

for college men to take an active part in the affairs of the state and the nation. Let us all see to it that our local clubs permit no grass to grow under our feet.

LITERARY.

Shakespeare.

A FRESHMAN THEME.

World poet, we now of this latter day
 Who have known failure and have felt defeat,
 The dwarfed children of earth's sterile age,
 Who feel our weakness weighing on our limbs
 Unbreakable as bonds of adamant,
 Turn to thee once again, O sun born bard:
 O rest our weary souls a little space
 Beneath the shadow of infinitude.
 As weak men who have fallen very low,
 Look toward high heaven and find some comfort there,
 Knowing, however low themselves may fall,
 The great blue reaches on, forever up.
 O Mystery unsearchable! at times
 We seek to find thy great soul's secret out,
 And when some light streams like the setting sun
 Across a watery waste, like swimmers bold
 We plunge into that path of quivering gold,
 And with long strokes we cleave the glowing wave
 Straight toward the sun. But when its last caress
 Leaves the horizon dark, about us steals
 The awful horror of the open sea.
 Thy mystery is great as is thy power,
 And those who love thee most know only this,
 As long since knew the men of Ithaca:
 Within the great hall of our armory
 Where hang the weapons of our ancient chiefs
 And mighty men of old, there hangs a bow
 Of clanging silver, which today no man,
 Be he of mortal mother or the son
 Of some sea goddess, can its tense drawn cord
 Loosen, or bend at all its massive frame.
 Beneath it hang the bronze shod shafts which none
 Have cunning to in these days to fit thereto,
 Above it all the sun stands still in heaven,
 Pierced there long centuries with a shaft of song.

W. CATHER.

A Scotch Peasant.

[This week we have the pleasure of publishing the essay which won for Miss Bullock, the Knight prize.]

Perhaps no other man of letters has been so variously titled as Thomas Carlyle. He is called preacher, censor, sage, philosopher, prophet. These names all make of him a grand picture, and it is not, perhaps, a poor likeness. But too often it is left cold and colorless, a steel engraving, with no touch of human life or human warmth. It is surely a deplorable mistake thus to consider Carlyle. He was a genius; that cannot be forgotten. But he was none the less a man, a very honest noble man, who would have been as truly noble had he always remained a poor unlettered peasant. It is well to consider that Carlyle's virtues and faults were human, were earthly, if for nothing more than to make the man a little more intelligible, to bring him down from his high place "alone with the stars" to the common earth. It is often a relief to know, when we see the electric wonder of the night hanging like a spark from heaven's forge, that there are poles, and wires, and other earthly trappings connected with it. In spite of them all, it is still recognizable that the spark *does* come from Heaven, *is* mysterious, *is* wonderful. Carlyle, considered in any way, cannot be fully understood. But unless it is recognized that he was, after all, only a man, that he had a man's reasons for suffering as he did, he cannot be understood at all.

The good neighbors of James Carlyle, in the little Scotch village of Ecclefechan, advised him not to send his son to Edinburgh University. They predicted that if the lad should

be educated, he would scorn his humble home and his peasant kinsmen, and would follow the ways of learned, worldly men.

The proud, stubborn father would not heed the friendly advice. A small divine prompting within the honest mason impelled him to send his son off to the great university. He cherished the hope that "Tom" would some day have clergyman's orders, should lead the honored, peaceful life of a village minister. The hope was not fulfilled. Thomas Carlyle never wore the flowing robes of priest, never read the prayers at some small Scottish kirk. He did preach, and even prophecy, but this great earth was the only temple that could hold his listeners. Well might these wise friends at Ecclefechan have shaken their heads, as if they had but dreamt how learned Tom Carlyle was to become. Yet never did he fulfill their evil prophecy. No learning, no fame, ever changed his honest peasant heart. He never ceased to love his plain kinsmen, never thought himself better than his parents who gave him life. The bleak hills, the desolate blackened moors, the music-making burns of his early home never lost their charm. England may proudly claim Carlyle, the author, and place his books among her classics. But Carlyle, the man, in the life he lived, in manner, in speech, in heart, was always a true son of Scotland.

He was a most tender-hearted man. He could feel for, could suffer with everything that suffered. The sight of the idle Glasgow masons making their noon meal of water and water-cresses made him heart-sick and miserable. He could not refuse a beggar's plea, nor question the honesty of it. He himself knew what poverty was, though far too proud to beg, or to accept kindly meant assistance. Necessity forced him to write for the pages of cheap magazines. He cared little what it was he wrote; only it must be true, must be something he had in his heart to say, something that men ought to hear. No threatening dinner of water and water-cresses could have made him say what did he not believe. No refusal of articles could lessen his "terrible earnestness."

He seldom complained of his poverty. It was the only one of his trials that he could bear with any patience at all. He wrote calmly enough when there were but five pounds sterling on hand and poor prospect for more. Yet, trials that to most men would seem trivial were to Carlyle causes for bitter, unrestrained complaint. His correspondents are told of every renewed attack of dyspepsia or insomania, are kept advised as to every atrocity of the neighbor's crowing cock or barking dog. His ill health, his "nerves," his naturally gloomy temperament, and his bad habit of exaggerating every petty annoyance, made him always "ill to live with," as his mother said. He often thought that if he could only escape from the city and its many irritating circumstances, he might be contented, even happy. Yet in his heart he knew that there was no contentment for him anywhere on earth. The seven years he spent at Craigenputtock, "the most desolate spot in all Scotland," were scarcely less stormy than the rest of his life. His misery, though exaggerated, was real; it was not affected. It was a part of himself, a sequence, perhaps an inevitable one, of a great feature of his genius,—his Christ-like faculty of seeing the misery that lies hidden under the gay shows of life, of feeling that misery with all the strength of his own suffering heart. Had he been less a genius, he might have been a happier, less pitiable man. But he could never have written a "French Revolution." He could never have pictured out that great wild tumult if his own soul had not been full of a tumult almost as wild.

Yet Carlyle was a Scotchman, and it was not possible for him to be always gloomy and complaining. He had a very true sense of humor, could laugh with as honest enjoyment.