

## FAREWELL OLD YEAR.

FAREWELL ! declining year, farewell !  
 Thou must depart into the past !  
 What ills you brought, bear them with thee  
 Into oblivion's great wide vast.

And should I not thy going weep,  
 Or sigh as time now tolls thy knell ?  
 Should I not with thee vigil keep ?  
 Ah yes ! with grief I say farewell.

Throughout thy long expanse of time,  
 Some joy each moment to me brought,  
 As from great dusty volumes read,  
 I found the wisdom therein taught.

I learned to love my books the more,  
 To walk in peace life's thorny way ;  
 In all my acts to do Gods will ;  
 As sin drew near to kneel and pray.

I learn to strive, all pain to ease,  
 By acts to help the lowly rise ;  
 To cool and soothe the aching brow,  
 All kindly deeds much more to prize.

Though friends were laid in silent graves,  
 Whilst I sad tears of sorrow shed ;  
 I still knew that I'd meet them when  
 The years as thou, should'st all have fled.

Again old year I say farewell,  
 With hope I greet the coming new ;  
 May blessings long its course be strewn  
 Like those old year I found in you.

J. M. KANGLEY.



## DANTE'S "DIVINE COMEDY."

ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE ORATORY CLASS.



TRUE education—the strengthening of our will to the performance of sacred duty, the enlargement of our understanding by varied knowledge and extensive learning, the ennobling of our heart by fostering in us a sincere love for what is genuinely beautiful, morally as well as physically—true and thorough education should be the object of our most earnest and untiring endeavour. Would we be men, in deed as in name, then must we spare no effort, forego no occasion of improving, developing, perfecting every power and faculty of our soul. To this end no means can be too efficient; no master, however experienced, too influential; no book, however excellent and profound, too stimulative. As there are teachers who by their every look and word and example, urge us on with a certain magnetism to culture and refinement of soul, so are there books, which, without the living tone, the thrilling voice of animation, are in their dumbness eloquent, and in their seeming weakness powerfully persuasive. Of the vast number of these forceful and soul-stirring books, there are, alas! only too many baneful in their tendencies, mortal rather than quickening in their effects upon the mind and heart. But on the other hand there are books of untold worth, transcending in true grandeur and moral sublimity all the vain attempts of verbose, corrupt or unprincipled writers to establish a literature worthy of the name. Few, indeed, are these, and priceless; handed down to us as precious legacies and invaluable treasures, we should love and reverence them, as we honor those whose life-work is devoted to the enriching of our soul with every virtue, noble ambition and species of solid learning.

Such a work, in scope and value, is that of Dante. To the soul thirsting for truth and right and beauty it is a spring never failing in its vivifying effusion of cultured learning and exalted



virtue. Exquisite as the summer's rose in beauty, more lasting than the adamant in durance, a mine exhaustless in its varied treasures, it compels our warmest admiration and our humble devotion. It were, indeed, temerity in me to attempt in any way to do justice to this noble creation of supremest genius, when masters such as Carlyle, Ozanum, Macaulay and Coleridge have uttered their sentiments, sentiments of genuine admiration and of deepest reverence. But the well nigh irresistible attraction of this most powerful loadstone would draw from even Stoic reticence the unstinted meed of praise which is its due. A book that has won the reverent admiration of profoundest scholars, that has been idealized by Carlyle and Goethe, a book which is, in part, as Ruskin holds, all but miraculous, such a book must verily possess an illimitable value, must be unfathomable in its depths of learning, entrancing by its beauty, poetical or moral. All this and more we find in Dante's work. His Divine Comedy is a summary of the Supreme in christian ethics, in fine art, and in highest literature. And not in part only, but in its entirety, is it thus preëminent by its manifold excellence. We perceive, on examination, that this excellence or beauty is threefold; that it is in its union of a perfect code of morals and sound christian philosophy with a rare and accurate knowledge of sacred and profane literature and science, and with the most ideal poetic beauty and conception that the Divine Comedy excels.

Let me now verify my assertion. If the moral power of a book depends on the intensity with which it inculcates a sincere and ardent love for virtue and a relentless detestation for every vice, then is the Divine Comedy a tower of moral strength and beauty. The Sacred Scriptures excepted, there is perhaps no book which contains so efficacious lessons of sublime morality. What heart so steeped in the loathsomeness of sin, so callous to conscience' poignant thrusts that it cannot be moved to remorse or fear when considering the terrible torments of the damned. What soul so apathetic to every virtuous impulse, that it can resist the powerful attraction which is here imparted to every virtue! Who that has followed Dante through the dread gloom of

the Inferno, can ever forget, or recall without horror the fearful woes and sufferings entailed by sin? These sights create in us a surging repulsion for evil, a salutary fear of offending a God whose revenge is so rigorous; effects which none but the most moral books can produce. Dante exclaims:

“ Vengeance of heaven! Oh! how shouldst thou be feared  
By all, who read what here mine eyes beheld.”

