

# THE VIATORIAN.

FAC ET SPERA.

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## CHRISTMAS DAY.

There is a light o'er sea and land  
That cometh not from suns or stars;  
There is a voice at whose command  
Flies wide the strongest prison bars.

There is a day with glory crowned  
Of God, throughout eternity;  
A balm for every deepest wound  
Of sin, for death's infirmity.

Around this day all ages meet,  
And wait to hear the angels sing  
Of love, of victory complete,  
Over each darkest night and wrong.

"For unto us a child is born;  
Unto us a son is given;"  
And every year his natal morn  
Filleth all the world with heaven.

W. H. THORNE.

## CHRISTMAS.

From the remotest ages down to the present time a universal custom among men has been to observe certain days called holidays. Away back in the days of the ancient empire of the immortal Cæsars, national holidays, commemorative of great events in the history of this rich and powerful nation, were celebrated with the most elaborate pomp. Today, also, every nation, however great, or insignificant, pays homage to noble deeds and great events by dedicating to their commemoration certain days of the year. How the Irish heart beats with joy on the annual return of the day on which died that noble and illustrious soldier of

Christ, who expelled from the Emerald Isle the darkness of paganism, and instead thereof established forevermore the soul-ennobling principles of Christianity. With what feelings of patriotic pride do we, who live under the gentle folds of the stars and stripes in this fair Columbian soil, celebrate the anniversary which recalls the immortal declaration of independence! As it is with us and the sons of Erin, so it is with every nation in which the light of Christianity shines.

Few, however, are the events which, on account of their momentous import, have elicited from humankind universal regard. The services rendered the human family by one individual, or class of individuals, purely of their own nature, have never been of such marvelous greatness as to captivate the attention and command the admiration of the entire world. Jesus Christ alone, by reason of the infinite spiritual and temporal benefits which his advent produced for fallen man, has done such. (For, however various and opposite our inclinations, characters, and manners, it is pleasant to observe that on Christmas day unity predominates.) Into whatever country we cast our eyes, we find manifested the same enthusiastic expressions of reverence and gladness in sending up praises and hallelujahs to the throne of the Most High. The same joyful, grateful thoughts well up in the hearts



of us all. With one accord we all go back, in spirit, to contemplate the great event which, even in this day and in this age of modern free-thought, is celebrated with the greatest fervor.

Sublime indeed must have been the event which transpired in that isolated stable at Bethlehem some nineteen hundred years ago. The consecrating and beautifying powers of time, it is true, lend a peculiar charm to the naturally poetic sublimity of the event. But, notwithstanding this, how unspeakably great in itself is the mystery of God's incarnation which this day commemorates. On Christmas day, as we all know, He who by one stroke of His omnipotent hand could transform into original chaos this mighty universe, first breathed the pure air of heaven as man. Mary, who of all the daughters of Eve was chosen to be His virgin mother, conscious of the preciousness of that spark of life committed to her maternal care, is exultant with mingled ecstasy and holy awe. The stable in which, according to the prophets, the Expected of all nations was to be born, is inhabited by myriads of angels, and is surrounded by a halo of glory beyond the comprehension of the human mind. The heavens and the earth and all the creatures thereof seem to vie with one another in doing homage to "the new-born King." These reflections on the "queen of festivals" fully and perfectly account for this day's not being a local nor a national holiday, but a world-holiday.

The manner of celebrating this great festival, though it varies slightly in

different countries, is everywhere conducted with the same view, viz.: to welcome and to entertain the guests of the day—joy and peace. Christmas, indeed, as heralded down through the ages from century to century, is symbolic of joy and peace. Long before the beautiful day itself had dawned it was the source of the most soothing hopes and expectations. Difficult was it to think that God's love for man was so great as to induce him to leave the spirit-world and for our sake to assume the nature of mortal man. Still the unerring voice of divinely inspired prophets silenced all man's doubts as to the infinite goodness and mercy of God. Man's greatest consolation, therefore, was hope. At last all the hopes of men were to be realized. The long-expected day presently arrived, the peacefulness of which is thus pertinently described by a renowned poet:

"But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began."

Truly indeed was the "era of peace to men of good will" established. For what man who at this moment breathes the God-given air of heaven, does not delight at the coming of Christmas? Even the child whose reasoning powers are yet undeveloped seems to realize that great happiness and peace which Christmas alone can bring. Children of maturer years also await anxiously the coming of Christmas, for they, too, shall be participants in the happiness around them. The old and decrepit, whose brows are furrowed by the storms of many winters, behold with youthful enthusiasm the beautiful



spectacle presented by Christmas. In short, all, young and old, high and low, who profess belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ, partake to a greater or less extent of the general blessings and happiness of Christmas. But a certain class, who, in the estimation of Ingersoll and other frauds like him, are to be despised, have special reasons why they should be particularly happy on Christmas day, and this class is the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ. That Church, and she alone it was who, notwithstanding circumstances the most adverse, preserved pure and incorrupt the true principles of faith as received from the mouth of Christ Himself. To her members does the teaching of Christ bring the greatest consolation, peace, and happiness in this earthly life and secure the best hopes of happy immortality in a better world than this. Hence the joy, the gratitude, the devotion of Catholics at this season particularly; hence the magnificent and beautifully significant ceremonial and the particularly joyful and elevating music of the Catholic sanctuaries on this day of days.

M. FLAHERTY.

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#### OUR EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT.

Grand Display of the Church's Love  
for Education.

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#### ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE.

This institution is situated near Kankakee city, and is under the direction of the priests and Brothers of the Community of St. Viateur.

Founded in 1865, and chartered with university privileges in 1874, this college has made steady progress year by year, not only in the number of pupils attending but in the advantages afforded them.

