

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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No. 15

LAW AND MORALITY.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasure sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Know then this truth, (enough for man to know,)
"Virtue alone is happiness below."

Among the most unpleasant signs of our times is the increasing apathy and doubt which people manifest with regard to the efficacy of personal moral influence in restraining and repressing vice. Centuries of experience have taught the world that the surest way to extirpate wrong and uphold the right is by letting truth and error, vice and virtue grapple with each other. Men are beginning to realize this more and more every day; they are awaking to the fact that greater good can be accomplished, in a substantial way, by reason and persuasion than by force and compulsion. They are beginning to see that the worst kind of skepticism is contained in the idea and endeavor to force people into morality by public sentiment and legal prohibition. Not that the sentiment and prohibition are not useful, and even necessary, but from the fact that social order and status show a necessity for each individual being perfect in his or her own sphere, and because the morality arising from persuasion and personal conviction is, and must be stronger, more faithful and more lasting than that enjoined by subjection and compulsion.

That philanthropists sometimes become discouraged, and, in times of disappointment, doubt the actual ability of moral influence to purify and exalt the general tone

of society, can be easily understood; but the fact is patent, and history proves, that reform can never be brought about more surely by compulsion and by the strong arm of the law. Few instances can be shown in which permanent and lasting reformation has been accomplished in the social order except when every step was answered by appeals to the understanding and the will. Search where we may among sumptuary laws and the fact is ever plain that what is gained by them is merely temporary: the gain lasts only while the agencies operate and is usually followed by a strong reaction.

Nations do not differ from individuals, and most persons, when compelled to do right against their will, generally resent such compulsion by doing wrong willfully, whereas they at first erred either from thoughtlessness or habit. Let the law prohibit or attempt to crush out some certain vice or wrong, and does it not as a rule re-appear under a new guise and with old time vigor?

The puritans of the old English Commonwealth, the progenitors of those who would now make men virtuous by law, tried to stamp out certain customs by statutory prohibitions, and what was the result? Chas. II. had scarcely ascended the throne when the nation, disgusted with the long faces, long prayers and unworthy actions of Cromwell's followers, and freed from tyrannical legislative restrictions, rushed to the opposite extreme of impiety; as a consequence debauchery took the place of imposed loyalty, ribaldry and drunkenness the place of compulsory piety, and a disregard and contempt for all the decencies of social life, became the boast and glory of unconscionable society leaders. Such has ever been, and, will undoubtedly continue to be the result when persons are forced, whipped and crushed into morality instead of being persuaded or induced by argument or reason.

It has been remarked, somewhere, when honest men infer from their wish to do good, that they have the knowledge and talents requisite to govern wisely, it is almost incalculable what evil-doers they may innocently become. A French gentleman once said to the minister, Colbert, "You found the state carriage overturned on one side, and you have overturned it on the other." Very much like this is the policy of certain reformers, who, forgetting that a flame can be extinguished without a

deluge, endeavor to overcome one extreme of evil by substituting another scarcely less objectionable. Even if the experiment were successful of making men moral by statute, there is serious reason to doubt whether, on the whole, mankind would be really benefited, for saints and models made by such social or legal compulsion are neither men nor women, they are monsters in human guise. We need and we look for nobler and more lasting results, results which shall be more in keeping with the true dignity and worth of the heart, the intellect and the soul of man.

God has endowed every human being with the gift of free will; freedom of choice and action rests entirely with each individual. On the proper use of this freedom rests the basis of all moral improvement, and every faculty, mental or moral, resents and revolts against the idea of virtue by compulsion.

Temptations, under the most pleasing aspect and inviting form, abound on every hand. Means of self-indulgence and self-ruin are held forth in boundless profusion with most persuasive and fascinating invitation. There is no person or no good thing that may not be lead into evil or converted into an instrument of mischief. Has not and does not God's word abused become heresy? We do not mutilate men's hands and chop off their fingers because they are brawlers and thieves; neither does God deprive us of the blessings and pleasures of life because they are made by us instruments of mischief, because life is not a final state, it is merely temporary and disciplinary; virtue comes through self control by resistance to evil, and it is far better, and more conducive to ultimate progress, to secure an independant and robust virtue, even at the cost of occasional falls and relapses, than to produce a sickly and feeble morality, which needs continual props and supports, and which has been forced on us from without, rather than generated within.

