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UNE PREMIERE NEIGE.

Hélas! depuis longtemps mes regards attristés
Ne voyaient que la branche nue.
Nulle part ces tons verts et roses des étés,
Ces reflets nacrés de la nue.

Ah! qu'ils sont réjouis de revoir, ce matin,
Tes chastes floraisons, ô neige!
Quelque chose des cieus, de si pur, d'en-
fantin
Ici-bas t' a fait un cortège.

Une heure, tout était jeunesse et pureté,
Et j'oubliais la feuille morte
Et ceux qu'elle recouvre en ce monde en-
chanté:
Tombe et péché fermaient leur porte.

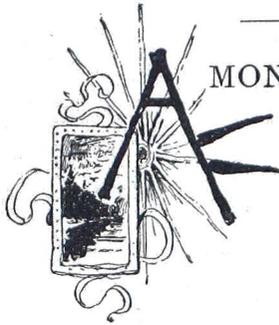


Ce sont les anges qui vont effeuillant des lis
Partout dans leur course folâtre:
Et les monts et les prés se sont comme em-
bellis
Au contact de leurs pieds d' albâtre.
Un bandeau de vierge a ceint le front du
rocher
Et, sur chaque arbre qui chancelle
Comme à chaque brin d' herbe, on a vu s' at-
tacher,
Soudain, une humide étincelle.

Mais, ainsi qu' à l'autel un nuage d'encens
Au plus léger souffle s'envole,
Dans l'espace infini les flocons blanchis-
sants
Bientôt cessent leur ronde folle.
Pourquoi, soleil, sitôt finir ces doux in-
stants?
Sur terre, ô neige, ta présence,
Pour la première fois, dure aussi peu long-
temps
Qu'en l'âme la blanche innocence!

M * * ,

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.



AMONG the many recollections which bring back feelings of genuine pleasure are those of Christmas and the few weeks preceding it. The celebration of this feast seems to date from time immemorial and is today seen at its best in Germany. On the fifth of December, or St. Nicholas day, booths containing every imaginable sort of thing are for the first time illuminated, and crowds of children gather to see the display of toys of every description, which fill the market place.

In the evening at eight o'clock, the children are sent to bed. Then one may see issuing from every house, persons all bound on the same errand.

Upon the market place he will see the rich, who, having an assortment of the costliest toys, trinkets and jewelry brought to them, make their selection. Having made their choice, they drive off, smiling at the remembrance of their own Christmas joys when still

young, or at the pleasure their gifts will occasion.

Around the stalls he will also see the poorer ones, carefully counting their few pieces of money, anxiously estimating the total cost of presents for all. Jumping-jacks and rocking-horses, dolls and little china dishes, engines, cars, and spinning tops, whistles and trumpets, picture books and books *ala* Red Riding Hood, sweet-

meats, and fruit, all look equally inviting and make it hard to choose from.

During the day the venders of little pine and fir trees fit up these to hold the various gifts. But the agitation is going on not only on the market place, but also in churches. In most of them we find a side altar curtained off in order to give the sacristans an opportunity to represent faithfully scenes connected with the birth of the Di-



vine Infant. In every dwelling, however humble, the children are forbidden to enter a certain room, as the parents tell them it is reserved for the visit of the *Christ Kindchen*. Even the keyhole is covered, to prevent them from peeping in. The children write

little missives to the Infant Jesus, telling Him all their desires. Sometimes not content to put those letters into the hands of their parents, they get them into that forbidden room. In larger cities the letter carriers say the postoffice receives as many as several hundred letters of this kind.

The young folks prepare little gifts for their beloved parents, or each other, and sacrifice many hours of the evenings, to do this unobserved. The husband gives the wife many plausible excuses in order to go out and choose something that he knows his children or their mother desires. His wife, no less ingenious, sighs at the high price of everything, in order that her husband may not observe the increase of the household expenses and she be able to buy a present for him out of her increased allowance.

Thus we see how a spirit of generosity seems to prevail among old and young, and how little is made of a sacrifice for the purpose of giving joy to others. Some poor boys, eager to earn a little to contribute to the small fund of their parents, stand shivering near the Christmas trees, waiting to carry home a tree for the purchaser and receive *two cents*. These scenes are enacted again and again during the intervening time. At last Christmas eve is at hand and the streets become almost impassible on account of the crowds, surging to and fro. On that eventful evening the young folks and guests are engaged in earnest conversation, or at least pretend to be, when, hark, a little bell tinkles, a slight rustling sound follows, and

everyone rushes toward the mysterious room. The door is ajar and a window somewhat open, to show that the angelic visitor has just departed. "Oh, how beautiful!" everyone exclaims, and for a moment, awestruck, stands at the threshold. But only for a moment; the next they rush into the room, in their excitement threatening to upset the table, Christmas tree, and all. Truly, such a sight would transport our cold-blooded Yankees into fairy land. The room, brilliantly illuminated with wax tapers of every hue fastened to the branches of the tree, the soft green making an excellent background, the boughs covered with gold tinsel, hung with sweetmeats and gilded nuts. The table is covered with presents for father and mother, children, servants, and guests. The gifts are first distributed among the guests, parents, and servants; then the children come in for their shares. See, how their pleasure is showing forth in every gesture, every look! See, how they caper around the table in glee, while each shows the other his presents. As each discovers the donor, he embraces him, thanking him from a full heart for kind remembrances. After a pleasant evening the children forget their delight in sleep. After the little ones retire, the older members chat pleasantly until midnight, when they attend solemn high mass. The bells peal out the joyful tidings, that the Infant Saviour is born. Children wake up and being hastily, though warmly dressed, old and young wend their way to church. There each one

thanks God for crowning all the other gifts received the evening before, with the priceless gifts of his only begotten Son.

