a novelist, must continue if he would keep the flame of genius burning within his bosom.

When first he announced to the world through a large and oft-repeating trumpet, a circle of young women, that he intended to adopt literature as a profession, he had a goodly supply of money. But failure will drain the stoutest of purses; and before a few years passed he had gone from his first and luxuriously furnished suite of rooms to ones cheaper—the destiny of true genius—until now he held garret apartments where the sun looked in through one small window.

The steps had often creaked under him as he trudged to and from these rooms. But to-day he was especially disheartened. His purse was on its last legs; and he must either starve outright or get into a better paying profession or business. His last visit to a publisher had only tended to darken his future. A large bundle of manuscript lay on the table; his work of many months had been rejected. True is it the publisher had told him that the novel was clever in many parts, but that it was not bizarre enough. Small consolation to him that dreamt of fame and riches! He had firmly believed this child of his intellect would be his first sure introduction into the world of English letters. But now hope seemed gone. Already his friends were pointing at him as a fellow with excellent talent, but a failure in life; a squanderer of his patrimony, with no ability to hold wealth not alone to attain it. The girl he was bent on marrying was drawing farther and farther away from him. His standard of living was surely lowering.

He had always struggled for the best in literature. Making a study of Balzac, Thackeray and Charlotte Bronté, he had endeavored to mould his plot and fashion his characters after the manner of these masters, but to no avail. The hero and heroine were not intellectual, ascetic or even sensual. They lacked proper development and finish. They loved not with the deep-rooted love of Aucassin and Nicolette, or the all-devouring passion of Dido. Their life was commonplace, and the sequence of the tale could be predicted from the first few chapters.

Gradually it was coming home to him that this method of novel writing must be changed. He remembered a short story he had written some time ago and which sold for a round sum. The plot of the story was a weird one.

Dealing with the history of a diamond the story extended over a period of three thousand years. The diamond had brought shame or death to its possessors during that period. The story had sold on account of the peculiarity of the plot.

The longer he thought over this short story the more it seemed to him that the publisher's call for somcthing bizarre had a justifiable foundation. For hours he sat back in his chair and thought. The increasing darkness did not disturb him; the lengthening hours had no effect upon him; and when he stood up his eyes were lighted with that peculiar sparkling fire that foretells confidence and success. For many weeks he kept to his room. Page after page of the manuscript was overhauled. Paragraphs were underlined, entire chapters cut out, and annotations made. When he had finished, his characters, hero and heroine, had undergone a striking transformation, retaining but their former names for identification. Yet the lines around his eyes had deepened. He had perceptibly aged, but there was a look of triumph in his face.

Then he came forth from his hermitage with portfolio carefully enclosing his manuscript, and he was bound for the publisher. When he returned his smile was the happiest his boarding-mistress had seen for months. And she looked for a settlement of all overdue bills.

The novel was published; then began the controversy, for the novel contained dogmas of faith peculiarly set forth. This called for criticism from many clergymen. They agreed and disagreed. Some held that the hero was a Christian, others a pantheist, and still others a follower of Zoroaster.

One eminent clergyman, in a lengthy review, stated that he found the hero a fine type of the Christian gentleman—possessing qualities which would give him a place in the literature of the century; however, he thought that the heroine was a weak production wanting in chastity, which is the first essential of true womanhood.

Another clergyman and rival critic held that the heroine had failings, which were but human, but yet that she by the heroism of her sacrifice rose to a height far beyond the hero; and for this she deserved to be ranked as one of the noble characters in literature. As to the hero's religious beliefs he thought that he believed not in God, man or the devil.

Thus did the war of words wage on in the magazines. The newspapers took up the controversy, and ran leading articles dealing with the dogmas of faith controverted. The publishers scattered broadcast advertising bills: "Daniel in the Web—A Story of Love and Christianity. The best selling book of the season. Who can decide the hero's religious beliefs? See for yourselves." And misguided laymen, puzzled and lost in the erudition of the clergymen, bought the book to see whether or not they could solve the difficulty.

The sale ran into the hundreds of thousands. The bizarre idea had served its purpose. It had advertised the novelist and made the novel a success. Now he lived in more congenial quarters and had the literary and social world at his feet. Ambitious women looked upon him as legitimate prey for their daughters. His presence was everywhere sought, and no *fête* was complete without him. Magazines ran large articles on his work, himself and his life, giving him excellent ancestors. And best of all his trunk of rejected short stories, essays and pastels became a veritable gold mine, for editors had no scruple about using them now.

Nor did the good luck which came with the novel stop with the author, but even went on to his former boarding mistress. The building was named after him; the room he had occupied was turned into a museum, and the pilgrims that came were so numerous and so desirous of taking away relics, that every few months she found it necessary to replace the table at which he had written his famous novel. The chair on which he sat while the novel was developing, was cut into pieces and sold as relics to odd people. And he, in his newly found prosperity, was thinking out another novel that would set the clerical world agog, for he reasoned, that after all they were the best advertisers.

To My Lady's Eyebrows.

Your eyebrows brown sometimes grow black
When scowls your placid forehead rack,
And smiles, which were just now, have fled—
Nor dimples deign to come instead,
For anger always holds them back.

How happens that I, captive led,
Not hopeless am if cheeks be red
And eyebrows brown?

Yet times are few when smiles you lack,
Bright beams soon hide each salt tear's track;
Then joy returns, forgiveness said;
And victors sure, the cross now sped,
Undaunted stand despite attack
Your eyebrows brown!

F. F. D.

Varsity Verse.

