

Irish Student in America.

When an Irishman matriculates at an American university, the first objects of his admiration are the fine campus, the wealth of buildings splendidly furnished, and the well-equipped laboratories. Expense seems to have been no consideration in providing all the requisites for learning and research. Not only is there a special room, or set of rooms for each subject, but the foreigner finds a whole building devoted to a physics, another to chemistry, and a third to mechanical engineering, and so on through a long list.

The libraries are full and up to date. Each professor has a comfortable office. The thirst for knowledge has not interfered with the appreciation of nature. Nowhere does one find universities commanding such beautiful views. The campus is the peculiar glory of America. A nation accustomed to such excellent facilities as are thus afforded to the student can have no idea of the impression they make on the visitor from overseas, especially on one who has graduated from the university which gives degrees to about three-fourths of the college men and women of Erin. The Royal University of Ireland provides a limited number of professors, but there is no endowment for buildings.

In this country of freedom, where Liberty, holding aloft the torch of truth and righteousness, is the first to greet one, individual effort has been crowned with such success that in the numerous universities scattered throughout the States, men of noble purpose have been able to erect beautiful and costly structures as their tribute to the shrine of learning. But the Irishman, who still labors under the weight of economic depression, is seldom the owner even of his own dwelling. The hope of bequeathing his name to a university hall is far beyond him.

The Dublin branch of the Royal University of Ireland carries on all its work in two buildings. Neither of them is as large as an American apartment house, and one is altogether given over to medicine. The professors have a cloak room in common, but no offices. Consultations of the students with the professors take place in the passages. There is no library, but fortunately there happens to be a good public library in the city, not far from the college.

His COMPATRIOTS NUMEROUS.

No wonder, then, that the grandeur and the spirit of progress of the American university appeals to the Irish graduate. He is pleased, too, to find that so many of the descendants of Irish emigrants are sharing in the advantages of this great movement of civilization. One is surprised at the great number both of professors and students who claim Gaelic descent. The 17th of March, the feast of St. Patrick, seems to be an occasion for even more excitement in the University of Missouri than it is in Dublin.

After the wonder and satisfaction caused by the material demonstration of progress have had full sway, a more reflective admiration begins to show itself. There are whole sets of buildings here devoted to subjects which at home do not enter into the idea of a university. Law and medicine seem always to have been recognized as liberal studies. The United States puts agriculture, engineering, architecture, and veterinary medicine on the same level. Moreover, the sphere of university work in these departments is not confined to mere theoretical knowledge, but includes also as much technical skill as is necessary in order that the student may be able to apply his science.

There is a great financial saving in this combining of the practical and scientific sides of the various studies. The duplication of laboratories, which is called for by our system of having colleges of science distinct from the university, is here unnecessary. The European will doubtless object that the university is thus reduced to the level of the technical school. If he lays aside his native prejudice, however, and considers the question calmly, he will see no cause for alarm. Outside of America the candidate for the degree of bachelor of arts must first show his proficiency in various branches of liberal learning by submitting himself to the test of what is known in different universities as the intermediate arts examination or the previous examination. After having thus given evidence of a satisfactory general education, he devotes himself for some two years to the special study of some particular group of subjects, and in these he graduates. Now the American universities are coming more and more to demand a broad liberal foundation as a preliminary to specialized work in the applied sciences.

THE EVERYDAY MAN.

The cry was raised long ago that the life of the farmer, of the mechanic, and of the business man of every kind, skilled, was one of drudgery. Ruskin, for one, has written so much on this subject, and is so widely read, that here a passing reference to it will suffice. Attempts have been made to bring about a healthier state of society by opening night schools and public libraries, where the practical man, after business hours, may acquire other interests of a more spiritualizing kind. But experience has in too many cases crowned these endeavors with failure.

If a man is not enthusiastic about his every-day work, no external interests, however noble or great they may be, can serve to make his life full of purpose and contentment. Mr. Bryce has pointed out the chasm existing in the United States between the university and political life. Politics means to the Irishman more than class spirit does to the American. Our universities are bound up with our political

life-work, not only of the university professor, the lawyer, and the divine, but also of the farmer and the mechanic.