Mass being over, quietly, but with hearts overflowing with joy, the whole family returns home, and after a slight repast partake of the much needed rest. The next day the children, accompanied by their parents, set out on a pious pilgrimage to the various churches, where a faithful representation of the birth of our Savior in life-size figures is to be seen. These pictures are changed at intervals for several weeks, during which time there may be seen the Presentation, Flight into Egypt, Massacre at Bethlehem, Return from Egypt, Jesus laboring with St. Joseph, and Jesus among the Jewish Doctors.

The exhibitions are sometimes quite artistic and the effects heightened by the addition of flowing rivulets or playing fountains.

We thus see how dear to the heart of the European is the time of Christmas; how he longs for it; how in the longing there is no difference between rich and poor, and how above all an intense religious feeling pervades all classes, a feeling, which alone can explain why anarchy, etc., have not overturned long ago the whole of Europe.

Christmas spent in such a manner and among such people, cannot fail to leave an impression on the mind of the spectator, which he will recall as one of the most pleasant memories of his life.

B. K.

"QUINTETS."

[A Book of Poems, by W. H. Thorne, Author of "Modern Idols," etc. 716, 100 Washington street, Chicago.]

We just received a book of verses published by Mr. Thorne, editor of the *Globe Review*, and recently professor of higher criticism in our institution. It is a pretty volume, with covers so exquisitely white and the title in gold letters, sparkling as a sunbeam on spotless snow.

The inner part is the soul, the fairest portion and the gem of the work. It is filled with elevated thoughts, tender feelings, and a great melody of words. The rhythm is so sensibly felt that most of the pieces read like songs and could be attuned to music. There is in the harmonious sounds of the winged stanzas something of the lark's song when it showers its pearl like notes in the thrilling air. His poem, "Our Better Dreams," seems to be realized:

Would that my lips were melody,
 Would that my heart were a song,
 Might sing itself as full and free
 As the light and day are long.

* * * * *

And now and then a note of song
 As clear, and as pure, and true
 As light, or the love of God is strong,
 Is flung on the air like dew.

I believe that some pieces such as "Lead Me On," and "Keep Me Close to Thee," are true hymns and could be repeated in our temples with "Lead Kindly Light," of Newman, for they are the outburst of the same trust in God's providence.

How many, also, are the words of

hope and consolation ! They fall like a sweet balm on bleeding hearts and rejoice the tearful eyes as the rainbow in a cloudy sky. It does good to the afflicted soul to read those lines quoted from "Death" and "New Day:"

DEATH.

Along the pulse of night
I felt the throbbings of the light,
And knew that death would take its flight,
At dawning of the day.

I could not speak, I cannot tell
What mystery, what hidden spell
Of death, as from the heart of hell,
Enthralled me on my way.

And when at last the morning came
Amid immortal tongues of flame,
There came a song no lips may name
Till earth pass away.

THE NEW DAY.

Not a cloud is on the face of the sky,
From rim to rim of the world;
From their shining heights love's angels fly,
With banners of peace unfurled.

The glow of the dawning lifts from each
face
Its shadows of sin and care;
Leaving instead the ineffable grace
Of its own light everywhere.

All the wonders of creation, which are but the poetry of nature, the silvery moonlight, the blushing morn, the green hills, the shoreless sea, excite the admiration of the author, and not a few quintets of his reflect these natural beauties as a limpid river mirrors the foliage of its shaded banks. He has a love, approaching worship, for flowers, those smiles of Heaven on earth. His sentiments are poetically expressed in these stanzas:

THE FLOWERS.

O God! if I could worship any God but Thee,
I would choose me some dear, sweet, fragrant flower,
And before its shrine of spotless chastity,
Adore the mystery of its silent power.

A violet, a daffodil, or new-blown rose,
A common wall-flower or a branch of
May,
A breath of apple-blossoms, or the light that
flows
From lilies clothed with whiteness of the
day.

Or I would stand upon some overlooking
hill,
When day breaks across the prairies, miles
afar,
Adorned with diamond hues that throb and
thrill,
Like myriad crystals of a broken star.

Or, passion-bound, before some rich carnation,
A spray of jessamine, or a tuberose,
I would sing the new song of Thy new creation,
From which love's own music ever onward flows.

And what is worship but unity of spirit
With the soul of beauty and the heart of
love?

Till fragrant lips and radiant eyes inherit
Beauty of the flowers and the stars above!

At times, the writer unites to the grace of his style a remarkable strength. This is to be expected on the part of an ardent admirer of Carlyle's forcible prose. A short quotation from "Through the Night" will reveal the power of our poet:

When storms are raging until the mountains
Shake and tremble beneath the force
sublime
That subdues their rock-ribbed hearts to
fountains
Of quiet waters, sun-clear, sweet, divine.