RETROSPECTION.

TO-DAY I see the fields of waving grain,
To-day I hear the hum of flitting bee,
And on the perfumed breezes once again
The song-bird's lilt comes gently back to me.
Again I hear the varied melody
Of all the minstrels in a summer day,
And as I wander where it carries me
I find new joys along the olden way.

And dreams go out to hours that are to be
When Life's last harvest gathered to its store,
And scenes of childhood rise again for me
To bring life's summer, long, long gone before.
The fond hope comes that when I see once more
The passing phantom of my youthful days,
I may then view it calmly o'er and o'er,
And find new joys along the olden ways.

J. L. C.

A LAKESIDE ECHO.

The wind so strong just yesternight,
Has run his course and fully died;
The foamy flecks and wavelets light
By heat and calm are put aside.

The frog, his throat now still'd by thirst,
His deep'ning voice has giv'n a rest;
The brown thrush singer, his song rehearsed,
Now blinks in bird-like slumber drest.

Deserted lie the shade-decked banks;
And sounds so soft at other hours
Unpleasant words from slumb'rous ranks
Evoke,—complaints from restful bowers.

But noon-high sun and calm sublime
In nowise daunts our neighbor's child—
While her we wish in warmer clime,
Serenely cries this youngster wild.

F. F. D.

MY LETTER.

I went within the rush and jam,
I thought that I should better,
For I told myself, "I'm sure I am
Going to get a letter."

I pictured out the dainty hand,
The soft cream envelope,
The loving message in it, and
All else I dared to hope!

My name was called, my hopes ran high;
"I'm here!" I called aloud.
'Twas quickly passed to me, and I
Then surged out through the crowd,

And muttered: "Ah, I knew 'twould come!"
Then looked—alack! for lo!
An autumn advertisement from
Sears, Sonnenschein and Co.!

C. J. L.

Evangeline Once More.

GEORGE G. MARR, 1901.

Longfellow, as we learn from his journal, came to write "Evangeline" by a happy accident. He was dining with Hawthorne and a clergyman, when the latter complained that the novelist refused to write a tale from excellent material at the minister's disposal. The reverend gentleman had a call from a lady parishioner who told him of a young girl's sad separation from her lover when the English expelled the Acadians. The heroic maid searched without ceasing through the country for him. Long years afterwards the two met in a hospital. The poet listened to this recital with deep emotion and remarked to Hawthorne: "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem." The great story-writer consented and instead of a novel we have a poem, a masterpiece of American literature.

The poem has a background of history. We are familiar with the cruel expulsion of the Acadians from their homes, and the tearing asunder of dearest family ties by the English troops, in 1755, under Winslow. We must not, however, for a moment suppose that "Evangeline" is a history of Acadia. Longfellow never visited Nova Scotia, but gathered his material from histories and travelers' notes at hand. He is merely writing a tale, as he says in the poem itself: "List to a tale of love." In so doing he uses historical facts to suit his artistic purpose, just as Shakspere exercised the same license in "Julius Cæsar" and in "Richard III." To blame the poem, therefore, because at times the Acadians appear better than they really were, is to show ignorance of the rules of art. Art works with the idealistic, and suffers realities to be used as they are only when they are beautiful enough in themselves; else it idealizes them, as Longfellow did with the historical facts underlying "Evangeline."

We may best classify the poem as epic in character. It is a long poetic narration of the deeds or sufferings of its heroine. The poet is completely in the background; he is taking the part of the narrator. Hence there are no lyric passages in it. There is very little dramatic action, unless we look upon the old blacksmith as dramatic, whose nature is violent and liberty-loving and therefore

affords opportunity for action. The metre is hexameter blank verse. This measure very much pleased Longfellow, so that he kept it despite the unfriendly opposition of many critics.

"Evangeline" is essentially a religious poem. It is a grand record of Christian love and patience. The whole atmosphere is deeply Catholic. We behold in Evangeline, a noble, lovable girl, the admiration of the little village of Grand Pré. She is admired because of her saint-like devotion and piety. She has a reverential respect for her parish priest, and when he comes to cheer his people she runs forward to meet him,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.

But her beauty of soul was seen best on Sunday morning when on her way to Mass.

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form when after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her;
When she passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

No wonder that such beauty of soul shone in her outward form and that

Many a youth, as he knelt in the Church and opened his missal
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion.

Evangeline and Gabriel loved each other so strongly because their love was pure and holy. We may take these two lovers as the ideal of true Christian love; an ideal that the Church would have her members realize in their own lives. The maid and the youth

from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village had taught them their letters,
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the Church and the plain song.

He too was about to join them in marriage ere they were separated. We can readily understand how a love thus helped by religion would meet the hardest tests and support their hearts during the long and weary separation to follow. Indeed, an Evangeline without a deep religious sense and a firm belief and reliance on God would be an impossibility; for no human being would bear up to the end under so terrible a weight of sorrow through any mere human motive of constancy, however great, and with no inner voice to proclaim an after-life of rest.

Gabriel and Evangeline had listened to the words of their good old pastor in their youth, and now when they were cruelly torn from each other, they still heard the echo of his voice in their hearts. Evangeline's heroic nature showed itself in the Christ-like patience which sustained her through her long years of weary searching, and which she also learned from Father Felician:

Patience accomplish thy labor till the heart is made Godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, rendered more worthy of heaven.

To crown that self-sacrifice, and to add a last brilliant jewel to her undying patience, when at length as a Sister of Mercy she did meet her Gabriel among the sick whom she tenderly nursed in the hospital, she meekly bowed her head and murmured

Father, I thank Thee.