The exhibit presents a volume of preparatory studies, by pupils averaging thirteen years, in which we find excellent work in percentage, with and without time, interesting papers on Christian Doctrine and Bible History, also on Commercial Law, "Fraud and Deceit," "Bankruptcy," "Assignee's Duties," "National and International Laws," being some of the subjects treated. The dictation exercises of the grade show varied ability on the part of pupils.

In the volume of higher studies are papers on "Jouin's Evidence of Religion," and among the subjects discussed, from a religious point of view, is "Must Common Schools be Reprobated," "Has the State a Right to Impose Tax for the Support of Public Schools?" and other subjects of similar bearing. Such debates, conducted under the supervision of wise instructors, are certainly an admirable preparation for the conflict in which every earnest Catholic youth must engage when he takes his place in society.

Again, in these days of the glorification of material science, how beneficial the discussion of such themes as, "God Knowable," "What Unbelievers Deny," "The Principle of Life Not a Mechanical Force," and "The True Messiahship of Christ."

It is to be regretted that space will not permit copious quotations from the



papers written on the above subject by St. Viateur's pupils.

The Latin exercises consist of translations from Horace: "Odes," "Satires," and the "Art of Poetry;" also from Cicero, and other authors, and from Tacitus: "De Oratoribus," "Germania," and "Agricola."

English composition presents an "Ode to Columbus," by Francis Carother, and essays on the following subjects, by other pupils: "Oratory, the Best Form of American Literature," "America, Field of Our Future Labors," "Intellectual Strength," and Edwin Arnold's "Light of the World."

Again we would like to quote, but we must remember that a hundred booths are yet to be visited and noticed, ere our delightful task will be finished.

It is needless to say that the papers on mathematics are good, since boys delight in arithmetic and algebra, while wondering why grammar was invented, unless it were to torture guileless, youthful masculines.

These boys, however, must have conquered the distasteful branch, or we would not find them studying Balmes' Logic, discussing Brownson's essays, treating of the various mental operations and the Syllogism, arriving, reasonably, at the conclusion, "Tolerance is Founded on the Virtues of Charity and Humility," and writing a thesis on "Certitude and Skepticism."

Papers by members of the Intellectual Philosophy Class treat of Scholasticism: "Its Meaning," "Its History and Development," "Its Value Compared with Other Systems," and "Its Merit as Recognized by Leo XIII."

#### DEEP WATER.

Ontology presents papers on "The Various Kinds of Causes," one "The Categories," on the "Infinite and the Finite Beauty;" Cosmology presents brief statements regarding "Quantity," "Quality," "Objectivity of Quantity," and "Nature's Laws," also "Atomism, Dynamism, and the peripatetic system of matter and form."

Very important subjects are dwelt upon in Organology: "Evolution of Species," "Brute Mind," "Brute Soul," essays for and against "Evolution," complete this set of papers, and again we are tempted to quote.

Psychology, such a hobby with certain professors of our day, is not neglected in this institution, and, when "the Will," "the Intellect," "Human Ideas," and "Free Will" are treated of in accordance with Catholic theology, it is an important branch leading up to "Natural Theology" in the study of which St. Viateur's pupils have written of God's existence and attributes, as proved from nature, and have discussed "Divine Concurrence and Human Liberty."

In their papers on Ethics, they have treated of "Human Acts," good and evil, "Moral Accountability," "Eternal and Natural Law," "Acting with a Dubious Conscience," and "Suicide."

Specimens of ornamental penmanship are the only attempts made by these solid youths toward decoration or embellishment of their work, a marked contrast to the profusely illustrated volumes of the girls.

A volume of work from the boys of the parochial school attached to the



college shows that they are aspiring to be college youths in the near future.

#### POEMS IN FRENCH.

Two volumes of poems, "Epines et Fleurs," and "Liola," by Rev. M. J. Marsile, tempt us to read and rest, but we must remember the dainty volumes, and enjoy them on an occasion better suited to their sweet spirit of solitude and peace.

A stole and a prayer-book used by the martyr, leper priest, Father Damien, are among St. Viateur's treasures, in a glass covered case; in another, are mineralogical, entomological, ethnological, botanical, and conchological specimens selected from the college museum.

Nine bound volumes of *St. Viateur's College Journal*, a partial collection of text-books, and a collection of photographs complete the exhibit of this worthy institution.—*Carola Milanis in the New World.*

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#### CHRISTMAS SCENES IN IRELAND

Of all the festivals celebrated in Ireland the manner in which Christmas is observed may prove a matter of interest to many. The name Christmas appears to the mind of every Irish man and woman so full of meaning and associated with the bestowal of so many spiritual blessings, that everybody, from the oldest to the youngest, from the greatest to the least, endeavors to the utmost of his individual power to celebrate in a fitting manner such a great festival. Hardly any people throw themselves more heartily

into a national or religious celebration than do the Irish. The Celtic being naturally a light-hearted and demonstrative race never fails to excite the interest of even the most casual observer of its festive days. Let us draw the curtain and witness Christmas scenes.

#### THE PREPARATION.

See how delighted the little boy and girl are, how with childish song and merry laughter they gaily trip through the heather and over the hills and down the glens in quest of holly or ivy or some other species of evergreen to decorate the walls of their parental roof on Christmas day.

It is truly admirable and worthy of praise to see the art displayed by their ingenious mothers and sisters in converting these pèle-mêle and prickly fragments of holly-trees into most beautiful wreaths and crosses, and adorning therewith the interior of their dwellings, the cornice of the dresser, and such other pieces as seem to deserve special attention.

The few weeks previous to Christmas are one perpetual scene of bustle and activity. The men set about scraping and clearing away from around their dwellings all weeds and straw, or mud that may have accumulated there in the past few months; they cause to disappear anything that would in the least tend to detract from the neat appearance of the place on Christmas day. Many of them, I own, are pretty reckless as to the manner in which they keep their farmyards during the whole year; but one thing



is sure, that it is the chief end of their ambition to have their yard and everything in or around the outhouses, bear a pleasing aspect on that day; otherwise they would very probably be put down by their neighbors as indolent and careless farmers, or perhaps incur a still more unmerciful criticism from the idle passers-by.