And lest we should, at the sight of so great tortures, erringly sympathize with the unhappy sufferers, Dante often manifests to us their wilful guilt and the justice of their punishment. When, at the sight of certain great sufferings, Dante cannot refrain from tears, Vergil chides him thus :

“ What! and art thou, too, witless as the rest?  
Here pity most doth show herself alive,  
Where she is dead. What guilt exceedeth his,  
Who with heaven’s judgment in his passion strives? ”

Indeed of Dante’s poem, especially of the Inferno, the one predominant characteristic in the moral order is justice, stern heaven-born justice, tempered indeed by divine mercy, but inexorable in its chastisement of sin.

“ Wisdom Supreme! how wonderful the art,  
Which thou dost manifest in heaven, in earth,  
And in the evil world, how just a meed  
Allotting by thy virtue unto all.

We might call this Inferno the glorification of justice. There is an intenseness, terrible in its reality, in those famous words inscribed over Hell’s portal:

“ Justice the founder of my fabric moved  
To rear me was the task of power divine,  
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.”

The most excruciating sufferings here endured, are but the effects of infinite justice.

“ Here Heaven’s stern justice lays chastising hand.”

In Purgatory, mercy reigns supreme. Here are the effects of divine mercy everywhere manifest. Manfred very beautifully says:



“ When by two mortal blows  
 My frame was shattered, I betook myself,  
 Weeping, to him who of free will forgives.  
 My sins were horrible, but so wide arms  
 Hath goodness infinite, that it receives  
 All who turn to it.”

In purgatory the soul purges off those lesser stains, which prevent its immediate entrance to the realms of bliss, and thus divine mercy finds a means whereby to save from eternal misery those souls, stained, indeed, by lesser faults, yet loving much, and therefore dear to heaven. Paradise is the triumph of love, love for God and man, unmixed with all self-seeking. There is the soul by the purest charity united with its Maker, and God's love for man shines forth in splendour. Thus each of these three moral kingdoms is ruled, as it were, by one characteristic virtue, while throughout the whole the sublimest morality is instilled into the soul. As from a garland all Christian virtues breathe from these pages with fragrant perfume.

“ Sabeam odours from the spicy shore  
 Of Araby the blest.

As represented by Dante, virtue is irresistibly attractive, as vice is utterly repulsive. We cannot but love and esteem it when lauded by so eloquent a defender. Apostolic faith, unflinching hope, ardent charity; spare, sober temperance and childlike humility, the guardians of angelic chastity; long-suffering patience and Christ-like meekness find in him a mighty exponent. The advantages of prayer, which is, after the sacraments, the surest aid for the Christian in the uncertain struggle for eternal life, are admirably set forth. At every turn in purgatory are met spirits whose salvation is due to prayer, and many others who solicit the prayers of the faithful. Vergil shows Dante how by prayer we can relieve them. When freed

“ From all those spirits who prayed for others' prayers,  
 To hasten on their state of blessedness,”

Dante asks Vergil how

“ Heaven's supreme decree can ever bend  
 To supplication.”

Who replies :

“ the sacred height  
Of judgment doth not stoop because love's flame  
In a short time all fulfills which he,  
Who sojourns here, in right should satisfy.”

Often we hear these blessed ones as they lift in prayer their spirit-voices to God in accents of love and hope. Their eloquent example moves us to raise our sinful souls to God in supplication both for them and for ourselves.

In regard to philosophical depth or profound learning, there are few books equal, and less fewer superior, to this. The eminent value of the Divine Comedy as an intellectual factor is easily recognized by a careful perusal. We see here, as if reflected in a mirror, all the wisdom, the art, science, philosophy, theology and classic erudition of the centuries before him. All previous learning seems to have culminated in Dante, in whom it also found an interpreter and bard. For is it not just, nay even necessary, that the poet should also be a scholar, and that the greatest poet should be likewise master of the most profound and extensive learning and culture. That Dante, the transcendent and almost incomparable poet, was possessed of this vast intellectual proficiency, is fully demonstrated by the work to which his exalted genius has given birth. And what a prodigy is here, a task seemingly impossible, and verily insuperable by all save the true sons of genius. From the vast amount of shapeless material, from the chaos, as it were, of sacred and profane learning, Dante has erected, with perfect symmetry, one of the grandest monuments of erudition we possess. From the broken strains, the snatches of melody, caught up from the lips of prophecy, of learning, of fervid eloquence and poesy, and preserved by the silent centuries, he has wrought out a grand harmonic song, sublimely rugged in its rhythm, entrancing by its beauty, immortal in its power, moral and intellectual. Here we behold the light of pagan wisdom, erstwhile enshrouded with the mists of error, now glowing with an intensity imparted to it by the Christian genius of Dante. Plato, Aristotle and Cicero shine forth in all their refined splendour from these pages of intellectual brilliancy. Throughout the course of



the work are scattered in profusion references to the mythology of the Greek and Latin poets, which bespeaks an intimate acquaintance with the masterpieces of ancient genius. We also find displayed a thorough knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures, the teachings of which are presented to us, not in the garbled and mutilated form given them by heresy and sectarianism, but in the fullness and with the fidelity of loyal Catholicism. We see here Aquinas in his breadth and depth of mind. As a faithful pupil, Dante has, to great extent, embodied in his Divine Comedy the teachings and mighty principles of this supreme master. He also manifests an intimate acquaintance with the intricacies of philosophy and theology. The influence of St. Jerom, of St. Ambrose, of St. Augustine is frequently revealed. The entire work is, as an illustrious commentator has aptly said, "*Scholasticism set to music.*"

In the wide range of literature, it were difficult to find aught surpassing in poetic beauty the Divine Comedy. How eloquent and passionate throughout. If poetic beauty consists in genuine passion, fervid eloquence and vivid imagination, then is this work almost without rival. Dante possesses Homer's loftiness of mind and Vergil's stately majesty. Yet with the humility characteristic of noble minds he says to Vergil:

"Thou art my author, and my master thou!  
Thou he from whom alone I have derived  
That style, which for its beauty into fame  
Exalts me."

