

THE LAUREL.

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INTRODUCTORY.

THE LAUREL will hereafter be issued regularly, during the scholastic year, by the students of St. Bonaventure's College. Its object is to aid the students in their literary labors, and to chronicle the news of the college. It will also serve as a means of communication, between the Alumni and the actual students. THE LAUREL depends, chiefly, upon the students, the college Alumni, and their friends for support. These, and all others interested in our institution, are earnestly urged to give it their patronage. We are somewhat timid, in placing our first issue before the public; and we trust that critics will not expect too much from us. We publish our little paper, in order that our literary efforts may appear before the eyes of the world. Thus, our work will be more practical than it would be if confined to the limits of our own classes; and we will derive more benefit on this account.

We have named our little paper "THE LAUREL," to remind the students of the efforts made by the Greeks and Romans of old to secure the laurel wreath, the emblem of victory. Each individual who writes an article suitable for publication in THE LAUREL, will win a victory which, though small, is nevertheless commendable. We hope to

make THE LAUREL worthy of its name by keeping it in a flourishing condition. We hope, above all, that its leaves will always appear green.

TO THE OLD COLLEGE.

They tell us, Alma Mater,
That you're growing old and grey,
That your days of use are over,
And you're only in the way.

They say that you're too humble,
That you have no style or pride;
And, although you never grumble,
They're now casting you aside.

Soon, thy feeble walls they'll scatter,
And thy humble roof displace;
Making room, with noise and clatter,
For the one that takes thy place.

But when thou art gone forever,
Thou shalt still remembered be;
For nought on earth can sever,
Nor turn our thoughts from thee.

Thou hast been to us a mother,
In thy good, old-fashioned way;
Teaching us to love each other,
As around thee we would play.

And, at night thou'd always gather
To thy side, each romping boy;
Silence all the noise and clatter,
Till morn would break again with joy.

Oft, in fancy, we will wander
Through thy old rooms, as of yore;
Over lessons, fondly ponder,
And live our college days once more.

Sweetest days of toil and pleasure,
Boyish hopes, and joys, and fears;
Happiness that nought can measure;
We'll n'er forget sweet by-gone years.

Then, farewell! dear Alma Mater.
Kindest love to thee we give;
And, though soon thy walls they'll scatter,
In our hearts, thou still shalt live

—JOHN DEVLIN, '01.

THE NEW OXFORD MOVEMENT.

It has been truly said that Protestantism is incipient infidelity. Its fundamental principles, in their ultimate resolution, end in a denial of revelation, a rejection of divinely constituted authority, and doctrines which, from the inception of Christianity, have been held sacred by the Christian world. The student of history, when contemplating the present crisis in the English church will recognize the truthfulness of this statement. He will remember how Elizabeth "turned the pulpits;" how Charles forbade discussion on predestination; George on the Holy Trinity, and how Victoria allowed differences on Holy Baptism. He notices the Anglican Communion rushing, through devious ways, from one error to another during the three centuries of her existence; doctrines of the Homousin, Eternal Generation of the Son, and Hypostatic Union silently repudiated by the many of her members, anxiously and apologetically put forth by the few, till finally she is beheld on the verge of sheer and naked atheism—the *reductio ad absurdum* of her fundamental principles.

Logic is a severe and uncompromising master. They experience it in all their endeavors to reconcile themselves with the difficulties that beset them. They protest against it; and, were it not the law of their intellectual nature, they would entirely reject it. Since the movement of 1833 we notice in the National Establishment the sober thought of the English mind gradually asserting itself. It was wont to clothe the National Establishment with the creation of its own imagination, as if it were a reality and her existence independent and continuous, extending back through the ages "till lost in the twilight of fable;" as if it indeed possessed the notes of a true church. It was seized with a veneration and affection for it, as an antiquarian or poet would begin by

supposing that the body of which he read in the past is that to which he belongs and then embellishes it with that magnificence, adorns it with the robes of light and love of which history tells or his genius creates. Nor is it an easy matter for them to readily disabuse themselves of this erroneous impression. But finally the force of circumstances or some unexpected accident dissipates it; and, as in fairy tales, the magic castle vanishes when the spell is broken, and nothing presents itself to the vision but the barren rock, wild heath and forlorn sheep-walk; so it is with the Church of England, when its members are beginning to look with wonderment on that they thought bore the stamp of Divinity, and find so earthly and worthless. They not only find that she cannot trace her existence to the first ages and has no relation to the Church in other lands, but that there is no body politic of any kind within her fold. They behold nothing more nor less than a branch of government, a collection of individuals who live in and depend upon the civil power. Its existence in distinct periods possesses no mark of identity, unless its present law-givers profess to be the offsprings and successors of their predecessors. It is soulless and does not contemplate itself, define its intrinsic constitution or ascertain its position. It has no intellectual basis; it is unable to ascertain what is of faith, what is not; it is not even aware of its own existence. Those who were formerly its champions of orthodoxy cannot now be relied upon to espouse its cause. It changes with the nation whose will is its breath. The concensus of opinion, as a prominent member of the Anglican Communion recently stated, suffices for a dogmatic definition, which may change with the nation. It matters not whether it be true or not, whether it comes from heaven or not. The question is not what God has said, but what the nation desires.

This is the logic of the situation. The great English nation feels it, knows it. They would hide their faces from the truth that confronts them, turn wheresoever they will. They realize that it is impossible to turn their establishment into a Church without a miracle. They need an independent basis of operation. They must look for that which Archimedes needed when he would move the world, the fulcrum of his lever. Without it the establishment remains an immovable mass. They act on it and it acts on them. They cannot employ it against itself. This conviction has seized the English nation. They are gradually drawing over themselves the cloak of Catholicity—a mimic Catholicism. The giant ocean of religious thought has heaved and swelled and majestically yet skilfully snaps the cables of the small craft, which lie on its bosom, and strands them on the beach. Names mighty in the council halls of the Establishment are broken before the nation's will. The establishments of religion remind them of that archetypal church of which they are servile imitators. They look at the Thirty-nine Articles and find that they contain portions of Catholic teaching. They quarrel and divide and when sober second thought takes possession of them they find their traditions broken up and themselves more tolerant of Catholic practices. They doubt and are forced to turn in admiration to her who alone is clear in her teaching and consistent in its transmission; to the one boat that can successfully ride those turbulent waves—the boat of Peter—the ark of God.

But Protestantism has been for centuries the English nation's religion. It was set up for the nation at the time of the Reformation, and since the semi-patristical church is the organ of that religion it must live for the nation. It must hide its Catholic aspirations in folios or in college cloisters. It must call itself Protestant when it gets into the pulpit. It must abjure antiquity. Hence we see at the present time the anomalous position of the Anglican Church. Catholic practices are introduced; the thought of Ca-

tholocism is brought home to them—a surplice or crucifix is displayed, and the council halls of the Anglican Communion are filled with as much tumult as St. Victors at Milan in the cause of orthodoxy. It is difficult, indeed, to work up indignation against those who are now attempting to disprotentantize the Church of England—the Romanizers in the Establishment—without arousing animosity against the Roman Church. They feel the weight of her authority, but fear the results of permitting her ceremonials to creep into the fold. The zeal of the Ritualists and Low-Churchmen is described as a “frantic and short-sighted policy likely to cause the destruction of the Established Church if persevered in.” From the English House of Commons comes the melancholy note of warning which seems to sound the death knell of the National Establishment. “If there is hope,” were the words used by Mr. Arthur Balfour when speaking of the remedies for preserving the church. Three thousand clergymen of the Church Union were ordered to “obey the law” by the resolution then passed. Will they obey, and longer consent to subject themselves to a “branch of government” which would draw Divinity from Its throne and dress It up with the fanciful ideas of lawyers and statesmen of the realm? Will they seek refuge in the Church of Rome, or choose the alternative of infidelity?

The religious world is eagerly watching the outcome of this Ritualistic movement. The heart of the English nation throbs the while; meetings are held; denunciations launched against the Catholic Church. But those who impute her miracles to Beelzebub recognize the stamp of Divinity on her brow. Thousands of the Anglican Communion are brought near to her and are slowly but surely submitting to her authority. The exodus from the National Establishment to the Catholic Church has commenced. “Those who came to jeer and scoff remain to pray.” The great Tudor State Church is experiencing, a schism within a schism—the beginning, perhaps, of the end of its three centuries of wearied and turbulent existence.

(REV.) E. M. DRISCOLL, '94.

A NATIONAL VICE.

The poor aborigine, whom we have cruelly dispossessed of his inheritance, before coming in contact with white men, revered the truth. No doubt the obscurity, vastness, grandeur and sublimity of his forest home frequently filled him with awe, and, in haranguing his people, his highly heated imagination sometimes led him into violent hyperboles. But this was all. Whatever atrocities we may accuse him of, the vice of lying cannot be numbered among them. It needed the crafty "pale-face" to convert into a deceiver the simple savage, whose "untutored mind sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind."

This, therefore, proves that simple nature knew not prevarication; it seems rather to be a proper ingredient of civilization; for, alas, it is an incontrovertible fact that with us the practice of lying is most prevalent and far-reaching. Even children, who should, as yet, abide in the bright sunshine of moral purity, have recourse to duplicity on the most trifling occasions. Indeed there is scarcely a rank and condition of society which this multiform vice does not permeate and ramify. It is to be found in the home and on the street; among the gay and frivolous as well as the sober and morose. It is not only of the child, but of the adult also; of prince and peasant; of the learned and ignorant; of rich and poor.

