

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. I.

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. FRIDAY, Oct. 12 1883.

No. 12

TIME'S MIDNIGHT VOICE.

CREATION sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,
An awful pause prophetic of her end.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it, then, a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood!
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss!
A dread eternity! How surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes
From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!
Though sullied, and dishonored, still divine
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own: how Reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distressed! What joy, what dread
Alternately transported, and alarmed!
What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there!
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal!

EDWARD YOUNG.

EVOLUTION OF MAN AND LANGUAGE.

During the last half century strenuous efforts have been made, and much valuable time wasted by various persons in trying to prove their descent from the ape, or from some other animal whose length of ears or want of brains might serve as a continual reminder of their own present condition. Evolution though it has signally failed to prove the birth of an ancestor in a complete suit of fur clothing, has nevertheless shown us to what extremes mere conjecture can lead one. History and a close study of primitive antiquities are far more likely to throw a probable light on the matter than can all the theories and surmises of all the schools of evolutionists combined. The former gives us something positive, they place us face to face with the records and people of earliest times. Mastery of ancient hieroglyphics is now almost a fixed fact and the carving and inscription on tablets and temples of most ancient date can now be read with ease and certainty. As a proof of this we have the writings of such men as Rawlinson, Max Mueller and numerous others in English; Spiegel, Hang, etc. in German; Champollion, Burnouf, and comte de Rouge, in French; Rosellini and others in Italian. These works teeming with study and research and filled with facts are far more substantial evidence of man's early condition than all the speculations and experiments advanced with regard to some new bound pottery mound or some strange hybrid of recent discovery. Some would-be luminaries in the field of thought and science would have us believe that every variety of animal life owes its origin to an original first being by some law, independent—they guess—of any creative act. Evolution has yet to disprove the absolute distinction of species from the beginning, and until it does we are much safer in clinging to what we *know* than in following chimerical surmises. Sacred and profane history both admit the passage of three periods of time previous to the appearance of man upon the scene; Geology asserts the same. But these same authorities all agree on one point, viz: that man was the crowning production of all things, and the same authorities agree in placing him in the quaternary or fourth period. Previous to that time no

trace of him can be found and thus far all authorities coincide.

What men require to-day is *fact*, plain, incontrovertible fact, and though the science of evolution has achieved some results in research, yet it is as far to-day from a knowledge of primary cause and original effect as it was when the day-star dawned.

As regards man so also in respect to language; men anxious to obtain cheap notoriety seize on the slightest pretext to rush into print, but when read carefully their works are found to be merely a summary of several minds abler and more original than their own, or else a mass of surmises and inferences having no other foundation than the fertility of their own imagination. There are many, however, to whom the present age is deeply indebted for their patient research and for the great fund of accurate information they have given to the world with regard to early man, his habits, customs and language.

The earliest and most authentic accounts, both historical and traditional, clearly show that man loved and labored in a single family or community till the time of the dispersion, and certainly such authority is preferable to the mere contradictions of theorists. To live understandingly, the entire species must have had some intelligible means of conversation, for reason and thought are a necessary consequence of human nature, and speech is a necessary consequence of thought and to endeavor to trace out a want of language or to discuss the possibility of the invention seems about as sensible as an attempt to place a boundary to space. Admitting speech both written and spoken, to have had unnumbered changes as to manner and form, still this would not detract from the fact of its original vicinity. Some evolutionists assert that man, in the primary state, made use of guttural sounds and signs like birds or animals; that still further on the sounds assumed a more articulate form, while the signs advance to a series of intelligible pantomime, and finally that jesticulation and sound combined formed what we call speech; but they fail to give us a higher type or cause from which reason and language was evolved.

According to their system both these necessary accompaniments of man must come, either from mere matter alone—which they surely will not be foolish enough to assert—or from the intrinsic power of mind itself, which from an almost absolute nonentity is self developed into an almost miraculous individuality. Indeed would not such a development be far more mysterious than the creation of the universe by a superior power? It would certainly be impossible, for *ex nihilo nihil fit*—out of nothing there can come nothing.