Be it known to my readers, that great emulation exists among the men and women of the immediate vicinity as to who will have the best regulated farm-yard or the finest decorated house. I am glad to say the women are not outdone by the men in that respect; they first of all have the chimney cleaned down by means of a bundle of broom, or whins, tied with a long rope; this contrivance, then, as a chimney sweeper, is taken to the top of the house, where it is let fall into the chimney, the lower end of the rope of which is seized by the party inside the house, and jerked up and down alternately, till all the soot which has concreted in the little apertures between the chimney bricks falls to the ground.

Then follows the whitewashing of the walls, inside and outside, and polishing of pots, kettles, and saucepans. The very trammels and hangers in the fireplace are scoured to dazzling effulgence; the floors, too, which are usually made of broad, flat stone, are scrubbed to such perfection that one might eat from them. All this being performed to the satisfaction and wishes of the housemaids, the humblest cottage is thus transformed into a miniature palace, in which the

lord of the land himself might not disdain to live.

If one would avoid a volley of invective from the tongues of the housemaids (who are remarkable for their volubility, especially at this time) to whom the superintendence of the whole thing is assigned on such occasions, one would need to shake the dust from off his feet, and be prepared to enter with due reverence and circumspection this sanctum sanctorum of Irish cleanliness. What, however, renders Ireland so perfect an elysium in the eyes of all true admirers of neatness, is the height to which the spirit of cleanliness is carried there. It amounts almost to a worship among some of the old cronies, who pass the greater part of their time rubbing and scrubbing, and painting and varnishing; each housewife, it would seem, vies with her neighbor in her devotion to the scrubbing brush.

#### THE BEGGAR'S WELCOME.

In all Irish country homes, from the poorest to the wealthiest, hospitality is the rule. In the kitchen the traveling beggar is given a corner by the fire, and while resting and refreshing himself, he tells the news of the country 'round. He also tells stories of the past. If, at first, he remains silent and reserved, he is abruptly asked by the host, "What news have you today? Did you travel far?" or some similar interrogation. If he is an old man he will delight the minds and satisfy the curiosities of the younger folks by reciting some chivalric or fairy tales of the days of their great grandfathers, thereby having his bag



replenished by a more liberal supply of meal.

The cripple and the idiot are treated with the greatest deference and respect, as a general rule. Goldsmith's description of the guests in the parsonage kitchen in "Sweet Auburn" is true of many a country home in Ireland at the present day, but more especially at Christmas:

"His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;  
The long remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed;  
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,  
Sat by his fire and talked the night away,  
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won."

#### MARKET DAY.

Let me give an account of the manner in which the Christmas goods are procured. The market day, which is usually a Tuesday or Thursday, is the most interesting feature of the week immediately preceding Christmas. On that morning anyone taking his stand on the road leading to a market town, would see it thronged with carts and people from miles 'round. Here comes an old woman driving a donkey, and a cart full of ducks and chickens tied around the legs by a string, and covered over with a cloth, lest they might make good their escape before being sold or

delivered to the "Claver." Behind her follows another woman trudging along as best she can, and carrying a basket on her arm containing butter and eggs. The rattle of carts never ceases. One passes, full of the clean-scraped "gintlemen" that used to pay the "rint;" their feet are turned to the skies, and the voice of their grunting is hushed. The next cart has a far different load. A boy balanced on one side of the cart whips up the horse. Two pretty girls sit on the clean straw within, in all the glory of holiday attire, if it be a bright day. They are attired in their very best, for they expect to meet their "bys" and have a good time. The business transactions on that day are numerous and of a special kind, the description of which would tire rather than interest the reader.

Suffice it to say that they sell and buy as dear and as cheap as possible, and have an enjoyable time of it till day begins to wane. In the evening one may watch the procession of carts and people go home. The drivers are perhaps a bit "hearty," and standing erect, like the ancient charioteers, they whip up the horses and race one another, the rattling of the clumsy vehicles over the stony roads making a thunderous noise. Here is a driver who is so paralyzed that he lies in the bottom of the cart and trusts to the faithful "baste" to bring him home. Girls are assisting their brothers or their "bys." Here a tipsy Orangeman comes along; he has a rather bellicose air about him, and offers to fight any number of Fenians, whilst



he is scarcely able to keep himself from falling in the gutter.

The market day being past and gone, everybody jaded out from the week's toil, settles town to enjoy the pleasures of Christmas.

#### THEY GO TO MASS.

The hearing of holy mass by the members of each family constitutes the first order of the day; and that no one of them, through carelessness or neglect, may miss mass on the day of all days in Ireland, one of the family, usually a younger sister, remains up after the others have retired on Christmas eve to arrange and get ready the different articles of dress worn on that day by their father and brothers.

The morning come, all prepare for mass, which is generally held at an early hour. The morning, though frosty, is usually remarkably fine and clear, and some families walk to church, a distance of two or three miles. What a dazzling sight meets the eyes on all sides as one wends his way carelessly along in the grey dawn of morn! The whole country side is starry with hundreds of twinkling lights from the wax candles that are burning according to custom in the windows of every cottage. To look to the right or the left, behind or ahead, it would seem as though the brilliance of the star-lit sky were reflected upon earth. The church bells, too, from their lofty towers, peal forth such celestial chimes of rejoicing and thanksgiving as even to penetrate down into the depths of the graves in the adjacent church yards and invite the silent inmates to come forth and

join the living brethren in paying their homage and adoration to the Saviour of the world whose advent fills the world with grateful and worshipful feelings.

#### AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

Mass being over, all return to their respective homes; a good dinner has been gotten up by some one of the gentry whose means and liberal propensities are more extensive than those of the average man; to this feast are invited a number of his friends, relatives and the immediate neighbors to participate in the amity and sociableness which characterize all assemblages on that occasion; a circumstance which would put one in mind of the quaint old ditty of the ancient poets:

"Now Christmas is come,  
Let us beat up the drum,  
And call all our neighbors together,  
And when they appear,  
Let us make such a cheer,  
As will keep out the wind and the  
weather," etc.

Among the members of this sociable gathering on Christmas day are women of course, some of whom are possessed of a most garrulous tendency, who talk indiscriminately with everyone about them, careless what reception their addresses met with, and quite indifferent as to the many rebuffs they momentarily encounter. The day being spent in gaiety and merriment evening comes on, when, after repeated shaking of hands and mutual wishes for one another's spiritual and temporal welfare till Christmas comes again, they quietly betake themselves to their respective homes.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY  
NEW YEAR TO ALL. THOS. SMALL.



# THE VIATORIAN.

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## EDITORIAL.

A timely and carefully written paper on Francis Parkman is simply crowded out of this number. We shall be happy to receive contributions for January from the philosophy, the Brownson, and the criticism classes.

We are pleased to gather from the published lists of "Awards to Educational Institutions" by World's Fair judges, that St. Viateur's College has the award for advanced class work. We congratulate those to whom this success is due.

Again the Christmas chimes will peal forth and the Christian world will once more hasten to its temples, bringing gifts to the Child-God. Let the Catholic student distinguish himself by the selectness and appropriateness of the sentiments with which he approaches this sacred day.

HOLIDAYS, DECEMBER 22--JANUARY 4. RETURN JANUARY 4

We beg to emphasize the importance of all returning at the appointed time after the holidays. Our vacation is reasonably long and allows all necessary time for relaxation and friendly visits. The authorities wisely exclude from scholastic honors all those who disregard their injunction to return on the 4th of January, '94. It would be foolish to risk one's chances for medals for the sake of a day or two more of free time to be expended perhaps in a very unprofitable way. Remember the 4th and thus ensure your rights to the distinction you will merit.—EDITORS.

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## SOCIETY NOTES.

St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society held its fourth regular meeting Wednesday evening, November 29.

Messrs. M. Flaherty, J. O'Dwyer, J. Murphy, and J. Keefe were elected members of the society.

An excellent criticism of the previous meeting was delivered by the Rev. Moderator.

The lecture committee promised a lecture in the near future, and the periodical committee was hard at work and promised to report on papers at next meeting. The evening's programme consisted of an essay on Emilio Castelar, by Mr. A. Lyons; a composition on the late Francis Parkman, by Mr. C. E. McCabe; and a debate: "*Resolved*, That Prendergast should hang." Affirmative, Mr. C.



O'Reilly; negative, Mr. T. F. Quinn. The debate was extemporaneous and very interesting. The judges decided in favor of the negative.

Mr. White, Ph.D., delivered an address relative to the establishing of Moot Court practice in the society which we expect to have after Christmas. Mr. McCann, an honorary member, was also with us and complimented the society on the great progress it had made since he had the pleasure of being an active member.

At the fifth regular meeting the Moot Court practices were introduced instead of debates and great successes are to be expected in the near future.

Mr. C. T. Quille was elected Assistant Sergeant-at-arms, during the illness of Mr. D. Carroll.

Resolutions of condolence were forwarded to Mr. T. Legris, who suffered the loss of his only sister during the week.

President Hayden appointed Messrs. T. Quinn, C. McCabe, and T. Pelletier to confer with the Rev. Director and arrange for the celebration of the society feast day, Dec. 12. Mr. Quille's excellent criticism of previous meeting was accepted.

THOMAS QUINN,  
*Secretary.*

On Tuesday, December 12, all the members of St. Patrick's Society, approached Holy Communion, at a High Mass, celebrated by Rev. E. L. Rivard, Society Moderator. The members enjoyed a free day and took a sleigh ride to Kankakee in the afternoon, where a banquet was held. They concluded the day with the following program:

Overture,	College Orchestra
Address,	President Hayden
Duet,	Messrs. T. Lyons and J. Casey
Selection,	Secretary Quinn
Recitation,	C. Quille
Song—"Teaching French in Killaloe,"	
	T. Small
Violin Solo,	J. Lamarre
Recitation,	T. Pelletier
Music,	Orchestra
Mock Trial,	All the Members of the Society
Closing Address,	Thomas Kelley

The choral society and the college orchestra, which are under the direction of Rev. P. Desjardins, C.S.V., had their oyster banquet the 8th inst. The treat was daintily served and much enjoyed by our deserving Catholics.

The St. John Baptist French Literary Society held its second regular meeting the 9th inst. The exercises consisted of President Chasse's inaugural address, which was a capable effort; a critical essay on Louis Veillot, by Secretary Pugny; and a declamation by M. A. Granger, selected from Donoso Cortez. A discussion as to the advisability of Canada's annexation was mapped out for the next meeting, the debaters being H. Ruel and F. St. Aubin.

What is the matter with the Mivart Scientific Association, the pride of '90 and '91? We regret to note what appears to us the slow extinction of this useful and once so healthy organization.

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#### EXCHANGES.

The *Kalamazoo Augustinian* is the name of a neat little publication hailing from St. Augustine's church, Kal-



amazoo, Mich. It contains accounts of happenings in and about the church and school, besides many well written articles.

*The Carmelite Review* for the month of October lies before us. It is certainly a noble little champion of justice and virtue. The editorials are pointed, and in plain style convey their useful lessons very clearly.

In the last issue of *St. Mary's Chimes* the biographical sketch of "Robert Browning," and "Concerning Amber," are well written contributions. The contributor's and local departments are also well edited. *Chimes* can never but charm the mind.