When mad winds are sweeping o'er the
ocean,
Until its great, calm face, so broad and
strong,
Grows turgid, wild with deep hell's commo-
tion,
Thence a weary peace and the siren's
song.

When great passions rule the mighty na-
tions,
Till war's wild havoc spreads its crimson
flood
O'er the flower crowned world, and obla-
tions
Cease till death and peace flow from
wasted blood.

“By the Sea” shows the author at his best. It is a delightful inspira-
tion and worded with the greatest
charm. There is much in it of the
daintiness of Sully Prudhomme's “Le
Vase Brisé” (The Broken vase), one of
the nicest bits of verse chiseled by
the late French poets, all of them real
artists in words and colors:

'Twas but a sip from a broken cup,
But the water was divine;
A sunlit drop had been driven up
By the ocean's seething brine.

I said, would He quench my thirst with
this
Rejected tear of the sea?
But I drank, lest lips perchance might
miss
Some angel ministry.

I drank, though the draught was salt as
death,
And at the base of the shell
Were dregs, might sow at a single breath
The seeds of eternal hell.

When lo! the light of eternal day
Flew into my blinded eyes,
And I said, alas! 'twas ever His way,
With the things that men despise.

And hence the might of the mighty sea,
The song of its ceaseless waves,
The rest of immortal destiny,
Through the Nazareth that saves.

Most of these poetical productions
are the expression of a philosophy of
life which could be resumed in one
word, love, and which is well substan-
tiated in these lines:

Man unto man may be false, and falter
At the “holy of holies”—the divine
Altar of love—and with foul lust alter
The face of the world; love still is sub-
lime.

Ever it holds the secret of duty;
Forever it crowns the waves of the sea;
It is the soul and limit of beauty;
And hence the one hope of eternity.

Love is a death conquering power
and the Incarnation of the Eternal
Love has redeemed lost souls, healed
the sores of men's hearts, and purified
their short-lived affections. When love
is thus understood, it begets purity in
the family and society, and raises man
to divine heights, whence standing
above human narrowness, he enjoys
even doing good for evil. There are
very few poems which do not express
the blessedness of true love, and
could have led the author to give a
more definite title to his work. This
unity of ideas sometimes brings also
the sameness of images in the descrip-
tive parts, though they are always
fresh and varied in forms.

Mr. Thorne does not pretend to be
a poet, as he says in his preface; but
he has what constitutes poetry—
thoughts all aglow with the beautiful
and the winged touch. To be ranked
among those who speak the language
of gods, it is not required to write

lengthy poems. It is enough to rhyme short verses which are, like Burns' matchless pieces, an echo of souls moulded by God's hand for the highest aspirations. We take pleasure in recommending Mr. Thorne's "Quintets" to our readers, sure that they could not make a better choice for a Christmas gift.

M. J. M.

A STUDENT'S CHRISTMAS.



CHRISTMAS is the grandest of feasts. For none other is there made such preparation. The Church, the wise mother that she is, has commanded the faithful to fast and pray, to be worthy to partake of its festivities. Nature has donned her garb of virgin snow, in commemoration of its greatness. Though many centuries have rolled by since it was established, yet time has added to its charms, and it ever comes fresh and new to us. All eagerly await its coming, but none are more desirous to see it than the student.

For weeks he anxiously watches, and many are the sighs of gladness as each day passes by. Thoughts of home and pleasure are constantly in his mind; try how he may, he cannot drive them away. Every day he is nearer home, and as the time approaches he becomes more and more impatient. At last, the happy, long-looked-for day arrives when he is to leave school. How his heart beats with joy as he boards the train. But for him even the train tarries too long.

After a few hours of traveling he reaches his destination; bids a kind farewell to his companions with many good wishes and hopes to see them soon. He hurries on with flying steps toward his home, and then what joy; as he is clasped in the arms of his loving mother, kind father, and dear sisters and brothers, words fail to express his feelings, for it is one of the happiest moments of his life. At every turn he meets friends who greet him with words of delight and welcome. So a few days slip by, until Christmas, that idol at whose shrine he has worshiped, is come. He is conscious that he is fully compensated for his many hours of waiting and yearning, and goes forth wishing all a Merry Christmas. He first renders thanks to God for His many favors and benefits, and during divine service is carried away in blissful rapture as he listens to the heavenly music, telling in words of praise how on that peaceful night our dear Master was born. Filled with such thoughts he is carried back to that lowly manger, when in the midst of poverty and among earth's lowest children, there appeared, on the first Christmas night, a heavenly light that still illumines the world. During this holy time he beseeches God to take mercy on him, grant him and his parents innumerable blessings. But on his return from mass he receives many presents. His happiness is now complete, for he has all that man can desire, both heavenly and earthly gifts.

The day is spent enjoyably, he makes many calls, becomes acquainted with

new friends, and often renewing old friendships long forgotten. Evening finds him under his father's roof, talking and chatting with his parents, brothers, and sisters, forgetful of the time until he is aware he must retire. Wishing them all a good-night, he goes to his room, and pondering over what the day has brought forth, finds that his ideal of happiness is fast eluding his grasp. If he could only stop the pendulum of time and bring back those golden moments, now forever passed. Prior to this feast, he had squandered away many hours planning for this, and now it has come and is fast departing. Oh, if he could only exchange some of the past hours for the present. All these joys are as fleeting shadows. He then retires and dreams of the delightful time he will have during the remainder of the vacation.