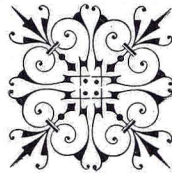
One of the most striking qualities of true poetic genius is the power of imagery. In imagination's realm Dante is easily King. What power of fancy is exhibited throughout the work. It is a poetical delineation of imaged wonders, blended with a warmth and vividness which almost makes its scenes and persons real. And in passion and true sentiment, have we not innumerable examples of the power of Dante?

Our very soul thrills with horror when he so eloquently describes the sad fate of Ugolino and his sons.

From the entire poem we can imagine the man. What a prodigy is he! Noble, stern indeed and severe, yet tender as a

mother's love, benevolent and kind as only true greatness makes a man. The man himself is great, is supreme, the book is but a part, an offshoot. Yet how admirably, with its mirror-like capacity, does it reflect its maker. How closely does its building resemble the pattern of its author's soul. Yes, indeed, whether we seek wisdom, philosophy in its vast extent, or justice and morality in their relations between God and man, or would we regale our mind and heart with some of the most exquisite and delightful poetry then should we turn to this monument of learning, this imperishable code of law, this enchanting effusion of poetic genius.

F. S. CLARK.





## AN AMERICAN SOLDIER'S DREAM.



N a rude bed in a military camp there lay sick and wounded a tall, thin man; his dark hair fell in disorder over his forehead; his face was pale and emaciated. He was an American soldier who had been brought there the preceding day from the battlefield; his right arm was so shattered by a ball that it had to be amputated at the shoulder.

He had not yet awakened from the chloroform sleep. Close by his bedside sat a fellow soldier and a surgeon, both keeping their eyes steadily fixed on the silent patriot, and scarcely exchanging a word. It was near daybreak as the first shrill sound of a bugle rang through the stillness of the morning air, calling the companies to arms. A moan, scarcely audible, followed by a feeble cry, told his companion and the surgeon that their suffering hero was about to awake. They drew closer to his bedside; in a few moments he raised his eyes and stared wildly around, saying to his companion, in a trembling voice: "Clarence, you must now leave me; the bugle has sounded that calls you to duty." Having spoken these words the tears began rolling down his pale and furrowed cheeks.

Clarence was a fellow soldier who had been by his side when he received the fatal wound and who had been his inseparable companion from his very youth; he had now gone from the camp to join in the morning exercises on the field, but the surgeon remained who from time to time spoke words of encouragement to the poor sufferer and advised him to refrain as much as possible from speaking, at least for some time. The soldier, however, insisted on narrating a dream which he had while under the influence of the chloroform, assuring the surgeon that by its mere rehearsal he would forget his present pain. "It is a dream," he continued, "that brought a strange admixture of sorrow and happiness, but a dream in which I beheld a vision that I would



believe abundant recompense for my lost arm." After some deliberation the surgeon consented and the wounded soldier continued thus: "I thought I was marching through a forest by the side of Clarence, who, as you know is one of the bravest, truest, and most loyal fellows that ever entered a battlefield, when suddenly he disappeared. I stood there with beating heart and cried out 'Clarence, my best loved comrade; Clarence for whom I would give my life; Clarence, you whom I have chosen to lead me through this, the gloomiest garden of the earth; why have you abandoned me!' Those were moments of sorrow that I cannot well describe; a death-like stillness reigned in the forest and through the air; it was dark and I knew not in what direction to proceed, nor could I even tell at what point we had entered.

Soon, however, the place assumed another aspect, an aspect so grand that its very remembrance makes me forget my present suffering. It was daybreak, the first bright rays of the rising sun crept slowly over the sky and peeped through the fretted canopy of leaves under which I stood, changing the place which was a short time before without enchantment or beauty into a scene of majesty, solitude and grandeur.

As I stood alone under the verdant roof of that princely habitation, my eyes wandered over fair ranks of trees that reared their heads proudly to an azure sky, and flung out their huge arms as if offering the feathered choristers that sported about from perch to perch, a place of rest; I felt the delicious odor of delicate wild flowers that grew there in prodigal variety, and the soft winds that ran across the tree-tops, making the green leaves dance on their boughs. Through winding aisles of oakes and pines I began to walk, but had not gone far when my path was surrounded by a lucid stream that sent forth its sparkling waters over the green sward; a more beautiful place my eyes have never beheld; everything spoke of sublimity and peace. But why do I dwell at any length on this when I think of the sight that next I saw! A sudden lustre filled the forest, and on looking to the left I beheld standing on an eminence, a beautiful lady dressed in a robe of purest white and holding up in her right hand a light so dazzling



that my eyes could not endure its splendour. I turned around like one stunned by some sudden fright, and the forest lay out as some gorgeous panorama before my view.