What life of any saint is more noble than this picture of Evangeline? What saint teaches us more forcibly true love and Godlike patience? None. If then we are to judge art by the moral, elevating, spiritualizing effect it has on us, surely we shall have to give "Evangeline" a first place in our literature.

Aside from its religious tone, "Evangeline" delights us by its picturesque descriptions. Part first shows us the happy Grand Pré and the still happier homes of the farmers. We are treated to a magnificent description of an evening at Evangeline's home. The scene looms up till it appears as real as if we were actually sitting in a cozy corner by the fireside, watching the old men Benedict and Basil enjoying their lively game of checkers, while the two lovers find lots to talk about by the window on this the eve of their wedding day. The best scene of all to my judgment is the burning of the village. Evangeline with Father Felician and his sad-hearted flock stand round the camp-fire on the shore, mourning the death of Benedict, when lo! the terrific wind carries the sparks to the thatched roofs of the houses. Soon the whole village is ablaze, then in the distance are heard the neighing and rushing of the cattle pursued by the awful flames. As one stops to have calm enjoyment of the description, he asks himself what could be, in the best sense of the word, a more picturesque scene?

The secret underlying such beautiful descriptions is the poet's happy use of a few striking words here and there that suggest

entire scenes to us. At the sound of the curfew, the evening party alluded to breaks up, and

On the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.

Here the use of 'resounded' and 'soundless' bring a whole picture before our mind in a moment. When, moreover, the poet would express how utterly dreary the house seemed to Evangeline as she returned home on the night of the cruel edicts and found no dear father, for he was locked in the church, he simply said:

On the board was the supper untasted.

A still more remarkable use of color words is the characterization of Evangeline's old white-haired father as

An oak covered with snowflakes.

A second device for obtaining picturesque effects is a masterly use of Homeric similes, which perhaps at times seems too labored. A good example occurs in the song of the mocking bird that perched contentedly on a twig as Evangeline's boat floated by.

Plaintive at first were the tunes and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation,
Till having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the treetops,
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.

Another beautiful one is a glimpse at the beautiful sweetness accompanying Evangeline as a Sister of Mercy tenderly cheering the sick in the hospital. It runs thus:

So was her love diffused; but like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.

One simile, in particular, strikes me as very apt. At the beginning of part second, the poet proposes to follow Evangeline in her search for Gabriel. He is not to follow every little detail of her life, but he will follow her dreary quest, as a traveller pursues a streamlet through the valley, seeing the waters only at intervals; yet their murmuring is ever in his ears. This simile affects me so strongly because it suggests some fundamental laws of art: the laws of artistic selection in literature, and perspective in painting, and in both, the laws of a unity based on bringing together really important facts to form a well-ordered whole.

The chief emotion excited in us by "Evangeline" is a tender sympathy for the maiden's sad lot. We are all the more affected by her sudden change from almost supreme earthly happiness to the opposite extreme of intense sorrow. If there is any defect in the poem, it is that the pathos tends to run over into real pity; and this from an artistic standpoint is a flaw. We are apt to feel in our hearts that Evangeline's cup is too full. Perhaps real pity especially finds place in us when we think of Evangeline's calm repose on the river-bank. While she slept, Gabriel rowed up along the opposite bank but the willow branches hid her from his view. What suffering could have been turned to the sweet embraces of love, if she had only been awake; and had not halted in her voyage till the two boats had met! With the poet we must cry out:

Angel of God, was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden!

With this single exception, however, the pathos meets relief in moments of sunshine. We are glad that Father Felician's words of hope and cheer are a refreshing dew to Evangeline's drooping spirit. When once again the long-separated exiles are joined together, the merry-making buries the sad past for the moment and we realize there are happy hours in our lives as well as gloomy ones. As the poem draws to a close, we feel that such womanly devotion must have its reward even here on earth, were that reward only for a moment. We have a keen relish for the union of the two lovers, and we feel that this one last ray of sunshine was indeed highly merited.

In summing up the preceding remarks, we see (1) that "Evangeline" has a deeply religious, nay, Catholic atmosphere; (2) its chief merit lies in its picturesque descriptions which are helped by a masterly use of striking, or color words, and apt similes; (3) it excites in us a strong sympathy for the heroine. As a further merit, may I not add that the poem is wholly American? Its author, its theme, its scenes are American; and that fact added to its literary value ought to make the poem appeal very strongly to us. I heartily agree with Mr. W. D. Howells in thinking that "Evangeline" is the best of all Longfellow's poems—if not the best poem of our age. In conclusion, I feel sure we may safely regard "Evangeline" as one of the masterpieces of American literature.

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Rt. Reverend John Joseph Koppes, Bishop of Luxemburg, was our distinguished guest during the summer vacation. Bishop Koppes has promised us another visit during the year. Then he will say Mass for the student body.

—A word of advice—we all know the worth of a college paper; that its best interests lie in a bond of common sympathy between itself and those that support it. Though we recognize the value of the subscriber, yet we call especially on those that write. The SCHOLASTIC is not always flush with material, and if you have any verse, short stories or essays, we would be glad to get them. This is the only way we have of recognizing your ability in filling vacancies or selecting the staff for next year. Those that fill the literary part of a college paper represent no favored class of a university but the men of brains and style. So the honor is one worth striving for.

—Mr. John Corley who handled the verse column with so much ability last year, will be again in charge of it. All verse contributions should be handed to him.