It passes off in pleasure, but there is an end to everything and at last the day arrives for his return. Nothing remains for him now but the memory that glorifies and beautifies the past. What a time he had—what friends he met—what pleasant faces—what genial smiles—all are now but a remembrance. A week before he would have unhesitatingly replied "I am happy;" but how the illusions which shaded it are vanished, he finds out that this world is made not only of joys and pleasures, but also of sorrows and disappointments. Then he exclaims with Solomon, "O, vanity of vanities, all is vanity." But he realizes that these happy days are rare in his life, and in fact in all lives. If he could only recall them, but time is the

slave of no man, and he gives vent to his thoughts in the lines of the poet:

"How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long."

J. A. C.

THE PESSIMIST'S CHRISTMAS.



HAT a queer sight, said the man with the bad stomach, to behold numberless hordes simpering over a day grand enough, perhaps, but whose sentiment has long since worn itself out. The world is too practical today, life is too earnest, men's interests are too great to allow of this foolishness. A present on the 4th of July would be as acceptable as one given in mid-winter. Surely the time of year lends no value to mere baubles, of which Christmas presents are made up.

And the silly display people make vieing with each other in the number and cost of presents bought. Women who complain of being easily fatigued think it nothing to spend six to ten hours in a feverish throng, to select the gifts that seem to her, and to no one else, the most appropriate souvenirs.

And the taste with which people choose! Handkerchiefs, gloves, pocket-knives, cigar-holders, and the cigars

—excuse us!—put up in showy boxes costing three times the price of their contents.

Think of stately men, who on ordinary occasions cannot elevate their heads sufficiently high, coming home laden with toy wagons, garden outfits, jumping-jacks, and a thousand other monstrosities that will make home a bedlam for six weeks.

Then the inevitable Christmas tree. Mrs. Jones has one; Mrs. Smith must, too. Her children must not be deprived of such ordinary privileges. Mr. Smith forthwith produces the tree. How can he help it? Then the catastrophe takes place. When everyone has filled himself with candy and cake, there is an effort made to get the darlings to bed; but not before the Santa Claus story is stuffed down the throat of the unsuspecting innocents, and laughed at by the ones who swallowed that tale once but who have now come to a better understanding with themselves.

Finally, after a deal of persuasion, the urchins are induced to go to bed, and the first chapter closes.

About 2 a. m., there comes a sound as of many voices. Perhaps it's the arrival of Santa Claus, the—no, too much reality—The "imperial mixture" is doing its work. Baby is sick—paregoric, soothing syrup, goose grease—and all the things that make up the family medicine chest are tried in vain. Coaxing won't do—not even the story of Santa Claus will cause the storm to subside. This is the baby's day—or night. Of course everyone is in a splendid state for celebrating. The

strong man of the house feels much like wishing "peace to men of good will"—he starts out to do so—but immediately a second voice comes in that "won't be dictated to by any man" and that settles it. By the time all the orders, which have been given, are executed, the church bells are ringing the "glad tidings of great joy." Pretty soon several anxious young people will be asking for the "Merry Laplander" and wishing to examine the presents he may have brought. No sleep now! But why prolong the pain?

Suppose we consider the amount of money that people spend on baubles, just because someone else does likewise, would it not go far to render assistance to the poor, so numerous everywhere?

Run over the presents you have received—What do you find? Handkerchiefs—silk, linen, and cotton—a liberal sprinkling of the latter—one bottle of Hoyt's German cologne, and a celluloid paper cutter. In return for this effusion of princely liberality you are expected to give gold watches, diamonds, sealskin sacques, and trifles of that sort. And you are glad to see the holidays coming? Z.

The *Normalia* has a long article on "Morality in Public Schools," which seems to furnish many butts for the local editors of the same paper. Perhaps morality that does not go deeper than the surface deserves no better fate.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.



HERE is nothing which appeals so strongly to the tender heart as the customs that carry one back to the days of happy childhood. Christmas does this more than any other feast. Each return so closely resembles past days that we note scarcely a change, except perhaps the absence of some dear friend, or the change that makes us different but which at other times we scarcely perceive.

We grow so accustomed to our surroundings—become so closely a part of all we mingle in, that we do not observe how much different we daily become.

Christmas makes us think of this by recalling other days when as children we met around the old fireside, listened so attentively to the story of Santa Claus which appealed to our childish fancy and which we believed with a faith given only to children. We awaited anxiously the distribution of the “presents” which our wishes had been instrumental in selecting. All these things come so vividly before our minds at the return of this greatest of days.

Happy child, free from care and trouble, what a freedom is thine. Master of earth you dictate to king and peasant, and everyone obeys thy command. What is it to be great or powerful, or rich, when you know that men will follow you and flatter you only for the advantage they may

gain? But thou, oh, happy child, thine is the sway of love, the ascendancy of innocence over cunning, the triumph of weakness over power. If man could join his few acquirements to childish innocence, what a combination he would effect.