We know from accounts of late researches that a

portion of the tower of Babel is still in existence; scientists of our own time have handled the bricks and deciphered the inscription.

Here it is pretty conclusively proven that only one language existed and that the dispersion took place because men could no longer understand one another. Cannot some of our evolutionists explain this sudden change of tongues?

If man had really been evolved from the brute through a succession of changes and in an indefinite period of time, Zoology would, undoubtedly, ere this time have thrown some light on the matter, for every different species of living beings have been definitely classified and we know there are some scientists whose knowledge of the various structures was so acute that from a single bone of any particular one they can produce all the parts wanting, even the entire original if necessary.

Not a solitary fossil yet discovered has been found in an incipient with respect to any of its future organs. Not a single one of those innumerable organizations which, according to Darwinian theory, must have existed prior to their reaching the well known characters of species now so well known to us, has been found in any rock or drift or strata of past ages. The theories of all past scientists, such as Sir Charles Leyell, Sir John Lubbock and Baron Cuvier not only entirely disagree but have been set down as entirely valueless by an eminent geologist of our own time and country; what then will the verdict of the next century be likely to be in the matter when the present prove that most of the researches made have ended in mere theory and guess work? The assertion that primitive man was unconscious and unlettered, that he was devoid of speech etc. must be taken for a purely gratuitous assertion; and, resting as it does on no series or basis of credible arguments, must be received as all assertions of a like character should be. The primacy or original cause of difference of races have never yet been accounted for, nor has any proof or argument approaching positivism been produced. The self educating principle is found nowhere either in history or tradition and those who set themselves up in opposition to this fact clearly oppose the two greatest and most trustworthy teachers of mankind.

As far back as scientific research can turn the eye we find positive proof of letters and language, at that point all scientists in all branches stand on an equal footing.

The astronomer seeks to soar farther into space, the Geologist seeks for new fields wherein to cleave and the paleontologist and ethnographer alike endeavor to search out new monuments.

All are uncertain, all are at a loss as to how they shall continue their researches and unveil the great

mystery that lies hidden beyond. We know from existing monuments, that long before the time of Moses, the Egyptians possessed an alphabet, letters and the art of writing: but the proof of what we know in regard to this matter is found in history that lives in characters in our own day, it is no mere theory or surmise, it is a positive, living evidence, and this is what we require of men who set themselves up as teachers and leaders.

The time is fast passing away when men can assume an important air and lay claim to notoriety or ability in any particular science, from the simple fact that they have produced a lot of senseless prattle bound in cloth, called a work of science, with nothing to commend it save the fact that it is somewhat ridiculous and novel.

If the people of the present age are assured that their progenitors walked on all forms and climbed trees, proof of the fact must be unfailing and indubitable, otherwise the father of such a doctrine, must stand alone in the pleasing contemplation of the fact that by some chance or other his progenitors alone belonged to the species he imagines himself to so strongly resemble.

In man, in language, or in the various sciences, if an action or a fact is conclusively proven as far as the matter can be carried for the time being, we gladly accept the knowledge offered and are glad to have seen the forging of one more link to the chain of truth, but when men do not stop at the point where intellect and common sense assure them they ought to rest, when the positive proof they hold, be it small or great, becomes obscured by conjecture inserted for truth and surmise for fact, then we suspect their motive, discountenance their work, and discard them from the list of those who hold place among us as credible and praise-worthy.

Man is too weak and puny a creature to stand alone in any of the offices of life and there is no one particular work in which he appears so truly helpless and insignificant when in his endeavors to wrestle with earth, with time and with space and the great mysteries connected with them. We are but ants fast passing on the sands of time and the little theoretical mounds that we labor to build up to-day are destroyed by a mightier power to-morrow.