In the *Scholastic* "Fraternal Benefit of Societies" is in substance the address delivered by Mr. John P. Lauth before the Catholic Congress and contains some excellent ideas on the great question of labor. "The Organic Cell" displays deep biological study and research.

"A Glimpse of the Catholic Columbian Congress" is found in the October number of *Villanova Monthly*. We must compliment the editors on their success in securing such an excellent report of the proceedings of that great congress. The number also contains two well penned articles under the headings of "Moral and Intellectual Education" and "National Disarmament."

The September number of the *Dial* contains an address headed "Ancient Eloquence" in which the author appears quite a pessimist in his views

upon modern oratory. While not subtracting from "the unimpeached testimony of ages," we would say that even our century has produced orators of whom we may justly be proud, and whose eloquence, although not surpassing that of Cicero or Demosthenes, has gained for them universal praise.

*The Georgetown College Journal* has always been a favorite visitor to our sanctum. In the last number (October) there are two well written articles, "Childe Harold; a Study," and "Impressions of the Fair." Lines from "Nature's Poet" are nicely arranged in the description of Childe Harold, which clearly shows that the writer has an educated taste for literature. Such articles can never fail to reflect credit on their writers. The remaining pages contain nothing of interest to outsiders.

The life and spirit of *The Normalia* are flickering and all but gone out. Its editorial staff seems to be certainly large enough to write essays worthy of commendation, leaving out of account its kind invitation to former students, friends, etc. So we can only conclude that all must have been very lazy of late, or that the new editorial staff has not become thoroughly acquainted with its duties. Their motto is, "Diffused Knowledge Immortalizes Itself;" but it would take more than a cargo of *Normalias* like the last issue to diffuse knowledge enough to immortalize itself or its would-be immortals. We kindly advise you to drop your "borrowed humor" column, as well as most of the high cast of characters in "Gems of Thought."



One of the first arrivals this year was the *Niagara Index*. For this paper we have always entertained the highest esteem and chiefly on account of the untiring energy it has displayed in reviewing the character and writings of the immortal Shakespeare. Our admiration was especially attracted to an article entitled, "Conscience in Shakespeare," which appeared in one of the recent numbers. The article is highly rhetorical and points are well argued out. The jubilee number is a veritable gem.

*The Purdue Exponent* is not worthy to be commented on much this month. Its articles are short, showing little imagination, except "My Dream," which is but a trifle better than the rest. It must have been "a hot night in August" when the writer of this article undertook to become an author; and we fear his mind was badly confused by the reminiscences of "the football game, hats, crippled spectators, and a late supper." We sincerely hope when he writes again—circumstances will be more favorable.

We are glad to see the *Fordham Monthly* in its usual excellent style. The October number especially attracts our attention. The address of Mgr. Farley is a masterly one. There are also several nice short poems of which the best is "Time." Literary criticism, its nature, and what is necessary to make the coming age of literature more glorious than the present, is very well explained, and we, too, join the writer in the sentiment of Mr. Balfour, that "it only requires the use of some great man of genius

to mould the forces which exist in plenty around us, to utilize the instruction we have in almost superabundance in order that the coming age of literature may be as glorious, or even more glorious, than any of those which have preceded us."

Whenever we want to read an article of importance we turn, consciously or unconsciously, to *The Owl*. Though we cannot say its writings always correspond with our views, yet we always find something to approve, as in the article, "Personal Hygiene," and something to admire, as in the poem "Late October." As a whole, it is an interesting exchange, for its different columns show careful preparation, and we are glad to see and welcome it as a representative of far-off Canada.

Kalamazoo's representative, the *College Index*, has put in an appearance. The October number contains little or nothing of importance. We wonder at the propriety of putting such light articles under the heading of editorials. We are not of those extremists who think that college papers should consist exclusively of solid literary matter like the standard magazines; but while admitting both the propriety and necessity of local items and the occasional introduction of "lighter veins" we must say with Horace, *est modus in rebus*, or as theologues have it, *in medio stat virtus*. When we take up and read the editorial column of a daily, or weekly, or a monthly magazine or even a college paper we do not expect to find out at the end that we have only been entertaining an advertising angel or a human clown.



*The Sancta Maria*, of Freeport, Ill., is always welcome. Its pages are well filled with short but instructive articles, which are sure to please its many readers. There is a proverb which runs thus: "Brevity is the soul of wit," and we believe the writers of *The Sancta Maria* ever have it in mind.

If we were to judge by the *Buchtelite* we would say that weekly college papers contain almost everything except instructive reading matter. The editor must have a difficult time to fill space, when he suffers a cigarette advertisement to appear on one side, while the first local is "No smoking allowed in the building." Ah! consistency, thou art indeed a jewel!

*The Seaside Torch* comes to us from Auburn Park, N. J. It appears from the threadbareness of its themes that the smoke has mingled with the flame of the torch and dimmed the luster of the editor's good intentions. However, the journal has some good traits, and the "History of Auburn Park," a mere "ad.," deserves recognition.

There are two excellent essays in the October issue of *The Northwestern College Chronicle*, entitled, "Education a Duty," and "Disrespect for Law, Our Present Peril." The author proves in a very concise and neat manner that education is very necessary in the battle of life, and quotes the following from Archbishop Ireland's Chicago oration: "The degree of mind lifts man above man; the higher the mind the greater and the nobler the man." Thereby the writer

shows that every man ought to cherish education, as it cannot but make him superior to his fellow man, and also direct his mind to reach his Creator.

*Donahue's Magazine* for October speaks graphically and well of the late Catholic congress. "Irish Argonauts" is an interesting sketch of the early settlements of the Irish in California, before gold was discovered. The Irish were not looking for gold, but for peaceful and comfortable homes for themselves and their families.

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#### PERSONAL MENTION.