But our customs. These are principally three. The first, that gentle and affectionate custom of giving presents—trifles, if you will, but nevertheless so many little ways of showing our appreciation of others and manifesting a tenderness of feeling that words will not do. Acts are so much more powerful than words, and mere trifles, the promptings of loving hearts, are treasured more than the most valuable gift representing money but not affection. Contact with the world, self-interest, passion, make us hard and insensible, but these spontaneous offerings awaken tender feelings, they prompt sympathetic emotions, which tend to wear off the rough edges of human nature and draw us into closer family relation.

Another beautiful Christian custom is that of family reunions. Those far from home will strain every point to be one of the family circle at Christmas time. The spirit prevails so intensely that often many families join forces in order to infuse their kind feelings. What happy recollections remain of these meetings. What pleasure beamed from every eye. What merry laughter; what real, genuine, unselfish pleasure, so often imitated, never equalled, was there around the festive board.

Home may have been humble, but it

was *home*—there was happiness and it takes more than money to gain that.

Finally that universal custom of wishing a "Merry Christmas"—that spark of heavenly love which blazed out on that "eternal night" when heaven bending down to earth had sent its most harmonious choirs to

greeting was first given by angels. The friends, few and humble indeed, of Joseph and Mary gathered around the simple crib to adore their Savior, and to congratulate the two holy persons to whom was entrusted the divine babe.

Lastly, the giving of presents by the Magi, of gold, incense and myrrh,



sing a *Gloria*, wishing "Peace to men of good will." Hence sprang into use, with advent of Christianity, this most charming of customs, finding a ready response in the hearts of all succeeding generations.

All these customs have the highest of sanctions. Thus Christmas

most precious offerings, accounts for the delicate customs of holiday offerings. All these were considered so good as to be mentioned by the holy writers, thus insuring a perpetual remembrance and it is to be hoped a perpetual imitation of these glorious customs.

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EDITORIAL.

The Christmas holidays begin Dec. 22, and end Thursday, Jan. 3, 1895. Students are expected to return on that day. The students returning from Chicago will take the Illinois Central train leaving the Twelfth street station at 4:10 p.m.

Christmas! Time tried day! How it appeals to every heart. Visions of youthful expectation float before the young; memories of happy days gone by come to cheer the old. Every one feels a thrill of pleasure at its approach. Charity broadens and seeks out objects on which it lavishes a thousand kindnesses. It is a feast of love that makes all the world akin.

THE VIATORIAN does not, at this joyful season, forget one whose best efforts always went to improve it—one whose greatest pleasure was to see the paper flourish—Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., who though separated by many thousand miles, is joined in

spirit with us today. We send the greetings of grateful students, devoted confreres, and the best wishes of a loving father and friend, our worthy President. All join today in wishing our absent friend the joys of the season, which may the years multiply. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year! *Ad multos annos.*

THE VIATORIAN extends the compliments of the season to all its readers; to former students, who like ourselves once left these halls to celebrate the grand day so anxiously looked for; to the parents and friends, who long for the moment when the loved ones shall gather again around the family hearth; to the present scholastic body, most of whom will have the great pleasure of celebrating Christmas with kind and indulgent parents and once more find themselves members of a happy circle where their thoughts have constantly carried them for the past few weeks. To all we wish the fullness of the Christmas joys, peace and good will; a most happy Christmas—happy in a union of hearts and in the realization of every pious wish.

In the midst of a fickle and changing world, in an age anything but constant except in its inconsistency, it is gratifying to observe the universal joy that prevails at Christmas. This great day is indelibly stamped on the affections of mankind. In every country, among all creeds and classes, its advent is marked with

great pleasure and the day itself kept with a sacredness that is shown at no other time. Surely men must have pondered deeply on its religious meaning when its impressions are so lasting. What but the holy influences of religion could have been felt so deeply and laid foundations so deep that, with all men's drifting from high ideals, they should still cling so tenaciously to this first of feasts.

READING.

"Reading maketh a full man," said Bacon, but he did not have the newspaper in view, or if he did, he certainly did not refer to the one of today. We must have newspapers—they keep us informed of the doings of the world; give us the latest discoveries in literature, science, and art. Their very enterprise is an inspiration, but the way they spread the records of crime before people well nigh ruin their power for good, and render them positively bad for the young. Listen to Bishop Spaulding: "The worst consequence of the newspaper habit may be seen in the young, for whom each morning, like a daily meal, accounts of vice and crime are served up, to make them incapable of admiration, reverence, and awe.

"What father employs burglars, murderers, liars, and sophists as tutors for his children? To one who was presented to him, Socrates said: 'Speak, that I may see thee.' Now

he would say: 'Show me what you read, that I may see thee.'"

Daily experience goes to confirm all this. The enterprise of the modern "daily" is not more active in the pursuit of good than of evil matter.

The most revolting and shocking crimes are reviewed in detail. What but the most deplorable effects can follow such papers perused from day to day? Those who ought to know better see no evil in the perusal of such papers, or pretend that no bad results will follow. Parents, at least many, think they have done sufficient when they place the daily papers at the disposal of their children. What a lesson to be learned from these exponents of filth! There is the less excuse for such negligence since good papers, splendid periodicals, and charming books are so easily procured today. A person must necessarily be what his reading makes him, and with our downward tendencies what sad effects must inevitably follow the reading of such dangerous literature. It may be said that many good articles are found in the newspapers. Very well; the good is acceptable wherever found. But let older heads make the choice.