Its prevalence is the harder to understand when we consider the inherent virulence of a lie. Other crimes may be surrounded by extenuating circumstances that lessen accountability; some can be palliated on the ground of ignorance, or overmastering passion; but a willful lie is never pardonable, since it is fraught with insult to God, showing Him, the embodiment of Truth, All-present and Omniscient, how little we regard veracity.

Language, without doubt, next to reason,

the noblest gift of the Creator to the creature, was bestowed upon man that he might render exterior homage to the Beneficent Donor. The least, therefore, required of him is to observe a proper equation between his thoughts and words. Besides man is a social being, not an isolated one; hence, that justice between man and man, the foundation of all stable government, may remain in plenitude, it is necessary that speech be reliable. For lying not only destroys mutual trust and makes men fiendish, but even in its simplest form it diminishes their highest and best qualities.

The ethereal hue of virtue is lost by deceiving the humble are no longer simple and innocent, when, to hide their perfections, they make use of an untruth. Justice is misnamed if it operates through falsehood; for St. Augustine says: "If, through humility, you circulate a lie, if you had not committed a sin of lying before, you become by lying, what you were not before, a sinner." And, since it is never allowable to do evil that good may follow, justice would smack of injustice if falsehood were introduced.

The universal reprobation of an habitual liar is another proof of the malignity of a lie. The dishonor attached to faithlessness is proverbial; as Bacon says. "There is no vice that so covereth a man with shame as to be false and perfidious." Even the greater villains in other respects pique themselves on their fidelity; as the one "whose honor rooted in dishonor stood, and faith unfaithful kept him falsely true." Cavaliers of fortune, whose desire for pillage and insatiable thirst for military renown led them into innumerable crimes, ever prided themselves on their untarnished honor. And today in France, Germany and other European countries, to give a man the lie will insure an immediate challenge to mortal combat.

God, speaking through the mouths of his

prophets, has "fixed his canon gainst" falsehood most forcibly. Thus we read in the Proverbs: "There are six things which the Lord hateth and the seventh his soul detesteth—A lying tongue, a deceitful witness that uttereth lies and him that soweth discord among his brethren. Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord. He that speaketh lies shall perish." These are the words of the Divine Law-giver. They contain no exaggerations or figures of speech, but exhibit the plain and unvarnished state of the question. If then no gloss will hide the malice of a lie to the Searcher of hearts; if a simple falsehood is so heinous in the sight of God; what must we say of the national vice?

It is quite evident that we are entering upon an era of sham, hypocrisy, immoderate grasping for riches and power and morbid discontent, and consequently upon Godless and untruthful times. The prevailing doctrine is to seem rather than to be. But is it not our duty to strive to effect a reform by checking the rapid advances of falsehood, rationalism and infidelity? It is clear, how-

ever, that such a reform cannot be accomplished without the iconoclasm of our ambitions, revenge, avarice, jealousy and lust.

Then let there be a speedy return to the principles of the scholastic philosophy and religion of the so-called "Dark Ages."

"How charming is Divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose;
But musical as Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

Truth is the object of man's intellect, and in learning what it is he is irresistibly drawn to love it. The systems of error falsely labeled with the appellation of philosophy cannot easily lead him astray. He will despise the gross contradictions of pseudo educators and abhor the repulsive doctrines of the wicked and their accompanying corruption of morals. He will discover, also, the high excellence of his own soul; adorning it, therefore, with every virtue and preserving both soul and body from the contamination of vice. He will rise higher in the scale of being.

JOSEPH V. HENNESSY, '99.

THE ALLEGHANY.

Between the woody banks it winds along,
O'erhung with leafy elm and chestnut trees,
From which, in summer time, the robin's song
Is floated softly on the passing breeze;
There too, on bright and golden summer eves,
The Theologians like to think and walk,
And freely, underneath the budding leaves,
The college students love to romp and talk.
The balmy air is sweet with scent of musk
And wilding rose of nearby wood and rill,
While comes, as trembling through the dewy dusk,
The ever wailing cry of "Whip-poor-will."
Between the hills, through meadow, dale and lea,
The winding stream runs onward to the sea.

—J. E. CAVANAUGH, '00.

THE SOURCE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

As time glides on and leaves present events to slumber in the past, we are apt to imagine that what is left behind is old, and that what is about to come is new. It is a long time since man began to think methodically, and in all that time he has been so active that the human mind is hardly capable of producing much more thought that is new. This condition is particularly true of literature. Civilized man has always had the same tendencies and has always been governed by the same innate principles. He lives, he loves, he is happy, he is wretched, he was once young and he must once die. With these phases of man Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe were familiar, and concerning these same phases, all who come after them must be content to write. As there is electricity in all forms of matter, waiting to be developed and converted into energy, so also there is plenty of good material waiting for the revivifying expression that will present the old thoughts in a new form, and if there is any one source that can be said to supply the material for English literature that source is the Arthurian legends. Though the origin of these legends is uncertain, yet what is essential to them can be traced far back in the very depths of humanity.

It is a law, that when two peoples strive for supremacy of power, although the victors may continue to be known as such until they are overcome by some other people, yet the fame of the vanquished lives for ages in its literature. The Celts were no exception to this rule. Though pagans, they had reached a high plane of moral and intellectual culture. They were a spiritual people whose inborn characteristics were humor, pathos, generosity, bravery and a passionate love for all that was beautiful. But the barbaric hordes so harassed them that many fled to other countries, while those who re-

mained became sefs on their former estates. Their literature was forgotten, their language was corrupted and their individuality, formerly so prized by them, seemed to have been lost. But, as the vegetable kingdom after its long winter's sleep is coaxed back to life by the warmth of the sun, so, under the light and guidance of the Church, the dormant genius of the Celt awoke. Their old, half-forgotten tales, their national traditions and poetry were gradually recalled and all this time the Church was imbuing them with such high motives and such divine principles that their awakening genius once more felt its old spirit reviving and began to pour forth the richest folk lore in crystalline streams. It is believed that their legends were first written about the eighth century. They were popular from their birth. As succeeding authors transmitted them down to posterity new and interesting circumstances were added to them, so that when they left the masterly hand of Sir Thomas Mallory they had expanded and grown firm like coral reefs. As Arthur was the last of the British kings Mallory determined to make him the most illustrious.

Everything that goes to make up our ideal hero—strength, bravery, generosity, love, purity and charity—all these were harmoniously blended in the personage called Arthur, and he was surrounded with knights worthy to be the associates of a king so noble. No literary epoch has passed since the beginning of these legends without singing in a new manner the praises of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Spenser in the sixteenth century, Shakespeare in the first part of the seventeenth and Milton in the latter part of the same century, and finally Tennyson, Swinburne, Morris and Arnold in our own century—all these and others have made the legends of Arthur stepping stones on which to cross from their

contemporaries and to stand out in relief as the makers of what is best in our literature. Granted that some of the authors named and some not mentioned have won fame by works not bearing the name of Arthur, or of any of his companions; but strip their works of time, place and name, so that the essentials of their work can be clearly seen, and at once the essence of the Arthurian legends will be perceived.

Truly are the legends of Arthur the spring from which, whether consciously or unconsciously, all our authors have drunk. And it should be remembered that this

spring first burst forth in the good old Days of Faith. The waters that supplied it came deep from Catholic soil and were purified by Catholic principles, as are the rains from Heaven when they bubble up from the earth. Non-Catholic writers have tried to Protestantize these Catholic treasure houses, but have failed. This fact is well illustrated by the case of Tennyson who, when told that he had failed in portraying Sir Galahad perfectly, replied: "I know it. None but a Catholic could do that character justice."

WILLIAM T. WALSH, '01.

AN ARROW-POINT.

'Twas by a meadow spring one day in May,
I chanced to find a flint of Indian skill,
The clay of years still clung with rustic sway
Beside those grooves which bound the shaft of quill.

With thoughtful mein I bore it to the brook,
To clean from dirt and trace its story old.
The rippling rill brought back the old-time look;
The arrow-point the ancient tale retold.

I saw again the Indian council fire,
Its fitful gleams relit the massive pine,
The words of love or hate came from the sire,
'Tis here the calumet of peace they sign.

The meadow where I stand did long ago
Thrill with the whoop of tribal battle shout;
This spring once bathed the wounds of friend and foe,
Now fosters cress and shelters glist'ning trout.

—WM. S. DAVIES, '01.

THE MODERN NEWSPAPER.

Much is said of the wonderful progress which the Press has made within the past few years. But, like all progress in this, our age, it has been only material progress. The greatest results it can boast of are a wide circulation, its splendidly equipped publishing houses and its millions. Indeed, the journalism of today, on the whole, is sadly deficient in that vigor, earnestness of purpose, and wholesome moral tone which distinguished the journalism of twenty years ago. Viewed from a literary and moral standpoint, journalism reached the summit of its greatness under that era of great editors which expired with the death of Charles A. Dana.

That era began more than a quarter of a century ago; and among the distinguished names of that period the most conspicuous are Greeley, Weed, Bennett, Curtis, Raymond and Grady. These men made for themselves a national reputation in their chosen profession. Under them the press was a colossal power for good. They were men who had the welfare of the country at heart, who understood public affairs, and were imbued with a true sense of the greatness and importance of their work. They reminded the people of their rights and defended them against the injustices of the rich and the frauds of scheming politicians. Especially invaluable were their services to the nation in bringing about better feelings between the North and the South. In them was none of that narrowness, shallowness and conceit so characteristic of the average newspaper man of the present day.