In the great struggle for supremacy between vice and virtue, constantly going on around us, who is regarded and looked up to as the example of a truly moral person? Is it one who never has and never does struggle with temptation? Is it the individual who closes both eyes and ears, and shuns every avenue of enjoyment, that he or she may escape the necessity of self-control; or is it the one who, boldly accepting all the conditions of surroundings and circumstances, and shunning needless occasions of temptation, boldly confronts temptation when assailed, and fights manfully the battles of life? A notable writer has said "The person who *can apprehend, and consider and distinguish vice*, with all her snares and seeming pleasures, and *yet abstain*, and prefer that which is better, he is the example and embodiment of true morality.

He who cannot meet and resist vice is but half a man:

a wretched apology of manhood. Self-denial, self-government and the assumption of worthy responsibilities are the traits that have ever marked the true moralist of every age and nation.

Healthy and staltwart virtue can never be forced upon an individual or a people. The physical force of a higher power can compel an outward show of cramped, and, apparently, decent morality; but even under such a prohibitive restraint effeminacy and moral cowardice stand ready and eager to surrender, under the slightest pretext, when the law can be safely circumvented or evaded.

As fire purifies so does trial; where opportunities are not afforded there can be no trial and therefore no positive knowledge of the worth of individuals or communities in the scale of moral worth.

The hardiest and most robust, as well as the most useful and necessary plants of earth are reared amid wind and storm; so, likewise, in the midst of temptations and difficulties, are produced intellectual and moral athletes and souls of the highest worth.

Stringent laws may compel a person or a people to exhibit a kind of negative virtue; but the removal of incentives to evil cannot remove the evil itself: the mind, the heart, and the soul, with their passions still unmoved and unchanged, will live on in the cultivation and enjoyment of their desires despite all restraint.

Voluntary restraint is a far more preferable and healthy sign than the most abject and perfect submission that legislation can compel. Our outward nature can be shaped and formed in whatever way we will; but the earnest and lasting virtue that springs from personal desire, will ever be as much superior to the superficial and transparent morality which the law compels, as the mighty oak is to the weak and fading lily. Virtue is never so weak and powerless as when she calls on the strong arm of the law for support, and never so strong and vigorous as when she strives to attain her proudest aims by means in harmony with her own spirit.

Civil and social laws may establish an outward show or an artificial order of conduct, but constant watchfulness and self-denial, earnest desire and ceaseless personal endeavor, are of far greater necessity and importance to permanent progress and success in this direction, than all the methods and restrictions which the law can place.

Sentimentalists may advance pet schemes; they may indulge in subtlety and casuistry till they have narrowed the path in which men must walk into the finest possible proportions; temperance and observance of precepts known and believed to be undeniably true, may be relagated to compulsory rather than voluntary effort, and all the virtue now displayed and exerted to bring about the fulfillment of these ends will remain passive: morality will become small and undignified;

true, healthy virtue will be replaced by insincerity and sentimentalism; mere selfishness and utilitarianism, with its fine distinctions and self measured ideas, will become the standard by which the conduct and actions of every individual will be regulated, and a flimsy covering of outward morality will hide a depraved mind and a heart honeycombed with vice. Coercive measures are, undoubtedly as we have already acknowledged, both useful and necessary, for certain reasons, but yet we cannot help thinking, with others, that the appearance and continuance of blotches, however disagreeable, is preferable to any remedy which drives the disease inward and effects only a surface cure, which involves the distinctive character of virtue, and leaves the roué and the moralist on an equal footing and awards to either one an equal share of virtue and morality. Reformers who would accomplish definite, decisive results must first reform themselves, and the gain arising from such a step will surpass a thousand fold any advance that simple statutory compulsion can ever hope to bring about in the field of true virtue and robust morality.