MINOR CELEBRATIONS.

There seems to be an unusual desire for music and musical entertainments among the students of St. Viator's College this year. The College Glee Club has organized and the most pleasant results have followed from the or-

ganization. It is principally conducted by Mr. J. H. Nawn, who is indeed most worthy of being placed at its head.

The members of the club have become quite skillful in rendering many choice and beautiful selections. They are not selfish, however, with their music, but quite frequently give an entertainment to pass the long and winter evenings cheerfully.

THANKSGIVING.

As usual, Thanksgiving was very appropriately celebrated at the college. The festivities of the day were began by solemn high mass, which was sung by Rev. A. Mainville, assisted by Rev. Fr. Prquet as deacon, and Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., as sub-deacon.

After the gospel Rev. Fr. Prquet delivered a very fine sermon on the day and its memories. The singing during mass was indeed excellent, and Rev. Fr. Mainville deserves special praise for the skill he showed in his singing and the power he has over his keen and tenor voice.

The turkey for dinner was not a little feature of the day, and it would be useless to say that the boys did it ample justice.

In the evening a very pleasant entertainment was given by Mr. J. H. Nawn's elocution class. Among the many choice selections of the program was a selection from Richelieu. The characters of the play were as follows:

- Louis XIII Mr. Quille
- Gaston, Duke of Orleans, brother to Louis.....Mr. Casey
- Richard, favorite of the king, Mr.C.O'Reilly

- Cardinal Richelieu.....Mr. Nawn
- De Beringhen, one of the conspirators Mr. Ford
- Joseph, confidant of Richelieu, Mr.Granger
- Francois,page to Richelieu..Master Hansel
- Julie de Mortemer, an orphan.....
- Master Pusheck

The members of the play deserve credit for the way in which they played their respective parts, and the interest they took in making the entertainment worthy of the attention of both faculty and students.

The day passed and it will ever be an occasion of pleasant memories for the students of St. Viateur's College.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

The beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated at St. Viateur's in a very solemn and appropriate manner. High mass was celebrated by Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., at 8:30 a.m., and vespers and benediction at 1:30 p.m.

It was a beautiful day, for the season, and all hearts were filled with the joys as all eyes were filled with the splendor that seemed to fall from heaven to add to the beauty of the feast held in honor of our spiritual mother.

In the evening the following musical program was given:

- Selection.....Orchestra
- Sunrise.....Glee Club
- Declamation.....C. Quille
- Song...."The Hock Shop"....W. Doody
- Spanish Melody..Violian Instrumental Trio
- Song..."Dear Old Friends"...J. Suprenant
- Selection.....Orchestra
- Song,"The Song My Mother Sang," C.Quille
- Declamation...."The Smack at School"...
-J. H. Nawn

Piano Duet... Messrs. St. Cerney and Dubé
 Old Oaken Bucket..... Glee Club
 Zither Medley of National Airs... Mr. King
 Selection..... Orchestra

The entire program was well rendered, and highly appreciated by all. After the entertainment was over, we then assembled in the chapel, where a short, though elegant and impressive sermon was given by Very Rev. M. J. Marsile.

The day was then closed, as well as the novena, which all had made so well, by kneeling before the altar of Mary, and placing ourselves under her maternal guidance, that she may ever protect us from the trials and snares of this world.

SOCIETY NOTES.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE.

The society met on December 8, and re-organized for the coming scholastic year. All the members are very much interested in its welfare and the year promises to be a successful one. The following are the officers:

Moderator..... Rev. M. J. Marsile
 President..... Mr. J. Chasse
 Vice-president..... F. de St. Aubin
 Secretary..... R. Pugny
 Assistant Secretary..... L. Legris
 Treasurer..... A. Granger
 Librarian..... J. V. Lamarre
 Sergeant-at-arms..... T. Legris
 Assistant Sergeant-at-arms..... J. Granger

The society has for its aim the improvement of its members in the French language.

MIVART SOCIETY.

The Mivart society met for the fourth time since its re-organization, Sunday evening, December 9. The program for the evening was as follows:

The Possibility of Other Worlds being Inhabited—Mr. C. Feltes, President.

The Lowest Branch of the Animal Kingdom—N. Granger.

The Electric Light—J. Sullivan.

Original Compositions—G. Fallon, J. Burns, M. C'Toole.

Practical and scientific experiments.

The entire program was skillfully rendered, and each subject gave evidence of having received great care and attention during the preparation. Good results are sure to follow from the organization.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

During the past month the society has been doing very good work. So far they have had very interesting programs, having debates at every meeting, which have afforded much amusement and instruction:

The following subjects were treated:

Resolved, "That our newspapers have more power for evil than good." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. J. Fitzpatrick and J. Murphy; the negative by Messrs. W. Larkin and F. O'Reilly. Decision rendered in favor of the negative. At the succeeding meeting: *Resolved*, That business offers better inducements than a profession." The affirmative was successfully maintained by J. Sullivan and J.

Devane, and the negative by G. Fallon and E. Kromenacker.

At the next meeting the following debate was probably one of the most interesting: "*Resolved*, That our public libraries are detrimental to the young." The affirmative was supported by L. Mullins and C. Fallon, and the negative by J. Marx and J. Mortimer. The decision of the judges was in favor of the negative. SEC.