This has been the experience of ages, this the teaching of history and all can be summed up in a word—
“Man cannot cover what God would reveal.”

Still falling out with this and this,
And finding something still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic
Than dog distract or monkey sick.

BUTLER'S "HUDIBRAS."

Of all the bores that society is compelled to endure, none are more disagreeable and pestilential than those who are habitually discontented and finding fault. Such

persons, luckily for humanity are not legion; but, as two or three drops of acid will curdle a large quantity of milk, so a very few of these people are able to spread a feeling of discontent through a whole community. If they would only keep their grumbling and murmuring to themselves, and maintain a strict seclusion, they might be pardoned and pitied. This, however, they will not do. They thrust their grievances upon society, and render every one about them unhappy.

Wherever a number of men are gathered together, you will find at least one of these characters. You will see him in the workshop complaining of his tools, censuring his apprentices, quarrelling with his neighbors, murmuring against his employer. His influence is felt in our club-rooms. Every parish, too, has its quota of grumblers, who are always dissatisfied with the priest, and the rest of the congregation, for the manner in which the affairs of the church are conducted. The "Journal," however, not claiming to be a censor of morals beyond its own immediate neighborhood, I will no longer dwell on those of the tribe to be met with in the outside world, but shall devote the remainder of this paper to painting the picture of one of our sour students.

He is sour from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. When the bell rings in the morning he grumbles because it is time to get up; he can't see why he has to attend mass every morning, "for," he observes, "it never makes *him* any better." His steak is always raw or overdone; his coffee, either too sweet or not sweet enough, too hot or too cold! He can hardly get a breath of fresh air after breakfast, before the 'hateful old bell' calls him in again for class! When in the recitation room, if frequently called on, he declares that the professor is trying to puzzle him; if seldom, that he is losing his time: should the professor think the lesson as easy as not to require exposition, our crank will hint that he is not too well posted in the matter; or, should the teacher be accustomed to giving full explanations of every thing, he sets him down as one who wishes to show off. If his preceptor unwittingly makes a mistake, with what satisfaction he nudges his mate, and shakes his head, as though he would say, 'I got the better of him that time!'

In recreation hours you will not find him engaged in any of the sports, as he should be, to keep up his health and strength, and work off his spleen. 'He cannot conceive how so many are fond of playing base-ball, where one has to work so hard, and runs the risk of having his fingers broken.' 'Hand-ball,' he thinks, 'is too warm,' 'Foot-ball is altogether too rough; and the turning-pole he never *did* like.' He slinks off to a group who are lounging on the grass, and, as is generally the case with gossips, the ordinary topics of conversation appear

too stale for him; so he casts his eyes around the yard, passing his remarks on everyone who seems at all conspicuous. The boy who plays hard, studies diligently, is polite to his superiors, and attends to his religious duties is altogether beneath his notice.

Here comes another lad towards the group. He holds in hand a copy of the "Journal," which has just appeared, and as he joins the circle, gives it to our hero. With what malicious joy the latter takes it and points out every trifling error! He declares he wouldn't write an article for that paper if he were to get a hundred dollars a line; declares he'd never give a cent for the thing if it were not for the pleasure he takes in picking out the blunders.

The other day when the boys were given permission to visit the Asylum at Kankakee, all were rejoiced, and clapped their hands heartily—except one grumbler. He sat motionless in his chair, with face as long as a coffin-lid; when the clapping was over, however, he gave vent to his ill-humor.

"What are you clapping about?" he growled to a companion by his side who seemed rather too jubilant. "Going to have a good walk," was the reply. "You must like to walk mighty well, when you will go six or seven miles just to see a crowd of lunatics." From that moment he tried hard to induce a few others to remain at home with him; hearing, however, that all were obliged to go, he felt greatly chagrined, and, by way of excuse to his spleen, declared he would never go again.

