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THE FUTURE PATH.

W. H. THORNE.

My future path I cannot see;
I only know that should it be,
Through blackest cloud or raging sea,
As is my day, my strength shall be;
And so my days go on.

But yesterday the sun did shine
As it would never more decline;
Today nor faith nor hope is mine,
But courage and a love sublime;
And so the days go on.

'Tis better thus; for did we know
The blinding grief, the blinding glow
Of splendor, over hills of snow,
To come at sunset's overflow,
Both peace and hope were gone.

The brave that die around us still,
And sleep on every sacred hill
As quietly as the mountain rill
Glides seaward, proves that heaven will
Give peace unto its own.

—*Quintets.*

A LETTER FROM ROME.

We gather the following notes from recent letters (dated Dec. 29, 1894, and Jan. 1, 1895,) which Rev. Father Marsile, C.S.V., received from Father Rivard, C.S.V.:

But let us talk of Rome. This morning it rained, a soft, warm rain, and this forenoon it hailed, and the sun shone. How capricious the weather is. The grass is green as in May, though, and the trees wear all the wealth of foliage; oranges are ripening all around, and lettuce, and

onions, etc., are growing luxuriantly in the open air on the sloping sides of Rome's many hills. How you would enjoy a salade with genuine Italian olive oil and the expert seasoning of our chef! I often think of you when I see things you like, *e. g.*, a velvety lawn, a graceful statue, a speaking picture, a stately monument, the pure blue Italian sky, the glorious sunshine or the pale moon's silent watch over the Colliseum's awful secrets—the Campagna Romana, with its browsing herds of sheep and cows, and the Castelli Romani crowning the distant hills! It has inspirations for your muse!

The other day we visited the Vatican library. It is in that part of the palace built by Sixtus V., who, being in some respects an American, gave the architect Fontana one hundred days to finish it. On the walls one reads ecclesiastical history illustrated; these councils of the church, these splendid victories of powerful Christian armaments, and the great acts of the pontifical kings of Rome, all done by the skillful brush of the best European artists, make very grand mural decorations. In beholding these, as well as the other monuments of Catholic Christianity, one cannot help feeling a certain justifiable pride in being, by his Catholic name and inheritance, associated with all these grandeurs. In the great hall

there are magnificent vases in malachite, oriental alabaster, sevres, etc., all presented to the popes by kings and emperors of Egypt, Russia, Germany, France, England, etc. I saw there and held in my hands the oldest known manuscript copy of the Bible—the Septuagint—fourth century. It is written on heavy parchment. I won't say that I read it, for Bro. Ryan, who knows how far I can go in Greek, would say that I was telling stories. There also we saw the original copy of King Henry VIII.'s "Treatise on the Sacraments," written, as you know, before his apostacy, and which won him the title of "Defender of the Faith," a title whose faded glory the monarchs of England still wear with so much inconsistency. We also looked at an open volume of the king's love-letters to Anne Boleyn and other women. There is also a beautifully illuminated breviary in which a pious king of Hungary used to read the office—fifteenth century. A most interesting book was St. Thomas' own copy of his great Summa; but it is written in abbreviations which it would take Mr. Surprenant, with the help of Prof. White and other expert stenographers, to decipher. The plain text will do me! Going from this hall we pass in front of the secret library, which is open to but few and not the merely curious. We entered into a long series of rooms, all richly decorated with marble and bronze ornaments and beautiful paintings. This is the library proper. The book-cases are filled with ancient manuscripts and old and new books on all the philoso-

phies and sciences, arts and theologies in almost every known tongue. Most of the great, splendid modern pontiffs have contributed to enrich this library, which is unquestionably the most complete as well as the most precious in the world. Besides Sixtus V. may be mentioned Pius VI. and Pius VII., Gregory XVI., Pius IX., and the great scholar, Leo XIII., who has thrown open the archives of the Vatican to all the earnest students of the age, and whose own learned encyclicals will be a valuable addition to modern social and sacred science.