Thus interests are developed, for example, in the simple art of growing oats or raising poultry, which make these occupations a source of perpetual inspiration. Thus, also, material improvements are made in the manufacture and in production. Factories can have their machinery tested in the workshops of the university. The professors are only too glad to be informed of the difficulties which meet the peasant and the business man, and spare no effort in their solution.

In this way the university becomes what its name ought to imply, the source of light and life, not in any one sphere or to any particular set of men, but in all things that make for the all-round social progress of the nation. Education here is not a luxury for the few, but a necessity for the whole population. If in some particulars it falls below the standard of European culture, there are yet no defects but such as may be remedied with time.

Now, we in Ireland have long been clamoring for a democratic university. Every inch of our country offers possibilities for farming, for forestry, for mining, for electrical and mechanical engineering, for cultivation and industries of various kinds, but through lack of the knowledge requisite to develop its wealth of natural resources, our people remain in poverty and consequent ignorance.

SIMPLE KNOWLEDGE NEEDED.

There is a firm in Cork that started the manufacture of kid gloves. The articles they put on the market are excellent, but, for want of sufficient acquaintance with the chemistry of dyes, they are all black. Satisfactory results in the other colors are not forthcoming. Every one who has eaten Irish apples knows how good is their flavor. Yet, except for a few months in the autumn, only imported apples are to be had—this through ignorance of the simple process necessary to increase the home yield and insure preservation through the winter. The purpose of the university, as was said before, is not merely material, but surely these problems form in themselves interesting and liberal studies.

The elective system which prevails exclusively in some American universities, and with modifications in others, seems fraught with the greatest evils. The undergraduate can take up certain subjects for a term of a year, and next year work on entirely different courses. Thus, after gaining a superficial and wholly unsystematized acquaintance with various provinces of knowledge, he gets his degree simply because he has a sufficient number of university credits.

It is strange that America, which is almost notorious as the country of specialization, should so much ignore the advantages of more specialized work in education. In some cases, indeed, it has awakened, and in others it seems to be gradually rousing itself to a truer pedagogical insight into this question.

There is a point connected more or less intimately with this credit system, which also calls for remark. In our British universities, where examinations are held only at the end of the year, an excellent opportunity and a great temptation to idle await the undergraduate. Thus some students come unprepared for the final examinations, to find, to their own grief and their father's dismay, that a year's time and some hundreds of dollars have been wasted. In America monthly tests and the possibility of being "busted" at the end of the term give sufficient spur to make the ordinary undergraduate toe the line. So far the system here has much to recommend it. Unfortunately, however, the test at the end of each term is final, and the work it covers does not come up again for examination. Thus the tardy student can easily cram without fear of detection.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

Finally, some reference may be made to those spheres of university administration of the trustees and life which lie beyond the province of faculty. Passing over the college sports, which on the whole seem more engrossing in America, one is attracted by the college yells, songs, and flags. These are essentially connected in the mind of the student with allegiance and devotion to his Alma Mater. They inspire some of his deepest enthusiasms, and as such, are the occasion for fond recollections in after life.

The other great feature of undergraduate life—the class organizations, which make such claims on money, time and energy, and are almost the only interest of the youth besides college athletics—is slower to find approval. It may be that in the various meetings and class "stunts" some rare talent is discovered which under other conditions might have lain buried in the dark, unfathomed caves of inexpressiveness. It is certain that the class entertainments are a source of many pleasant evenings for the whole college. But still, to one not accustomed to them, these organizations seem superfluous, and one wonders whether the time spent upon them might not only be more profitably but more pleasurably spent.

The Greek letter fraternities, too, strike the outsider as an overgrowth, but that may possibly be due to the fact that our system of having colleges within the university supplies by natural means a want, which would otherwise make itself felt.

The American may wonder what there can be in Irish college life to make up to the student for the lack of class organizations. Mr. Bryce has pointed out the chasm existing in the United States between the university and political life. Politics means to the Irishman more than class spirit does to the American. Our universities are bound up with our political

existence. They supply our leading statesmen and diplomats. The highest ambition of the college student is a successful public career.