He came back tired, and dusty, and cross. After supper, seeing him alone in a corner, I walked over and inquired how he enjoyed the trip, and what he had seen. "I don't think it was right," he remarked by way of introduction, "to compel one to go against his wishes. Like the trip? How do you suppose anyone could relish half-a-day's tramp merely to look at a crowd of lunatics? A big building full of crazy folks; that's all I saw; I could have seen that much without taking a step.—I wish the bell would ring for dormitory!—My feet are all blistered!"

When, at length, the bell did ring, and all had repaired to the dormitory, he seemed in no better humor. For mere spite he kicked his trunk up against his neighbor's bed, threw his boots heavily on the floor, and made as much noise as he thought he might with impunity. Then muttering an imprecation on the one who made his bed, he jerked off his coverlets, and shook up the husks with a vengeance that scattered many of them on the floor, and raised a cloud of dust. With a look of sullen despair he threw himself into bed, and in a little while fell asleep, but as I imagined, only to dream of asylums, Directors, long walks, professors, journals, thin coffee, hard beds, and other such disagreeable things.

LOCALS.

Whoop-em-up!

Give them a Chicago!

Bohn is the champion contortionist!

"Gub" is a veritable "rattler"!

Who saw Quinn's "Fire Escape"?

Our Ethiopian Team the two "Gs".

Who said Kelley was taller than Quinlan?

Mac is about to organize a "Fire Brigade:" ye smokers beware!

Flanigan has taken to "singing" while Eddie Walsh has taken to "talking"—Noble professions!

We never speak as we pass by; and they never do except when they get a chance—"et hoc genus omne!"

A minstrel troupe under the direction of managers Parks and Quinn is organized. There is a good share of amateur talent says Prof. Murphy though it should be "colored."

"Dancing is like milk, it strenghtens the calves"—so says Mac and he is no mean critic.

A pitched battle almost occurred in the campus the other day between Ajax and Achilles. Swords, but of the water melon style, were drawn and no lives were lost.

O Dudes, if you exist any where in this locality, beware of us, as we are watching you closely.

Father Gosselin of Ashland Ky. paid our "Sanctum" a visit last Tuesday and expressed himself as highly pleased with our enterprising efforts. His appreciation of our labors was substantiated by the donation of \$5.00. We thank the Rev. Gentleman, who by the way is one of our old graduates, and trust that the interest shown by him to his "Alma Mater" and our "Journal" will be repaid by our prayers and good wishes for his future success.

Alderman Walsh of Chicago was our guest on last Sunday, having come down to see his sons Thomas and Edward.

The Philharmonic Orchestra has been organized this year and notwithstanding the loss of a few members is making rapid strides towards proficiency. The officers this year are as follows—Rev. A. Mainville President, Rev. I. Oser Musical Director, P. O'Sullivan Secretary and Treasurer, Glen Parks Business Manager.

The College Band under the efficient management of Rev. A. Mainville has already made its first appearance in music hall. Those sweet strains of yore, now daily enrapture the mind of the listeners.

Prominent visitors that paid us a visit since our last issue—Rev. Father Gosselin of Ashland Kentucky, Alderman James Walsh of Chicago, A. Q. Clark Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Frey of Fort Wayne, Ind, Mrs. Norfolk of Virginia, Ills. Mr. and Mrs. Fournier, Men-

ominee Wis. Mrs. Lockwood Marsailles, Ills. and Mr. and Mrs. Hoff of Chicago, Ills.

A standing offer—two days recreation for every young seminarian that enters the Novitiate and two hours in the case of any young aspirant among the students. Boys make a good retreat soon and see in what direction your inclinations tend.

The Morrison Brothers of Ft. Madison Ia. both Willie and Vincent desire to be remembered to the students of the college through our columns. They will be back after Christmas, sickness detaining them at present.

Mr Roh rheimer has a select stock of clothing goods.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY.

The scholastic year opened up under very favorable auspices.

The new and handsome chapel was dedicated on the 8th. ult. by very Rev. Father Beaudoin, who on that same occasion celebrated Mass, and gave solemn benediction in the evening.

