

THE VIATORIAN.

PAC ET SPERA.

VOL. XIV.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

NO. 5

THE FIRST FRIDAY.

With college bells a ringing,
Our choir so sweetly singing,
Where servers incense swinging,
Move noiselessly about.
To chapel all are hastening,
Where He our hearts a chastening
Unto His own is fastening,
With cords both strong and stout.

The flowery altar's gleaming,
Its lights so brightly beaming,
Ah! now all else but seeming,
All other faiths a sham.
The priest has sung the prayer,
And Christ is poised in air,
We bow before Him there,
Hosanna to the Lamb.

—J. H. N.

MELODY ISLAND.

Old Chris Melody lived alone with his beautiful daughter Mary, in an old ruined hut attached to St. John's Chapel. This place was at one time the scene of many a pious ceremony, but now, an ivy-covered ruin whose mossy stones threaten to fall and injure a too curious observer.

The reason of the desertion was that the beautiful and romantic stream which flows by the little edifice, swelled in its joyous run to the ocean and would have submerged the entire little vale but that the ground on which the chapel stood was elevated, and as a re-

sult the stream branched out a little way north and left it on one of the prettiest islands imaginable.

The inhabitants of the village soon had a larger and more costly edifice built in another part of the village, but old Chris whose land was not entirely submerged determined to remain on the island, and there he built the little hut which is now seen attached to the old chapel.

How often I have rowed over from the village to play a game of cards with old Chris, enjoying at the same time a pleasant chat with his beautiful Mary, or a stroll about the place with father and daughter, and enjoyed the

most beautiful scenery for miles around. The shade trees which were everywhere on the island seemed alive with feathered songsters and the fragrant flowers, trailing vines, and clinging ivies, almost covering the chapel and hut, makes the place worthy the residence of a poet.

On that side of the island farthest from the village there was one spot where the water entered and formed what Chris used to call "Mary's lily pond." Here the golden-haired daughter of Chris had a sight to show her visitors, which was well worthy a trip to the island. All kinds of water lilies here bloomed to perfection, and the variety of their colors added to the perfume of their petals would bring delight to the heart of the saddest.

"Now wouldn't that do your heart good, dear?" Chris would say when proudly showing his daughter's lily pond to his visitors.

"Sure an' it takes an' innocent heart like herself to train thim things that way." And away he would take his friends to the old chapel, which was a little higher than the hut, and where from the window of the one-time sacristy a most charming view of the "lily pond" was had.

"It is indeed beautiful," some one would exclaim.

"Bedad it bates all I ever saw even in th' auld darg," the happy father would reply, and away he would go singing the praises of his perfectly worthy little Mary.

But in the year 18—, a cloud settled on the little island which has left

it with its perfumes and beauties one of the saddest remembrances in the minds of the many friends of Chris and Mary.

One evening as the old man was stretched out on the lawn taking his evening smoke, the roof of the old chapel, which had long threatened to fall, sank a little on one side, and the heavy stone cross which surmounted the edifice toppled over on the old man and broke both his legs. His daughter quickly signaled some of the villagers, who lost no time in reaching their old friend and soon Chris was in bed, and had the best of medical service, though the doctor who attended gave no hope of his recovery on account of his advanced age.

The village people visited the island every day, and rendered all the assistance necessary, and although the old man suffered but little pain it was noticed that he had not long to live, and at his request his bed was moved into the sacristy, so that he could see and admire his Mary's lilies.

One evening a couple of weeks after the accident, a couple of friends rowed over in the clear moonlight to visit and cheer the old man. As they landed they thought it strange that little Mary was not around to greet them, and fearing the old man might have had a bad turn, they hastened to the sacristy, and were appalled to see old Chris out of bed lying on the floor and trying to drag his broken limbs to the window.

Upon their entrance he raised his hand warningly, and in a whispered tone, uttered, "Whisht, whisht, the

poor child is tired out, and is trying to take a little nap!" It was easy to see that the old man's mind was completely shattered, and gently was he replaced in bed, while he smiled and asked his friends to look out of the window and see how fair his Mary looked.

"Sure she's fairer and purer than any of the lilies about her, God bless her," he said, and frightened at his words, his assistants hastened to the window, and there, sure enough, was the body of his darling child floating in the lily pond.

How she met with the accident was never learned, but there she lay, the fairest lily in the pond, her golden ringlets entirely encircled by her spotless companions. Her body was reverently borne to the hut, and 'ere the night had passed the father went to meet his child in eternity. And there their bodies are resting beside the old chapel, facing the beautiful lily pond, near the spot where the cross had fallen.

J. H. N.

THE CHANCES OF SUCCESS.

By the chances of success in the ordinary and popular acceptation of the expression we understand the various resources that are accessible to a person, first, for gaining a livelihood; second, for acquiring wealth, station, and influence; or in other words, the possibilities of procuring the means of subsistence for himself and those who may be dependent upon him, and of living comfortably and

respectably and of discharging all the obligations of a good citizen and a good Christian. When a man becomes wealthy in any occupation or profession he is generally regarded as a successful man.