Wavering between doubts whether I should advance or retreat, I stood still while the lady, in a voice that was mild, soft and compassionate, addressed me thus: 'Fear not, defender of freedom, nor look astonished at my appearance, for I am she\* who was born near Lexington many years ago and baptized in the blood of your noble predecessors; noble predecessors, indeed, for when I lay there in my war-rocked cradle they stood by and kept watch lest I should perish in the storms that swept around me.'

Scarcely had she concluded her speech when a flood of music filled the forest, and looking to the right I beheld forty-four children† marching in a procession by twos; they too were clothed in white, each wearing a garland of flowers in the center of which was placed a bright star, and all sang one song, "America." Immediately behind these came a car the beauty of which for me to attempt to describe would be vain, suffice it is to say that a car so beautiful never graced *Victoria's* pomp. It moved mysteriously along without the aid of horses and on it sat a man‡ whose visage told me that his cares were many. He was of medium height, grave and solemn in his looks. The rear part of the procession was composed of twenty-eight old men, and venerable looking as they were old. All stood still as the car reached the eminence on which the lady stood and saluted her. She then proceeded to the car, a look of sorrow in her face, and pointing with one hand to the children, while she held aloft in the other the bright light, addressed the occupant in these words: 'To your care I have committed these my fair children whose number rival the stars on that flag that waves so proudly in Heaven's free breeze; be, then, I command you, worthy of the charge, and share not that affection which you owe exclusively to these, on the children of a nation whose flag my parents taught me to look on as the signal for

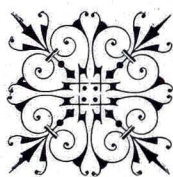
\* Liberty.

† United States.

‡ The President.

slaughter and desolation; a proud, haughty nation which has dotted the entire land with her possessions and the waters of the sea with her battle-ships—instruments of death—that nation which is this very day causing the thirsty fields of South Africa to drink the warm blood of a people who are asking nothing but liberty and peace.’ With these words she suddenly disappeared and with her all the rest.” When he had thus far related his dream he began weeping and in a low tone concluded saying: “Surgeon, do not imagine that I grieve for the loss of my arm since that was lost in a noble cause; but what I grieve for is, that instead of being a spectator and worshipper of the scene which I have described, I am merely a wounded soldier awaking from his dream.”

JOSEPH A. LYNN, '02.





## COLLEGE VERSE.

## GOD'S CHOSEN ONE.

'T WAS eve ; around great shadows fell ;  
 The church bell tolled so low, so drear ;  
 From out the convent near, four nuns  
 There came, who bore with them a bier  
 Upon it slept the fair young form  
 God's finger lo ! had touched ;  
 A heart that beat so oft' in prayer  
 Alas ! lay still and crushed.  
 Within a dark and deep cold tomb,  
 Beneath a willow tree,  
 Their sister dear they laid to rest,  
 And prayed with God she'd be.  
 Around a white cross roses twine,  
 In sorrow they oft' bend and nod ;  
 Upon it writ these simple words :  
 "At rest, a chosen one of God."

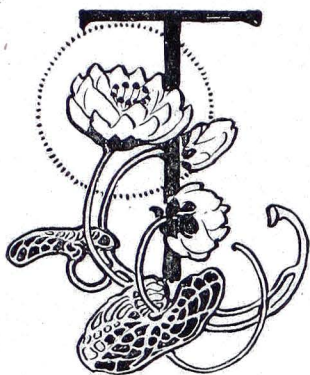
J. M. KANGLEY.

## OLD FRIENDS.

I F wandering o'er a desert vast,  
 In some far distant land ;  
 And you perchance should lose your way  
 Upon those burning sands ;  
 Take care lest through ambition's greed  
 You leave far in arrears  
 Your old provisions choice and rare,  
 As false mirage appears.  
 Or if in search of hidden wealth  
 You toil both night and day  
 In digging deep into the earth,  
 To find where gold did lay ;  
 Choose well between the ores you find,  
 Be careful, not too bold ;  
 Remember the old proverb : "All  
 That glitters is not gold."  
 And so while traveling o'er life's path,  
 Prefer the old friends true ;  
 No matter what their faults may be,  
 They're better than the new.  
 And if you meet with one who knows  
 More of your friends than you ;  
 Weigh well his words for you will find  
 To you he'll prove untrue.

K. M. J.

## ARE THE SENSES TRUSTWORTHY.



**T**RUTH is assailed on all sides: by skeptics, by idealists, by rationalists, and by materialists; but perhaps the most dangerous enemies of truth are the skeptics, who impugn the veracity of our faculties, of the sense and intellect, and say that we can reach nothing higher than probability, and that we must ever fluctuate in the unstable waves of opinion.

That was a sad word of Jouffroy, Cousin's disciple, who said: "We believe by instinct, and by reason we doubt"—i. e. so say—the more we reason, the less certain we become of things which we at first instinctively believed. So that skepticism is the necessary and unavoidable conclusion at which anyone will arrive, who seeks to find a motive for his certainty, or who seeks to know why he knows.