The new addition is now occupied: the pianos have already been removed into the music hall.

The attendance so far is good:—some new pupils are arriving every day.

Miss Magnan '83 remains at her home, Chicago.

Miss K Reiley '83 remains at her home, Minonk.

Miss Mallon of '83 remains at her home, Wilmington.

Miss Gravelin has returned to the convent this year and has entered the graduating course.

Prominent visitors that have lately called at the Academy are as follows:

Rev. Fathers McShane of Wilmington, Clancy of Essex, Kinsella of Chicago, Gosselin of Kentucky, Dianan of Crawfordsville Ind. Hon. M. C. Quinn of Peoria. Dr. D. Q. Scheppers of Chicago. Mr. J. Eagle of Chicago Mr. and Mrs. Devine Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Gauthier of Sorel Canada. M. C. Sweetland of Kalamazoo Michigan. Mr. and Mrs. J. Roberts of Mason City Ills. Miss Henotin of Chicago and Miss Charlotte Daily of Chicago.

OUR NOVITIATE.

Situated across the street from St. Viateur's College is a modest two story wooden structure, which to all appearances is an abode of some humble citizen.

Removed some distance from the street, approached by a narrow gravel walk lined at either side by a few variegated flower-bushes and small shrubs, a few delicate grape vines clinging to the projecting windows, a tiny brooklet gliding through the lower portion of the garden, all are indicative that at least such a house is a fitting abode for happiness.

A correspondent of the "Journal" had the pleasure to visit this modest dwelling a few days since in his official capacity and what he gleaned from conversation with the very Rev. Superior Father Fournier he justly concluded that, after all the outside world, a world composed of men indirectly engaged in religious matter, can only faintly realize what supreme happiness must necessarily exist in such an abode.

"In the world and not of the world" were here to be seen more than a half dozen young men and, strange to say of various nationalities, Irish, French, German, English and Canadian being represented, a sort of Babel of languages yet devoid of confusion, all engaged in their various duties, preparing themselves to lead lives of sanctity, to scatter broadcast the seeds of sound Catholic instruction.

Though trained up ourselves beneath the shadow of the church, and not a little accustomed to meet religious in general, it was an agreeable surprise to us to find the cordial greeting we received from all.

For the first time in many years we breathed an atmosphere which seemed to us full of piety and sanctity, and above, about, around

"The holy time was quite as a nun

"Breathless with adoration:"

for the first time in many years we felt ourselves as if situated in the midst of truest friends each one vying with the other, the promptings of the purest affections to make our visit the most entertaining.

Profiting by such courtesy, we took a stroll throughout the small, yet, neat grounds adjoining the Novitiate. Gliding into the apple-orchard with eagerness to seize some of the mellow fruit that hung from the bending boughs, our appetite was soon satiated by the kindness of Brother Rivard, whom we trust to call "Father" in a short time. In fact so loaded were our pockets when on returning that we resembled the fretful porcupine, every scale an apple. We surveyed the ground from corner to corner, we saw where the busy bee is perpetually engaged in filling his cellular habitation with rich and delicious honey. We flitted around with Paul Pry avidity to see the few domestic animals—all living in concert and harmony. And as the matin bell was sounding in our ears, we retraced our steps bidding all the young Levites an affectionate "good evening"—and murmuring to ourselves the folly of mankind in seeking to find contentment without religion—in seeking rest without God. Here we forgot almost to mention we had the pleasure to meet our old friend Michael Angelo Dooling late of Pittsburgh Pa., who received the habit of the community of St. Viateur a few days since from the hands of the Very Rev. Provincial in the midst of much religious enthusiasm. He grasped our hand warmly

as it to say—your welfare is ours—the welfare of the world is ours, would there were many that would come to enjoy the blessing of this peaceful Paradise—would that many would spurn the perishable things of the world and weave with their own hands an immortal crown of glory,—would that many were divinely called to join the ranks of our little army, which has for its object the furtherance of Christian knowledge.