Day after day the undergraduate discusses with fresh enthusiasm the political and social affairs not only of his own country, but of all the powers of Europe and of the world. Beside such broad cosmopolitan ideas class elections and class spirit sink into insignificance. Books which to the American student are matter for laborious reading, to the Irishman are a recreation. The British university would seem to offer a wider culture.—M. Molloy, in N. Y. Evening Post.

FR. VAUGHAN.

A Word About the Denunciator of Follies of British Fashionables.

(Raymond Blathwait, in "Black and White.")

"My God! To think that my country should have come to this!" Like a pistol shot the sentence rang out upon the startled air, and I raised my head to look at the preacher. With dramatic arms wide flung on space, and his fine, clear-cut features outlined against a richly-painted window, through which the sun threw a shaft of gold across the misty church, Father Vaughan constituted in himself a splendid picture of medievalism and modernity. Beneath him swayed a huge congregation, out of which perpetually leaped some well-known, far-famed face, and Pan-Anglican bishops, smart women popular actors, pungent writers and imperial cronies such as the preacher depicted for them the horrors of modern married life. That is one picture of Father Vaughan—last Sunday morning in Mayfair.

Yet again I recall him as I once heard him far away upon the high seas. We were voyaging together in a P. and O. steamship homeward bound from India, and one Sunday afternoon the Anglican chaplain on board, and two dissenting ministers brought their congregations in a body to the saloon, plumped them at the feet of Father Vaughan, who gave us a most fascinating and absolutely undenominational address on the subject of the "Follies of British Fashionables." The musical ripple of the sun-lit ocean chimed in well with the ringing periods of the eloquent voice, and the scene photographed itself upon an undying memory.

And one cold March day, when the wind whistled through the dim alleys of the East End, I caught a glimpse of Father Vaughan, one hand tightly clutching by a little street arab, the other stretched out in eloquent invitation, pressing upon an audience drenched in poverty and misery, and yet with faces aglow with the splendid fervor of their friend and priest, the claims of Christ and His Virgin Mother upon their hearts.

And one asks one's self what is the secret of his undoubted power and influence, just as one asks one's self time and again whence it is that how it is that the Jesuit priest gains his knowledge of, and his domination over the hearts and minds of the vast body politic in every part of the world?

What is there in the Society of Jesus, or what was there in the spirit of its founder, that has captured all time the mainsprings of human thought in so many widely divergent issues and respects?

In some curious subtle manner the Jesuit priest the world over reveals himself as a man of the world, knowing his fellow man and especially his fellow-woman, more intimately than even they know themselves. And whence comes this knowledge, one asks one's self? It is from the confessional—the confessional to which slowly creeps the world-worn traveller, the woman of fashion overburdened upon the exploitation of new emotions; the student, the recluse of the study; the confessional wherein are poured out all the secrets of the human heart, the sordid miseries of Mile End and the no less sordid naughtiness of Mayfair? Be that as it may, and from whatever source he reaps 'his experience, the Jesuit priest, for keen insight into human nature, or knowledge of all the multitudinous avenues down which human thought pours itself in endless streams, for subtle comprehension of the human mind, and sympathy with the frailties of human nature, has not his equal on earth.

I think Father Vaughan, most lovable and humorous of men, partly solved the mystery for me, as I put the question right to him as we passed rapidly through the gayly-clad sitters in the park one warm day last week.

"My dear fellow," he said, "we are all human. The most interesting book I ever read is myself, because through it I get to know my brothers and my sisters. Look at them now, poor dears," as he raised his hat to a very popular and beautiful woman of fashion, "look at them now; exactly like the wax figures at Madame Tussaud's. But turn on the gaslight, and they'll be all right. Well, all those people are human, each with his or her distinctive note of individuality. There is variety enough for the Jesuit priest who is a student of human character, and surely if even a dog or a cat can differentiate one being from another and so obtain varied knowledge of human personality, much more can a thinker and a student. Look at those two Pan-Anglican bishops. What a hurry they are in! They are afraid they'll be late for luncheon at Fulham! By the by, that reminds me. Some one asked me the other day: 'Are you going to the Pan-Anglican, father?'"