While one may love to linger among books and old papyrus, he cannot overlook or pass unnoticed the exhibition of sacred art. This museum, which is a part of the library, contains a large collection of some very curious and some very rich objects, most of which pertained to the rights of the primitive Christians. Many of these relics were found in the catacombs. There are lamps, medals, crucifixes, images, statuettes, urns, chalices, and other sacred vessels, of various periods and from various catholic countries. It would take an antiquarian to speak intelligently and interestingly of these as well as of the collections of old coins and ancient seals, and especially of the time-worn and faded frescoes about which even the most knowing can only guess. Returning, we saw two rooms filled with presents and addresses made to Pius IX. These are indications of the immense popularity, and of the universal love in which the regretted Pontiff was held.

As men, even philosophers and the-

ologians, do not live of the things of the spirit alone, we betook ourselves home for dinner; all carried variously by a good deal of enthusiasm, the Roman street cars, and a fair appetite.

A few days ago we were again conducted to the Vatican by Mgr. Tarnassi, who resides here at the Canadian College, and we again climbed the almost interminable stairs, this time to the Pinacoteca (don't attempt to pronounce this word, you'll murder it sure; it means the gallery of paintings). There are no elevators in the Vatican, unless we call its art treasures elevators in the sense that they draw us up in a moral way, and then when even we poor lay beholders contemplate these, they again elevate us by the thoughts which they inspire. This gallery is not great in the number, but in the kind of tableaux exhibited; they are none else than the very originals of the Transfiguration and the Madonna de Foligno, two of Raphaël's most famous oil paintings, in which it is said all the excellencies of coloring and composition, attitudinizing, etc. are blended; then Domenichino's masterpiece, the Communion of St. Jerome; Assumptions by Raphaël and Perugina; a very realistic Pieta, or Descent from the Cross, by Caravaggio; a Crucifixion, by Guido Reni; the Martyrdom of St. Erasmus, by Poussin; and some of the best works of Titian and Murillo, Sacchi, and other great painters. Imagine a more glorious vision! How Father Granger and Father Ouimet would revel here!

It was my fortune some time ago to

see Queen Margarite at the little Austrian church of the Sudario, where she went every afternoon for her Christmas novena. She is tall and queenly in bearing, a blonde, fair, and quite fresh for her years. She was dressed in plain black, her face veiled, but thinly, so one could see her kindly expression of countenance. She passed right in front of us with her body of honor and her two body-guards or footmen, dressed in scarlet red and faultlessly. As she entered the church a poor old woman cast herself at her feet, and, clasping the queen's knees, begged her to take a letter she wanted her to read herself. The guard had to draw the woman aside so as to allow the queen to pass to her prie-dieu after she had smilingly accepted the letter. What did the woman ask? Perhaps the pardon of a criminal, her son. So I saw a real live queen, a Catholic one, a very devout and a much tried one. Christmas day I went to St. Peters. Pontifical high mass was celebrated by Cardinal Parochi at 11 a. m. with great pomp and good music; but I gazed more than I listened, I must own. Masses were being said all around, and straggling groups here and there attending. How queer these Italians! And how the poor elbow the rich and vice versa! Yes, here, right in the midst of all that is most gloriously Catholic, *i. e.*, in St. Peter's and on Christmas day, one could see gathered under the same great dome, before the same splendidly-lighted altars, or around the same great pillars carved with hovering cherubs and good-natured seraphs,

the ignorant and ragged poor side by side with the elegant worldlings and the learned professionals. Is not this, after all, but the most logical result of a real belief in the brotherhood of men, founded upon the fatherhood of God? Away with your milk-and-water humanitarian fraternity, which means nothing!