REFLECTIONS ON AUTUMN.

But a few months ago, how beautiful was the appearance of nature! How delicate and how precious were the robes of green and white that covered her fair form. Like a royal bride, she wore most costly raiment, and her brow was decked with gems the brightest in the land. But now, how changed! Her robes are rent and withered, and she stands lone and desolate amid the autumn's gloom. The blossoms of early spring, the fresh green leaves of the budding year, and all those lonely flowers of summer on which the morning dews so often shone like bright and sparkling gems—all are now gone and naught remains but naked woods and dreary plains, where life and beauty, youth and vigor seem to lie entombed.

The birds that once sang sweetest songs have hied them to fairer climes and the only sound now heard is the rude whistle of the wind as it sweeps round our lonely dwelling or moans through the desolate grove.

Look in what direction you may, go wherever you will, the eye beholds nothing but a broad and dreary waste, where, scattered here and there, like the bones of fallen braves, lie broken boughs and withered leaves that call forth the sad remembrance of like glory passed away. Walk through the open field; once the grass was green and wavy, and the flocks were grazing there; once, too, sweet singing birds sported beneath the warm bright sky, and gentle breezes swept along, filled with the sweet fragrance of summer's purest flowers.

But to-day how different! No songs delight the ear,

no warmth or fragrance cheers the melancholy heart. The air is cold and chill, and every wind hurls aloft the withered autumn leaves. Ruin and decay have succeeded pomp and splendor. And thus it has always been: summer comes in all her glory but autumn follows after and soon that glory is no more.

Thus too it is with everything; the changing of the season and the falling of the leaf are faithful pictures of that universal change and decay which is constantly going on in all things. It was well and wisely said, that "all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players;" for the trappings of the stage and the actors thereon are no less silent and short-lived than are the institutions and inhabitants of earth.

In the great drama of life every moment brings its changes. To-day 'tis one scene, to-morrow 'tis another, and we, the players, come and go like shadows passing to and fro. The flying moments as they hurry by scarce vanish quicker than our short lives, and all the joys and fairest things on earth. To-day the banquet hall may ring with our glad shouts of joy and merriment, but, like the flowers of summer these too will soon pass away, and our bleaching bones and the banquet hall will lie commingled, dust with dust.

Study the innocent youth growing up all full of grace and loveliness. See the happiness and contentment visible on his brow. His gentle words and smiling countenance bespeak an angel's peace of soul. A few years, and he is old and gray; his heart is burdened with trouble and anxiety, and, like the naked tree of autumn, he stands bereft of early joy and stripped of all his youthful grace and comeliness.

Look, too, at the vain pomp of kings and princes. See the worldly grandeur displayed in every court and hall of royalty. Pleasure sits enthroned and Grandeur smiles on every side. But ah! the pompous show, the royal pageantry, is like the meteor flash: it comes, but scarce is felt until 'tis past. The gorgeous palace too that witnessed all this grand display will itself sink crumbling down, its halls deserted, the shrill winds moaning through its ruined corridors, and the night owl hooting loudly from the ruined lattice.

How short-lived then, and fleeting, are all things of earth? Beauty scarce has time to show her charms, or Grandeur display her proud magnificence ere "Destruction begins his dreadful work."

"From hour to hour earth's treasures ripe and ripe, and then from hour to hour they rot and rot."

'Tis hard indeed to think, and harder still to feel assured, that we who are here to-day, who sport together mid happiness and joy, must soon or late take one another's leave; and that all this bright, gay world, its cities, thrones and fairest scenes, will one day sink into ruin and pass from sight forever. And yet it needs must

be. Like the ocean wave that sweeps along and levels the sandy beach, so time in its mighty onward flow wrecks cities, palaces, kingdoms, empires, everything, and naught is left behind but destruction scattered far and wide.

Peer into the past. What a spectacle is there! Desolation reigns sole monarch of the scene. Where are now the proud cities, the mighty thrones, and princely dwellings that flocked and adorned the ancient world? Where is Babylon with its walls and towers and brazen gates and hanging gardens? Where is Thebes? Nineve? all the royal palaces of Isreal? They are gone, and the traveler treads unconscious o'er their ruins.