The influence of the press has, by no means, been diminished. On the contrary, never has it been so all-pervading; but as we have already said, it has greatly deteriorated. Newspapers and magazines are at present read by everyone. Indeed they constitute the principal literature of the great

majority of readers, and with very few exceptions, outside of Catholic publications of this kind, they are by no means a desirable literature.

Every issue of the large dailies contains accounts of the most revolting crimes—murder, suicide, etc.—with all their attendant circumstances. This fact in itself is, indeed, a great evil; but the most pernicious feature of the matter is the tone of the moral comments they make upon such cases, which are generally to excuse the acts by alleging temporary derangement of mind, etc. But to excuse or deny sin, or intimate that man is not responsible for his moral acts is an infidel notion. How evil and mischievous are such notions! With what suggestiveness do they appeal to weak minds and especially to the minds of the young. It is a deplorable fact, however, that such opinions are fast gaining ground, so much so that it is now freely asserted that no Christian nation holds, at present, lower views of vice than our own. The charge is a serious one; but can we satisfactorily disprove it?

But what shall we say of the "yellow" journals? What a type of current literature! Stupendous masses of paper they are indeed; but nothing within their pages indicate the slightest intellectual or moral elevation. If all the matter they contain, that might in any way be tolerated, were extracted and put together, it would scarcely require a single sheet. What then are their contents, their pages numbered by dozens, frequently by scores? Frivolous, childish and very often obscene illustrations; nonsensical and sensational trash without limit, minutely detailed, and disgusting accounts of all kinds of crime and of every description of wickedness and depravity. The proceedings of criminal trials, especially of murder and divorce cases, including all the sensational evidence connected with them, are kept con-

stantly before the public. Very often they even make a hero of the criminal by commenting on his careless and defiant conduct during trial, and if the poor wretch faces death itself unmoved and impenitent, yea, perhaps with an imprecation as his last utterance to the world, they speak of him as "dying game."

It is difficult to estimate the evil effects of such publications. Think of the light and false notions of vice they give to the young. To read them is to become hardened to all that is noble and elevating as well as to what is vicious and degrading. Their depravity has a counterpart only in their pretensions. They discuss every question; and, in their discussions, God and every principle are entirely ignored. The most sacred mysteries of religion are treated with an air of pretended seriousness and ability, which in reality is nothing short of mockery and blasphemy. Such publications measure everything by their own rule—utility; and so, whether God exists, or man is accountable for his actions, are even made questions of doubt, according as it is to their material advantage. Irresponsible for everything they publish, their paper has become alarmingly great. The most scurrilous attacks are made with impunity on the purest reputations and on the highest authorities in the land. But more to be deplored than this is the fact that our morals are at their mercy.

A current literature which is corrupting society, debasing and stealing away the hearts of the young, and eliminating God from the world will eventually bring upon us great tribulations, if it does not work the destruction of our country. For the nation that disregards God and religion, which is the fountain-head of all morality, will sooner or later come to grief. Reason and experience bear out this assertion. History furnishes many striking examples of the fearful calamities which great social and moral disorders have brought upon nations. Rome, steeped in sensuality and immorality, went slowly to degeneration and decay and finally became extinct as a nation. Proud and cul-

tured France made a prey to Communism, Socialism and Infidelity through the dissemination of the foul doctrines and writings of Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau and others of their stamp, was plunged into a revolution from which she escaped only when her soil was drenched with the blood of her best and noblest children.

The fate which has overtaken other nations will certainly befall ours if those infidel loose notions of morality, propagated by the "yellow" journals and the greater part of the public press, should receive a large acceptance. The crisis may not come in our time, for false ideas usually have their worst effects on generations subsequent to our own. But it will come. Sectional differences and party strife may bring about sudden and dangerous revolutions, but moral maladies, like corroding ulcers, work their way slowly and, unless their progress be arrested, will in time reach the vital and fatal point. M. Jules Simon has well said: "It is not the loss of a battle and the annihilation of an army, or a province torn away, that begins the fall of a people. A people dies only by a relaxation of morals, by abandoning its manly habits, by the effacement of its character through the invasion of Egoism and Scepticism. It dies of its corruption. It does not die of its wounds." Let us, therefore, look upon the authors and publishers of those corrupt and infidel organs, which form a great part of our current literature, as the greatest enemies to the purity of society and as real enemies of our country. It is the duty of every good citizen and of every Christian to consider them and brand them as such, and thus put a discount on their debasing influences. Let us bear in mind ourselves and remind others, that such current literature inevitably tends to the destruction of all that makes for the good and weal of immortal souls, for the honor and happiness of the home, the purity of society, the preservation of the state and the perpetuation of our race; that it will rob us of the richest inheritance we can bequeath to posterity—namely, a high standard of morality.

Let us, by our opposition to such publications and especially by encouraging a broader circulation of Catholic newspapers and magazines, help to promote such a standard of morality, and thus make society better and

man a "better, nobler, diviner being." It is a work well worthy of immortal beings, in the performance of which we will be doing the most we can to arrive at that which is our greatest and final good.

C. D. DEALY, '99.

VACATION.

The year hath dwindled to this parting hour;
All minds relaxed are from mental strain;
And future joys shall on our pathways shower
When parted friends we fondly greet again.

But sweetest joys not all exempted are
From sorrow's tinge, which loves round them to twine;
And thus, though grief may not our future mar,
In parting you I'm sad, kind friends of mine.

For friendship nourished during college days
Blooms not to fade, like flowers of lowly birth,
But watered by fond memory's cooling sprays
It lives throughout our pilgrimage on earth.

Yea, longer still; for when the parting throbs
Bequeaths to earth the vase where friendships dwell,
The flower itself, whose bloom e'en death can't rob,
Descends not lifeless to that silent cell,

But soaring upward, borne on angel's wing
As fond companion of the parting soul,
It enters into a congenial spring
And blooms forever in man's destined goal.

—J. C., '01.

CONSOLATRIX AFFLICTORUM.

Happy and joyous in life's sunny garden, tender young footsteps set forward one morn;
And, spying a rosebud, in ecstasy plucked it; then sobbed from the pain of the sharp, hidden thorn.

The sweet, loving words of her mother who warned her, had then to be turned to young sorrow's sad lay.
So the child of the Spirit, in Spirit's bright garden, must heed the soft warnings of each golden day.

And should she forget that each rose has its thorn, forget that its hidden, and cease to be wary;
The refuge is sure and sweet comfort awaits her, in the heart of her loving, her sweet Mother—Mary.

—JAMES F. HOPKINS, A. M.

EDUCATION AS A PROMOTER OF LIBERTY.

Our publicists are never tired of talking of the claims of education on the zealous support of a free people, proclaiming that education is the promoter of liberty. Such indeed it is, if by education we understand "not so much the communication of knowledge as the discipline of the intellect, the establishment of the principles, and the regulation of the heart."

But the education that is so much praised among us, is often that which has reference only to the informing of the intellect with knowledge. Now the simple communication of knowledge to the intellect is only a part of education, and is properly called instruction. This is a distinction which is often not sufficiently regarded; and hence it is that education as commonly understood among us, that is, education divorced from all moral and religious teaching, is far from being worthy of the esteem which is demanded for it as its due. For it is important to understand that instruction, though it may be favorable to liberty, is, if left to its own maiden efforts, insufficient to foster and sustain it. It is only Christian education, that is to say, education that includes proper and adequate moral training, which truly deserves to be called the real promoter of liberty. And while despots have ever sought to make knowledge a monopoly for the privileged few all the friends of popular liberty, on the contrary, have ever inculcated the necessity of imparting knowledge to the people.

This was ever one of the most frequent injunctions of our own immortal Washington. "Promote," says he, in his farewell address, "Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives power to public opinion, it is important that public opinion should be enlightened." In persua-

ance of this wise advice, our country has ever been most zealous in the promotion of institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge, as the immense expenses incurred for the support of schools and colleges annually attest.

It is clear, therefore, from the very nature of knowledge, the teaching of Washington and the long honored practice of our country, that knowledge is most important to the cause of liberty.

Moreover, the following utterance of Washington should further strengthen our assertion when he says: "Of all dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports." And surely his words outweigh the empty vaporings of the Ingersolls of our day.

It is in vain, then, that men think that they are promoting the cause of liberty by means of education, and that they call education its promoter, if by education we understand simply knowledge imparted to the exclusion of religious principles. For it is Christian education only, which ever includes religious and moral training, which truly deserves the title of Real Promoter of Liberty; and the briefest historical contrast between Pagan and Christian society will easily establish this conclusion. The Greeks and Romans had no knowledge of the true principles on which all civil liberty rests—the God-given principle of man's dignity—and because of their ignorance of this paramount principle we see the deplorable condition of women and children, the weak and aged, the defenceless and the vanquished.

Hence the universal prevalence of slavery in ancient times; more than one-half of the human race, according to the teaching of their highest philosophy, being by nature devoted to slavery; hence the degradation of woman, the legalized infamy of infanticide,

and unrestricted divorce. Such is a brief review of the condition of civil liberty existing among the Greeks and Romans, a review necessarily brief by reason of the requirements of propriety and decorum. For the true condition of morals under the Greeks and Romans, can never be fully realized "under the decent draperies of a dead language." And the same is true of all Pagan countries. The same negation of man's natural right, the same social degradation of woman, the same custom of slavery, all, everywhere prevail, even in our own times, wherever the light of Christian education has not diffused its beneficent liberty-fostering influence.