The first requisite in a young man for the attainment of success is a thorough acquaintance and a complete mastery of all the details of the particular profession, business, or trade in which he engages. Of course it is hardly necessary to say that his education must be at least suitable to his profession or occupation. He must have indomitable courage, perseverance, industry, patience, self-denial, a knowledge of the world and human nature, as well as tact and prudence in dealing with others. Very often men of talent and ability become entire failures where others less gifted, but more prudent and tactful, succeed; because they know how to say the right thing in the right place and at the right moment. In this respect Washington may be mentioned as a very striking example. When his army was on the verge of mutiny and had refused to obey their superior officers, he, by his prudent and sagacious counsel, restored discipline in the ranks. Many other examples might be given where one man's presence has been like oil on troubled waters, while the presence of another has been the signal for war.

There is a vast multitude who have no definite aim in life; they eat, drink, and sleep, and seek whatever pleasure the world offers to them—live while they can and die when they can't help

it! There is another class whose aim is to amass riches which they may bequeath to their posterity, and which will be a passport to society which will procure them influence and notoriety, while others labor for the shadow of a great name. These are false aims. Man's true aim should be to live soberly, justly, and piously, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Or as St. Paul says, "To fight the good fight" that he may win the prize, which is promised to the successful combatant.

If we institute a comparison between a young man's chances of success now and formerly, we must inevitably come to the conclusion that the chances are in many respects less favorable now for several reasons. In the first place, the increase in the population makes employment much scarcer. The great discoveries in mechanical science, in electricity and steam, have in a large measure lessened the demand for manual labor. In proof of this statement we have only to ask those whose experience extends back forty or fifty years and they will say without an exception, that it was much easier for a man to succeed then than now, *i. e.*, in regard to getting employment; that in fact the difficulty then was not to get employment, but to procure hands to do it. At the present day, also, women are competing with men in almost every department of business.

The new fields of employment which have been created by the discoveries in science have not been adequate to the demand. The increased facilities of transportation and of acquiring ed-

ucation, together with the circumstances already enumerated, have helped considerably to over crowd the higher professions; hence, only those who are possessed of the necessary qualities and abilities, can hope to succeed; but after all is said, I believe with Shakespeare "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." Men possessed of every virtue, and of high education and endowments, fail most miserably in so far as temporal success is concerned, while the affairs of others less worthy in every respect, seem to go on in apple-pie order, and to be favored by every wind that blows. No amount of training or education will render a man successful in a career or business, which nature and nature's God did not intend for him, no more than the clumsy dray horse could by any amount of physical training be equal to the race horse in swiftness. There is as great a diversity in the mental and moral order of man, as there is in the physical order. This diversity the all wise Creator has ordained for wise ends, each one is useful in his sphere and place; like the stones which go to make up the whole building. As to what constitutes a successful career, that is a question upon which many people widely differ; some would regard such people as the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Jay Goulds, etc., as models of successful careers, while some again, would consider those who have reached the presidential chair their ideals; others again would think the fame of some great warrior or general, or, coming to a lower level, that of a champion prize fighter, the

summit of human felicity. There are others still whose ideas of what constitutes success may not be quite so exalted; like a certain Englishman, who on being asked by a minister for his ideal of eternal happiness, replied "Swinging on a gate post munching bread and cheese." For my part I consider the man who has steered his course through life and has succeeded in keeping himself unspotted from the world, though his name may be seldom mentioned and his virtues unknown, more worthy of admiration than the trophies of all who have risen by questionable means to fame.

A. L. O'SULLIVAN.

JOHN RUSKIN.

John Ruskin, justly recognized as the greatest art critic of his age, was born in London in 1819. His father was a wealthy wine dealer, and spared no expense in the education of his son. His mother, a woman of fine culture, instilled into his youthful mind that love and admiration of the true and beautiful which is the keynote to all his writings.

When but a mere boy he was sent by his parents to Christ's Church College. Here he applied himself with such ardor to study that he far surpassed his older classmates.

At the age of twenty, when most young men are barely beginning their studies, he was graduated, and took the Newgate prize for English poetry. This first success led him to devote his time to the writing of poetry,

and in this he was encouraged by his father, who always believed that his son was really a great poet. Though the poems which he then wrote met with some favor and contain here and there flashes of true poetic inspiration, yet, on the whole, they have added nothing to his fame as a writer. In 1843 he brought out the first volume of "Modern Painters," which aroused much adverse criticism. In 1846 the second volume appeared, and at once gained the popular favor. The matchless purity of style, the force and energy of expression, the lofty elevation and dignity of thought which marked these two volumes, were irresistible. The shallow criticism of their assailants was swept away, and the art principles which they advocated were universally admitted.

Two more volumes appeared in 1856, and although far superior to anything of their kind written by any other author, they lack the glow and freshness of the first two books.

The one great aim of Ruskin's life was to arouse the common mind to a sense of the beauty of nature and the nobility of art.

To his beauty haunted soul the way-side flower had a message of sweetest harmony to impart, and he strove with that earnestness of purpose which characterized all his labors, to make its language intelligible to the thoughtless multitude. The running brook and the flowery meadow, the majestic mountain and the luminous light of sun-touched cloudbanks, are themes which inspired some of his most eloquent passages.

Nature was for him the great high priest of God everywhere proclaiming the splendor of His magnificence and the awful mysteriousness of His secret operations.

Believing that art was his vocation he spent several years in studying the great masters of that profession, and although he showed more than ordinary ability in execution, he soon gave up the pencil for the pen.

Ruskin was endowed by nature with a brilliant imagination, a keen sense of the beautiful, and an ardent love of truth. Under the skillful touch of his virile pen the most common and prosaic objects were clothed with forms of exquisite beauty. His pen picture of the mountains in *Modern Painters*, is a masterpiece of descriptive writing. It would have been well for his reputation had he devoted all of his attention to the exposition of sound principles of art criticism and to portraying the hidden beauties of nature, of which he was an undoubted master.