In the afternoon I visited the wonderful Bambino Gesu at the church of Aracoeli near the capitol. This little statute is said to be made of wood from the Mount of Olives; it is covered with cloth of gold and precious stones. It is credited with most extraordinary things. A very remarkable custom here is the preaching of the children before the splendid crib of the Bambino, from Christmas day to the Epiphany. It is interesting to see these baby preachers stand up before a large gathering, speak their musical Italian and gesticulate so gracefully and so much. They are never awkward, perhaps because they are reared in gracefulness, having constantly before their eyes a world of perfect statutes and of almost moving tableaux. And what do these children say? I heard several little girls declaiming well condensed verses in which in substance they said: "Are you not afraid, little child of heaven, to come down upon the earth when it is so cold? Be very careful that you do not catch cold. . . See now, your mamma has wrapped you up nicely, go to sleep like a good child and don't you cry. With the good angels we kneel and adore you, dear Bambino Gesu!" etc. And the people cried out *Bravo Carina!* which,

being interpreted, means "good for you, little dear." I also saw that same afternoon the exposition of the relic of the crib in which our Lord was born. This relic consists of several small boards proved to be from the stable of Bethlehem. It is kept at St. Mary Major's in a reliquary which is about four feet long, two feet wide, and three feet high and surmounted by a statute of the child Jesus. The framework of this most artistic chase is gold and silver and the sides are pure rock crystal. It is the most splendid and the costliest reliquary in the world, the United States included! The illumination of that beautiful basilica on that occasion was very grand and the procession of the relic very solemn. Thus was my first Christmas in Rome. The day before Christmas I called with Canon Froscarelli, a friend of ours, on our protector Cardinal Vincenzo Vauntelli to wish him *bona feste* and *bono capo d'anno* in behalf of the community. His Eminence was exceedingly kind and pleasant, inquired about the work and health of the community and wished us success and prosperity.

Yesterday, Dec. 29, I saw the king riding behind two of the superbest bays in Europe. Humbert claims to have the best stable of any European sovereign, and I believe it. A man always excels in some one thing, anyway.

Jan. 1, 1895! A happy new year to all again! We wish all sorts of good things to our superiors and professors, and of exchanging wishes among ourselves there is no end! I assisted at

the grand Te Deum at the Gesu yesterday afternoon. The singing was very touching. Everybody sang. The illumination was heavenly. How grateful I was and am for the signal favors of the past year! To-day was a quiet, but a cheerful day here. To-morrow we resume classes. May God bless our work and yours. Salute all the brethren and students for me, and believe me, yours devotedly in S. V.,
E. L. RIVARD, C.S.V.

DEAN SWIFT.

Few authors of English letters have followed a stranger destiny than Jonathan Swift. He was born in Dublin in 1667, of a poor but respectable English family. Part of his childhood was spent in England, though at fifteen he entered Trinity College, in his native place, through an uncle's assistance. While there he showed no marks of his future celebrity, and never was in harmony with the order of curriculum, but entertained himself in acquiring knowledge from cursory readings, which, in after life, was brought forth with great advantage. Like Goldsmith, he obtained a very low degree, more through kindness than as a reward of merit. This humiliation rankled the proud and sensitive young man, but, far from being discouraged, he resolved to compensate for his deficiency by industry and perseverance; so for seven years he employed eight hours each day in careful study. With a tendency common to many young men of genius, he had an early ambi-

tion to rise in the political world, but was too candid to become a successful politician, and finally entered the ministry of the Church of England. For his political services to the crown he was rewarded with the Deanery of a church in Dublin, where he entered upon a literary career.

His singular character is woven in his writings. There is much to be admired in his qualities, though his mistakes are deeply to be deplored. He finds little in the world to conciliate his kindness, much less to receive his love; while he is sometimes sorrowful, he is often moved to disgust. Observing, and honest in his convictions, he hated the vices of man so much that he came to love the world too little. He possessed the most pungent of wit, and was perhaps the most extraordinary satirist of our language. In criticism he was unreserved, but not invariably just, and no author wielded ridicule with more effect to mark the foibles of individuals and institutions. "A Tale of a Tub" was his first considerable production. It was intended to exalt the English Reform Church by ridiculing other religions, and to raise its author in the estimation of that church. While the ability displayed in this satirical masterpiece may be admired, one cannot but lament and severely censure its spirit and coarseness. Though a clergyman himself, Swift appears in this production as having little regard for any religion. He was a most influential political writer, and excited great interest in his day. Though inclining to the whigs, he was not a partisan, and