—Near the students' office is a small, brown box labelled SCHOLASITC. The object of this box is to give those that have a local, a bit of verse or a story, and who do not care to hand it to the editor, a chance to call his attention to it. What comes out of the box is a secret between the SCHOLASTIC and the writer.

—The SCHOLASTIC would feel indebted to him that would like to make a mention of a friend, or tell a tale of the success of an old student, if he would call on Mr. Vitus Jones who has kindly volunteered to take charge of that column.

—The scholastic year was formally begun last Sunday, with the celebration of Solemn High Mass, the Vice-President, Rev. James French, officiating. The altar was lost in a blaze of light, and the glow of the moving vestments of gold added a heightened splendor. Mr. E. Gilbert was the organist, and many tributes were paid to his ability.

But the one thing that perhaps made the strongest impression on the older students was the forcible sermon of the Reverend President, Father Morrissey. Using the words of St. Paul: "Teach me, O Lord, goodness, discipline and knowledge," he went on to show that these three virtues are necessary in the perfection of the Christian gentleman. He held that that education which develops the intellectual man, to the neglect of the moral or the religious, is dangerous. He called for the strong, active young man, in the struggle that is going on in the world, without, in the things material and those intellectual and moral. It matters but little if men are esteemed by their fellows for their power to accumulate wealth, if they have no true intellectual rounding out, if their morals are warped by unfair bartering or other false dealings, their life is a failure.

In his closing remarks he showed that a smattering of knowledge aided but little in the struggle of life, for the world seeks not the man that is superficial but him that has depth and stability of character,—the power to know and to do what is right.

We feel that the words of our President made a strong impression on those that have come for knowledge. All that the University seeks is an honest co-operation for the ideals that it ever lays out for itself, and for those that have entered its portals.

—We are touched by a tale of the vicissitudes of a brave people or a great language, but when this people is of our own kin, or the language of our own mother tongue, we are deeply moved. We feel a strong impulse, no matter how weak our after efforts may be, to raise this people to its ancient, honorable standing and to make known the beauty, power and strength of this language and its literature. Impulses thus caused are rather of the heart than of the head; they have brought back to nations their former warlike glory; they inspired a band of scholarly Bohemians with an uncontrollable desire of national life,—nor did these patriots stop until their native tongue became again the language of the University of Prague and the Diet of Bohemia. The inhabitants of the northern provinces of Spain and the southern provinces of France, felt this impulse, and then followed a great revival, not only for literary purposes of the Provençal proper but of such other branches of the *langue d'oc*, as the Gascon, the Limousin, the Béarnais and the Catalon dialects.

To us that have the blood of the Gael in our veins, it seems that the time is ripe for a revival of the Keltic language. We feel that the impulse which moved the Bohemians and the provincials of France and Spain, is inspiring our people. We could not but bemoan the final decay of a tongue that for centuries was the language of scholars; a tongue that holds the battle songs of Fionn, the lyrics of Oisin, the Sons of Usna and thousands of other Bardic tales. For more than half a century the Pan-Keltic movement has been gaining force, owing to the work of such men as Eugene O'Curry, John O'Donovan, Drs. Sigerson, Todhunter and W. B. Yeats, and various Keltic societies established throughout the civilized world. The congress recently held in Dublin, and consisting of representatives of the five Keltic nations, the Irish, Welch, Highlanders, Cornishmen and the Bretons, prove the popularity of the movement in Ireland. And more than passing interest should be given to the Irish Congress held in Chicago last August, the object of which was a revival of that ancient language.

Here at Notre Dame, for many years, we have felt the need of a chair of Gaelic; we have looked back to those good old days when Bro. Simeon taught the tongue of King Fergus, and we have longed for their return. But now with the re-establishment of the Gaelic Chair comes new hopes, an awakening.

The Gaelic Movement.

It is a curious irony of our times, when sophist's and evolutionary dreamers are prophesying the obliteration of all nationalities through a universal socialism, that nationalism in its highest form is engaging the attention of the best minds in all lands. Its cause and its scope vary in different countries. One basic idea, however, permeates this movement everywhere, namely, that language is the one essential badge of nationality and the surest barrier against national disintegration. This revival finds its best exemplar in that noble band of thirty Bohemian scholars, who solemnly declared that while they lived the Czechish language should not become extinct.

Strange as it may seem, the times succeeding the passage of the Emancipation Act witnessed the first decline of Irish as the language of the people, until the so-called national schools almost buried it. This seeming neglect had its excuse, however. We must remember that "Emancipation," found the people in a state of legalized ignorance; that it is only human to relax in vigilance after a long-sustained resistance; that the Irish people had at length hoped England would do them justice. Besides they saw their matchless tribune, O'Connell, defeating English statesmen on English law in the English language. As spoken by O'Connell, Shiel, Burke, Sheridan, Curran and Emmet, they saw in it even a tower of strength; they felt that for the time, at least, men not language were the pillars of national security. Various causes have tended to restore the Irish language to its true position in the affections of the people. Too much praise can not be given the German scholars and philologists who have proven to the world the international value of Irish literature. Their attention was drawn in this direction by the labors of Eugene O'Curry and John O'Donovan; these in turn were assisted by the members of the Royal Irish Academy; and enabled to carry on their work only through the pecuniary aid of that distinguished body.

To the Gaelic League, however, was reserved the honor of making it popular with the mass of the people. Though purely educational in its methods this league has been the chief means of reviving Irish industries and of unity among the late factions of the "Irish Parliamentary Party."

Exchanges.