On the contrary, wherever Christian education has been able to exercise its influence there civil liberty exists in far greater extent and vigor than ever at Rome or Athens.

It is true, indeed, that Christianity was able to attain, only after many centuries, the grand results for human liberty that we today enjoy. The process of Christian education, like all educational processes, has been necessarily slow and laborious. When it began its work nineteen centuries ago such was the universal corruption of manners, the almost total disregard of all rights natural and Divine, the despotism of human passion and depravity, finding expression in laws, institutions and social manners, that liberty and human society itself seemed on the verge of dissolution. But Christianity came; and with its Divine system of dogma and morals, it infused new life into a moribund world and re-established liberty.

May they not, therefore, be justly considered as enemies to the true spirit of Ameri-

can institutions, who would attempt to sap the foundations of Christianity, and in order to this nefarious end, seek to abolish it at once, as far as they can, by entirely excluding its teachings from our schools? In view of what Christian education has already done for human liberty, in view of the weakness of mere knowledge in guiding to a just understanding and maintenance of man's rights, are we not justified in considering as enemies to liberty and all true progress men who rave that the idea of God is no longer necessary for man's conduct? Men who openly teach that neither the old or the new Testament contain rules of conduct for this age of invention, energy and enterprise, and that study and the light of reason, alone determine man's ethical status?

Surely such doctrines are unworthy of the intelligence of the age and should be condemned by all who love their country's true liberty and progress. It is only by making a vigorous effort—an effort to confound, silence and utterly extinguish such blasphemers against religion, against truth, and against liberty—that we may confidently cherish the hope that our great example of self government may be held up before the nations forever as a beacon light, cheering all mankind to liberty. In order that our beloved country may be able to accomplish this great mission, may she ever know her true interests and thus be steadfast in the promotion, diffusion and constant protection, not simply of secular knowledge, but of a true, solid and thorough Christian education—Christian education, the only true teacher of all the duties of good citizenship the only true Promoter of Human Liberty.

MICHAEL J. ENRIGHT, '97.

WHY REVIVE THE IRISH LANGUAGE?

For the past two centuries the Irish language has been sleeping in the bosom of the dictionary. The cause of this lethargy is well known to every one who has read the history of Ireland. But now the question is, what practical benefits would accrue from the revival of the Irish language? To the scholar of today a knowledge of the Irish language would be a great assistance in acquiring other languages. The Irish is a primitive tongue and as such would be the key-note to a host of others. Many Latin words retain only secondary meanings, where the primitive ones are manifested in the Celtic. The most ancient European manuscripts now existing are in the Irish language; and, as we learn from history and philology that the Celts were the first of the human family that entered Europe, and that Irish is the purest dialect of the Celtic, consequently a knowledge of the Irish language would be a guide to explain most of the difficulties which have hitherto obscured the history of the ancient peoples and languages of Europe.

When Ireland had her own literature she was justly called the "Isle of Scholars." It was there that Europe sent prince and peasant to imbibe at the fountain of knowledge. Since the Irish language has been, so to speak, suppressed, Ireland has been compelled to look to England for an education; and history informs us of the result. As language forces unity of thought the Irish mind must have undergone a considerable change since English became the language of that country. Was this change for the better or worse? We know that in the early centuries Ireland could boast of her literature and art. The works of St. Columbkille remain as elaborate specimens of her early literature, while the Limerick and Cashel crosiers and the Tara brooch, all displaying minute skill and peculiar style, survive as elaborate spe-

cimens of her art. But have we any evidence to show that the Irish mind has improved since the adoption of the English language; on the contrary, the very fact of her being deprived of her language, robbed her of her nationality and consequently of her prosperity, because nationality begets legitimate pride and self reliance from which follow national thrift, enterprise and education, then prosperity.

When the English language was yet unformed, the Irish language was enjoying its golden age; that is, from the introduction of Christianity into Ireland to the Danish invasion, and this constitutes an important epoch in history—a portion of what is called the "Dark Ages." A revival of the Irish language would enable us to discover so many stars in this so-called dark period as would convince us that the term "dark ages" is a misnomer. There is no nation in the world that contains so many histories, annals and chronicles as Ireland, and the Irish language is of rare grace, vigor and soul touching tenderness. It is expressive and beautiful. "If you plead for your life, plead in Irish," is a well known saying; and an old English writer confesses that the Irish "abounds in grandeur of words, harmony of diction and acuteness of expression."

As Irish literature contains the very expression of the Irish mind, we can judge of its beauties from the effect that the Irish mind has had on English literature. Mathew Arnold declares that the English language got all its natural magic from the Celtic. Stopford Brooke asserts that the Celt brought to the Anglo Saxon a number of elements without which English literature would not have become what it is. And Henry Morley goes so far as to aver that had it not been for this Celtic influence England could not have produced a Shakespeare.

Until lately the Irish Celt received little or no credit for any such influence, but the recent philological studies of the German universities and the research work among ancient manuscripts have brought students of literature to recognize it. "It is hard" says Morley "to strictly define in what this influence consists. It is called by some temperament by which the traits of character appear in the literature." He concedes that English literature owes to the Irish mind its

tone of simplicity, spirituality, love of country, love of nature, friendship emotion, imagination and confidence in God. If the influence of the Irish mind could stamp an alien literature with such beautiful characteristics, what must be the beauties of that language which is distinctly its own? Civilization has now so far advanced that it would be out of place to question the right of a country to speak its own language.

CHARLES MULCAHY, '01.

THE GREATEST NEED OF OUR TIMES.

To maintain that we are subject to no greater need than that of men, may appear as a glaring absurdity; as one would naturally reply that we have millions of them. True it is that we have an unlimited number of men in our midst; but what kind of men are they, and what constitutes a man? We have men of prominence, fame and wealth; men whose genius and erudition startle the world; men who exercise great power over their fellow men, whose exploits and achievements have placed them in the highest niche; but these qualities do not make the man. A man is a being possessing an upright Christian character, a being with integrity and principle who is governed by the dictates of those grand and noble attributes with which his Creator endowed him. It matters not whether he was born in a hut on the mountain side, or in a palatial home in the metropolis; whether he is uncouth or refined, reared in luxury or in poverty; if he possesses all these attributes, which characterize him as the greatest work of God, he stands before us on the same basis as does the monarch.

But with such an idea of what the typical man should be it would be difficult to single out one from the vast multitude throughout the land that would correspond to such a type or even approach it. The man of today is a weak and sordid creature

with an insatiable desire to increase his wealth, his power and his security without the least regard for society. He is a creature controlled by earthly gratification rather than by his duty as a man.

In public life he will sacrifice all the noble traits of character to gain the popularity of his fellow man. His honor, his principle, and his religion he would trample beneath his feet if such a course would in any way appease his ambitious desires. He acts in direct opposition to the dictates of his conscience lest he would bring upon himself the censure of the community, or that he might establish himself more firmly before the eyes of his fellow men.

These are some of the despicable traits of our modern man; yet, with such apparent degradation of character, we are daily audaciously extolling the greatness and brilliancy of our country and its people; the noble influences of our institutions of charity, learning and religion. But with such so-called greatness and brilliancy to our credit, when we recall the times of antiquity or, in fact, of a score of years ago, and compare the men of those periods with the man today, we must stand aside and bow in humble acknowledgement to the superior type of man they furnished. Divest Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, O'Connell, Washington and Lincoln of all their public greatness, lay

de their honorable positions, their fame; and look upon them only in their characters as men. How many men of today can approach them? Charlemagne and Alfred, in their zealous work and unfathomed love for humanity, and their exact administration of justice; Lincoln, Washington and O'Connell, their noble defence of the rights and happiness of mankind. Though they had honor, fame, wealth, all that which is idolized by the man of today; they never lost sight of the inestimable value of their character, their principle, their duty as men; they devoted their lives to the elevation and happiness of their fellows and looked upon it as the most laudable, the noblest and most legitimate work of man. We might naturally expect to have characters like these today, since we have had years of so-called progress and enlightenment since such men lived; but unfortunately none of our present public men could be rightfully compared to them. They lack their principle, their moral courage, their religious convictions, and have fallen as victims to the demon deep-rooted lust for fame and wealth. They are finding their title to esteem, not their own merit, but on the fame of their ancestors. They are enjoying it without transmitting it to the next generation, or without adding to it themselves." But nothing points out to us in more distinct terms the need of men than the deplorable condition of our politics. That science

of government upon which the sacred interests of a country and its people rests, no longer partakes of its pristine nature; but today weighs heavily under the burden of extravagance, insincerity of principles, and corruption. It is no longer a government "of the people, by the people and for the people," but presently serves as a government of a few, by a few and for a few. The honorable, lucrative and responsible positions of which our form of government admit are no longer occupied by the competent man; but by those whose office-holding would strengthen the baleful influence, the authority, or, perhaps, the wealth of the reigning party.

The result is that men of wealth and influence, regardless of their competency or fitness as officials, are holding our responsible positions. The public and the people's interests are lost sight of. In the words of an American poet, what we need are,

"Men whom the lust for office cannot buy.
Men whom the spoils of office cannot kill.
Tall men, sun-crowned."

Men who will look beyond the horizon of their own interests, whose view of public affairs will include the life of their country and their fellow man. But above all, as Cardinal Gibbons says, we need sturdy Christian men; men of strong religious feeling, who are prepared to uphold their religious convictions in the face of opposition and reproaches. JOHN H. DOHERTY, '00.

BABY BABBLE.

The lightning flashed, the air was damp,
And baby-girl was heard to cry—
"God is going to light His lamp,
He's scratching matches on the sky."

