

who may regard these ghosts of past experience as part of a literary equipment, Harvard can supply even them in unstinted measure.

Some of her buildings whose appearance is not positively uncanny, have at least a quiet old-world look not noticed even at Yale, incorporated some time afterwards by Harvard graduates.

The old-worn appearance, it must be confessed, grates sometimes upon the spirit, as for instance when one is ushered into the cellar of old Massachusetts Hall for purposes of examination—where one writes of “old forgotten, far-off things”—in a dismal place occupied by the Revolutionary troops in 1776, and which has every indication of having never been attended to since its evacuation by the Sons of Liberty. It makes the student cry out for historical sweetness and more light.

The narrow plank benches of this old hall are lacerated in a remarkable manner by the jack-knives of past generations. Unfortunately, one not uninteresting search failed to discover the engraven name of anyone who had since amounted to anything.

So much for one phase of the subject. The Department of Literature includes the studies of English and Comparative Literature, Old French, German, Scandinavian, Old French, Provincial Anglo-French, Comparative Philology, Old and Middle Welsh, Old and Middle Irish. This outline can treat but of the first sub-department and that, briefly.

It is sufficient to say that all the sub-departments are relatively well equipped both by instructors and attendance. It takes all sorts and conditions of people to make a university and if the attendance in the above list were represented by some species of graph, it would be found to have the appearance of a wedge—Starting off in English and Comparative Literature with some four hundred graduate students and tapering down to some three or four men at the end caught in the act of imbibing Old Irish and Pagan Idolatry.

The students of the Graduate School meet in the same classes with the advanced under-graduates and have the felicity of profiting by the collective brilliancy and ignorance of a truly wonderful composite. This relation maintains only in courses open to both. In courses for graduates only, others are excluded, unless “by special consent of the instructor,” which is in danger of becoming rather a hackneyed phrase.

The life of the class-room is decidedly democratic. The relation existing between professor and student is frankly personal. A stranger dropping in for a lecture, in one of the large, modern lecture rooms, might remark upon a seemingly curious air of indifference. Coupled with the perpetual noise of street-cars outside, there is a feeling of continual unrest, manifested in persistent coughing, shuffling and rustling of which an analogy is only to be found in church, after the deliverance of an uncommonly long prayer. The students in one or two classes, when not sufficiently interested in what the professor is saying, contract the newspaper or sleep habit, but always courteously desist, or awake, when called upon, and answer volubly. Nothing can disconcert a Harvard man for he is never expected to be disconcerted,