But poor Ruskin with his head filled with dreams of ideal beauty and perfection, tried to be a political economist, and never was failure more signal. His work on political economy is entirely utopian and utterly unpractical.

Indeed, Ruskin never was a practical man. He lived in an ideal world, and looking into the depths of his own honest, truthful soul, he never could understand the shallow hypocrisy and miserly greed which surrounded him on all sides.

In 1862 he published a volume of essays on political economy entitled,

Unto this Last. There is little in the book but beautiful theories expressed in his own inimitable language. Of course it was at once attacked by all the political economists in the country. Many small writers of this class accounted themselves happy in attacking a man of his standing.

Ruskin was by nature a poet rather than a philosopher, and he could rarely write an article dealing with any philosophical principle without contradicting himself. Indeed he seems to have been conscious of this himself for he tells us, "I am never satisfied that I have handled a subject properly till I have contradicted myself at least three times."

Whenever he ventured to write on any theological subject he was certainly satisfied, if self-contradiction be any satisfaction.

As a philosopher—except when he treats the principles of art—and as a theologian he is scarcely worthy of notice. But the service he has rendered to literature, the purifying and ennobling influence of his writings far outweighs the occasional falsity of his philosophical tenets. Stedman, who is none too partial to Ruskin, admits that he has done more than any one man to bring into just contempt the vain display and airy nothings of many of our modern writers.

Ruskin's desire to serve the interests of the common people did not content itself with mere precept. In his *Fors Clavigera*, published in 1871, he tells his readers with the greatest simplicity and without any air of patronage how the greater part of his

large fortune was spent in benefactions to the workingman. He earnestly desired to see the condition of the laboring class bettered and neither his pen nor his fortune were wanting to the cause. Ruskin's writings possess qualities of style and energy of thought which will cause them to be read and admired when many of his self-sufficient critics shall have been buried in hopeless oblivion. If a great man is one who has made the world better for his living, then Ruskin is assuredly entitled to that distinction.

REFLECTIONS ON TIME.

"But wicked Time, that all good thoughts
doth waste,
And works of noblest wits to naught out-
wear,
That famous monument hath quite defaced,
And robbed the world of treasure endless
dear,
That which might have enriched all us
here,
Ah, cursed eld, the canker worm of writs!
How many these rhymes, so rude as doth
appear,
Hope to endure, sith works of heavenly
wits
Are quite devoured, and brought to naught
by little bits!" —Spenser.

There is an old maxim that "No one is so busy as he who has nothing to do," and although at a casual glance this appears to be a manifest inconsistency, yet, after some deliberation, we are inclined to consider this assertion as having greater foundation than we at first supposed. Time is applied by various people to various purposes; many of us misapply it,

and few there are who apply it as well as we might, yet all of us as a rule complain of its short duration without thinking for a moment that the time which is lost by everyone, in a greater or less degree, would be found more than sufficient for every purpose of our lives. Seneca truly says, "Some portion of our time is taken from us by force; another portion is stolen from us, and another slips away. But the most disgraceful loss is that which arises from our own negligence; and if thou wilt seriously observe, thou shalt perceive that a great part of life flits from those who do evil, a greater from those who do nothing, and the whole from those who do not accomplish the business which they think they are doing."

We forget, that to keep pace with time not an hour should be suffered to pass unnoticed—procrastination will insensibly steal like a habit upon us, and we shall perceive days, yea, even years to pass away without having sufficient courage to shake off the slothfulness of custom or inclination, so as to make such a proper use of the fleeting hours as shall leave us no cause to regret their departure. The first Napoleon, when writing on the subject of the poor laws to his minister of the interior, said: "It is melancholy to see Time passing away without being put to its full value. Surely in a matter of this kind we should endeavor to do something, that we may say that we have lived, and that we have not lived in vain, that we may leave some impress of ourselves on the sands of Time." And again, the

French say, very beautifully: "More inconstant than the wave and the cloud, time flies; why regret it?" We say that we have no time, and like the miser with his hoards, we are constantly craving for more, although we do not know how to make a good use of what we already possess.

It is a constant practice of many of us to postpone whatever we have to do till a future time. Nothing is more dangerous or delusive than this, for a thousand things may intervene which will prevent the accomplishment of our intentions, and unless we have some good reason for the delay, we hazard a great deal to gain nothing.

"Defer not till tomorrow to be wise,
Tomorrow's sun to thee may never rise."

We gratify our own sluggishness or inactivity when we put off till tomorrow that which may be done today. We may find employment for every day as there is no one however far removed he may be from the avocations of this life, but may discover some means of appropriating his time, so as to render it beneficial both to himself and others. When we observe human nature closely we will remark that persons of an active disposition, that good natured people are rarely unemployed and on the other hand it requires more than ordinary care to rouse others, who are of an indolent habit, into any degree of exertion. So it does not depend so much upon what we have to do, as whether our inclinations may prompt us to do it.

Some of us endeavor to be of use to society, without having any fixed or

definite employment; others there are who have many motives for exertions, waste their time in fruitless inactivity and neglect those duties which everyone is called upon to fulfill.