Rome's walls and temples too are gone. The consecrated heroes have long left their thrones, and the thrones themselves have crumbled to the earth. Troy, powerful and magnificent, once was; but now her stately domes have perished, her towers and temples lie mouldering in the dust. Hector the brave antagonist of Achilles is no more. The thunders of Cicero and Demosthenes have long ago died out, and the very halls and galleries in which their accents rung have perished from the earth.

Xerxes, Hannibal, Cæsar, with their armies and their fame, all are gone. O Time, thy march is but the march of Destruction. The skeletons of a thousand nations and the dust of earths proudest cities are scattered o'er thy ruinous path. And as the past, so the future. The gay to-day may pass contented, proud men may swell with wild ambitious schemes, rulers may exult in the splendor of their reign, and nations sound loud their glory and prosperity; but their day too will come, like the leaf before the autumn breeze they'll perish one by one before the blasts of time.

Learn therefore, reader, from the fall of the autumn leaf.

A. M.

LOCALS.

- Cabbage!
- Mince Pie!
- No admittance!
- What does T. E. mean?
- Where are you going Xmas?
- Our next big day is Thanksgiving.
- Have you ever heard "Peck aboo?"
- Can you tongue a note? Yes sir, in a horn.
- Kelly plays "Suwanee River" with variations.
- Bonville still holds the "corner" in billiards.
- Quinlan, how did you like the "Art gallery?"
- Conner has his gun at last. Now ye ducks beware!
- "Wild was the night yet a wilder night" is coming.
- Morrissey thinks the K. K. K. Times man is too "flip."

— No more congés; hard work is now the order of the day.

— Our detective at Tucker has been doing great work of late.

— I've "braced up" to sharper men than ever he dare be.

— Live in hope boys you may go to the "fair" next year.

— The whistling breeze which blows around Sana-sack's corner at a 2.10 $\frac{1}{2}$ gait bids you "put those summer hats away"

— The immortal trio whose ambitious designs were thwarted at Tucker exclaim in the words of the poet: "Good life be now our task our doubts are done."

— Charlie Fay says he don't know what to do with the doll he won at the "fair." We think he might give it to his sister or——

— Gus Mosset says he will never play "Yankee Doodle" any more, since every body has so much to say about the "dude" part of it.

— He was uncharitable indeed who said that Tierney was "hot headed."

— Paul Wilstach and Bohn are organizing a military company under the leadership of Brosseau, which they intend calling the "hungry army after dinner."

— Burns and Flanigan will soon be the rivals of Shafer and Slosson.

— Messrs Brenan and Quinn will soon have a debate on the all absorbing subject of "Wimmins rights." A gold medal will be given by Prof. Deveney.

— The cold weather serves as a good excuse for students to get to K. K. K. for overcoats etc.

— P. C. Conway recently spent a few days in Dwight with his brother Dan. He says he lived on "pound cake and turkey" while away.

— F. E. McAuliffe, teacher in the district school, attended the teachers examination in K. K. K. the other day.

— The college brass band, under the direction of Rev. Fr. Mainville, is making rapid progress: they already play several selections with remarkable accuracy and spirit.

— "Fall is gone" said prof. D—— as he returned from the orchard last week wearing upon his face a look so sad, so excruciatingly disappointed that an inexperienced physiognomist could see that it was the dearth of apples which was gnawing at his heart.

— The attraction along the K. K. K. is increasing. The boys say they prefer to stroll along its banks or sail upon its glossy waters when "chill November's surly blast makes field and forest bare."

— He cometh not, she said.

— Our tonsorial artist has re-fitted his rooms and is now ready to give you a winter cut.

— Some of the boys say that Quinlan is noticed more now since the cold weather set in, as his over coat casts a shadow large enough to be seen by day-light.

— It was a false report that Henry B. was married, his brother says the boy will have nothing to do with matrimony for at least a year.