I CAN.

It is a remarkable fact that men are continually advancing and perfecting their condition from generation to generation. Human progress has been a series of successes since the beginning. But those who took part in them and who, in the different centuries, have thus by their untiring efforts accomplished so much, were not men who, when confronted by what would seem an almost unsurmountable difficulty, said without any forethought, "I cannot." They followed out the old adage, "Where there's a will there's a way," and they worked untiringly until the end which they proposed to themselves was attained.

It did not do these men any good perhaps, but it was for the benefit of those following them. And so it should be with all of us, endeavoring to overcome any difficulty which may rise up in our path. You often hear boys say "Oh, I cannot learn that lesson." There should be no such word as "cannot," for if they put their whole mind upon it, and study with the de-

termination of learning it, they will undoubtedly succeed.

Every station in life is filled with difficulties, yet the true, honest man will never shrink from his duty because he cannot accomplish this or that, but he will march on triumphantly and will arrive at the end loaded with victories. So it has been for America whose whole history has been one of rapid advance. Our forefathers did not fear the powerful nation of England, and when urged and besought by their sons to throw off the yoke of oppression, they did not stand idly by and reply, "We cannot," but they made a grand and noble struggle, which resulted in their liberty, which blessing we now enjoy.

Thus if in centuries past our ancestors were able to do that which was for their own good, although it was accomplished by great sacrifices, we should at least in a measure imitate their example. Therefore, "I can," should be the motto of all, for in it is contained the aim or purpose of every soul to fulfill the will of its Creator.

Hence we should learn to understand its full meaning, and though our life may be filled with many great and long struggles, yet our motto will carry us through and by striving after right in this life, we shall each, when we fully understand the merits of an active life, and when asked by God, if "we can" enter into the kingdom of heaven, be enabled to answer with all sincerity and truthfulness, "I can."

JOHN ST. CERNY,

First Grammar.

FROM FATHER RIVARD.

The following notes are taken from several letters received from Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V.:

COLLEGIO CANADESE,
Via. Quattr Fontane 117,
ROME, Italy, Nov. 10, 1894.

Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V.:—

My very dear Father—At last your long looked for letter came like a comforting angel, accompanied by THE VIATORIAN. What a feast I had that day. Devoured those papers—I read, re-read them. . . . I have not been indisposed one single moment since I landed on European soil. . . . It is true that so far I have not done any hard work, besides eating and sleeping, which I do and have done with a great deal of regularity, and with perfect success.

I entered the college October 25, after reaching Rome from Lyons via Marseilles, France, which gave me a chance of seeing that magnificent scenery and those interesting cities along the Mediterranean.

The only city I visited on the route was Marseilles. I was anxious to reach Rome. . . . I am here, not in a dream, but really walking in the midst of its many marvels. . . .

But I wanted to tell you about the Canadian College. I occupy two rooms. They may be cold in winter. So far we have not suffered. We have had rain but once. My rooms have a tile floor, which is not conducive to heat. I have a writing table and three chairs. I haven't seen a rocking chair since I left America. . . . My companions are young French Canadian

priests. I feel that association with them will be beneficial to me in more ways than one. There are a few Irish Canadians from Ottawa and the maritime provinces. There is also here a nephew of Fr. Clancy, of Woodstock, Ill. He was ordained last year at Innsbruck. . . . The course of philosophy is three years and theology six.

I visited many beautiful churches. That of St. Augustine, where I prayed at the tombs of the dear young saints, Aloysius and John Berchmans.

I visited St. Mary Major, also the Forum, Campo Santo, the Basilica of St. Lawrence where I saw the tomb of Pius IX. . . . I reserved my visit to St. Peter's to another day. And what of St. Peter's? . . . I remained there several hours. I can't tell you all I felt, and how I would liked to remain there all day.

There will, no doubt, be time and opportunity to visit the Catacombs and other places of note on all of which I shall give you my impressions if time permits.

REV. E. L. RIVARD, C.S.V.

PERSONALS.

—Rev. J. Laberge, D.D., preached a retreat in Fowler, Ind., during the first week in December.

—Rev. E. Therien, of Irwin, has decided to remove his church nearer the town, and will start to build next spring. In visiting his people he met with a hearty response from all,

—Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., and Rev. J. J. Cregan assisted Rev. J. Lockney at Chebanse lately.

--Dec. 8 the orchestra and glee club were treated to an oyster supper by Father Marsile. It is needless to say the treat was appreciated.

—Rev. F. X. Chouinard, C.S.V., of Manteno, has ordered a six hundred-dollar organ, which is the last step in the completion of his beautiful church.

—Rev. F. Leising, '93, spent several days in Kankakee and visited the college during his stay. He has not received a permanent appointment as yet.

—Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., Bros. Saulin and Senecal have been chosen to represent this province at the chapter to be held in Vourles, France, next August.

—Rev. J. McCann, formerly of Galena, Ill., has been transferred to Polo to assume charge of that parish. We congratulate Fr. McCann on his appointment.

—Rev. J. Gieseler, '91, has moved from Denver, Col., to Broken Bow, Neb. Fr. Gieseler has spent the past two years in the west in the hope of improving his health.