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—Visitors at the college during the last fortnight were the Revs. Z. Bé-rard, A. Labrie, J. Levasseur, P. Paradis, J. Lesage, A. Bergeron, F. O'Dwyer, A. Granger, F. Dugast, Mr. Ezekiel, Mrs. Wirth.

—Mr. George Goulet, of the first course early in the '70s, paid his *alma mater* a pleasant visit the latter part of November. Mr. Goulet, who is remembered as the most capable actor on the college stage of ye olden time, is now engaged in the decorative art in Chicago. He has not lost any of his poetical appreciation of the beautiful country around, nor any of his love for old Bourbonnais, his former home. Mr. Goulet lives at 98 Thirty-fifth street.

—Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., will spend Christmas with Very Rev. E. P. Walters, Lafayette, Ind., Christmas day.



—We were delighted to hear of the recent ordination to the priesthood of Rev. J. P. Swerth, '90, and E. Kramer, '90. Father Swerth celebrated his first mass at St. Boniface church, Chicago, and Father Kramer at Holy Trinity church, Evansville, Ind. Both were ordained Dec. 9, in Holy Name chapel, by Rt. Rev. E. Dunne, D.D., for the archdiocese of Chicago. We heartily congratulate the young priests and wish them full success in their grace dispensing ministry.

—Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., will assist Rev. F. O'Dwyer at Merna, Ill., the 24th and 25th inst.

—We thankfully acknowledge subscriptions from the following gentlemen: Rev. J. McCann, Galena, \$5; Rev. J. Gibbons, Denver, Colo., \$1; Rev. G. M. Legris, Bourbonnais, \$1; Rev. J. J. Beucler, Chattanooga, Tenn., \$1; Rev. F. X. Chouinard, C.S.V., Manteno, \$1. Rev. F. Finn, \$1; Rev. Z. Huot, West Gardner, Mass., \$1; Rev. R. Paquet, Mandeville, La., \$1; Rev. A. Granger, Chicago, \$1; Mr. Justin Fraser, Kankakee, \$1; Rev. D. S. O'Begley, Breckenridge, Colo., \$1; Mr. Thomas Sullivan, Dixon, Ill., \$2; Rev. W. Murtaugh, Keithsburg, \$1; Rev. T. J. McCormick, C.S.V., Chicago, \$1; Rev. J. Coté, Aurora, \$1; Mr. V. Morrison, Fort Madison, \$2; Rev. J. A. Kelly, Monmouth, \$1; Mr. James Walsh, Chicago, \$5; Rev. F. Levasseur, Irwin, \$1.

—We wish our readers a merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

## VIATORIANIA.

—Christmas.

—Wm. Rufis.

—Produce it.

—Mute court.

—Say Sandow.

—Skating, fair.

—Team of geese.

—Sleighing, fine.

—Push the plow.

—Gone to the races.

—Think of it! Home.

—I could eat a house.

—The little Minonk man.

—Collision—Gee Whiz!!!

—Bud is feminine gender.

—I second the suggestion.

—That frog looks like a toad.

—The Mammoth cave is now open.

—Your head looks like a shoe brush.

—What are swine? Answer: Geese.

—Dogs dream like all other people.

—I did but I couldn't keep up to them.

—You have a fine voice for calling chickens.

—Buy a VIATORIAN and bring it home for Xmas.

—Where's the observatory in Chicago? Masonic Temple.

—Mr. J. Casey is now regaling the the boys with Harry Dee.



### CONDOLENCE.

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Miss Maria Legris' death, which occurred December 6, after a very short illness, being the cause of great affliction to the members of her family, we respectfully offer them our heartfelt sympathy in the hour of their great sorrow. Many a rich and beautiful memento of her generosity adorns our college chapel. Miss Legris, one could see, approached nearer the ideal of christian maidenhood than the ordinary young lady of our show-loving world. She possessed wealth, but was not attached to it; was educated, but not pretentious; she was an accomplished young lady, yet most devout. May her soul rest in peace.

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### IN OUR MILITARY CIRCLES.

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The announcement that arrangements were being made by our gracious ex-colonel, F. A. Moody, for a Ford squad-drill in Battery D, Chicago, was enthusiastically received by that organization. They have given themselves a good deal of extra practice and have put themselves in excellent condition to do themselves credit.

The Minims' swordsmanship exhibition at Notre Dame Academy was highly appreciated by the Sisters and the young ladies. Captain Edgar Legris still commands the Columbian Guards.

The order that the uniforms should be worn only on Sundays and special occasions was not without its fruits,

as the suits are kept in better condition than they would otherwise be.

The bugle corps, under the guidance of Sergeant Goodwillie, is doing excellent work and its new members are learning their different parts well and quickly.

The following changes have been made in the battalion since the first appointment of officers:

Aid-de-Camp J. Gregoire promoted to the position of captain of company B; Capt. D. M. Carroll, of company A, transferred to the position of aid-de-camp; Capt. J. T. Hayden, of company B, transferred to the same position in company A.

Company D, which was lately organized, is commanded by the following officers:

Captain—J. Mortimer.

First Lieutenant—J. Moore.

Second Lieutenant—D. Moore.

First Sergeant—E. Patten.

Second Sergeant—E. Provost.

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### THE SACREDNESS AND GLORY OF HUMAN LANGUAGE.

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[From Lecture by Prof. W. H. Thorne.]

The gifts of God are as manifold and splendid as the beauteous stars and their starlight, the brilliant sun and its golden rays, the placid seas teeming with inward life, the fruitful valleys, and the treasure-strewn mountains—the whole universe is one grand, grand gift to man; and man himself, a microcosm, is the most wonderful concentration of all heaven's best gifts. Of all the endowment with which



it hath pleased bountiful providence to clothe man, the most precious and splendid is the power of speech, that mysterious capability of concreting spiritual thought in vocal sounds.