There is always pleasure to be found in the reading of *St. Mary's Chimes*. In the September number are several letters which, no doubt, are of the greatest interest to those at St. Mary's. A short essay on "The Artist Touch" shows preparation. The wide difference is exaggerated, however, between the creator of a musical work of art and the one capable of giving that work artistic expression. Certain interpreters have gone far beyond the wildest dreams of a composer,—and this toward the sublime, too. The "Spendthrift Crocus" beauty can hardly be said to apply to numerous and wonderful flower creations written of by the young ladies. This sin of "Pathetic Fallacy" is not confined exclusively to young ladies' writings, either. Probably the flowers do exhibit most perplexing capability of feeling to the one exceedingly emotional and imaginative. The tendency of the time does favor "more painstaking care in writing and speaking." The college periodicals, not to mention the pretentious magazines, show an improvement in expression. Nevertheless, all college journals do not appear to take the matter seriously. The bit of verse "Unseen" contains a pretty thought. Careful preparation is evident in all issues of the *Chimes*. Good verse, also, is the rule rather than the exception.

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The *Occident* is no exception to all first numbers of a university year where the few strive to make some sort of showing for the many. If favorable climatic conditions have aught to do with inspiration, the U. of C. verseman should not be pessimistic. A commendable sense of college spirit and a healthiness in tone make up somewhat for the present lack in literary finish.

The "Letter Box" and "The Axe" are no worse than most persecutions of the unfortunate Freshman; at least, when in writing. The two stories are good in plot but lacking in expression. "The Old Homestead," a sketch contrary to what you would expect from its worn title, is the best article in the current number. In "Subjects for Rumination," the Freshman is told that he should not expect to be hazed every night; that the upper class men have something else to do. Doubtless, the truth of that will be more evident in later *Occidents*.

F. F. D.

Field Day.

October 10 is set for the handicap inter-hall track meet. As this was announced by bulletin in the early part of the week, it is hoped that a captain has been elected to direct the men of each hall in their practice.

Let us have a generous response to this call for competitors in the coming athletic contest. If you can run, jump, hurdle, ride, or throw the discus; or even if some good friend has told you that you have the form and finish of an athlete come out and try. Nor should there be a lack of the old men, for it is on them that we depend to make the field day a success. The new men are especially invited to take part. This year would be an exception, if among our initiated brothers we should not discover athletes of worth and candidates for the Varsity track team.

A prize will be awarded to the winners of first and second places in each event. No favoritism will be shown in the distribution of honors. Every competitor will have a fair field. The men of acknowledged athletic ability will be honestly handicapped.

The events are as follows: 100-yard dash, 200-yard dash, 440-yard dash, 880-yard run, one-mile run, two-mile run, 120-yard hurdles, 220-yard hurdles, half-mile bicycle race, pole vault, high jump, running broad jump, hammer throw, and discus throw.

A word of advice: Do not put off your training. Begin at once. You have only a few days, and every day you miss means less chance of good form. Get over the stiffness incident to training as soon as you can. Have your muscles limber, your wind good, and your courage strong. This you can do by steady practice from now until the day of the meet.

The entries for the different events will close on October 4. They should be handed in to the manager of athletics, Sorin Hall.

The usual rivalry is expected among the halls. Brownson, Corby and Sorin ought to make the contest exciting. Carroll, St. Joe, and Holy Cross ought to have a few surprises. The hall winning the greatest number of points will of course carry off the honors of the day. Which hall is going to do this? Is yours? The order of your work and the unity among you will furnish the answer.

P. P. McE.

Our Football Outlook.

Notre Dame's chances for a good football team were greatly increased during the past few days by the return of Farragher, Gillen and Winter of last year's team. In addition to these, several new recruits have been added to the drill squad. Both Coach O'Dea and Captain Fortin are elated over the outlook at present, and declare that the only difficulty will be in the selection of the team. No man has as yet been assured of his position, and no one will be given a place until he proves to the thorough satisfaction of both coach and captain that he is the proper man for the place.

The real heavy work of the season has been started, and every afternoon two teams are lined up for practice. These scrimmages are not only intended to give the men a thorough knowledge of the game, but to allow the coach a chance to judge the ability of the candidates. For this reason it behooves each candidate to go into the scrimmages with all the dash and spirit he can muster. Let him remember that although at first he may not be successful, changes are liable to occur during the year which may give him an opportunity to fight for the Gold and Blue.

At present there are about thirty candidates on the field. These thirty, however, do not include all the material in the University. A man must not necessarily be a giant in stature to make a good football player. Some of the greatest gridiron heroes were small men. Everyone who has any ability at all should don a moleskin, if for no other purpose than to show his college spirit. It will not only encourage others, but will add to the zeal of those whose chances are the brightest. Even if a man does not make the team the first year, there is the building up of the body, the quickening of the mind and eye, and a place on the Varsity the following year.

Manager Crumley has arranged the following schedule for the season:

Milwaukee Medics at Notre Dame	Sept. 28
Ohio State Medical at Columbus	Oct. 5
Northwestern U. at Evanston	" 12
Rush Medical at Notre Dame	" 19
Beloit at Beloit	" 26
Lake Forest at Notre Dame	Nov. 2
Purdue at Notre Dame	" 9
Indiana at Notre Dame	" 16
P. and S. at Notre Dame	" 23
South Bend at South Bend	" 30

J. P. O'R.

In Memoriam.