—Rev. John Kelly, Gilman, will have a bazaar commencing Dec. 25 and lasting one week, the proceeds to go towards the repairs of his church and house. There are some spirited contests, which will help to swell the receipts of the pastor.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The *Ave Maria* stands in the front rank as a champion of good, pure, and instructive literature. The current number, 23, is devoted to the Immaculate Conception. Besides this, there are beautiful sketches and poems. "Shrines of a Great City" shows us the religious side of London: its churches, shrines, preachers, etc.; "Sunday Nights with Friends," by Maurice F. Egan, brings into relief the opinions and caprices of men, as Mr. Egan knows how. The children's columns are always good. The *Ave Maria* should find its way to every Catholic home.

The Catholic World for December is very attractive. Besides the solid matter always to be found there, there are many things to interest readers seeking entertainment merely. "The Hillwood Christmas Ball" is a charming story of southern plantation life before the war. Its characters are true to life, the scenes well drawn, and effect good. "Glimpses of Life in an Anglican Seminary" is continued. Dr. Barry trips up Huxley in the latter's "Admissions." "Christmas in Cloudland" is a beautiful mixture of fact and fiction of life among the "Bernardine soldiers" of the Alps. This Christmas issue is a brilliant number.

The lovers of good literature may surely point with pride to the *Rosary* as one of its best exponents. Though devoted in particular to the honor of the Blessed Virgin, it has for an object,

too, the spread of good literature, and a glance at its contents will readily assure one of how well it succeeds.

The December number is replete with good things. "Adeste Fideles" is an exhaustive discourse on that Christmas hymn, dear to every heart. The sketch is well written, and full of facts concerning the song with which the average reader is not conversant. Many beautiful Christmas pieces, illustrated, grace its pages. The children have their department, and it is a most interesting one. The long book and magazine review goes to show that the editor is in earnest about the spread of good literature, and takes every means of making it known. We read with pleasure a characteristic letter from Mr. W. H. Thorne regarding a "doubt" solved, we were glad to see, to his and the editor's satisfaction. The *Rosary Magazine* deserves a wide circulation, and the family that does not receive it is not doing what it ought to come in contact with good reading. (\$2.00 per year, The Rosary, 871 Lexington Ave., New York.)

Catholic Literature in Catholic Homes.—Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P. (N. Y., P. O'Shea), is a pamphlet containing a lecture delivered by an eloquent and aggressive champion of Catholic literature. Fr. O'Neil is fully convinced of the need of good literature and also the shortcomings of much that tries to force its way into Catholic homes. He says positively that "the elimination of three-fourths of our modern pious books would entail

no loss in the spiritual life." There is a duty incumbent upon parents to put good literature before their children, on publishers to make the spread of such literature a greater question than the gathering in of dollars. He urges writers to be less exacting in their demands on publishers, finally on Catholics to know, appreciate, purchase, and read good literature. There is an encouraging word for the magazines; and for the daily papers all they could hope for, and as a matter of fact, great praise for good books.

Altogether it is a stirring and earnest statement of things as they are, with a plea to make them what they ought to be.

The difficulty is to know how to adapt ourselves to the slow step of time, whose progress can never be forced on without danger.

We find, upon examination, that in the mixed good and evil of human nature, the good so far abounds that we are not in the habit of noticing it, while the evil strikes us precisely on account of its being the exception.

Taken altogether, this poor human house, so often repaired, so much criticised, is still a pretty good abode; we may find enough in it to satisfy our wants, if we know how to set bounds to them; the happiness of the wise costs but little, and asks but little space.

—*Attic Philosopher,*

VIATORIANA.

- Oysters.
- Chickens.
- Hurry up!
- April Fool!
- Mt. Adams.
- He *may* find it.
- Order bouquets.
- I swore off eating.
- Clothing and fooding.
- Feet×inches=mixture.
- It was a very lively night.
- Thirty-seven hundred ships.
- Policemen, we must catch them.
- The weather-cock wrung his head off.
- This makes the sixth time I was there.
- Rather late in the year for “April Fool.”
- The guard was very well posted, but——
- He went to see his sister getting ordained.
- It ain't quite so cold as it is, was it?
- They say Gus. W—— is a very fine actor.
- An army 1,000 miles long and 50 miles wide.
- The electric light will be turned on Jan. 1 for the first time.
- “When is a chicken not a chicken?” “When it is an old *hen*.”

—Call on M—— for a brand new gesture. He has many samples of the same.

—Among the latest arrivals in the senior department are Messrs. Harrison and Adams.

—Those chickens must have been centipedes, judging from the amount of walking that was done.

—The museum has received some very valuable gifts lately, among them the front of a fancy waistcoat worn by John Adams, second president of the United States. This precious relic is the gift of Rev. J. Lockney, of Chebanse. This is only one of many testimonies of good will by Father Lockney.

—A big dinner this: At the first table they had Fitz. At the second table they had Heron; at the third table they had a slice of the Moon. At the fourth table they had Ostrich eggs. At the fifth table they had a Puny Lyon. At the sixth table they had Quill toothpicks. And they all had Chicken.

—The ladies of Maternity parish are to give a grand bazaar during the Christmas holidays. They have chosen the town hall as the place to hold the fair, and the proceeds are to be devoted to the improvement of the parish church. Fr. Beaudoin intends to put in new pews, a new floor, and a new steam heating apparatus. Present indications point to a grand success.