### I.

Things are usually considered sacred by reason of their origin and association. Thus we regard as sacred the minutest particle of the true cross because of its association with the death of the Redeemer. Again, a mere lock of hair, precious souvenir of a departed loved one, is held in great reverence. A rose in itself simply is, it is true, a very beautiful thing, but how much its beauty and value are enhanced when we hold it as a token of affection from some absent one! A fortune would not tempt us to part with that half-faded flower! It is a whole treasury of tender memories we hold most dear. Likewise the last words of great men carry with them a certain solemnity and sacredness by reason of the time at which they were spoken and of those who thus uttered them at the threshold of eternity. Hence, it is apparent that things derive their sacredness from the fount from which they flow. Now, language, flowing from the innermost recesses of the soul, the divine element in man, is sacred precisely because it issues from, and is a revelation of the sacredest essences of the human being, of that which differentiates man from the rest of the animal creation.

Was speech of human invention or of divine make? Did the Creator give only the power of speech, or did He

supply with it words in which to clothe thought, as He supplied the eye with light and the ear with sound? How did man begin to speak? Examine all the theories (and they are legion) which claim to clear these questions and in the end you will find no more restful conclusion than that speech is the natural means of soul-outpouring devised by the architect and builder of human nature. That nature is copied from the divine archetype and consequently man's whole being, along with whatever subserves its purposes as the divine masterpiece, bears a divine stamp which is an unmistakable evidence of divine parentage. We read in St. John: "In the beginning was the word;" and was it not through this word that God chose to communicate to man the mysterious depths of His own incomprehensible essence? As God commences with man, so man commences with man and with God, because he is made to the image and likeness of Him.

Speech is not only a natural means of self-revelation, but it is the most direct, universal, and efficient means of disclosing the innermost secrets of the heart and soul. This can be made apparent by comparing with speech the various artificial devices invented by man for the expression of thought, from hieroglyphics and pantomime, to sculpture, music, and painting. Do not spoken words help to make gesture intelligible, more often than gesture helps to make words intelligible? For how many visitors in the fine art building at the Fair were the most speaking tableaux and the most elo-



quent marbles perfectly dumb ! Even a Millet, a Raphael, and a Murillo fail to reach the multitudes, which pass on, mutely gazing and asking themselves inwardly, "What does it all mean ?" Beethoven's sonatas are all marvelous concentrations of thought; but there are comparatively few people who can interpret them, and fewer still who can understand and fully appreciate either the sonatas or their interpretation.

But, on the other hand, spoken or written words are ever the most direct and the most universal language. Through them everywhere soul comes near to soul and pours forth its joy or its sadness, its honey or its gall. None need have been born and bred in Athens or in other centers of art and refinement to understand and appreciate the sweetness and power of their mother tongue.

In view of these considerations it is safe to say that language is a very great and holy thing, and we may add that it is alike for the ruin and the salvation of many the world over, some using it to uplift themselves and others to better things; others, desecrating this sacreddest of gifts, and revealing their filthy, low-born souls, plunging headlong to perdition with the victims of their foul tongues. Christians at least should know how to esteem and revere this great prerogative. All literature, pagan or Christian, worthy of the name, has been marked by a tinge of this reverence prompted by the sacrednesses of human speech. So little was language ever meant to be the vehicle of blas-

phemy and foulness, that the writings and sayings of such clowns as Zola and Ingersoll, who divorce their souls from God's truth, goodness, and beauty, these eternal moorings of the soul are doomed to merited oblivion, while the Dantes and Miltons, the St. Pauls and the Davids, will live enshrined in the love and reverence of mankind to the very end of time.

## II.

There are few people who have not at one time or another been impressed by the eloquence of silence; the silence of the night, the silence of deep forests, the silence of our churches—all these are impressive. How many of us have not often thanked our stars for an unspoken word ! Often, indeed, is silence gold ! Silent submission or contempt is often mightier than a whole Niagara of words. Yet, there is a time to speak, and it is in all timely speech that shine forth the glory and splendor of the power to utter thought. Things are glorious by their effects. Thus are the sun, moon, and stars splendid by reason of the immensity of space which they beautify and illuminate; Waterloo was a glorious victory because it plucked power from Napoleon, who had become a menace to the powers and liberties of Europe; Gettysburg also was a great victory, because it turned the tide of American affairs, gave us peace and prosperity, and confirmed the providential unity in which the United States were born and raised. Such as these, and greater far than these, have been the peaceful victories of speech—victories infinitely



more worthy of man as a rational being than the most brilliant exploits of the most exalted heroism.

Cicero aptly says: "Nothing appears to me more excellent than the power of holding enchained the minds of an assembly by the power of speech, of fascinating their hearts, impelling their wills whithersoever you desire and diverting them from whatsoever you please. For what is so admirable as that, among an infinite number of men, there should rise one who, alone, or almost alone, can do what nature intended should be done by all? Or what so grand and so powerful as that the speech of one man should control the movements of the people, the consciences of the judges, and the dignity of the senate?" Such is the testimony of one who knew how to wield speech; and the open pages of history abundantly justify his beautifully true sentiment.

Not to speak further of Cicero himself, who, through the power of his eloquence held at bay the arch-conspirator, let us recall Demosthenes, who forced Philip of Macedon to declare that he feared the orator more than all the armies of Greece. Christ not only wrought miracles and taught men how to pray, but he taught them eloquently how to be good. Multitudes followed him into solitary places to be charmed by his eloquence.

The Sermon on the Mountain will ever be the grandest monument of divine human speech. The apostles testified to this great power in their divine Master, when, relating His conversation with them after the ressur-

rection, they said: "Did not our hearts burn within us?" The apostles themselves, impelled by the Holy Spirit, and with them all the preachers of Christ crucified, achieved the most stupendous victory of all times, converting the pagan world to Christianity by the simple but winsome eloquence of their predication. St. Paul's apology of Christ and His doctrine was so forcible that Agrippa bade him stop saying, "I would fain become a Christian."