The sad intelligence has reached us of the death of Robert Funk, at his home in La Crosse, Wisconsin. Robert was a student at Notre Dame in '97, '98, and '99, and during that time was the most popular man in the University. He was an exceedingly clever student, and a member of the Biological class' 01, but left Notre Dame before he got his degree.

Leaving Notre Dame he entered the University of Wisconsin, but was soon forced to give up study on account of weak lungs. He went to several health resorts in the South and West; but his lost vigor could not be restored. Returning to his home in July he was taken ill with a severe attack and died Sunday, Sept. 9.

The SCHOLASTIC tenders to his sorrowing family and friends its heartfelt sympathy.

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The *Cincinnati Lancet*, a medical journal, chronicles the death of Dr. Thomas Philip White, a former student of Notre Dame, where in 1874 he received the degrees of B. S. and A. B., and later, in 1892, the degree of M. A. Doctor White was one of the most learned and prominent physicians in Cincinnati. He received his medical education in Europe at the University of Wurtzburg, Bavaria, and at Vienna. A wife and a host of friends mourn his death, to all of whom the SCHOLASTIC extends its voice of sympathy.

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It is our sad task to record the deaths of Charles McCracken (Brownson Hall), who died at his home, Cincinnati, Ohio; Edward I. Gately (Carroll Hall), who after a short illness departed this life at his home, Chicago; Glenn Barrett, student '98–'00; Arthur Leonard and Lee Baldwin, Bardstown, Ky. Memorial services were held by the college authorities at Notre Dame on receipt of the sad intelligence, and all here express their sympathy to the bereaved parents.

John A. Devanney (B. S., '95) died at St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, June 27 where he was engaged in teaching.

The Reverend Patrick Condon, C. S. C., first Assistant General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, died at the Community House after a long illness, July 25. Father Condon was for a number of years an officer of the University and latterly pastor at St. Bernard's Church, Watertown, Wisconsin. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—S. J. Sullivan and wife called at the University last week.

—J. J. Cooney, Law '01, has entered a law firm in Woodstock, Ill.

—Dr. Shannon of Seattle, Washington, is visiting his son in St. Edward's Hall.

—James McGinnis, A. B. 1900, has entered the American College, Rome, to continue his studies for the priesthood.

—Mr. J. G. Roode, superintendent of schools in Yale, Mich., was the guest of Mr. Mitchell of Brownson Hall during the week.

—Mr. C. J. Harris, of Chicago, one of the old boys of twenty-five years ago, was heartily welcomed to the University last week.

—The Very Rev. Walter Elliott (student '55–'58) conducted the retreat for the Congregation of the Holy Cross this year.

—Mr. John A. Ritz, Evansville, Ind., has entered his son in Carroll Hall. Mr. Ritz was a student shortly after the Civil War.

—On July 12, J. A. McNamara, Class of '97, was ordained at St. Joseph's Seminary, Yonkers, New York. The Rev. Father is spending a few days at the University.

—Mr. George Upman, '67, Chicago, Ill., entered his son Walter in St. Edward's Hall. Another of ye olden timers who paid a visit to the University was Mr. Charles E. Gross, '62–'63, of New York City.

—H. P. Barry, Law '01, and prominent in the University debates of '99–'01, has opened a law office in Slayton, Minn. We expect Mr. Barry's oratorical ability to give him a prominent place at the bar.

—J. P. Hayes, A. J. Brogan, Litt. B. '01, James Barry, A. B. '97, and G. H. Bohner, Law '01, have joined the teachers' ranks in the Philippines. The boys are among the brightest graduates, and their success is felt assured of by friends. Word was received from Mr. Barry at Honolulu, which place he calls the garden spot of the world.

—*The Indian Daily News* brings us word that the Rt. Reverend Dr. Hurth, Bishop of Dacca, was called upon to deliver the funeral oration over the remains of the late Archbishop Goethals, S. J. The Rt. Rev. Bishop was formerly a student of Notre Dame; and he was consecrated here in 1894, just before starting on his mission to India.

—Since our last regular issue the following old students were raised to the sacred priesthood: Revs. P. E. Reardon, American College, Rome; William Marr and P. J. Dalton, C. S. C., Holy Cross College, Washington, D. C.; T. McCaffrey, G. Wakefer, E. Burke, J. Downey, Mount St. Mary's, Cincinnati, Ohio. The SCHOLASTIC extends heartiest congratulations.

Local Items.

—LOST—A fountain pen. Finder, please call on William Shea, Sorin Hall.

—FOUND—A pair of cuff buttons. Owner inquire of V. Jones, Room 54, Sorin Hall.

—Reward:—Who can identify a pair of "side-galls" seen on Brownson Hall campus.

—A reward will be given to anyone who returns a Parker fountain pen found on the football field to Joseph Carrigan, Corby Hall.

—The fire department is in a state of demoralization over the prolonged absence of its chief. Who can find the wandering Kinney?

—Rumor has it that Escanabo has sent another representative. As yet the local man has been unable to find the friend of Yockey. It may be that he is living down the reputation of the town.

—There are many happy comments expressed by the students of St. Joseph's Hall over the elaborate renovation made in the study-room and the corridors of that building; and all thanks to the Director, Father Houlihan and to Brother Florian.

—All those desiring to test the strength of their lungs, limbs, arms or back can do the same in the office of the director of gymnastics. Likewise those intending to take physical culture should arrange for a physical examination before entering the course.

—The Sorinites are usually modest men, for they have wisdom and experience. But with the recent renovating of Sorin Hall, the proposed fire-escape and the *horarium*, they say that their dream of Paradise is coming true. Much of this is due to the Reverend Director.