criticised as he saw fit without discrimination. William Wood obtained from the king the right to supply Ireland with copper coinage. Swift, seeing that this measure would be a detriment to his country, determined to oppose it with the whole power of his caustic genius. Accordingly appeared his celebrated letters, under the pseudonym of M. B. Drapier, which are the most remarkable political tracts in the language. They caused great alarm in England, and excited lively sympathy in Ireland, but the measure could not withstand the shock, and Swift won at once unbounded popularity among his countrymen. His greatest work, the one in which the fame of the author will securely endure, is *Gulliver's Travels*. Ironical, original, lively and humorous, it presents the most extravagant pictures, yet with such naturalness and skill that at times it impresses reality. •

What an ocean of wit, irony, and ridicule is poured upon men and institutions of his day through those imaginary beings. "No word," says Sir Walter Scott, "drops from Gulliver's pen in vain. Where his work ceases for a moment to satirize the vices of mankind in general, it becomes a stricture upon parties, politics, and courts of Britain; where it abandons that subject of censure it presents a lively picture of vices and follies of the fashionable world or the vain pursuits of philosophy; while the parts of the narrative which refer to the traveler's own adventures form a humorous and striking parody of the manner of old voyagers, their dry and mi-

nute style and the unimportant personal incidents with which their journals are encumbered."

Swift's other best known works are the "Battle of Books," "Polite Conversation," "The Conduct of The Allies," and the "History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne." He never ventured far into the poetical realms, but his poems are models for correctness of diction. His style, as a writer, is an example of his own standard: "Proper words in proper places." It is perspicuous, manly, and pure, and free from all affectation and superfluity.

Swift was the greatest wit and one of the most charming conversationalists of his time, with ready repartee and an inexhaustible fund of humorous anecdotes. Though he seems to have been unhappy, and was almost always mad, indeed madness was a kind of nature to him and became a distinguishing character of his genius. Most of his life he suffered from bodily infirmities, which, in later years gradually enveloped his whole being. Melancholic, morose, and even savage, the earliest of Ireland's greatest literary representatives sank to ruin. What treasures of wit and wisdom and tenderness, too, must have been hidden away in that sullen heart.

Yet from such a life a lesson of worth may be drawn, of how genius without application is destined to waste in obscurity; how perseverance scorns the greatest difficulties; and how a mind whose brightness delights posterity may have been sad and cheerless itself. Swift was truly a

great genius but a sad example of human fragility. "A genius equally suited to politics and to letters; a genius destined to shake great kingdoms, to stir the laughter and the rage of millions, and to leave to posterity memorials which can perish only with the English language.

QUIVOCAL GENERATION AND TRANSFORMISM.

A great many modern philosophers, whilst investigating the great truths and principles according to which creation is evolved, not willing to be guided by the brilliant light of Christian philosophy, and trusting themselves entirely to matter, have unfortunately been lost in it, and now, behold their confusion! There they are, swimming in an ocean of matter, large mountains of it surround them, whose towering heights shut out from those unfortunate beings all rays of light and reasoning.

It is therefore my intention to do all in my power to show them a spark of the true light, whose feeble, yet undeceiving rays might direct their steps through the difficult path of philosophy. It would be useless to attempt a refutation of all their false theories.

I have chosen one which is not only a common error, but one of the greatest absurdities which has ever resulted from the thoughts of mad philosophers, who, I must say, are quite common. I have chosen equivocal generation and transformism. By equivocal generation, we understand that

generation, which, through successive repetition, and constant addition of characteristics, would transform one species into another. This implies that one species can generate another one, more perfect than itself, which is impossible. Now, there have been formed many systems for the explanation of this question:

1. The system of descendency, which teaches that one species, all of a sudden, may arise from another, and that all species of animals and plants may have been evolved from the same parents. Others deny that the different races may trace their origin to the same parent.