But this is an old story. Three centuries before Christ, Pyrrho had taught skepticism. "There is nothing that can be known," he said. "That something appears I grant, but that it really exists such as it appears, I deny," thus spoke Pyrrho.

And even before this champion of doubt, there had appeared others before the time of Socrates, for instance Democritus, Heraclitus, Thales of Miletus, Diogenes of Appolonia, Anaximenes, Anaxamander, Anaxagoras and others who declared that on account of the weakness of our senses, and the short-sightedness of our minds, we can perceive nothing, know nothing. That truth or certitude is hopelessly drowned and must float like a lifeless corpse in the ever fluctuating sea of opinion and doubt. What these so-called philosophers have denied is the objectivity of sensation and of ideas. They have, indeed, admitted a certain inward



phenomenon, or modification of the sense or mind, but from this, they say, we can by no means infer the existence of outward objects. We can only at best doubt. Among the Moderns, Descartes first called in question the objectivity of sensations and then most artlessly tried to re-establish it.

Malebranche, his disciple boldly asserts the insufficiency of the senses, and says we can know the existence of the outward only by faith which is based upon divine authority, divine revelation. Berkely was certain of only the universal principles of reason, and he did not know what to think as to the real existence of the world. It was for him an insoluble problem whether a real world exists at all.

Heine did but develope and lead to their ultimate conclusion the theories of Berkely, and is rightly considered as the "Father of Modern Skepticism." Kant made an attempt at refuting Heine, but only fell back most hopelessly into the "skepticism" of Pyrrho saying, that we perceive only our own affections and ideas. This is all pure ideal or subjective skepticism. What I hold is this, that among the many means we have of knowing things with certainty are the external senses: sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch. These senses are veracious, reliable and trustworthy, I say. They are safe standards of truth, when they report to us the reality of bodies existing outside of us. The veracity of the external senses is evidently proved by human nature, the nature of the sensil organism and the intrinsic nature of sensation itself.

All men naturally trust the senses; even those who seek to do violence to nature by reason, find it impossible to mistrust the senses. When Pyrrho himself was blamed by a friend for running away from a mad dog, he answered: "It is very hard to strip one's self entirely of human nature." Hence, in order to doubt the veracity of the senses we must



begin by undoing ourselves of our human nature through some herculean effort of reason. But now, this is both foolish and impossible, for certainly reason has not been given us in order that by philosophizing we should put off, maim or destroy our human nature, but rather that through reason we may follow the promptings of nature and perfect its operations. Hence it follows that that which is contrary to our human or rational nature cannot be true, and since doubting the veracity of the exterior senses is contrary to our rational or human nature this doubt cannot be true. The veracity of the senses, therefore, remains.

The nature of the sensil organs also shows the veracity of the external senses. No one, except he be insane, can doubt that we have external senses, and that these exercise their operations through a most complex, elaborate and beautiful organism, i. e. through organs, which nature has placed upon the outer structure of the body as so many sentinels. Now why all these sentinels, with their faces turned outwards? Is it not to catch the impressions of sensible objects? Why the eye in man, except to see the fairness of outline and the beauty of color in bodies? Why the ear, if not to catch sound, to revel in the music of the wind, of the ocean, and of human eloquence? If the sensible organism is not intended by nature for the perception of natural phenomena, then nature has labored in vain in upbuilding such an intricate and withal useless organism. But is it not a well recognized principle that nature does nothing in vain? Most certainly it is, and much less would nature's God, who is wise and good, have fitted man with external senses that would be either entirely useless or only a means of deception. Therefore, unless we are ready to deny the natural adaptation of the senses to the perception of outward objects; unless we are ready to fling insult in the



face of God and call Him a deceiver or unwise, we must cling with the utmost firmness to the veracity of the senses when they report to us sensible objects.

Finally I say that sensation itself demonstrates the veracity of the external senses. The skeptics themselves admit that by external sensation, sensible objects are represented to us as outside of us. Now whence does this appearance come to us? It can come only in three ways. Either the external sensible objects act upon the senses and produce in them an image of themselves, or this image springs from the sensory organism, or from the nature of the sentient subject. There is no further alternative conceivable. But now the first of these three alternatives alone is true, the other two are false, i. e. we must say, that the image which we have of sensible objects must come from impressions made upon the sense by the outward objects themselves, since this image can neither come from the sensory organs themselves nor from the nature of the sentient subject. This image cannot merely and exclusively be a modification of the sensory organ, because it would be impossible to explain how this purely and exclusively subjective image could be constantly referred to some object extrinsic to us and existing in the nature of things outside. And lastly this image cannot spring from the nature of the sentient faculty exclusively, because the sentient faculties are all by their nature passive and undetermined, i. e. indifferent to perceiving this rather than that image. Now, since the sense is thus naturally undetermined and incapable of determining itself alone to a particular perception, it follows that if it becomes determined at all, it must be so determined by some external object, which is its proper object. Hence, we must either deny altogether the fact of sensation or admit an object that determines the sense.