We can not refrain from congratulating these young Novices upon the holy ambition that actuates them; and we hope the day is not far distant when a stately edifice will mark the spot, where now rests this humble dwelling, wherein are trained a few young men who have consecrated their whole lives to the love and service of God.

BASE BALL.

Last Tuesday was a day of excitement around the Campus, as the appointed hour for the Wilmington Nine to arrive approached. Lovers of the "National Game" were assembled in groups on all sides discussing the prospects of the defeat or victory. As 12 O'clock struck and as the Wilmington boys drove up, the excitement ran high; hats were then thrown into the air and balls and bats were flying around promiscuously.

The visitors met with a cordial reception at the hands of the faculty in general, and were immediately escorted to the refectory to have dinner.

During meal time the dark clouds that obscured the sun from early morn began to grow thicker while gusts of wind began to appear; and just as Harry Parker and Frank Perolat were betting two to one on the respective clubs, rain began to fall.

What disappointment immediately fell on the face of each! From joy and hilarity a short time before manifested a dullness and heaviness unparalleled was the immediate effect. However notwithstanding the pouring rain the two nines walked out to the "Diamond" the two captains tossing up for innings, and the game began.

With the greatest difficulty and loss of time on both sides three innings were completed, when a draw was finally declared the score then standing 5 to 4 in favor of Wilmingtons. Looking at the playing displayed by both nines there is no telling which should come out victorious though it was manifested on such a day the visitors had the advantage, having spiked shoes, of which our nine is deprived. At best it can be said the game seemed closely contested and would be a good one.

The visitors unlike many teams that play occasionally with college clubs are all perfect gentlemen in every respect. Their external bearing corresponded exactly with everything dignified and manly. While expressing

regret that the game could not be completed, we hope we shall meet the visitors soon again and have a good game of Baseball with them—whether St. Viateur's boys win a game or not, they always feel rejoiced to meet such young men as compose the team from Wilmington.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The German Catholics of Muskegon, Mich., are building a new church.

There is every reason to believe that Rockford, Ill. will shortly become a Bishopric.

His many friends will be glad to learn of the appointment of Rev. Thomas F. Galligan as rector of St. Pius' Church, Chicago. The Rev. Gentleman was once numbered among the seminarians of St. Viateur's, having studied both his Philosophy and Theology here. We therefore feel a certain interest in his welfare, and are greatly pleased at seeing him thus raised to such a high position, and intrusted with the charge of so large and flourishing a parish. Although ordained but a few years, his piety, zeal and scholarly attainments have already placed him among the most popular and energetic priests of the Archdiocese, and we earnestly hope that his labor in his new position to which he has been called will be attended by the same successful issues that has characterized his every past effort.

The Synod of the Catholic Bishops of the Province of New York closed on Sept. 30th. Pontifical High Mass was sung in the Cathedral on Sunday morning to celebrate the conclusion of the labors of the council. The following we quote from a letter to one of our students from his mother: "The great conference of the Bishops is ended. It was a magnificent sight, equal, I should think, to the splendor of St. Peter's of Rome. The Cardinal looked like an angel visitor so holy and peaceful was his countenance. I knew him well when he was Father McClosky at Albany. He has grown aged and careworn; but those, whom fortune did not bless to see the Holy Father, could witness the ceremonies of yesterday, and almost feel it was the great Leo instead of our humble Cardinal. The ceremonies were so impressive and the surroundings so magnificent that one felt transported to the great realm beyond."

The departure of Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan for Rome which took place last Sunday evening deeply moved the hearts of his devoted clergy, and brought forth rich testimony of the great respect and esteem with which they regard him. The distinguished prelate is now on his way to the Eternal City, accompanied by the prayers and good wishes not only of the priests of his diocese but also of many others foremost among whom we may place the faculty and students of St. Viateur's College.

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