—SENEX, '00.

ORATORY AND ITS EXPONENTS.

Oratory is the friend of oppressed and suffering humanity. It appears when wrong takes the place of right; when man is struggling against adversity. Then it comes forth, speaks to him and fills his wavering heart with courage. At other times it comes to establish justice and to reproach man for his wickedness or to arouse him from his dormant state. It calls him forth to activity and freedom. It is never seen without a cause, and then the cause must be of great importance. It is never seen amid gayety and frivolity; this is not its place. Oratory in its nature is solemn, animating and majestic. It is the emblem and advocate of liberty and we need not look for it in other places than under Freedom's flag or in places striving for freedom. It cannot grow and flourish in the lands of despotism, but as soon as it is deprived of liberty it weakens and dies. Longinus says "Never did a slave become an orator; he can only be a pompous flatterer." Oratory never appears so strong and vigorous as when it is pleading for freedom. Then it comes forth with all its power, calling out to the people to strike for liberty and sever the bonds of despotism. It fills the heart with courage and heroism; it inspires a love of freedom; it terrified kings, despots and tyrants; it conquers armies and restrains assassins from their vicious purpose. When the people with whom it has lived for a long time become inert, it takes a last stand and makes a strong fight and if not victorious, it seeks another home.

Although it may be said to perish with the liberty of the people, strictly speaking it does not; it can always be found somewhere, either kinetically or potentially. It has existed for centuries and when then occasion demands, it appears in the newness of life, unimpaired by the lapse of ages. We have seen it in this century and in the last, and we can go back three hundred and fifty

years before the Christian era and find Demosthenes towering above his contemporaries, repulsing the enemies of liberty, striving to animate his decaying country, exposing the deceits of her arch-enemy, bidding her to return again to her former freedom and regain her perishing glory. Though successful for a time, his efforts eventually failed and oratory leaves the land of its birthplace. Greece has now lost her freedom and we need look no more for eloquence there. It has departed to more favorable places. We must, therefore, leave Greece, with all her learning, eloquence and refinement; which, though checked, will never perish, and proceed to Rome. Here we find Cicero saving the Eternal City from ruin, driving her bold and daring conspirators into exile and converting chaos into order and peace.

But eloquence in turn leaves Rome and all her riches, because corruption has undermined her stable foundation and liberty perishes in her mighty ruins. Then for years we lose trace of true eloquence, but finally imagine we see it in France, and lastly we find it strong and vigorous in the British Isles. Here we see Lord Chatham calling upon his country to deal out justice to her suffering colonies; Edmund Burke carried away by the justice of his cause and the eagerness of his purpose; Daniel O'Connell fighting for the rights of the Catholic Church and for Catholic emancipation; Henry Grattan upholding right and procuring the legislative independence of Ireland; John Philpot Curran working for his country's cause and keeping alive the spark of despriring hope. Then crossing the Atlantic we find oratory preparing for itself a new home, where there is a people who need but a word of encouragement and they will strike the blow for freedom. Accordingly we hear Patrick Henry calling upon his countrymen to make a stand for liberty, dispelling their

fears, making death a sweet consolation for the injustices they were suffering, and leading them on by the historic words, "Give me liberty or give me death." We see Daniel Webster and Henry Clay fighting for "Liberty and Union," striving to unite the shattered ties and lay the foundation of justice that Liberty might have a more lasting home; John Calhoun pleading for "State Rights" with all the logic, clearness of demonstration and eloquence that a firm belief in the justice of his cause could produce; and lastly we find Wendell Phillips, the echoes of whose clear and resonant voice can almost still be heard pleading for the emancipation of the slave.

Thus rapidly, tracing the course of oratory from the time of Demosthenes to our own age, we find it to be a fact that it only appears in grave and just causes; that it is never found on the side of wrong except in imitation, and that it is greatest when pleading for liberty; that it springs forth in critical moments and that its characteristics are love, truth and action. Love, because it always works in behalf of suffering or erring man, for his welfare and prosperity. Truth, because it strives for right and is never found in error. Action, because it influences man and prompts him to do good. When true oratory comes we will do well to listen to it, for its cause is justice and its end, liberty.

P. E. O'NEILL, '00.

A FANCY.

The solemn stillness of the night was o'er;
 The cock's shrill cry the sleeping folk had woke;
 The students all were were pond'ring o're their lore;
 When from the east a King the darkness broke.
 He came with retinue of servants grand;
 His dress, it was majestic to behold.
 He ordered all his serfs out o'er the land;
 A bright June day their labor was to mold.
 They spread themselves among the the mountain rills.
 O'er villages and cities grand they ran.
 They played with dust inside the old gray mills;
 And gave their light to every race and clan.
 The King, their master, followed o'er their way,
 To see that they their office would fulfill.
 And then, when they are tired of the day,
 He calls them back from cottage, town, and rill.

—DENNIS J. KANE, '02.

FRIENDS IN EXILE.

"You are hereby condemned to spend the remainder of your natural life in exile." Such has been the sentence pronounced on me after an impartial trial. In view of the recommendation to mercy made by the jury the judge has granted me a favor which will on many a gloomy day transform my barren island prison into a paradise. It is the privilege of selecting any ten books and, as my hours of freedom are numbered, I must make my choice. First, I desire a copy of the Bible, for the sacred volume has not only been the source of world-wide literary suggestion, but it embodies within itself a storehouse of the most varied literature—history, biography, poetry, drama and, highest of all in literary as in moral excellence.

Another book that immediately suggests itself is the "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas A. Kempis. With the exception of the Bible this volume is without a rival in literature. In Catholic circles, among all classes, learned and unlettered, it has wielded a tremendous sway.

My third selection will be the works of the immortal Shakespeare, for there is no book in which the beauties of our language can be found in such profusion; none in which the genius of our mother tongue can be so well studied; none in which character is better drawn or feelings better portrayed.

Many young minds have been led into a realization of the beauties of Christian life by reading the beautiful story of "Fabiola" by Cardinal Wiseman. It is a work that has a charm for the child who at its mother's knee hears the story of martyrdom, and to me, in my lonely island home, it will come as a sweet comforter.

Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" and Longfellow's "Evangeline" will occupy the next places on my list. In them I will find matter to illumine many of my dark hours

and add to the sunlight of many bright ones by "noble lessons set to natural music in noble words." The former with exquisite pictures of rural life and manners, with diction sweet and simple and the latter, so pathetic and religious, make the deepest impression on the human heart. Side by side with these I will place Irving's "Sketch Book." The charm of this work is so great that under its genial influence my lonely surroundings will fade away. There is always such a fascination about Irving's style, such pathos, humor and description, that one is sad at heart when he comes to the concluding chapters.

History is an immense repository when we can draw many instructive and useful lessons, nor is there, after the Bible, any book better calculated to improve the faculties of the soul more than a good history and, as it is both pleasing and instructive I will place "Fredet's History" among my number, as I consider him an honest historian and one that covers the most extensive ground.

To my sorrow I cannot take with me all the works of Charles Dickens, therefore must content myself with his volume "Christmas Stories," which will probably be read long after his more elaborate novels have been forgotten.

My last selection is Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" which will cause me to forget my own bitter disappointments and remember only the forlorn and shipwrecked mariner.

And so my selection is made. In a few short years I will probably be forgotten by my friends, but these books will stand by me in vicissitudes, nurse me in sickness and comfort me in sorrow; these at least will never weary, betray or forsake me, but will forever remain my friends in exile.

J. E. CAVANAUGH, '00.

OUR BURDEN.

In these days, when our philanthropists are looking around the world for a chance to relieve some overloaded brother; and our poets are singing about the "White Man's Burden;" we are liable to overlook some bundles of the burden under which our own poor overloaded humanity groans.

We forget to observe that the greedy monopolist is making the life of our laboring classes a miserable struggle for bread. Look at our miners huddled together in small huts, with little or no comfort, working from morning to night, day after day; and receiving wages barely sufficient to keep themselves and their families alive. The miner's labor is hard, his hours are long, and he has no chance for a vacation, as he can never save anything for a rainy day. The monopolist compels the poor miner to buy his necessaries in the company store; and thus his meager earnings return again each week to the monopolist's pocket. The miner has nothing left with which to buy clothing and the little articles that make home attractive. His family are soon in rags, his home is desolate, and his very existence becomes a burden. He is not even permitted to vote according to the dictates of his own conscience, but must support certain monopolist candidates or relinquish his position. Then, if he strikes to obtain justice, he is apt to be shot down like a cur. One monopolist has a corner on wheat, another on beef, a third on sugar; and thus we might mention hundreds of the necessaries of life, the prices of which are controlled by these greedy oppressors. The monopolist fixes his prices, the poor must pay it or starve. Thus the monopolist soon becomes a millionaire and the laborer becomes poorer day by day.

Thousands of poor street-waifs, sweat shop laborers, and unemployed of our cities prolong their miserable existence from day to day, living like beasts, without secular or

religious education. Yet we are going to Cuba and the Philippines to aid the distressed. But then these poor street-waifs, sweat-shop laborers and vagrants have no flocks, herds, rich mines or coaling stations, and the Philipinos have. This makes all the difference in the world.

We are sending missionaries to Africa to civilize the contented savage, while our own poor Negro, created by the same God and having the same feelings as ourselves, is ostracized from our society. Nay, in some parts of our country, he is considered an animal without a soul, and if he wanders from the straight and narrow path he is immediately strung up to the most convenient tree.