To say that the natural faculties like our external senses fail to reach their proper operations or are deceived in the exercise of their proper operations ; for instance, that the eye is deceived in seeing color, is to admit that the senses have a natural and necessary tendency, inclination, disposition or proclivity towards their proper object, which tendency is a part of their nature, and to say at the same time and in the same breath that these same senses have not this natural inclination, or that they can naturally and do naturally lose what necessarily belongs to their nature.

Now, even the most thoughtless boy that gambols on the green sward and chases butterflies in the golden sunshine can see the absurdity of such an evident contradiction. No healthy power, no cognoscitive faculty, says St. Thomas, ever fails to reach its proper object, when it exercises its normal operation and is not hindered by an internal disease or by a defective medium.

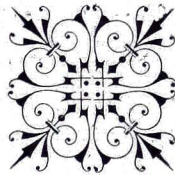
I think I have sufficiently established my thesis. I will conclude by regretting that there are still many men of narrow minds and dishonest natures, who pride themselves upon their cleverness in their serpentine shirkings of truth, and getting out of the moral back doors in order to hide their real opinions and escape the consequences of holding and openly professing them. These men are mentally diseased ; they are, perhaps, more to be pitied than blamed. Yet one cannot help thinking that there is in their case a very disastrous perversity of the will, and certainly none is so blind as the one who will not see.

So it happens that the skeptics, in spite of the clear oracles of reason and the eloquent testimony of the senses, persist in doubting of the reality of the external world, and delight in swinging in the indolent hammock of their own



illusions. Often the frail strings of their airy cradles break and they kiss the firm earth. Yet though they rise with bruised limbs, they will still shout in their mania, "There is no earth!" We must let them shout and play the fools since we cannot reason with them.

J. A.



## THE VIATORIAN.

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Published monthly by the students.

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

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

Entered at the Bourbonnais P. O. as second class matter.

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### EDITORIAL.

THE VIATORIAN wishes its readers and brother journals a happy and prosperous new year.



This old formula—A Happy New Year—though repeated so often, never wearies us. It is like some old refrain which, having once perfectly attuned the ear to its melody, gives new pleasure at each repetition, not only for its own sake but still more for the train of hallowed memories it awakens.



But although it has become a mere conventional form, conveying no well defined meaning, in its origin it must have been the expression of some thoughtful, earnest mind. For is not happiness the ultimate goal towards which every human action is directed? We may not take the trouble always to analyze the motives which prompt us to act, but whenever we do we find invariably that we are seeking happiness whether directly or indirectly.



There are in reality only two fundamental problems in life to which all others may be reduced—what will make me happy and



what are the best means of attaining that something? The answer one gives to these two important questions will determine his whole course in life. One believes that money has this sovereign power and all his energies of mind and body are employed in its acquisition. He worships at the gilded shrine of wealth. Another thinks supreme happiness is to be found in the enjoyment of every pleasure, and he tramples under foot the fair flowers of affection and the precious gem of honor in his mad pursuit of this deceptive goddess, until, broken in mind and body, he sinks into a dishonored grave. Fame is the siren whose enchanting voice impels another to gigantic efforts so that the sound of popular applause may ever ring in his ears. But he soon learns to his sorrow and disgust that this is frequently given when least deserved, often denied when justly due, and seldom bestowed with discernment.

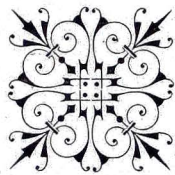


But since nature has placed this ceaseless craving for happiness in every human heart, unless she has wrought in vain there must be a means within the reach of all of satisfying its imperative demands. Surely an education which does not rightly solve these urgent problems is a failure and a sham. Consequently this is a question which especially concerns the student. Whether consciously or unconsciously we are all solving these two great problems, if not in principle at least in deed. The habits we are now acquiring and the ideals we propose to ourselves will be the motive powers by which we shall be impelled to act throughout the course of life. Hence the supreme importance of conduct or habit which when fully developed becomes well nigh invincible.



The semi-annual examinations will be held on January 28. They will be a practical test of how each one has employed his time during the past six months. To fail in them is especially unfortunate because it means that the only end for which a student

is or should be striving just now has not been attained. A student's professed purpose is to acquire knowledge and if he is not doing that he is a complete failure. If this failure arises from his own fault he should either mend his ways or betake himself to some occupation in which a very small expenditure of brain force is required. He might perhaps be usefully and profitably employed in many ways, but let him cease to play the roll of student for which he is disqualified, not so much by lack of natural endowments as by an invincible indolence.





## EXCHANGES.

OUR Christmas exchanges, handsome in appearance, and in their contents most enjoyable, serve to relieve the heavy monotony of the holidays. We thank all for their Christmas greetings, and wish them many returns of the happy season.



We find that *The Bee* is a journal edited with care and diligence, its contributors evincing in their work industry and thoroughness. In the Christmas issue there is an elaborate essay on "The Beautiful in Wordsworth's 'Intimations of Immortality.'" Having established a criterion of true beauty in all poetry, the author proceeds to test by it, this famous production of Wordsworth's genius. Starting from the assumption that a poem's chief beauty lies in the truth of its informing idea, and that any untruth though screened by an elegant style, cannot form the basis of a beautiful poem, he proves, by irrefragable arguments, that the main idea of this ode is quite false, and therefore that the poem is intrinsically by no means beautiful. He then gives a few words of praise to the exquisite style and versification of the poem. The style of the essay is remarkable for its excellent order and strength, and the entire paper evinces great industry and studious, well-directed thought. There are also two short stories, whose plots are somewhat similar, and, we would say, too hackneyed to be of interest. The first has indeed, a touch of pathos, and is strongly told, but has no moral which could make its perusal profitable. With the exception of "Christmas Morn" the verse is of medium worth. We are much pleased with the ability displayed by the ex-man.