Much has been said and written in praise of ease and retirement, and oftentimes we imagine that the greatest happiness is to be found in a life free from all responsibility, in a life devoid of any aim, and in one in which employment is unknown. But there is found more happiness in the anticipation of such a life than there is in its realization. No state is so capable of affording happiness as that of constant employment. Experience teaches this fact. It is certainly desirable that every hour should bring its occupation and be this what it may, it will engage the mind so completely as to leave no room remaining for pining or discontent, but on the contrary when our task is accomplished, and, on reflection we look back on our own exertions we shall feel that our time has been employed so as to not only escape censure but to deserve praise.

It would be well for us all to inquire at the close of the week how we have spent the last seven days and whether the retrospect affords us satisfaction. Were we to do this I am sure we would find something to regret, either from applying our time to improper purposes or not applying it to any purpose at all.

A fixed and constant employment is essentially necessary to prevent a waste of time, for the active would not then have occasion to inquire what services were required, and the indolent

would thus receive a stimulus to exertion.

A want of employment will be the cause of fretfulness in our disposition and this will ruin our happiness, for the hours will pass listlessly away without any real enjoyment.

Take a man who is surrounded with every luxury, and one who lives in the very midst of an earthly paradise and we ask ourselves, is such a life truly happy? Such an one is not contented. He feels no interest in the every day occurrences of life because he has no intercourse with it. His days may pass without any pain, but they will likewise pass without true pleasure. He has plenty of leisure to nourish discontent, he has no object to which he can look forward in expectation of pleasure, he beholds everything without regard for anything in particular and he sighs for variety. He rises without knowing how to pass the day and retires to rest because he is fatigued with indolence. Everything he attempts becomes wearisome from constant repetition. There is nothing but regret and hence he becomes discontented and most unhappy. To prevent such a depressive state of mind constant employment is the most effectual and in fact the only means.

We shall, it is true, meet with vexation and numerous disappointments, yet the many advantages we shall enjoy, will more than counteract our cares and the inward satisfaction resulting from time well spent, will, no doubt, support us in every misfortune with which an all-wise Providence may see fit to afflict us.

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower, that smiles today,
Tomorrow will be dying."

W. J. B.

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense lie in these words, health, *peace*, and competence."

The blessings of peace, with what a peculiar charm do these words strike upon our ears, what pictures they paint for the eye of fancy, and what beautiful thoughts do they call to mind. From the eventful eve, nearly ²⁰two centuries ago, when the messenger from heaven proclaimed: "Joy on earth, and peace to men of good will," the advantages and blessings of peace have been innumerable.

The truth of the saying: "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," has been proven by every nation of the globe. It is in the time of war that the greatest misfortunes have befallen the peoples of the earth, while the greatest blessings have been received in the time of peace. While wars were carried on, when princes strove with princes, and brothers with brothers, while family dissensions and public strife occupied the minds of men, all that was good, noble, and elevating suffered. Look to Grecian and Roman history. What advancement did these nations make during the many years spent in intestine warfare? Was it in time of warfare that the Golden Age was brought forth? No, it was not. And what was the

state of the world when God sent His only Son to redeem mankind? He came when peace reigned supreme, when petty differences were laid aside and all war had ended. The greatest trials that our church has suffered were in the times of war; her ministers were stoned, her teachings belied, and her children persecuted.

Peace at all times has necessarily beneficial effects upon a people, for indeed it is the natural state of man. When men are at peace their minds soar from common place things; advancement is made in the arts and sciences, literature is cultivated, and religion spreads its benign influence over all. Even in our own times, that is, within the last century, the evils of war and the blessings of peace are plainly brought to our view. Many years previous to our independence, war had occupied the minds of people—if not open war, at least a secret distrust, a secret spirit of displeasure and revolt, and as a consequence, our forefathers made little or no progress. However, after they had successfully terminated the Revolution, "Peace was within their walls and prosperity within their palaces." Instantly they sprang, as if infused with new life, into a front rank among the nations of the world. Schools and churches were reared, commerce increased to wonderful proportion. Steam and electricity soon became potent factors in the world. Statesmen and scholars, the equals if not the peers of any in the world called America "*home*." Our name was then and is now spoken with respect abroad. Our enterprise and

advancement are the surprise of all nations, and today, to be an American is greater than to be a king—and all this has been produced by *peace*.

What if for a few years a civil strife caused us to struggle in terrible conflict with our brothers? It has but tended to our mutual happiness and was, as it were, a storm before a calm. By that terrible war, certainly many good results have been effected—although this is not a rule—for when peace came, the broken chains of the slave fell from his prisoned arms, and he stood forth a free man, free to worship God and enjoy the blessings of his creator. The blessings of peace cannot be computed. Order and peace are the first laws of God, and all truly good men know well this inestimable value. That Webster knew the value of peace is proved by the following words: "When my eyes shall be turned for the last time to behold the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union, no states dissevered, discordant, belligerent, or a land rent with cruel feuds, or drenched in fraternal blood." Q.

There are people who go about the world looking out for slights, and they are necessarily miserable, for they find them at every turn—especially the imaginary ones. One has the same pity for such men as for the very poor. They are the morally illiterate. They have had no real education, for they have never learned how to live. —*Henry Drummond*.

LEGEND OF THE CAVE.

Where the waters gently creep,
 Where the willows drooping sleep,
 Where the rocks outboldly stand
 Like spectres in the shadow land:
 There, where silv'ry pebbles dwell,
 Securely rests the hermit's cell.

Where the tall old elm tree
 Is rocked about like troubled sea,
 Where the sturdy oak and ash
 Storm swayed together lash,
 In ravine like wild beast's lair
 Is uttered still the hermit's prayer.