—The St. Joseph's Literary and Debating Society was organized Wednesday evening. The following officers were elected: William Cameron, President; Thomas Lyons, Vice-President; N. Furlong, Secretary; J. O'Phelan, Moderator; James O'Neill, Treasurer; Wm. Draper and Wm. Hamel, Sergeants-at-Arms. Meetings will be held every Wednesday evening throughout the year.

—The Senior Law Class was organized last Monday afternoon, The officers elected are President, C. Mitchell; Vice-President, John Pick; Orator, F. E. Herring; Class Poet, John Corley; Secretary, Wm. Cameron; Treasurer, William Dinnen. At the end of the scholastic year Mr. Corley will be called upon to render an account of his stewardship by celebrating the glory of the class in a Pindaric ode.

—With the exit of one H. P. Barry, Democracy has died at Notre Dame. No more will the banner be flaunted in the faces of the total abstainers in this hall. Needless to say that this party is increasing, and awaits but the

appearance of its chieftain, Daniel P. OShea, to assume the toga. Daniel announces that Carrie notion has been secured to deliver a series of lectures on cold baths for the feet. Our greatest difficulty is where will we lodge Carrie's hatchet.

—McGinley: "In this case, Professor, the plaintiff who was sixty-eight years old had been courting the defendant for six years. Then he proposed marriage, but on the day appointed for the ceremony failed to appear."

Professor: "I see, Mr. McGinley. He was a long time backward in coming forward."

McGinley: "There was no reason for that, for he had a large bank account."

Professor: "This is a very dangerous kind of money—this matrimony."

—A Gaelic League Society was organized at Notre Dame last Sunday. The officers elected were Dr. Austin O'Malley, President; Patrick MacDonough, Vice-President; Frank Barry, Secretary. The object of this society is the study of the language, literature and history of Ireland. Classes will be held in the Law Room, Sorin Hall. Only those determined to gain a knowledge of the language are invited to attend. For particulars regarding books, etc., apply to Bro. Finan, Room 29, Sorin Hall.

—The St. Joseph's Hall Athletic Association held a meeting last Thursday afternoon for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year. Mr. Cameron, who, in a few well-chosen words, set forth the object of the meeting, was unanimously elected chairman. He paid a high compliment to the material of which St. Joseph's Hall was composed, and had no doubt but that the other Halls of the University would encounter some tough jars this season. The other officers are: Wm. Draper, Captain; Thomas A. Toner, Manager; James O'Neill, Treasurer.

—The Philopatrians organized for the coming year by electing the following officers: Prof. O'Connor, Dramatic Instructor; Prof. Roche, Musical Director; Bro. Alexander, Promoter; Bro. Cyprian, Director; Joseph Lantry, President; Bernard Cogan, Vice-President; Bryan Taylor, Recording Secretary; John Campbell, Corresponding Secretary; William Hall, Treasurer; I. Quintliven, Sergeant-at-Arms; Leport Van Sant, Critic. The society is large, and every indication points to a successful year. The Philopatrians deserve much credit for the good they have accomplished in bringing out the literary qualities in the boys of Carroll Hall. An excellent programme has been prepared for the next meeting.

—Shaughnessy: "Say, Henges, why don't you try for the track team?"

Henges: "Well, I'll tell you; I was over to see the athletic manager, 'Pete' Crumley, the other day."

"Did you succeed?"

"Not exactly. I found the manager in his room, named my object, and asked him what he thought about letting me try my luck. He asked me if I really considered myself a good runner, and I told him I wouldn't mind his giving me a trial. 'Let me see you walk off a little ways,' said he. He sat in the door as he spoke, so I turned and walked as quickly as I could. He said he would tell me when to stop, so I walked until dinner, then I thought it was time for him to say something, and then looked around—and the door was shut."

—The isolation of the goat in Cartier Field was the subject of much comment the other morning among the Brownson students. Some wondered at the stoic fortitude of the goat in his estrangement from a region luxuriant in wholesome cigarette, and stogie butts. Could it be that this recluse, after a many-sided experience in the tumultuous world outside, had voluntarily withdrawn himself from things secular to the ease and quiet of his present retreat? If so, what a void had been made in the pleasures of youth! Did he not know that he was a unit in the sports of his frolicsome brother? Should he be permitted then to shirk the duties of his calling? "No," was the determination of all. Instantly a committee, headed by McGlew and Kirby, unbarred the gate of his cloister, and intimated their mission by a precipitate rush upon him. He became penitent and docile, and was soon ushered into the region of usefulness and social activity. A mighty shout greeted his entrance into the domain in which his personality and genius could be accessible to the needs of fun and frolic.

—Many of us will be glad to learn that some of last year's students are showing signs of literary activity. The first indication we had of this was the news that Messrs. Meyer and Kelly have been engaged for some time in writing a treatise on English history. Both gentlemen are eminently fitted for the task, and the result of their labours will be welcomed by those students who, heretofore, were obliged to read authors of such mediocre talent as Lingard, Hume and Green. The worthy collaborators acknowledge their indebtedness to Judge Cooney of happy memory for many useful suggestions. Comment upon the latter's attainments, either as jurist or historian, would be out of place. We shall merely say that from our knowledge of him, we feel sure our expectations will be realized. Prospective readers of the work will be further interested on learning that the preface—prolegomena is the word the learned Meyer uses—will be contributed by Mike Daly, who has just returned from abroad where he has been studying the habits of the gopher, the architecture of birds' nests, and the mys-

teries of the common field-daisy. We have been informed in advance that the dedication of the volume is feelingly addressed to all students of English history, and concludes with the author's significant words: "we are still amongst you." Boys, tread lightly when you pass the doorposts of these illustrious twain.