Unlike the fierce disciples of Mahomet, St. Denis, St. Patrick, St. Boniface, St. Augustine, and all the great Christian evangelizers went forth, as their predecessors, armed alone with almighty truth and the eloquence it inspires. Peter the Hermit by the magnetism of his eloquence drew all European warring princes to his presence and fired them with the holy enthusiasm of the first crusaders. His victory was greater than the victories of the crusaders themselves who were all great warriors. The fascination of the Lacordaire's oratory was such that people would fill the great cathedral of Notre Dame hours before the conferences; some, it is said, even taking their lunches with them, so as to surely not miss their opportunity of hearing a man who spoke like a god.

Our simple prayers which woo grace from heaven, and our chapel exhortations which move us to repentance and better resolves are for these very results splendid. Edwin Booth was once asked by a company of friends who were entertaining him, to recite for them the "Our Father." He con-



sented, and with his well known power of interpretation, and his ability to assume the character of the one whose words he repeated, he, in a simple, quiet, and reverent manner went over the sublime invocation. The ladies and gentleman who had hardly anticipated such effects, were so overpowered by the touching solemnity of the supplication that they in spite of themselves fell on their knees and felt some one was speaking to God.

Such then are the sacredness and glory of human speech, qualities which, if rightly understood, ought to make us revere language and study it as a means of self cultivation of winning victories for the true and good, and of conferring upon mankind the greatest of blessings it is in the gift of man to bestow.

BY A MEMBER OF CRITICISM CLASS.

#### DESCARTES IN A NUTSHELL.

Among the most brilliant lights by which the idealistic school was led through its innumerable wanderings, we find René Descartes, who was born at Touraine, in 1596. He was educated by the Jesuits at the college of La Flèche. At an early age he left the college, as he says, "glad to free himself from his persecutors." He abandoned all his studies, resolved to study only from the great book which nature opened before him. For a few years he served as a soldier; then, after traveling all over Europe, went to Paris, and thence to Holland, where he remained for twenty-three years, devoting himself entirely to study.

After this he went to Sweden, where he died a few months after his arrival. The best edition of his complete works has been given by Cousin; his principal works are: "Discourse on Method," "Meteors and Geometry," "Meditations on Primitive Philosophy," "Treatise on the Passions and the Soul," and "General Rules for the Guidance of the Intellect." We also have several letters in which are embodied some of his principles.

As a philosopher, Descartes has had very many false ideas. His method of philosophizing was this, he professed to doubt of all things until proved, even of the first principles, and of one's own existence; empty our minds of all the truths we have, and then to take them back one by one so as "to rebuild everything scientifically," as he put it. Thus Mr. Descartes finds himself at the very outset without the least certainty of his own existence, and doubting of all things besides. Now, he tries to prove his existence in this manner, he says, "When I try to doubt of everything, I think; but it is so clear to me that whatever thinks must exist that I am able to draw this conclusion: 'I think, therefore I exist.'" After this he says, "I considered that all that was necessary for truth of an idea, is that it be clearly and distinctly perceived; but I have a clear and distinct idea of God, therefore God exists."

Mr. Descartes made use of the principle of identity; that is, he compared the two things, self and existence, with thinking being, and declared identity between them. But he had



just denied all principles and said they should not be admitted until proved. Therefore, consistently, he should not use them in argumenting; his whole process is to be rejected as constantly begging of the question. Again, he says that a clear and distinct idea of a thing is sufficient to establish its truth. In saying this, he admits the veracity of human reason; the truthfulness with which we perceive, judge, and reason. But he had just denied this. Therefore, he contradicts himself, and his system is to be rejected as absurd, because self-contradictory. Then he tries to establish the infinity of God in this manner: "To the clear idea of God, which there is in me, there must be a proportionate cause; but this cause is not finite; therefore, God is an infinite being." Here he uses the principle of causality. But he had, with all the other principles, thrown out of his mind the principle of causality also. Therefore, again he contradicts himself, and a self-contradictory system is not to be admitted.

This Cartesian method, besides contradicting itself, also lacks clearness. Sometimes we find in it the arguments of the skeptics, sometimes tentative, sometimes serious doubt, so that we do not know what Mr. Descartes holds; and from the beginning to the end of his system we wander in darkness and confusion, doubting of the very ground upon which we are, and stumbling at every step over the sempiternal "cogito ergo sum."

In logic we have from Mr. Descartes only a few precepts concerning conscience, and the knowledge of bodies.

He has written much about anthropology, but has failed everywhere in his laborious attempts to bring the truth to light. He says that man is not the union of a body and soul, but merely a soul in which there is a thought. When proving the existence of God in theodicy, he leaves out the beauty and uniformity of the universe, and other important truths. Nothing is very remarkable in Cartesian ontology, save that he does not admit the first principles as absolutely necessary, but as merely depending on God's sweet will. In treating of cosmology, he has fallen in a very serious error saying that "we can have the same sensations whilst dreaming as when awake," affirming that we do not perceive bodies through the senses, that "whatever knowledge we have, we have not acquired through the senses." Again he says "the essence of all bodies is the same; this differing only accidentally." Thus he denies that the vegetable kingdom differs essentially from the mineral kingdom; and he explains the growth of plants by means of physico mechanics.

This man, although he has not contributed much to philosophy, has been at the head of a great revolution in philosophy. Among his followers we find minds worthy indeed of a better system than his, as Bessnet, Fénelon, Spinoza, and Malebranche. Mr. Descartes ended his philosophic life at Stockholm in 1650, when he appeared before his judge who no doubt informed him that he lied infamously to the world, and then, probably gave him a few weeks to atone for leading astray the poor minds which have fallen victims to the vice of Cartesian methodic doubt.

ARMAND GRANGER.