— The French supplement which made its first appearance in our last issue is very popular among the residents of the village and consequently there was a greater demand for "JOURNALS" than usual. It will be issued monthly hereafter as a supplement to the JOURNAL.

— Our printers are deserving of great praise for their earnest and unselfish attention to the interests of the JOURNAL: with the experience of a few months they turn out work as bright and neat as many who have spent years at the business.

— There is one among us who would like to know where Bro. Synagogue is.

— Prof. Toomey, who is somewhat of an authority on such matters, says that the Orchestra, under the direction of Rev. Fr. Oser, is fully equal if not superior to the best amateur organization of any similar institution in the country.

— "I cannot play the organ but I am very good on the piano as I am the big man in the band," was the exclamation of a bashful junior.

— "Oh barber spare that young mustache" ejaculated the senior Reaume as he passed through the ordeal of his first shave.

— Mc. — was heard to say the other day: "We never speak as we pass by."

— Where was Comerée when the light went out?

— The members of the first grammar class want to know the meaning of the word "omadhaun."

— Frank K. says that in the backwoods of Kentucky stands an old and neglected house which was once the abode of Martin Luther. We never knew "Mart." was a Kentuckian before, but Mr. K — is an authority on matters of history.

— Rice is the Longfellow of the house although Kelly disputes it.

— E. Caron says that Thoderic the Great had a father-in-law of the feminine gender.

— The other evening while looking over some copies of the JOURNAL in the press room we were startled by a noise like the rushing of many waters or the rumbling of earth which heralds an earthquake or a volcanic eruption. The noise proceeded from above and slowly it approached "nearer, clearer, deadlier than before." With every individual hair on end, our eyes starting from their sockets we stood aghast. Paralyzed with

fear our muscles contracted and our fingers closed as with a deadly grip on a handful of nothing. In that state of mind and body we waited the dread summon as we thought, when lo! it was not the destroying angel bearing death and destruction on his wings but a classic rat which makes nightly excursions up and down the steam-pipe.

— In the coming debate mathematics vs. classics, the mathematicians say that they will place classical learning on the horns of a dilemma and reduce it to zero by "reduction ad absurdum." While the votaries of the classics will hurl all the irony and satire of Horace Juvenile and Swift at the head of the rule of three.

— Auerbach says he can't get sick and go to the infirmary to have a nap without the whole school having something to say about it.

— Rev. Fathers Beaudoin and Mainville spent a few days in Chicago last week. During their stay they had the pleasure of listening to Mgr. Capel with whom they pronounce themselves highly pleased.

— The band is making rapid strides towards perfection. The boys should be encouraged in the good work and we wish that all would follow the example of prof. Murphy who set "em up" to the members the other day.

— On last Sunday Nov. 18 the Rev. Bro. Bernard celebrated his fifty first birth day; though a few traces of the wintry snows can be seen among his locks the good brother is otherwise little fatigued over his long journey and we hope that each returning eighteenth of November will find him the same kind hearted and beloved procurator.

— The Society of the Sacred Heart at their regular meeting on Friday evening last elected the following officers: Spiritual Director, Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V. President, Ambrose Granger; First Counselor, James Cusack; second Counselor, Philip Lesage; Secretary, Edward Kniery.

LITERARY NOTES.

Two more volumes of Sermons by Father Menneger have lately been published; one addressed exclusively to men, the other intended for women only.

John Murphy & Co. have published Monsignor Capel's pamphlet "The Pope, his office, our duties to him," They have also nearly ready, "The Eternal Priesthood," by Cardinal Manning.

Rev. L. A. Lambert, of Waterloo, N. Y., the well known author of "Notes on ingersoll," has sold the remainder of the edition with the copy rights of his "Thesaurus Biblicus" to Benziger Brothers who are now the exclusive publishers of it.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

There are over 800 students in the theological Seminaries of Germany.

According to the *Catholic Times*, of Liverpool, one third of the population of that city is catholic.

Nearly half of the business and property of the city of Halifax is in the hands of catholics.