—How pleasing it will be in the long, dreary recreations in winter to sit around in the smoking-room of Sorin Hall, and hear the Gaels relate in tripping accents the daring deeds of the ancient Celt! How the old hall will reverberate, as did the palace of Conchobar in the good old days of the Red Branch, with the sound of bardic songs and minstrelsy! How feats of valour and love will be related over the steaming bowl, for the Gaels have sworn to hold on to the latter comfort come what may. Lotty the son of Aodh, the grand stepson of Peggy of the Spring, the daughter of Dirmuid na Capal, the man of the reeking sword, has already begun to train his voice to Celtic notes, and ere long will make "the hastening day fly by on wings of song, and song shall lead the hooded night." Studrick O'Lins, who can follow his pedigree as far back as the neighboring town, has agreed to act as jester for the assembly. No better man could be put in the place, for Studrick possesses all the wit that distinguished his ancestors who lived by the sighing shores of Lough Erne in far-off Fermanagh

Eveleen McGlue, the celebrated harpist and soprano, commonly known as Eveie of the golden ringlets, will be taster at the board. Eveie says Goldsmith inspired her to fill this office, for she likes the lines:

"And the coy maid half willing to be pressed
To kiss the cup to pass it to the rest."

The McGlue family, it may here be remarked, have long been identified with the tasting profession. It is related in the annals of that famous sept that from time immemorial the McGlues were "fond of their drop." An interesting story, translated from the Irish by the noted scholar, Edmund O'Hallagan, D. O. G., is in possession of the writer. It states that in the far off days when the McGlues were simple Macs, a certain Corney, as he was called, went to market with a creel of turf. Now it happened that Corney left town, having with him in the creel a jug of Jameson's best seven-year old, and a jug of glue. The evening was cold, and Corney required several draughts from the jug to keep him warm. After a while, it is related, the night became so dark that he couldn't distinguish between the jugs, and the result was that both were empty before he reached home. On this account Corney was yclept Corney McGlue, or Corney the glue drinker. For the benefit of those who may wish to act "dacent" to the MacGlue stock we will say that the present generation is not so easily deceived and can be made happy only by the company of Jameson's own.

—The following lines, penned in the hurried moments of travel, were not intended for publication by the writer, but are printed, with the hope that those among the students who have been favored with trips abroad, may be inspired to write for their college paper a few sketches of their European recollections

We have just received a cable telling us of the dreadful calamity that has befallen McKinley. You can imagine the excitement on this side of the water. It is a dreadful shock to everyone. Now we are all worked up as to what the outcome will be....

I have now been in this land of rye bread, Swiss cheese and beer for six weeks, and I have become a typical German in tastes, but am and always will be American in sentiments. You should hear me lay down the law to some of these Germans, I have almost come to blows with some of these hot-headed fellows, but now we agree nicely. We landed in Hamburg and after being roughly handled by some of these custom officers we drove over to the other station where we took the train for Dresden, and stayed a week in that beautiful city. Dresden has so many attractions for the foreigner. Almost everyone speaks English. We spent two days in the Art Gallery—the point of greatest interest in Dresden. It contains more than two thousand six hundred valuable paintings, the collection having been founded some time in the 16th century and enlarged by Augustus III. in the 18th. Its most valuable and renowned paintings are the "Sistine Madonna," the original by Raphael, you know, and several works by Correggio, Titian, and the "Madonna and Child" by Murillo. It was really a paradisiacal hour to be among those old masters again (you know seven years ago I visited that treasure house of art, but of course could not appreciate the beauliful as much as now). From Dresden we went to Carlsbad, where we all took the cure. Carlsbad is a most interesting place—not interesting on account of the attractions it offers, but on account of the numbers of different nationalities that frequent it. One sees daily types from Polish Jews to Egyptian princes, and the tongues one hears is so confusing. From here comes the sweet music of the Italian, there again the harsh Roumanian makes himself heard. Life there was very monotonous, every day the same; but I rather enjoyed it.

I wrote from Nuremberg, did I not? There is a city some of my Notre Dame friends would enjoy. It is the quaintest city in existence. Every place in it has some history attached to it. All its old buildings have been preserved, and where new ones are constructed the law obliges the new erections to be designed in keeping with the old. The old St. Lawrence Church is the most beautiful in Germany. It is old Gothic style, being built way back in the thirteenth century. The main door, called the "Bridal Door," is hewn out of one mass of marble, with the figures of the "wise and foolish virgins" around the top. One can see how it is wearing away; but in Nuremberg they never renovate or try to restore the old places; here the old must take care of itself. One place we went to was called "Bratwurst Glöcklein," where we were served with elegant sausage and sauerkraut, also beer; it is an old structure, built some time in 1200. Here is where the artists used to flock after a day of toil, and enjoy what we enjoyed that day. Durer and Krafft, two of Nuremberg's oldest artists, used to have this old place as a rendezvous.

We have been in Munich a week, and leave to-morrow for Zurich just for a couple of days, then to Lucerne. Munich is very much like Dresden, although there is more to see in Dresden. The Art Gallery here is also magnificent. I saw Murillo's "little beggar boys," a copy of which I believe is somewhere at St. Mary's.... I am collecting postal cards, should you have any with views of Notre Dame would you kindly save some for me? My collection would be incomplete without them.