Then, the system of transformism, which teaches that species are not fixed, but that they vary and intermingle between themselves. The system of descendency cannot be admitted, because it is against the great principle of causality. Thus, when our adversaries affirm that one species can generate another more perfect than itself, they affirm qualities in the second for which there is no cause; for the first species could not give to its offspring those qualities which it had not itself.

Here, however, we must remark, that this perfection in question is not that which the individual can bring upon himself by the constant exercise of his members or training of his faculties, but it is that perfection which is contained in the germ, and will not allow the individual, however perfect he may become, to surpass a certain limit and thus transform himself into another species.

Moreover, when I speak here of descendency, I do not mean that by which all creation descends from a primary idea in God; but the real, material descendency, without any divine intercourse, and with the only consideration of germs and perfections, in real, natural generation.

Also, when we say that transformism cannot be admitted, we do not speak of it as a theory, but as a fact; and in this light we reject it for the following good reasons: If all the species existing to-day had been transformed from a few primary species, we should now observe, that, owing to this transformation, forms most unlike would be mixed together; and there would thus be great variety and confusion in every genus; also, there would be many diverse organs not fit for each other mixed together; and then there should be no perfect organic beings, since all are on the way to perfection. But we do not see any of these things. On the contrary, all the living bodies have the character of unity in variety; they can perfectly well be classified, as scientists have done it. All are perfect in their order because they have organs properly disposed to put their operations and reach their particular end.

Therefore transformism, as a fact, must be rejected.

Then we should also observe, in the past, that when new species are discovered in paleontology, they should appear to have ascended from lower species, since they were supposed to have been evolved through the perfection of others.

We should also observe that the number of species gradually increased. But we do not see any of these effects, neither in the present nor in the past.

Observations and science rather prove that the various species of living, organic beings have not gone through any serious, substantial change, but only through accidental mutations.

It especially appears from paleontology that the species of plants and animals are not more numerous now than they were in the first ages of the world.

Therefore transformism, as a fact, must be rejected.

But, it is sometimes objected: "We know from paleontology that the petrified organs found in the oldest strata of the earth are inferior, that is, less perfect than those found in more recent ones. Therefore they have gradually been perfecting themselves in time."

Here our adversaries use the groundless argument of "post hoc, ergo propter hoc." We admit that there may have been found organs more perfect in the recent strata, but we deny that they were evolved from those less perfect ones.

Moreover, if this were the case, we should find organisms that could not be classified according to any determined species. They would form a kind of a middle between two species. But these have never been found, and most probably never will be.

Then again, the anatomists ask: "Why is it that there exists such uniformity in type and construction? Is this not a proof that all beings come

from the same source?"

Indeed not; for this may be easily explained through the design of the Creator, who wished that, in variety of form, there should still be unity of construction.

Others say: "We know that there are many changes, metamorphoses; but these show the possibility of real mutations in nature."

Yes, we admit that there are changes in the individual, but we still affirm that the species is the invincible barrier of nature. You may pile accident upon accident, event upon event, and let time roll on for thousands of centuries, and still the great principle of unity in variety will appear above all this turmoil, attesting the great wisdom and omnipotence of its Author, who will not change the order of creation merely to satisfy the theories of our modern philosophers.

ARMAND GRANGER.

EVANGELINE.

Among the beautiful poems that have fallen from the pen of our American poet, Henry W. Longfellow, that of *Evangeline* is worthy of special admiration. It expresses in a most solemn, beautiful, and appropriate manner the scenes, and the habits and characteristics of the people of the time and place about which the poem was written.

In this selection many characters are brought before the mind, but the fair maiden, *Evangeline*, played the most prominent and pathetic part.

She was in her seventeenth year, the bloom of her life, when she was doomed to all that pertains to disappointment and gloom. She spent her youthful days with her father on a large farm near "the beautiful village of Grand-Pré" where she was esteemed and respected by all who knew her.

"Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside.

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses;

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows."