We are always glad to welcome to our Sanctum the *Young Eagle*. This interest, however, springs not from any anticipation of a literary treat. The principal feature of this journal is its poems, the number and variety of which forbid a thorough review.

Suffice it to say, that of the six sonnets appearing in the Christmas number, we cannot find one that fulfills, in regard to the proper arrangement of ideas, the requirements of a good, much less a perfect sonnet. An exception could perhaps be made in favor of "Christmas," by C. C., which evidences its author's knowledge of the laws of the sonnet; however the second part is much inferior to the first in poetic beauty. Of the other poems in this issue, "The Message of the Feast" is the best, although once or twice obscure. "The Effect of One Kind Action" is an excellent story. The style is inelegant, and shows haste in execution, but the incidents narrated and the moral of the piece are most interesting. "At Christmas Tide" is a most touching tale. We would be much pleased to find an essay in this commendable journal.

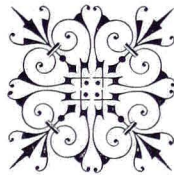


We may be considered captious, and even pessimistic, in our antipathy to college magazines containing aimless fiction, idealess verse, and other nerve-racking literature, but we think that our sentiments are fully justified by such a paper as the "Loretto Magazine." The verse of this journal is its single redeeming feature. We have always read with pleasure the poems of "Balbus" and of "M. E. J." In this number "Christmas" possesses a sincere and child-like charm, which renders it most enjoyable; while the two sonnets merit praise for their piety and their poetical expression. But the happy effects of these beautiful poems are wholly counteracted by the worthlessness of the prose compositions. "Reminiscences of the Hallowed Past" is rife with affectation, coupled with a vagueness that renders it intolerable. The same charge can be preferred against "His Violin." We can imagine no reason for publishing "Eight Days on the Atlantic," except it be as a specimen of kindergarten work. The writer promises us an account of her travels in Switzerland and Italy, which, it is to be hoped, will be more readable than the present contribution. There are two other descriptive articles, which are little superior to this, either in point of style and diction,



or of that subtle charm which alone lends interest to a description, and the lack of which renders descriptive literature so uninviting. "Too Strange to be True" might be tolerated on some obscure page of an obscurer newspaper. However, the "Hermit of the Adirondacks" is commendable for its lack of that affectation or vagueness so discernable in the other compositions noticed.

F. S. CLARK, '03.



**PERSONAL MENTION.**

Montana papers recently gave accounts of the dedication of a beautiful new Church in Butte, Montana, of which Rev. J. Callahan, an alumnus of St. Viateur, is pastor.

Another of the sons of St. Viateur's who is achieving fame is Mr. Paul Wilstack, who was at one time the dramatic critic for a Washington paper and is now Mr. Mansfield's literary manager. Mr. Wilstack is also an author and play-wright. One of his productions, "A Capitol Comedy," was recently presented by Tim Murphy at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, and very favorably mentioned by the critics. The Chicago Record-Herald especially praised very highly both the author and play. Mr. Wilstack was formerly one of the editors of the Viatorian.

On Friday, Nov. 29th, St. Viateur's College was honored by a visit from Mr. Mérou, French Consul at Chicago. He was accompanied by Prof. Ingres of the Chicago University, and Drs. Roy and Lauch of Kankakee, Ill. The reception was held in the Study Hall. The band having played an overture and Mr. W. Granger having welcomed him in the name of the students, Mr. Mérou, who is an elegant and polished speaker, addressed all in a few well chosen and eloquent words. He spoke of the friendship which should exist between France and the United States, which friendship was typified in Washington and Lafayette. Mr. Mérou spoke both in French and English. Before leaving, having been informed by the President that there was one French word whose meaning was known to all the students, Mr. Mérou granted a "congé," thus bringing the visit to a pleasant close.

Rev. J. H. Nawn of Chicago, and Rev. F. O'Connor of St. Louis, Mo., recently pleased the faculty and their many other friends by visiting at the College.

Rev. T. Dugas, C. S. V. of St. Mary, Ill., was a pleasant caller during the past month.

Rev. T. Durkins, of Rantoul, Ill., and Rev. O' Niel visited their friends at College a few days ago.

Rev. J. Cannon of Champaign, spent a pleasant afternoon with Rev. J. Ryan, the Vice-President.



The Rev. President recently assisted at the dedication of the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, Chicago, as deacon of honor.



We clip the following appreciation of the work of our esteemed professor of literary criticism from a recent issue of Mosher's Magazine:

SECOND SERIES OF DANTE PAPERS.

BY REV. E. L. RIVARD, C. S. V., D. D., OF ST. VIATEUR'S  
COLLEGE, BOURBONNAIS, ILL.