'Mid the bushes odor flinging,
 'Mongst the gales so lonely singing,
 Where the moss in folds of down
 Bedecks the crags grown old and brown,
 Whence flow many a golden stream,
 There is heard the hermit's hymn.

And oft at eve when far around
 Is silence all, deep, calm, profound
 Whilst the world is wrapt in sleep
 Nor twinkling star to faintly peep,
 There he sits and nothing heeds,
 Whilst he tells and tells his beads.

And oft from river's other shore
 Is heard, is seen a golden oar,
 A boatman glides with swan-like grace,
 A radiant smile about his face,
 He holds a small and silvery bell,
 Advancing towards the hermit's cell.

And from the caverns of that tomb
 Appears a glim'ring mid the gloom,
 A soft and plaintiff voice is heard
 Like evening notes of weary bird—
 The little bell begins to sound—
 "Sanctus! Sanctus!" floats around.

And as the "Non sum dignus" steals
 About the cell—those tinkling peals
 Ring out and out with joysome glee
 That bears the mind to eternity:
 Once more, again, all, all is still,
 Save laughing waters—sparkling rill—

As boatman young and patriarch
 In their golden skiff embark,
 Pulling out for yonder shore,
 Cleaving waters with the oar,
 Cutting waves, like angels wing
 Their labors o'er—their offering.

—J. P. M.

THE VIATORIAN.

Published monthly for the students by the Pantagraph Printing and Stationery Co., Bloomington, Ill.

Edited by the students of St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais Grove, Ill. All correspondence must be addressed: THE VIATORIAN, Bourbonnais, Ill.

Entered at the Bloomington Postoffice as second class matter.

Subscription price, one dollar per year, payable in advance.

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EDITORIAL.

The semi-annual examination began January 27. It passed off without incident except to a few who were not ready (?) for the contest or perhaps did not think "it was loaded."

There is no doubt some very sound thinking done after this examination, especially by those who failed to pass it creditably. Any one that can trace failure to his own neglect has also the remedy close at hand. If he has the common sense a pupil ought to have he will not suffer defeat at a second contest. But the example of a failure is so constantly put forward that it has long ceased to be new or attractive. There are those who will always be insensible to opportunity and to their best interests. They are met with everywhere. They seem to be born for failure and disappointment—though, of course, they are not—still there are many who so constantly bring disappointment to themselves

and their friends that one would almost think that they had been created for that purpose.

On February 22 our genial friend and benefactor, Rev. M. Letellier, pastor of Iron Mountain, Mich., will celebrate the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. The Thespians will again present the drama in which they were so entirely successful at Christmas, and the other societies will lend their aid to make the event one of pleasure to the jubilarian and a complete success in all its parts. How much Father Letellier deserves such recognition is fully understood by all those who know his many acts of kindness shown to this institution.

The test of genuine goodness of heart will always be proved by unostentatious giving. He who seeks to give without being flattered in his gift, acts from noble and unselfish motives, and thus enhances tenfold the value of what he does. Such a one his friends always found Fr. Letellier, generous to a fault, a sincere and devoted friend, a good priest, a zealous pastor, who has left the signs of his good works in many places, and counts friends wherever he goes. May God prolong his days!

The following we take from the *Ambassador of Christ*, a work lately issued by his eminence, Cardinal Gibbons:—"Self respect is another char-

acteristic of an exemplary and honest student. He is guided in his moral conduct by well defined principles of rectitude, from which he never deviates, and by an enlightened conscience, which he reverences as the voice of God. He scorns to commit in secret any mean or dishonorable act that he would be afraid to do in public. He has the same standard of propriety during vacation, among strangers in a hotel, in a railroad car, or elsewhere, that he had in the college under the eye of his superiors. He has the courage of his convictions, and he will modestly but firmly adhere to an unpopular cause which his sense of duty dictates, rather than espouse the popular measure that would gain him applause. Like the apostle of the Gentiles, he is not disquieted by the unfavorable judgment of men, provided his actions meet the approval of his conscience; nor is he deterred from the straight line of conduct by sneers, or ridicule, or by the imputation of unworthy motives. He will never stoop to obtain by ignoble methods, the vantage-ground over an opponent, for he does not regulate his actions by the false maxim, that the end justifies the means."

"The youth who is actuated by self-respect has, also, great respect for others, as his own conduct is regulated by upright intentions, he is slow to impute dishonest motives to others." (Page 90).

Flowers are the beautiful hieroglyphics of nature, with which she indicates how much she loves us. — *Goethe*.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

We acknowledge the receipt of "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion." This work is published under the direction of the Hon. H. A. Herbert, secretary of the navy, by Lieut. Com. Richard Rush, U.S.N., and Mr. Robert H. Woods. The present is the fourth volume of the first series, and deals with operations of the service in the Gulf of Mexico, on the Atlantic coast, and on the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers, during 1860 and 1861. This volume was sent through the courtesy of Hon. John M. Palmer, United States Senator from Illinois.