Her voice was soft and gentle and as the expressions fell from her lips they seemed to partake of a heavenly note, and charmed the hearts of all around her.

She spent her time at home and was ever obedient to her loving father whom it seemed to be her whole pleasure to please and delight. Her snow white hands were ever busy, and nothing was left undone that went to make the home cheerful and bright. Nearly all the cares of a house-wife evolved upon her at a very youthful age, for the cruel hand of death left her motherless when she was but a child.

She was about to be united in the sacred bonds of matrimony with Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of a blacksmith, when all the inhabitants of that pleasant district, were made exiles by an edict of the English, as unjust in its origin as it was vindictive in its execution. It was her unhappy lot to be separated from the one she so dearly loved, and as it seemed, was never to

see him again. But, although they were separated in body, they were ever united in spirit.

All the days of her exile she spent in searching for him, and was never disposed to accept a hand other than his. This is certainly a strong proof of her earnestness, devotedness, and truth. It is often true that no sooner out of sight than forgotten; but the heart of Evangeline was never possessed with feelings so vile and low as these. For years she rambled over distant and often dreary plains, in search of him whom she loved so dearly, and in whom was placed her whole heart and soul.

Another great proof of her affection and zeal is, that after having spent many years in vain, searching for her intended spouse, she rambled back to the shores of the Atlantic, and in a quiet town on the banks of the Delaware, she renounced all the joys and pleasures this world can give, and took upon herself the garments and vows of a sister of mercy.

Here she passed her remaining days in perfect sacrifice and devotion. Helping the sick, comforting the afflicted, cheering the dying, and closing the eyes of the dead was her task until she, herself, was touched by the icy hand of death, for which her trials and afflictions had prepared her, and which she longed to see come; for it told of friends to be met, happiness complete, and never-ending rest from heart-rending troubles, from whose cup she had drank so deeply. These words tell the story:

"Patience and abnegation of self and devotion to others:

This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.

So was her love diffused, but, like some odorous spices,

Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.

Other hopes had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow

Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Savior."

M. J. F.

"BEN HUR."

Hardly a decade of years ago Lew Wallace gave to the reading world a book which, in that short time, has entered the ranks alongside "David Copperfield," "Ivanhoe," and others of high merit. "Ben Hur" is my favorite book. It has become a favorite with the public because of its literary merit and noble sentiments. It is found in every select library. It is a book for old and young, a beautiful story as well as a lesson, which, once learned, must refine and elevate. I hardly think it necessary to relate the story, since all have read it, or heard it read. However, there are several passages which deserve particular mention.

The first book, which relates the meeting of the three wise men, can be read and reread with interest. The story of this meeting is one of the most skillfully executed chapters in this or any book.

But the chariot race is the grandest and the most striking feature of the work. The reader's fancy is lead along with the description until he becomes

himself a spectator in the circus, watching with stilled breath, the charioteers guiding their steeds around the track or encouraging Ben Hur to greater efforts. The scene of the crucifixion is one of the grand features of the book. So vividly is it painted that the reader seems to behold the procession passing before him and feel the terror that the actual witnesses must have felt. The language in this book is the purest English, and the style elegant, particularly the descriptions. The book is not only interesting throughout, but unlike many of our late books, it teaches a lesson and lends an influence for good. The traditions and histories of several nations are brought clearly before us; their customs and manners are portrayed as faithfully as is possible in such a work. This book enlivened with the most noble ideas and elevating thoughts must certainly have originated from a pure mind and a good soul. The author never loses sight of the high motive that prompted the work; nor does its beauty and charm lessen throughout. It has been said that the author's object in writing Ben Hur was to prove the divinity of Christ, and certainly the work does not lose sight of its noble aim. We need such books—works that will remain to help and better men. Of the trashy kind there are too many, and their influence is destructive. The book that we can read and feel the better for it is the one that is needed. The reading public has voted that honor to "Ben Hur."

F. O. R.

CHEERFULNESS.