The scholarly series of Dantean studies which appeared in our magazine during the year just passed was so highly appreciated and popular that a demand at once followed for a second series of Dante papers from the author of them.

The first course dealt with large literary aspects of various parts of the "Divine Comedy," such as the realism of the "Inferno," the spirituality of "Purgatorio"; it took up critically such questions as the eternity of Dante's Hell; it pointed out the apotheosis of woman in the great poem, especially in the characters of Beatrice, St. Lucy, and the Madonna.

This year's course will urge special reasons for a study of Dante; it will establish the unimpeachable orthodoxy of that poet; it will sound forth the clear messages which Dante sends our age, especially his ringing words on wealth, on poverty, on the necessity and beauty of faith, of hope and of charity; it will repeat the grand lesson of reverence which he teaches to youth; it will point out some of the literary excellencies of "Paradiso." The articles will appear in the following order: 1. Why read Dante? 2. Catholicity of Dante. 3. Dante on Riches. 4. Dante on Poverty. 5. The Three Nymphs. 6. Ideal Youth. 7. A Glimpse of "Paradiso." 8. Why Read "Paradiso"?

We naturally feel a justifiable pride in the scholarly productions from the gifted pen of our professor of literary criticism. If we may base a judgment on the distinguished names appearing in the prospectus of Mosher's Magazine, and the interesting subjects to be treated, the issues of 1902 will deserve the widest possible circulation.

## VIATORIANA.

1902.

Turns red the blue litmus paper.

"Come on boys." "As you was." "Stop for water."

Who was the counterfeiter?

Philosopher—"I always make a mark wherever I go. Have you seen any of my victims?" "I don't see any streets named after you."

Jim—"Why is a slippery sidewalk like a piano?" Steve—"I don't know." Jim—"If you don't C sharp you will B flat."

Jim—"What kind of beer do you like best?" Pete—"Shakespeare."

P. K.—"I will surely go to heaven." Jim—"Why?" P. K.—"Because I have a stand in with the 'Lord.'"

St. Patrick's Society should get a pair of boxing gloves for Fatty and the "Lord."

Bill H.—"What is the difference between Chicago and Kankakee?" Louis—"I don't know." Bill—"Fifty-six miles."

Did you notice the red shoe strings?

Joe—"Our prefect only works two hours a day now." Jim—"How is that?" Joe—"O! He has a new office now."

"Why is the gym. like Noah's ark?" "Because it took so long to build it."

P. K. has a little pony which follows him to school, especially to Greek class.

Frank—"What is the matter with the electric lights?" Max—"I guess the man forgot to put the oil in them."

Junior to Senior—"Are you a Catholic?" Senior—"No." Junior—"Well then you must have been inverted."

Steve—"Do you know that Bell met with a great accident the other day." P. D.—"What was it?" Steve—"O, he swallowed a tack and the Doc. pulled a nail off his big toe."

Dinny—"Who was the post master at Fowler." W. K.—"I don't know, but P. K. would like to be."



What are you going to be? A policeman.

Do not admit the bell boy to your room.

How do you like the new shirt.

Awful sorry you can't stay with us. Hurra for the director!

Semi-annual exams Jan. 28. O, what joy!

Alec was swapping yarns with his chum, which were generally of a very tragic nature. Assuming a dramatic attitude, he asked him whether he had ever heard the story of the dirty window. Having received the assurance he had never had that pleasure, his curiosity was finally satisfied. "Well I guess I wont tell it to you," said Alec. "Why not," was the anxious inquiry. "Because you certainly could not see through it." Since then a slight coolness has existed between Alec and his quondam yarn swapper.

As soon as the poet had returned from the Christmas vacation, he cornered the editor-in-chief and gave him a heart-to-heart talk. "I told you so," he said, with the air of a man who is fully conscious that humanity is hopelessly in his debt, "I have not had a moment of peace or quiet during the whole vacation." "What was the matter," the man of the quill asked with a concern that was powerfully magnified by his anxiety to conciliate the good graces of such a valued contributor. "I don't mind telling you on the side," said the poet impressively, "that this thing of suddenly waking up and finding yourself famous is not what it's cracked up to be. You see when my friends had read and fully digested my latest poetic productions, telegrams of congratulation and letters of commendation began to pour in from all over the country, and all who were within a radius of fifty miles called upon me personally. By the way their visits cost me just three boxes of cigars and a half dozen bottles of champagne. If any one ever tells you there is nothing like being famous, you can tell him for me he doesn't know what he is talking about. I've tried it and know better."

Steve has at last found out the cause of his frequent bad health. During his recent visit to Chicago, he consulted an eminent physician and was told there was too much iron in his blood. "I

understand perfectly well," said Steve, speaking to one of his friends, "how to account for that. I have eaten more pork than usual lately and now I suppose my system is full of pig-iron." After the consultation, Steve asked the doctor how much he owed him. "About two dollars," said the man of science. "And how much will the perscription be." "That will cost you about two dollars also." "Well," said Steve, "you lend me a dollar and that will make an even five, I like round numbers." The Doctor took his pen and scratched off a few words from the prescription. "Why did you do that, Doctor?" "Because," said the doctor, "I had prescribed something for your nerve but I see now you do not need it."

J. F. C.