Thousands of our poor street-waifs, vagrants and tenement-dwellers are sadly in need of the missionary aid which we are wasting upon the contented savages of Africa. Multitudes of our own unfortunate poor are shivering from cold and suffering the pangs of hunger, while our philanthropists are sending their superfluous coppers and spring overcoats to the well-nourished and sun-scorched savage. Let those who are charitably inclined remember that good old proverb, "Charity begins at home."

And when our honest laborer is enabled to live like a man and give his family a pleasant home; when a smile again illumines the face of our miner's wife and children, and the miner is himself allowed the privileges of a citizen; when the negro gets the rights of a human being; when the orphan, the street-waif, the sweat-shop laborer and the tenement-dweller is relieved; when the rapacious monopolist is compelled to disgorge some of his ill-gotten gains; when we have shouldered part of the burden of our own suffering humanity, and justice again dwells in our own glorious country; then it will not be absurd for us to lend a helping hand to foreigners. JOHN DEVLIN, '01.

ANOTHER OF THEM.

On the outskirts of a town in one of the New England States; there lived two brothers, Claude and John Lovell, who had not spoken to each other for over thirty-five years. John Lovell, the elder, was married and lived with his wife in a small white house at the foot of a woody hill. Claude, the younger, lived alone in a small house very close to his brother, John. These two brothers met many times every day, but never spoke a word to each other. They used water from the same well, and often they were both seen at the well together, one drawing his water and the other waiting for his turn, but never uttering a word.

There were two stories concerning the enmity existing between the two brothers. One story said that old Mr. Lovell, the father of Claude and John, when dying left all the property to John, he being the elder, and that Claude, not satisfied with the will, took the matter to court where he was defeated, and being angered with his defeat, he refused ever after to speak to his brother. The other story was that, during their younger days, they had a violent quarrel and had become embittered against each other.

Both these stories are false. The true cause of their enmity was told by Claude a few years before his death, and is as follows: When the Civil War broke out, in 1861, Claude and John lived with their father, their mother having died some years before, in the house John afterwards occupied. Both young men were staunch Unionists, and often, while sitting with their father in the evening, they endeavored in every manner possible to obtain his consent to enlist in the army. Their father, however, did not wish to part with them, as they were his only children and he could not hide from himself the many dangers encountered in war. Still the two sons kept urging their

father for his consent, and finally, not being able to hold out against them, he consented to let one go, but the other must stay at home. The two sons were now in predicament, for one was desirous as the other to enlist. They determined to settle the affair by drawing lots. The lots were drawn and John was the one chosen to go to war, and Claude was to content himself at home. Claude bore his disappointment manfully.

It was a sad parting between father and son when John left for his regiment, but Claude felt the parting most. He and John had always been together, for there were no other young men near them, and they had grown up in a most brotherly manner.

Soon after John's departure Claude became acquainted with a young girl named Geraldine Blackburn, and this acquaintance grew to a deep love. Geraldine lived with her parents on a farm about two miles from the Lovell estate, and often in the evening Claude would ride over to the Blackburn farm and spend many happy hours with Geraldine, always carrying the war news from farmer Blackburn.

Time went happily on until one day news was received that John Lovell was wounded. This brought much sadness to the father and son at home and, although it was the customary, Mr. Lovell, through the influence of a friend, obtained permission for John to be taken home. Here everything possible was done for his comfort. He had received a bullet wound in the right side which was then thought to be serious, but from which he afterwards entirely recovered.

From the time of John's arrival home Claude continually sought his father's permission to take John's place in the army and finally his father consented. Before setting out for the South, where his regiment was encamped, Claude rode over to the

Blackburn farm to bid his friends farewell. On this occasion Claude and Geraline were betrothed, with her parent's consent. This engagement was to be kept secret until Claude would return. Having bid his friends good-bye, Claude departed.

For nearly a year Claude wrote home as often as he was able, to his father and to Geraline. Suddenly the letters ceased and one day his father read an account of his capture in the South, and he was now supposed to be in Andersonville prison. This turned out to be the case. Claude was languishing in prison and could not hear from home. He had little hope of ever seeing the loved ones again, for the cruelties in the prison daily caused the death of many of his comrades. But his rugged constitution enabled him to pull through and when the war ended in 1865, and all prisoners were set free, Claude was among the number liberated from Andersonville. The train could not take him home too quickly, for his heart was full of joy at the thought of the meeting with those whom he loved. Finally Claude arrived at his father's home and, seeing nobody was in sight, he entered the house. John was at work in the garden and Geraline was busy in the parlor. Claude walked into this room, and what was his surprise when, instead of being welcomed by Geraline with open arms, she recoiled from him and burst into tears.

Claude strove to compose her, but she would neither look at him nor speak to him. Just then John entered and, seeing Claude, he knew not what to do. He did not even welcome his brother home. This circumstance, together with the conduct of Geraline, puzzled Claude, who demanded an explanation. At first John did not answer, but kept staring from Claude to Geraline. Finally he said, pointing to Geraline, "She's my wife!" This answer was enough for Claude. He went out of the house and pro-

ceeded as fast as possible to the Blackburn farm. His arrival here caused much excitement, for he was long since supposed to be dead. After he explained the cause of his long absence, the circumstances of the marriage of John and Geraline were related to him.

It seems that more than a year after Claude was captured, John determined to make known his love to Geraline, feeling sure she would not repulse him. A few days after, John proposed to her and, to his astonishment, he was refused. At first Geraline would give no reason for her refusal, but John being dissatisfied, she told him she was engaged to his brother, Claude.

Instead of John's good qualities being touched, on learning of his brother's engagement, anger got the best of him and he resolved to leave nothing undone until he had won Geraline. Suffice it to say that Geraline, having heard nothing from Claude for over two years and being almost convinced of his death, for John had done everything to make her believe him dead, she finally consented to marry John; the parents of both being willing. So John and Geraline were married and, after the death of old Mr. Lovell, they went to live on the Lovell farm.

Thirty-five years after the return of Claude, Geraline took sick and died. At her bedside; just before her death, a most striking scene took place. John, her husband, stood on her right side and Claude on her left, and she, the cause of all their bitterness, was pleading earnestly with them to speak one kind word to each other before she died. The brothers' eyes met, and in that one look all hatred was forgotten. Their hands were clasped across the death bed, and they spoke consolingly to each other. When both turned to Geraline she had expired, with a smile on her lips.

MICHAEL J. DUFFY, '01.

HISTORIC PEN PORTRAITS.

I. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

The removal of the remains of Columbus from Havana to Spain has revived interest in the career of that truly great man. Whatever may be said of Spanish misrule in the New World, no one will deny that in the heart of every true American there is a warm place for Columbus.

Born in the humblest station, he raised himself by his talents and industry to the rank of a navigator. Passing over his early life and his great achievements in navigation and chart-making, we come to that stage of his existence when he was launching a gigantic revolution of the theories held by the learned philosophers up to the time of the Middle Ages. Great, the genius to devise such extraordinary schemes; courageous, the heart to face such difficulties; mighty, the man to push them through; powerful, the conqueror to achieve them. What trials were his? It required a preternatural courage to face them and this courage was found in Columbus.

Hardly had he undertaken his task than adversity placed her chains about him, and despair claimed him as her own. But these were like the threads of a spider to this man who, by the strong determination to accomplish his end, broke all the snares which beset his path. In vain did he seek help at the courts of Genoa, Portugal and Spain. In each and every place discouragement stared him in the face. Still he did not falter. He persisted until the gentle heart of woman came to his relief. He saw the gleaming light of hope burning in the heart of Isabella. With the aid of the Queen he undertook his task not only like the philosopher—proving his theory by arguments—but like the general on the field of battle, by practical demonstration. In the face of the world he proved his claim, discovered America, enriched his benefactors, enlight-

ened man, and brought the light of Faith to a new world. The peasant praised his deeds, monarchs bowed before him, and the world bid him welcome. Such indeed, was the proper course with such a genius; such indeed, the honor due him; such indeed, the laurel placed upon his brow. But in the midst of these joyous exultations of praise to Columbus, envy seized him as her victim. She tore from off his head the wreath of laurel and placed the cold shackles on his wrists. She deprived him of the honor due his discoveries and gave it to another. She called him ambitious. Yes, Columbus was ambitious; ambitious, not for himself, but for man; ambitious, not for himself, but for God. But man, like a serpent, turned upon him and sunk his bitter fangs into his breast. Columbus accepted this treatment with true Christian resignation and kept hanging in his room the iron manacles—the gift of man for his services. Before his character could be fully vindicated—before he could be raised to his proper dignity—death claimed his protectress and again he was left to drift upon the troubled seas. Great were the struggles of this now wearied soul. He had fought his battles nobly and conquered; and then passed to that sleep from which there is no awakening. His body is turned to dust, but his works of beneficence and his fame will last forever.

Had jealousy known she could not always hold her dark mantles over goodness and genius, such base ingratitude would never have been heaped upon this benefactor of mankind. Scarcely had Columbus gone to rest, scarcely had the dark clouds of gloom passed away, than the bright rays of his glory shone forth. His true merit was seen and the deceit of his enemies laid bare. No more were his glorious achievements divided; no more was he to suffer from envy; no more

was he to be robbed of his titles and his honors; for in the hearts of a grateful people rests the name of him,

"Who on life's anvil bore the fateful strain,
Wrung as forged iron, hammered blow on blow,
Took counsel with his grief in that to know
That he who suffers, suffers not in vain:
Nay, that it shall be for the whole world's good,
And wisdom prove the priceless price of woe."