The single parish of St. Stanislaus Kotska's church, Chicago, counts 4,000 families. There are in Chicago about 70,000 Poles.

EXCHANGE.

South Chicago and the Calumet region in general has an able exponent and a representative in the *South Chicago Tribune*, a handsome eight-page weekly paper published and edited by E. E. Griswold. The talented young editor of the Tribune paid us a visit a short time ago, and in the last issue of his paper has had the kindness to insert a description of our College and its surroundings. That Mr. Griswold possesses no small journalistic abilities is evidenced by the tone of his paper, while his attractive and pleasing manner would win him friends in any locality. We are happy to be able to place the Tribune on our exchange list, and hope ere long to receive a second visit from its genial editor.

The October number of the *Portfolio*, from the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton, Ontario, is before us. This journal is neat in appearance; but we do not understand, and cannot admire it. Of the twenty pages which compose the *Portfolio*, ten are devoted to advertisements, and the other ten to several short literary articles, some of which are deserving of praise, and others — well they serve to take up space. In the editorial department we find a description of the College and grounds, dissertations on epistolary correspondence and on the necessity of perseverance to insure success, all jumbled together in such a manner that we hardly know where one subject commences and the other ends. Our Canadian friend also seems determined to keep the portion allotted to ads occupied, as we notice several spaces in that department bearing the significant words "To let." We would advise the *Portfolio* "to let" those vacant spaces to some of its writers, for instance, to "Art Master" that she might give us a more interesting account of her trip to Scotland.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY.

An Anniversary Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Sister Ignatius was celebrated in the Convent Chapel on Monday the 13th inst. by Rev. Father Legris. The music rendered by the young ladies of the institution was specially impressive.

An improvise concert was given at the Academy last week—the occasion of Very Rev. Fr. Beaudoin fulfilling a promise made to the pupils some time ago. The exercises consisted of vocal and instrumental selections. The young ladies that took conspicuous parts in the programme were Miss Gravelline, Miss Sweetland, Miss Cleary, Miss Morgan, Miss Barron, Miss Hoy and Miss Legris.

Prominent visitors at the Academy during the past week were Father McShane of Wilmington, Mr. and Mrs. Barron of Chicago, Mrs. Devine of Chicago, Mrs. Roberts of Mason City, Ills., Mrs. Koehler of Ayr. Neb., Mr. Gillespie of Chicago and Mr. Vigeint of Chicago. M.

ROLL OF HONOR.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Pataick Tierney.....	Conway Medal.
James Cusack.....	Gold "
Alexis Granger.....	1st. Silver "
John Meagher.....	2nd. " "
Philip Lesage.....	3rd. " "

Distinguished—Francis Quinn, Horace Mathieu, Patrick Sullivan, Edward Kniery, Ambrose Granger, Florence McAuliffe, John Morrissey, Joseph Kelly, Patrick Byrnes, Glenn Park, Paul Wilstach, James Quinn, William Convey, William Reaume, Leon Page, Charles Baker.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Thomas Hughes.....	Gold Medal.
Robert Carr.....	1st. Silver "
Michael Koen.....	2nd. " "
Francis Reaume.....	3rd. " "

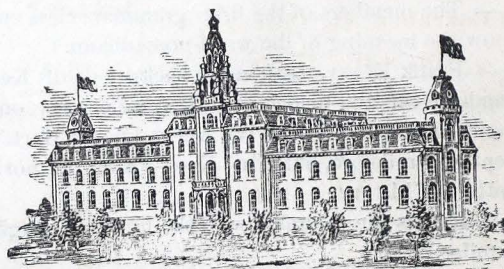
DISTINGUISHED.—John Halligan, James Concannon.
Lesage Medal for French Composition awarded to P. Lesage.

GOOD CONDUCT.

Patrick Fahey.....	Gold Medal.
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POLITENESS.

Glenn Park.....Gold Medal
Distinguished in Deportment—Charles Baker, Edward Brady, Charles Ball, Charles Brennan, Michael Byrnes, Edward Brown.



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