The January number of the *Century* opens with an illustrated sketch of "Leuback, the Painter of Bismarck." There is also a description of Leuback's house, garden, and museum, as well as his renowned studio, which is said to surpass those of the great English and French masters. "Campaigning with Grant," by Horace Porter, treats of a subject of primary importance to all students of history and biography. It is a beautiful description of that great general "roughing it" in the wilderness with his troops. "Public Spirit in Modern Athens," by D. Bikelas, with pictures by A. Castaigne, is one of the most instructive articles that has appeared in the *Century* for some time. Mr. Bikelas is one of the leading literary men of Greece, and was chairman of the Greek committee in charge of the Olympian Games in 1896. "Napo-

leon's Interest in the Battle of New Orleans" contains a description of the famous battle by General Jackson. Among the short stories may be mentioned "The Lights of Sitka," by Chester Bailey Fernald; "A Girl of Modern Tyre," by Hamlin Garland; "A Rose of Yesterday," by Marion Crawford. "The Absurdity of War," by E. L. Godkin, is a well written and timely article. Among many interesting articles we might mention "An American Composer: Edward A. MacDowell," "Nelson in the Battle of the Nile." The short stories, "A Girl of Modern Tyre," and "The Lights of Sitka" are deserving of special notice.

One of the most instructive magazines which comes to us is *The Catholic Reading Circle Review*. It is devoted to history, science, religion, literature, art, and philosophy. The December number is replete with many articles which rather deserve the epithet *fascinating*. Among them we might mention "An Introduction to the Study of Tennyson," by Maurice Francis Egan, LL D. Professor Egan's broadness of view and great talent as a literary critic are shown here in an admirable manner. "The True Story of the Acadian Deportation" is admirably told by Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D.

The continuation of the paper, "The Pope as a Sovereign," by Rev. John G. Beane is especially interesting to the student of history. The department of educational work is most instructive to teachers and contains many valuable suggestions. The *Reading Circle Union* contains the

following articles: "Studies in American History," by Mare F. Vallette, L.L.D.; "American Literature," Thos. O'Hagan, Ph. D.; "Outline for Weekly Study and Review;" "Reading Circle Chronicle," and concludes with a sketch of Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., the new rector of the Catholic University of America.

The January *Rosary Magazine*, is, as usual, full of interest and beauty. The object of this truly Catholic magazine is the honor of Our Blessed Lady in the Holy Rosary and it certainly accomplishes its purpose in a most striking manner; no one can read its contributions without being edified as well as entertained. It opens with a most devout and tender sketch, by Eliza Allen Starr, of the shrine of our Lady of Prompt Succor in New Orleans. The article gives, in a very interesting manner, the early history of Louisiana and a description of the famous battle of New Orleans in the second war with England. A beautiful pen picture is also given of the Ursuline convent and chapel wherein is placed the famous statue of our Lady of Prompt Succor. "The Story of a Convert," by Madeleine V. Dahlgren, is continued in the present and portrays in a remarkable manner the grace of Faith. "Slavery Under Spanish Law," by John A. Mooney and "The Rosary and the Holy Eucharist" are equally entertaining and instructive, but space prevents further mention of them. The poetry of the of the number is full of beauty and we would recommend that on "The Holy

Name" as especially appropriate for this season; "While Mary was Sleeping," and "A Wreath for Our Queen" are truly poetic, as is also a sonnet on "The Finding in the Temple," by Elizabeth B. Smith.

Of all our illustrated magazines none is more interesting than *The National*. The New Year's number surpasses anything of its kind that we have thus far seen. The most striking article is entitled, "Christ and His Time," by Dallas Lore Sharp. It contains the sublime history of the Christ Child with twenty-six illustrations copied from the paintings of the famous masters. "The Description of the Chicago Stock Yards" is given in a remarkably interesting manner and is exceedingly well illustrated. In art, nothing in magazines of this class, has so far surpassed the illustrations in "Hans Holbein and House Decoration in Lucerne." To the lovers of the arts and antiquity will the descriptions of Lucerne be most interesting, and to the historian will many treasures present themselves. In fiction there is also many articles which are well worth our attention.

EXCHANGES.

Looking over our various exchanges, and we rejoice in not a few, our eyes are almost unconsciously attracted to the more meritorious ones.

Instinctively we take them up and are soon devouring their charming articles, for they are real literary treats. Especially is this true of *The Owl*. Its

table of contents almost invariably presents an array of inviting themes, which, from their diversity, can not fail to enlist the attention of the most casual reader. Poetry, fiction, philosophy, music, and the drama, wit and humor, all find a place in its pages. We regret to state however, that it lacks one of the most essential features of college journalism, viz: an exchange department, and we sincerely hope this latter will soon complete its interesting columns.

In the December number of the *Kalamazoo College Index*, there is a criticism upon our exchange department. We are accused of not being catholic because of the paucity of our exchange notices, and it alleges that we confine ourselves exclusively to journals from institutions of our own denomination. As to the first objection we have no apology to offer. We hold that the office of the exchange editor is to commend or criticise only those papers whose merits or demerits are most prominent and in the allotment of superiority, to select the "best from the good." Now we number in our exchange list many excellent college and school journals. To attempt criticisms worthy of the name, upon all of them were folly, and *a fortiori*—a so-called criticism crowded into one line is ridiculous in the extreme, as, for example, the first line of the exchange column of the *Index*. As to the second objection we might well say "*gratis asseritur, gratis negatur*," but for the information of the *Index*, we reply that something more than a mere cursory glance at our ex-

changes will show, that of the seven journals mentioned, three were representatives of non-Catholic institutions.

The Crescent, published in the interest of the Hill House High School, New Haven, Conn., is always welcome. Its most commendable feature is the diversity of subjects which it treats and those enlivened by a number of appropriate illustrations. We were especially pleased with the article on music. It idealizes that "Queen of the Fine Arts," and bespeaks a devotion to music worthy of a most ardent devotee.