In the formation of character the beautiful quality of cheerfulness should never be overlooked. It is the most important of the social virtues—one which is pleasing and acceptable to everybody, and upon which much of the joy and happiness of life depend. A cheerful countenance is never shunned or despised; it rather attracts, diffusing its brightness upon all with whom it comes in contact, and in a manner communicating to them the happy spirit that inspires it. It is the most reliable evidence of our own eternal peace and contentment, and constitutes one of the surest and most efficacious means of promoting the happiness of those around us. Indeed it is almost impossible to be unhappy in the midst of cheerfulness. The hardest frost of winter always melts before the summer sun; so the sourest temper sweetens and brightens in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog, and cloud, and vapor hope to cling to the sun illumined landscape, as sullenness and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Like the morning beams of the sun, the light of a cheerful face spreads radiant brightness, where before was nothing but darkness and gloom. Who, therefore, would allow his life to become miserable, and his days to drag heavily, when, by the cultivation of a pleasing and joyous disposition, the most dismal shadows will vanish and the pure light of happiness burst forth around us. In youth this beautiful

virtue should be especially attended to. It will make our company pleasing and agreeable, it will gain for us innumerable friends, and it will diffuse an attractive brightness around the higher perfections of heart and intellect. It is next to impossible to create a favorable impression upon those around us when our temper is sullen and morose. To gain the good will of our fellow men, we must be cheerful; we throw off the dark mantle of gloom and dejection, thus proving to them that we have a regard for the feelings of others, and that we have a desire to promote their happiness, even though our own hearts be sore and sad. Much, too, of the joy and peace of after life will depend on the early cultivation of this virtue of cheerfulness. There is no path but will be easier travelled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain, but will be vanished sooner in the presence of determined good humor.

True, indeed, it is not always easy to wear a pleasing countenance when naught lies beneath it but sadness and sorrow; but, though such times be common in men's lives, we must nevertheless fight bravely and strive as best we can to dislodge that arch-enemy of our happiness. Remember well that sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrow; that the ills of life must visit us sooner or later, and that if we accept them in pleasant cheer, they will turn to good in our hands, and thus lose their apparent sting. There is nothing, indeed, more

beautiful and Christian-like than calm and cheerful resignation in adversity. Dark clouds of trouble, care, and anxiety, will certainly often steal round us; but bright smiles and joyous words, like the sunlight of heaven, will paint on their bosom the beautiful rainbow of love and peace, and thus make them lovely in the midst of their gloom.

It should be a rule in the conduct of everybody, to preserve a calm and agreeable temper. From pettishness and sullenness, nothing is to be gained; but from a cheerful and jolly disposition much is to be hoped. Who that has gone forth into the world, depending upon the world for support, will tell you that urbanity of manner and cheerfulness of disposition are practically of little or no importance.

The people of this nineteenth century are too refined to easily tolerate sour or gruffy temperaments, too sensitive not to be offended by the least failing in point of true, genuine politeness, and too independent to care an *iota* for a person who is always sullen and morose and has no regard for the feelings or happiness of others. Pleasant smiles and gentle words go farther than many suppose; they possess a kind of magic power, which seldom or never fails in its influence over even the most obdurate hearts.

To all those, therefore, who wish to spend their days among men peacefully and agreeably; who wish to blunt the stings of life's ills and to lessen its burdens of trouble and care; who wish to rise in the estimation of their fellow-man, and to be to those around them

a source of pleasure and enjoyment—to those we would commend assiduous cultivation of this beautiful and simple virtue of cheerfulness. It shows not only a calm, unselfish nature, but also a good heart and a clear conscience. Only the virtuous can be truly cheerful. The bad and vicious may be gay and humorous, but always in a vulgar and boisterous way; genuine suavity and gayety of manners can seldom or never be acquired by those whose hearts are not good and pure. Virtue and all the other Christian graces necessarily go hand in hand. A. M.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The name of William Cullen Bryant recalls a poet who has deservedly won the highest respect and appreciation. He was born in Massachusetts in 1794.

