

'Ravishing' comes nearest, I think. Where does it come from? Do you know what I mean? It is too good for us. Do you understand me? It is something we don't deserve." Well, if one of our acknowledged esthetes had said this to anybody, we should not soon hear the end of it. Then another incident. One bright, still day in September he was fishing on a clear lake circled by hills covered with the green forest, and only here and there were the leaves touched with crimson and gold. It was too much for him, and he stopped fishing. Then he gazed long and tranquilly at it all, as if spellbound. There was a look of joy in his face like that Fenimore Cooper gives in his novel to the old huntsman walking through the sunlit woods in calm communion with something beyond and back of what eyes could see. Long afterward he spoke of it, and with hesitation. He had felt it all.

Of course he was too completely dominated by plain hard sense to tolerate sentimentality for an instant or to be content with anything he could not test in action; yet he came to live more and more in the region of the higher affections. And he pondered much, though he said very little, regarding his religious belief. Yet it was always there, deep within him, as they

know well who knew him best. It was simple, elemental, childlike. He had chosen to believe in God, and so he had chosen to believe also in Christ. The mystery remained a mystery, not a thing for analysis and debate; and he received it as he received the springtime and the sunlight or the intimacies of friendship and home.

The rest of our chronicle is brief. He attended to his duties, great and small, to the end, so far as his strength allowed. His last presence in the university was on March 2, 1908, when he presided at a meeting of the Committee on the Graduate School. He went to Lakewood on March 16. On April 8 he gave the afternoon to conference on affairs of the Graduate College. It was his last participation in the business of Princeton. His illness, at first checked, was coming on anew. Apparently better, he came back on May 31, and seemed to gain by the return to his home. After the middle of June the heat became intense, and on the morning of the 24th he died. Two days later, amid the grief of a nation, Princeton received all of him that was mortal into her keeping, and received also something more precious to keep in her treasure-hall of memory.

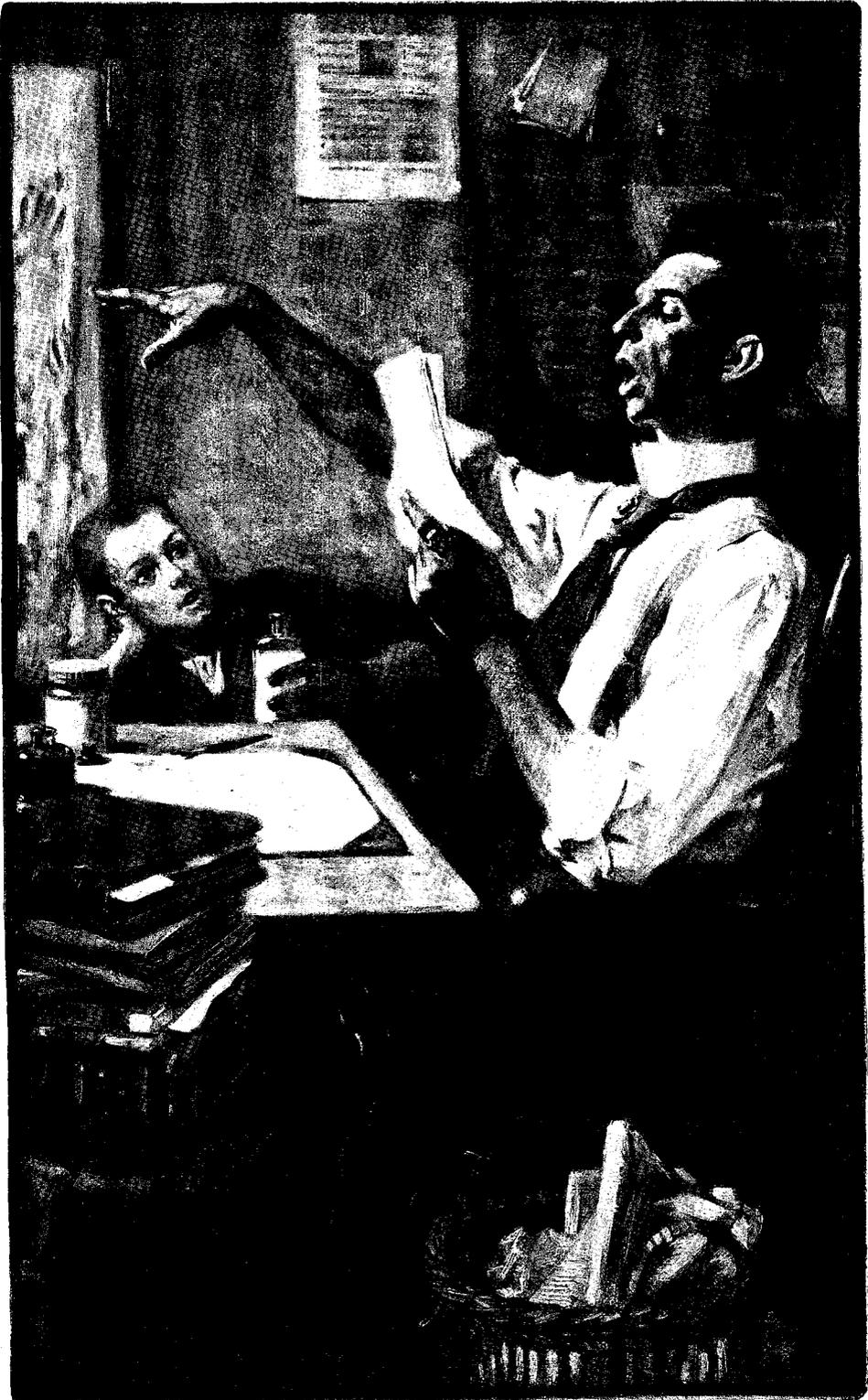


OFF THE IRISH COAST

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

GULLS on the wind,
Crying! crying!
Are you the ghosts
Of Erin's dead?
Of the forlorn
Whose days went sighing
Ever for Beauty
That ever fled?

Ever for Light
That never kindled?
Ever for Song
No lips have sung?
Ever for Joy
That ever dwindled?
Ever for Love that stung?



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

“‘THE GREAT BIRD OF AMERICAN LIBERTY,’ HE READ IMPRESSIVELY”