What an example of endurance, of perseverance, of charity, of meekness, of humility, of Christian resignation, has thus been

set before us by this mighty genius of the Middle Ages. Grand are the monuments raised to his honor; grander still the praises sung by the poets; grandest of all the high station in the Heavenly courts, for who will doubt that he, who bore such trials, who sought not revenge, who followed in the footsteps of his Master, has not justly received his reward. He gave to man a new world, and who will doubt he gave to Heaven a saint? JOS. F. REYNOLDS, '02.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Comfortably seated before the open hearth in a dilapidated, but somewhat cheerful, old roadside cabin on the outskirts of the quaint town of Fairfield, was a party of four men. Each, judging from his decrepit form and care-worn look, appeared to have passed three score and ten. One silvery-haired old fellow, presumably the "Sir Oracle" of this picturesque quartet, was recounting to his small audience his many deeds of daring at Fredericksburg, Bull Run and many other places made sacred by the blood of the Northern and Southern heroes. The old fellow ceased speaking as I entered the room, but after I had taken a place near the fire, and initiated myself by the order of a quart of brandy; those who a moment ago regarded me as an intruder, especially as they had drunk twice to my health, became quite talkative. The old man once more resumed his tale though not without a great deal of coaxing and promises of close attention.

"It was back in '62," he began, "if I remember rightly, our army was encamped in a deep ravine surrounded on both sides by two precipitous walls of rock from which there was but one outlet, other than that by which we had come, a sharp, narrow, winding path, hidden in some places by a heavy growth of shrubbery, in others by a dense woodland. If the enemy could approach by this secret pass the work of destruction

would be comparatively easy, since our troops were resting about two hundred yards below on the side of a ridge. This dangerous post was assigned to me by our captain, a man of austere habits and a thorough disciplinarian. Here I was to remain until the two o'clock relief would come. Accordingly, at sunset, I took up my post. The day had been exceptionally warm, so much so that the moon, now creeping over a dark mass of clouds in the east, was almost obscured from view by a heavy mist which the intense heat of the day had forced from the earth into the chilling atmosphere of evening. This was by no means a cheerful outlook, for if the enemy had chanced upon this path they could easily surprise me from behind and, again, ten hours of marching with a heavy knapsack and other accoutrements, especially on a warm day, is more fatiguing on the system than twice that length of time spent in ordinary labor. It was no wonder then that I should feel worn out and weary, almost tempted to lie down on an inviting patch of ground at my feet. I had not been on guard more than three hours, when weariness began to creep over me and the desire to sleep became more manifest. To combat it I had recourse to an expedient greatly in vogue with our men at that time; namely, to place the gun in an upright position with the bayonet affixed, the hand

bound closely to the point, so that if the body were to incline forward or backward, or the head to droop, the chin would strike the hand and it would be pierced by the bayonet. Having thus made provision against sleep, I settled back once more in an attitude of vigilance. It was not long, however, before the same drowsy feeling stole over me a second time. The surrounding landscape seemed to sink into gloom, the tall pines to stand out like giants mocking me in my helplessness. I could see the sergeant walking up the narrow defile, yet I was powerless to move. He had found me sleeping at my post. The penalty, I knew, was death. He soon disappeared only to return with two of my comrades who disarmed me and led me away.

In the morning I was brought before the commanding officer of our regiment, tried

and found guilty, the penalty to be paid a sunrise next day. Accordingly, at daybreak I was conducted to a small strip of woodland a short distance from the camp. Here, drawn up in line, were twenty rifle-men and before these men I was told to stand. The captain, a former friend of mine, bound my hands behind my back, though at my option did not blindfold me as is usually the custom. I could see rifle barrels gleaming in the sunlight as the men slowly raised them to their shoulders. I could hear the commands given in slow, deliberate tones, 'Ready! Take aim!'—but before the order, 'Fire!' was given I suddenly awoke, for I had been dosing off for more than five minutes, during which time I had passed through the whole scene of detection, trial and execution until I was rudely awakened by the point of the bayonet piercing my hand."

JOHN HALLOWOOD, '02.

SAINT BONAVENTURE.

We hail thee, our Patron, so humble at heart;
So holy, so learned in science and art.
We praise thee, we love thee, O Saint of our Lord,
Whose cross was thy book and His love thy reward.

Thy countenance holy, thy countenance mild,
Enraptures the soul of each penitent child.
It speaks of such happiness awaiting us there
In the haven of souls, the reward of our prayer.

Illustrious Cardinal, humble and chaste,
Who fled from the snares of affection misplaced.
O, Doctor Seraphic, on thee do we call
From the treacherous ways of the world and its thrall.

Look down with compassion on those whom you love
And guide them to bliss in the realms above.
Give us some of the love which enraptures thy soul
And guided it safe to its Heavenly goal.

O, blessed Bonaventure, illustrious saint,
Who bore all thy crosses without a complaint,
We ask for one gleam of that mystical light
Which guided thy spirit through this our dark night.

—R. W., '00.

WANTED—AN IMMORTAL.

We read in the early history of Greece that Diogenes, a cynic philosopher, left his "tub" and wandered far and wide, lantern in hand, in order to see if he could discover some really great man. The result of his diligent search is well known. It was fruitless. At the present time we do not have to surmount the difficulties which Diogenes overcame, in order that we may learn if the name of any living person will be handed down to posterity. We do not have to wander over all this globe in order that we may get the concurrent opinion of persons placed in a position to judge, but we insert an advertisement in a newspaper, asking for the name of any living person who is destined to be immortal. An abundance of answers will be forthcoming.

All liberal-minded persons will admit that among living men, Pope Leo, XIII, one of three greatest statesmen of the last quarter of a century, will be the only one whose name will be handed down to posterity. This may seem a strong assertion, but, nevertheless, it is true. In glancing over the names of the present statesmen of our country, we cannot place our finger on the name of one politician and say that his name will be immortal. Men of the type of Webster and Clay are as scarce as black swans. The same can be said of England. It has no statesman who can take the place of Gladstone. Ireland has gifted none of its sons with the qualities which it gave to Burke, Grattan or O'Connell. So again, no one has yet come forth in Germany to mount the pedestal of Bismarck. Russia's Tolstoi has not yet accomplished anything which will make him immortal. And, indeed, the same can be affirmed of the principal men of other countries.

In the field of oratory, no one can be found who ranks with Demosthenes, Cicero, Pitt, Curran, Henry or Phillips. Still, if

the question was asked whether there was any living orator whose fame would be immortal, the people would undoubtedly say, William Jennings Bryan. But we must remember that as yet Bryan has not ascended to the choir of immortals; although he has at different times held the minds of people for hours in a state of suspended animation; nor has he effected his purpose, which is to have the American people adopt the "silver platform."

In the field of literature great authors are things of the past. There are none who can be placed on the same shelf as Homer, Dante and Shakespeare. In all parts of the world today literature seems to be in a state of decadence. It is true that England can boast of a few great writers, such as Ruskin, Swinburne and Kipling; yet none of these are competent to wear the mantle of Newman, Tennyson or Dickens.

America has no writer to show who can even approach the rank of Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Hawthorne or Irving. Ireland, the ancient home of genius, and Scotland, the land of poetry, have given birth to no son in our times whose name can be placed aside of those of Goldsmith, Moore, Sheridan, Burns or Scott. France has no representative who can maintain the standard which Hugo and Moliere have established in letters. Spain has no successor to Cervantes; Germany has no heir to Goethe; Italy possesses no Dante. Indeed, no country seems to have a literary genius, whom future generations will receive with universal applause.

In the world of science the public vote would present the name of Edison as one whose fame will be immortal. Others will put forth the name of Roentgen, the inventor of the X-Rays; and more that of Marconi, who is experimenting in wireless telegraphy. But we must bear in mind that, al-

though the fame of Edison and Roentgen may be immortal, on account of their inventions having become a reality, we are not allowed to predict and say that the name of Marconi will be immortalized.

In the ranks of naval and military heroes there is but one man whose fame will be immortal and that is Admiral George Dewey. Like most heroes he is too modest to acknowledge his fame. Whilst other men have struggled in vain during their entire lives in order that they might make their names immortal, this hero of war avoids public notoriety as much as possible. The manner in which he won renown in Manila

Bay is too fresh in the minds of the people to be recalled here. Suffice it to say that in doing his duty he made himself a hero.

No other country has produced a military or naval hero who will be honored with Caesar, Nelson, Washington and Napoleon. In fine, it is obvious that if we should insert a "want advertisement" in a newspaper, asking for the name of living men whose fame will be immortal, although we would receive many answers, the names of those who would really be entitled to a place on the choir of immortality could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

PATRICK MEEHAN, '00.

TWO VIEWS OF VACATION.

In every college there are apt to be two classes of students—the diligent and careless ones. What are the thoughts of each class at the close of the second term? The student who has done his duty throughout the year will certainly feel content and cheerful. Any one who has performed his daily task as well as lies in his power may rest assured that he will meet with success. Of those who devote all their energy to study there is not one in a thousand but succeeds in the end. Such students have every reason to anticipate a joyful vacation.

The slothful and careless student will also feel glad when Commencement day comes in sight; but for an altogether different reason. He is glad because then he can resume that lazy life which is just what he likes, and for which he has in fact been looking all through the year. Such students only desire to have a good time—a "snap" as they call it. But even though they may sometimes succeed to a certain extent, they cannot really be said to enjoy themselves. If they ever pause to think of the amount of precious time they deliberately waste, to say nothing of the way in which they seek to squander their parent's substance, their thoughts cannot be very consoling.