The Cadet, of the State College of Kentucky, is one of our late arrivals. We regret to note the fewness of its articles. Those given, however, are good, especially a poem entitled "Frolic of the Clouds," and a scientific treatise on "Geological Time."

The Normalia is steadily declining and we are at a loss to give a legitimate excuse for the continuation of its existence. As this is the exponent of a state normal school, we naturally look for a few able articles of literary value, but the last number we received contains but one essay that has any pretensions to merit. The remaining columns are filled with personals and locals of no interest to any one outside the St. Cloud Normal School. In fact, the last number contains nothing worthy of commendation.

The College Review, the exponent of Shurtleff College, Alton, Ill., is at hand. It opens with a very interest-

ing and instructive article entitled, "The Kingdom of Music," in which the writer in a very erudite manner describes a visit to Berlin, the home of song and music. Short sketches are also given of many pianists whose lives have been "one grand, sweet song." However, we regret to say that this review, otherwise so readable, is marred by an editorial on "Our Naturalization Laws." Many of its statements concerning the political evils are so plainly gratuitous that they do not deserve refutation. The remedies offered are extremely chimerical and savor strongly of fanaticism. The migration of foreigners to our shores has added largely to our national population, and especially to our wealth and resources. The *Review* would have us believe there should be *perfect* harmony between the national democracy and the individuals born and brought up in a political order widely different from ours. This is impossible. Again, if the period of residence prior to naturalization should extend to twenty-one years a very grave evil would present itself, and in the late rebellion would have given victory to secession. Naturalization on easy and liberal terms is the best and only safe policy. A large majority of our immigrants are adult males, and if it would take twenty-one years for them to learn about our institutions, the country would be better off without them. As churches are built for sinners and not for saints, so, too, is our government established for the weak; the strong can take care of themselves. Restrict immigration, if you will, but

the remedies suggested by the *Review* would prohibit it altogether.

The Lever of the Colorado Springs High School is a vivacious little journal. It abounds in a number of happily written articles mainly of local interest. There is a tendency, however, to exclude moresolid matter and we hope to see in the next edition a little more of the latter.

The Sunbeam is a neat little exponent of the Ontario Ladies College, Whitby, Ont. The biographical sketches in the December number particularly those of Robert Burns and Richard Sheridan are worthy of note.

Friday is an unlucky day says one of our exchanges. So are Saturday, Sunday and the rest of the week, if a day is to be called unlucky because some unpropitious event happens on it. The following are some notable events happening on Friday:

America was discovered.
 Washington was born.
 Battle of Bunker Hill was fought.
 Lee surrendered.
 Richmond was evacuated.
 Battle of New Orleans was fought.
 The Declaration of Independence was signed.
 Shakespeare was born.
 Napoleon Bonapart was born.
 Battle of Marengo was fought.
 Battle of Waterloo was fought.
 The Bastille was destroyed.
 Queen Victoria was married.
 Moscow was burned.
 Julius Caesar was assassinated.

Are there no "lucky" things in this list? Luck is very good in its way, perhaps, but the person who puts "p" before it and works it out on that

plan is the one who gets the most out of life every time.

PERSONALS.

—Mr. F. Richard, '96 has accepted an offer from Swannell, the Kankakee merchant, where his many friends will find him ready to assist them.

—Mr. Edward L. Bennett, '87, is now employed as a travelling salesman for Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett, & Co., Chicago. His territory lies within the borders of Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Kansas.

—Mr. Alphonse Nourie, '96, was a visitor at the college during the holidays. He is attending school at Valparaiso, Ind., this year.

—Mr. Will Cleary, '88, was a caller during the month. That things go successfully with Will is clear from the happy and robust appearance he presents. Mr. Cleary owns the only drug store in his town, Odell, Ill.

—We extend our sympathies to Mr. Andrew Lyons, '96, and members of his family, whose mother died January 14. An excellent lady, a devout christian, they have reason to feel her loss, but the Christian's hope will buoy them up in this sad hour. May she rest in peace.

—Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., in answer to a call went to Flanigan, Ill., to attend the funeral of Mr. Edward Flanigan, who died there January 13. Mr. Flanigan was one of the wealthy and respected members of that place.

—Rev. Fr. Cote, formerly pastor of Bourbonnais, who generously gave up his place to the community of St. Viator, and afterwards was pastor in Chicago, and Aurora, Ill., was a very welcome visitor at the college recently. He is at present living with his nephew at Ripon, Ontario.

—Rev. M. A. Dooling, Clinton, Ill., was the guest of the faculty recently.

—We take the following from the *Kankakee Times*, of January 19, 1897: Eugene Durand has received an invitation to deliver an address before the West Side Literary and Dramatic club of Chicago, on the occasion of the annual banquet of that organization on Lincoln's birthday. Mr. Durand is a graduate of St. Viator's college. He is not only an orator and elocutionist of ability but possesses marked dramatic and literary talent. Some of his best stories, usually hunting sketches, have appeared in *Recreation* and other magazines.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The German Society has decided to take a vacation until the milder days of March, when it will continue its good work.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

An elaborate program has been made out by the Rev. Moderator, and read to the members on the night of their first meeting in 1897. It is a good one and will, no doubt, bring forth the hidden powers of youthful eloquence. All the mem-

bers are becoming more zealous and interested than ever in the doings of the society and it is their avowed intention to eclipse the accomplishments of the members of former years. The program is as follows: January 20, a debate, "Resolved, That Vacation is More Harmful than Good," the affirmative will be taken up by Mr. Hansl and the negative by Mr. Hayden. At the time of this writing the above debate has taken place. It was hotly contested; resulting in a victory for the negative gentlemen.