"No," I replied, "for if I did I should have to take St. Peter with me. And they would not like that, and they would still less like having



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St. Peter there, because he would want them to be a little more definite in their pronouncements and that is the one thing that people dread above all others—logic. You see, it compels them to define their position; it compels them to be accurate in their statements. At present they are like the negro preacher.

"And there they were, my brethren. Five thousand leaves and five thousand fishes, and only twelve people to eat them. That's what the miracle comes in.

"Let us sit down a minute and chat and I'll tell you some of the stupid questions that society considers itself justified in putting to a Jesuit priest."

"A man said to me the other day, 'How on earth can a man be at one and the same time a Jesuit priest and an astronomer, a sacerdotalist and a scientist?'"

"Well, my dear friend," I replied, "so far as I am concerned, the more science I know the better I can appreciate God, from whom all science comes. The Church—at least my Church—I don't know about that."

"He continued, with a sly smile pointing to the Albert Hall, crammed with Pan-Anglicans, gleaming in the distance—'The Church is never down on science. It was not the pope who condemned Galileo; it was the congregations and the Protestant universities. But when you talk of the incompatibility of reconciling earth and science, I must ask you what you mean by science. Driesch, one of the greatest scientific anatomists of the day, declares that Darwin belongs, like Hegel, to the past history, and yet he contrived to lead a whole generation by the nose. Now, the Church objects to her children being led by the nose; she prefers them to be led by the mind. For my own part I can see no opposition between science and religion. On the contrary, I feel with Pasteur the more we know of each the more we know of God. And then, again, last week a fashionable lady came to me in a rage—and she said: 'Father Vaughan, why do you only attack the West End in your sermons at Farm street?'"

"Because, my dear madam," I replied, "I am not such a fool as I look. When I preach to a West End congregation, I attack West End follies. What would be the good of my saying to a poor girl at Mile End, 'Why did you wear that smart hat sent home on approval at Ascot on Thursday, and then return it to the milliner next day as unsuitable?'"

"The poor creature has never heard of Ascot, and under any circumstances, would never dream of doing such a mean thing. But when I am in the East End, I assure you I do not notice matters there either. I know East and West thoroughly and I prefer the east. The priest's real place is with the sick and suffering; though God knows there is misery and wretchedness to spare here in the West End. The hopeless materialism of fashionable people, their criminal neglect, bringing disaster upon the land. And yet so lost and abandoned are they to all decency that when a man stands up under the cross of Christ to cry the horror of their lives and point out the way of life, they simply say he does it for advertisement."

"And what has a Jesuit priest vowed to poverty, with nothing on earth that he can call his own, except, perhaps, the shoes on his feet, to gain by self-advertisement?"

"But for such critics one has not a word. The more one cares for Christ the less one minds the silly jibes of silly souls. And as to any difficulty about medievalism not harmonizing with modernism, you might just as well say that a monk would be incapable of using the tele-

phone, because his dress is a thousand years old and the telephone of yesterday. And how science and revelation, both coming from God, are to contradict one another is a bigger puzzle than ever I can hope to solve, and one that the Church will never wish to solve."

Volunteer Bounty Act, 1908.

WARNING TO PURCHASERS.

EVERY assignment of the right of a South African Volunteer to a land grant must be by way of appointment of a substitute and must be in the form provided by the Act.

Special attention is called to Sub-section 3 of Section 5 of the Volunteer Bounty Act, 1908, which provides that no assignment of the right of a volunteer by the appointment of a substitute shall be accepted or recognized by the Department of the Interior which is NOT EXECUTED AND DATED AFTER THE DATE OF THE WARRANT FOR THE LAND GRANT issued by the Minister of Militia and Defence in favor of the Volunteer.

J. W. GREENWAY,
Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Ottawa.
28th September, 1908.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 561, Circuit Court, A. S. Reynolds, Plaintiff versus Mrs. W. R. Arnold, D. F. On the 21st day of November 1908, at three of the clock in the afternoon, at the residence of the said Defendant, No. 588 Maize street, Town of St. Louis, will be sold by an officer of justice, all the good and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of one piano and other household furniture.

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Montreal, October 19, 1908.

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Plans and specification can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this department, and on application to Mr. Charles Desjardins, Clerk of Works, Post Office, Montreal, Que.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p. c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest of any tender.

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