When it comes to the end of the term every student, whether diligent or slothful, is anxious to find his name among the first few in the catalogue. Now it is obvious that some one must be last even though all had equal percentage, and if that were the case it would matter little who would be first or last. Of course in this case the premiums would have to be dispensed with altogether or each student would receive one. But this never happens. Among many students prizes are often the source of jealousy, pride and enmity. Frequently one student imagines that he knows more than his classmates, but finding his name below that of his friends in the catalogue he becomes jealous. This is how enmity arises between them. Another one may find his name higher than he expected, thus he comes to think that he knows more than he really does. Such a one very often gets proud. A student whose only aim is to obtain all the knowledge he can to fit him for whatever walk in life he intends to follow will not need to be incited to study by the thought of prizes. To obtain premiums is not after all the object for which students go to college. At most prizes should be but a secondary consideration. If each student

only would seriously consider his future and would endeavor to ascertain his—if these thoughts were uppermost mind, then there would be no need

THE

Like all colleges St. Bona's has a baseball team. Base ball as well as healthful exercise is promoted and encouraged by the faculty of St. Bona's. We believe that healthful exercise is important to mental development. Besides immense physical benefits to the actor the great national game is to every man a source of enjoyment and relief from worry. It arouses his enthusiasm and fills him with pleasant recreation and fills his breast with pride and joy as he becomes a representative team to victory.

The representative team of '99 was one of which St. Bona's may well be proud. No former team has equalled its batting record while few could compare with it in fielding. Not one member of the team batted under 200; and Kennedy at present leads the batting average with 500.

Out of eight games played to date, the team have seven straight victories to their credit and but one defeat. This defeat was an honorable one, being to Syracuse of the Eastern League, while their victories include the Auburn State League team and the strongest amateur team in this part of the state. St. Bona's has long held and defended her title to the amateur championship of Western New York, this year being no exception.

The first victory of the season was obtained from the strong Depew team by a score of 10 to 5. The next victory was gained over the Globes of Buffalo after a

The ~~match~~ ^{game} was played by a special car of enthusiasts played their third game with the St. Bona's on the College grounds June 4th, when the score stood 16-7.

The last game to date was played with Syracuse of the Eastern League. Syracuse, 20; St. Bona's, 3. And thereby hangs a tale. Our story runneth thus: Loss of first baseman. Change in positions. Heavy hitting of St. Bona's star twirlers hitherto invincible—all these interspersed with a little nervousness in the presence of professional ball players. Of course we did not expect to beat Syracuse but with our team in good condition we could at least held them down to 10 runs. However, there is satisfaction in the fact that the collegians played brilliantly at times, even more brilliantly than the professionals, Lynd especially assisting in some neat double plays and a triple, the only one seen on the grounds this season.

LAWRENCE FELL, '99.

Paul O'Neil '00 and William Walsh '01. The vexed question of Hamlet was also discussed in a manner that showed Shakespearean knowledge.

Members of the J. D. L. A. presented the dramatic play "Falsely Accused" on Friday, February 17, in Alumni Hall before a large and interested audience. Mr. J. Doherty, a member of the society, delivered an oration on the "Alliance" before the play began. Paul O'Neil in the role of "Jasper Rose" was falsely accused, Mr. Devlin as "Blinker" and Mr. Cavanaugh as "Jonas Huddle" were the principal characters in their dramatic work.

The J. D. L. A. Society presented two plays during the year. The romantic drama "Nobody's Business" was presented on Thanksgiving evening and the comedy "To Pay the Rent" and the play "The Lion" on the evening of February 17, which was Mr. O'Neil's birthday.

On the latter evening Mr. Cavanaugh '00 delivered an eloquent and appropriate oration on the "American Soldier."

The speeches on Commencement Day will be as follows: "The Catholic Church and National Prosperity," Jeremiah Cavanaugh; "Education and Society," Paul O'Neil; "Philosophy and the Professional Life," Lawrence Fell.

The original speeches delivered by the members of the Junior Rhetoric Class at the close of the second term were as follows: John Doherty, "The Need of Christian Men;" Paul O'Neil, "The American Citizen;" James Harrington, "The Power of Oratory;" John Devlin, "The Benefits of Good Reading;" Jeremiah McAuliffe, "The Myth of the 'Dark Ages';" Jeremiah Cavanaugh, "Character Sketch of George Washington;" Hugh Maguire, "America's Debt to Ireland;" Patrick Meehan, "The Nineteenth Century—a Retrospect;" John Wagner, "The Value of Time;" John Clune, "A Typical American—Abraham Lincoln;" Anthony Rizzo, "Dante and the Divine Comedy;" Charles Mulcahy, "The Advantages of an Education;" Michael Costello, "Panegyric on St. Francis of Assisi;" Michael Duffy, "The Benefits of Peace;" William Walsh, "True Culture and How to Attain It;" Martin Nolan, "The Ideal Republic;" William Keane, "Character Sketch of Pope Leo XIII.;" Michael Kennedy, "Irish Heroism."

J. J. McAULIFFE, '01.

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hoped to do.

The most important debates of the year in St. Anthony' Society were "That the advancement of civil liberty is more indebted to intellectual culture than to force of arms," with Joseph Reynolds '02 and Matthew Boland '02 on the "pro" side and Hugh Maguire and John Keavin '02 on the "con," and "Resolved that education has more to do in producing a good character than innate tendencies," with William Davies '01 and John Devlin '01, as advocates of the affirmative and Jeremiah Cavanaugh '00 and John Gilgan '03 on the negative. Father Gabriel the official censor of the society deserves many thanks for his services during the year.

The James Dolan Literary Association which is restricted to members of the Junior Rhetoric class also did considerable work during the year in debates and lectures. The principal subjects taken up by the society during the year were; "Resolved that the United States should annex the Philippines," with Messrs. Cavanaugh '00 and Kennedy defending the "pro" side, Messrs. Maguire '00 and Devlin '01 the "con" and "Resolved that all Christian nations should now disarm and depend upon arbitration for the settlement of disputes," with John Doherty '00 and William Keane '00 for

ALUMNI NOTES.

Conspicuous among old students of St. Bona's who recently paid "flying visits" to their Alma Mater have been Rev. Patrick F. Quinn, pastor of Mary's Church, Goldsboro, N. C.; Rev. John Broderick, pastor of All Hallows Church, Newburgh, Conn. and Rev. T. J. Walsh, pastor of Our Lady of Good Counsel Church, Kansas City, Mo.

Among other items of news concerning our alumni we note that Rev. J. J. Bloomer, of St. Patrick's Church, Elmira, has been chosen one of the consultors of the Bishop of Rochester, that Rev. William J. Slocum, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Waterbury, Conn., accompanied Archbishop Chapelle on the latter's official tour through Cuba and Porto Rico, and that Rev. James McCormick has been promoted by Bishop McGarry to the pastorate of Chatham, N. J.

On Trinity Saturday, May 27, a number of our seminarians received Holy orders at the Bishop's Cathedral, Buffalo. Those elevated to the priesthood were Rev. Daniel O'Brien, diocese of Chicago; Rev. John O'Brien, diocese of Pittsburg and Rev. Edmund Keefe, diocese of Salt Lake City. Those who received a Deaconship were Rev. J. E. Proctor, diocese of Hartford, and Revs. Edward Driscoll, Peter Donohue and Thomas Cantlin, all for the diocese of Erie. Minor orders were conferred

on Jeremiah Lenihan, diocese of Little Rock.

Rev. James Giloegey '96, was ordained at Scranton by Rt. Rev. Bishop Hoban, on June 8th, together with two other graduates of our college, Rev. Michael Manley '96, and Rev. Francis Canavin '96. The two last named made their theological studies at Mt. St. Mary's.

Rev. John Wilson '95, was raised to the Priesthood at St. John Chapel, Brooklyn, by Rt. Rev. Bishop McDonald on the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 9. Father Wilson celebrated his first Solemn High Mass at St. Francis Hospital, Jersey City, on June 13th, being assisted by his brother Rev. P. J. Wilson, of the faculty of St. Bonaventure's.

Rev. John Grant '95, who was ordained in Rome on May 27th, is a brother of Rev. P. J. Grant, private secretary to Bishop Quigley, like whom he made his classical studies at Allegany.

Among those upon whom Holy Orders were conferred at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Rochester, on June 9th, notice the names of John Sheridan '96, (Syracuse,) John Elty '97, (Hartford,) Patrick Sullivan '97, (Rochester.)

The students tender their sincere sympathy to Rev. James Giloegey '96, and to Thomas Walsh '96, in the severe loss they have both sustained by the death of their mothers. WILLIAM KEANE.

SUNRISE.

A grey mist covers now the hills afar,
The shades are deep within the woody glade,
No breath of air is felt to break ajar.

The spell of grandeur or the earthly shade.

The river flows along beneath my feet,
The placid waters give no answering ray,
As yet the sun cares not the scene to meet,
The birds as yet no song enchain the day.

But now a beam of light the mountain,
A golden shaft first strikes the fleecy cloud,
And now the bird, its song of mirth, it peals,
And nature wakes up the scene aloud.

The mists no longer hold the land enchained,
The ray of sun, no gloom can now withstand,
No more are secret glens by darkness reigned,
For light of gold pours through the forests grand

The grand old orb that shone on Eden's blight,
That King, who stood at Joshua's powerful will,
And drove the gloom from Calvary's doleful height,
Now shines on yonder mount, and rippling rill.

—WM. S. DAVIES, '01.

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