January 27, Messrs. Daniher and Cahill will defend the affirmative, and Messrs. Logan and Corcoran the negative sides, respectively, of the question, "Resolved, That the Jury System Should be Abolished." On the following Wednesday night Messrs. J. Murphy and M. O'Toole will tell us why immigration should be restricted, and Messrs. Kromenacker and Hayden will take up the opposite view. February 10, the question, "Resolved, That the Constitution ought to be Amended so as to Provide for the Election of Senators by the Popular Vote." Messrs. Brennan and Dube will argue that it should, whilst Kearney and Denault will oppose them. The following meeting the Cuban question will be discussed. Much interest is manifested in this one as it is a live question. Messrs. J. O'Dwyer and Wm. Granger, will defend Spain and prove that Cuba is not entitled to our sympathy, whilst Messrs. Rainey and Hildreth will try to show that Cuba deserves our sympathy. It will give us pleasure to tell the results later.

VIATORIANA.

—I would hate to be bitten by a rat.

—Can I get a knife? I'll knife you.

—Who monopolizes the Sunday tea pots?

—I ate so many apples I am full of cider.

—Did you correct the bookkeeping notes?

—I picked fifteen pounds during vacation.

—They are all very home-staying people.

—I am known then as well as a yellow dog.

—I came up to see if you were packed up.

—I will never go to that nest of a L— again.

—Do you know where Mt. P— is? I was there!

—I haven't got a piece of a bit of a piece of paper.

—Did "battle-ax" grow on the Popo-cattle Mountains.

—S.—"I have a room now, but its too little for me."

—I wonder why his pants doesn't bag at the knees.

—It rained all the way and of course I could not stop it.

—Who routed them and disturbed the watery elements?

—That sweater must have come from the penitentiary.

—Skating has been of late the principal conge enjoyment.

—If you talk to my sister again I'll put a bullet through you.

—"I put my socks on the alarm clock to wring them out."

—They are all old bachelors and old maids out there. Too bad!

—Oh! Dickey, Dickey, what have the boys been doing to you.

—Who would rather have his whole class throwing ink bottles at him?

—Say, are you going to say that football is ennobling to charity?

—(A bird in the tree.) To student, go out and chase her in, poor thing she'll die.

—"What's the matter here, are you fellows going to sleep all day this morning?"

—"My ring motto always is, was, and has been, 'give me victory or give me—death.'"

—What is your nationality? I'm German. I don't believe it. Vell, don't I eat gabbage.

—No wonder the table on the second cloth wouldn't be wet; they have it rainey, continually.

—I made so many resolutions New Year's that I'm afraid I won't know when I'm breaking one.

—Mr. Lee continually tells why he goes to college. He says, he wants to learn how to run a farm.

—Fat man—"What kind of a hog is that, Tommy?" Tommy (pointing to questioner)—"A fat hog!"

—"I wouldn't have lost that fight for twenty-five dollars, and now I hereby challenge them all."

—Even though my shirt was like a patched up baby rag and my hair like a croaker's nest I did do my duty."

—Rector, be it known, gets 10 cents a day righting the chair in the writing room where we sometimes have rites.

—"If I put the light in my pocket it will be dark in here, wouldn't it?"

Not unless it would shine through your cassock.

—"How could we shoot rabbits when we couldn't get our equilibrium. S— was on one side of the balance and K— on the other."

—The "pie brigade," or the Saturday squad, seems to be on the increase. One may get a lot of work done for a "cut" of the indestructible.

—The battalion is in excellent condition. From present prospects, there will be but little prospect at the end of the year for the different captains. Keep on, boys.

—The work of filling the ice house has been going on this month and visions of iced cream, not to mention the joys (?) of working the freezer, float before our epicurean vision.

—Now that we are all back again, we should cast certain remembrances into oblivion and try our winsome talent in endeavors to coax a little more knowledge into our storehouse.

—Shorty is at present reading attentively Kearney's maiden publication. "It is entitled "How to Become

Large." The preface is written by Legris, and the book is dedicated to ambitious dwarfs.

—(Catechism examination on miracles.) Student—Professor, do you think we shall have time to copy our examination.

Professor—I don't think so.

Student—Well, it will be a miracle if you can read mine. Ha! ha! ha!

—One of the favorite modes of exercising, at which quite a few are becoming proficient, is the punching-bag. There is a deal of work in the same sport, and the one who follows it up for a time will not only acquire suppleness and agility, but also find his arms and chest greatly benefited.

—The Thespians have in preparation their play for March 17. They will present *Becket*, drawn chiefly from Tennyson's play, with additions and special changes from Aubrey De Vere's version of *Becket*. The company will also give a farce to conclude the evening's entertainment, hence everybody will find something to please him.

—The indoor base ball club was organized recently. It consists of the following members: J. Kearney, L. Legris, E. Legris, W. Corcoran, J. O'Dwyer, D. Denault, P. Daniher, R. Rainey, and F. Legris. Rev. J. F. Ryan is manager; J. O'Dwyer, captain; T. Cahill, scorer, and Shorty Changelon, mascot. The manager has matched several games for January and February. He intends putting the K. K. K. Electrics on the alert, and the K. K. K. Alerts on the road to sorrow.