Under the sound training of a virtuous father, he acquired whatever preparations were necessary to fit him for his college studies. From his youth he showed signs of being gifted with more than ordinary talent, and at the age of fourteen entered the literary field by publishing the "Embargo," which met with some success. It was a political satire, the product most probably, of his study of Pope.

Poetry then was a matter of fact, but he sought a profession and chose the law. He was successful as a lawyer, but he soon tired of its routine, and after ten years service he determined to devote his whole time to literature. He assumed the editorship

of a magazine in New York City. Later on he took charge of a "daily," and political and economic questions received more of his attention than poetry. His "Thanatopsis" appeared when Bryant was about twenty-one, having been written some two years previous. It is undoubtedly his best, and few, if indeed any poet, can lay claim to so fine a work at such an early age. His writings are marked for their simplicity, but withal are not of a flexible kind. But there is a purity of style and diction as engaging as it is forcible. Bryant was not entirely free from prejudice, and Catholics do not receive from him the same consideration accorded by Longfellow. A redeeming feature is his thorough Americanism. He was in perfect sympathy with his country and its ideals, and found sufficient material for his poems on this side of the Atlantic. In this respect he was a decided contrast to many of our writers, particularly Lowell, who toadied so slavishly to things foreign.

In his youth he had no American literature to model on, but the plan, the style, and the art of poesy formed the object of his study rather than the persons or places of English poetry. As a youth he made Pope his model, later he studied Wordsworth. Adding to the naturalness of the latter and the art of the former, his own personality, he led the way for whatever is distinctly American, and may be justly called the founder of the better style of American letters. His productions are the overflow of his deepest feelings, couched in the

simplest and most forcible language. The thought he wishes to express stands out in relief, intelligible alike to the common folk as to the literateur.

His style, or whatever of style he may possess, was formed early, and he may be said to have made no progress in later years. His legal efforts first, and later his journalistic work, may have had much to do with his rather stiff expression; certainly the latter confined him to prose efforts and took from him either the time or fancy for poetic flights.

His poems, "To a Waterfowl" and "Thanatopsis," became the models of American poetry, until the rise of Longfellow, who hence led the van. His translation of the "Iliad" is a standard. It is to be regretted that Bryant chose to so scatter his powers, rather than concentrate them on greater efforts. It is said that he did not give himself to poetry, but rather added it to his daily efforts.

His death, which took place in June, 1878, was the occasion of profound grief, sufficient evidence of the hold he had on the hearts of our people. His place among the poets time will best decide, but his place in the affection of the people for whom he labored is high and secure.

"Ripened by years of toil and studious search

And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
Thy hand to practice best the lenient art
To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
And, last, thy life." —*Hymn to Death.*

J. D.

The Catholic Reading Circle Review contains among other papers, "Younger Catholic Writers," by Walter Leckey, in which an able plea is made for those who have lent their best efforts to raise the tone of Catholic literature, despite great opposition. "Some Woman Writers" contains in this issue a sketch of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, among the very best of woman writers. Other articles include "Education and Sanitation," "The Renaissance of Woman," and many others. The program of reading for reading circles is, as usual, very complete.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.

All rivers, small or large, agree in one character; they like to lean a little on one side. They can not bear to have their channels deepest in the middle, but will always, if they can, have one bank to sun themselves upon, and another to get cool under; one shingly shore to play over, where they may be shallow and foolish and childlike, and another steep shore, under which they can pause and purify themselves, and get their strength of waves fully together for due occasions. Rivers in this way are just like wise men, who keep one side of their lives for play and another for work, and can be brilliant and chattering and transparent when they are at ease, and yet take deep counsel on the other side when they set themselves to the main purpose.—*Ruskin.*

THE VIATORIAN.

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EDITORIAL.

The days spent in making others happy are golden ones. "In the sear, the yellow leaf," their sweet remembrances will be a balm to the troubled soul.

The art of listening is a great accomplishment. Besides the opportunity given of hearing many wise sayings, it saves one the humiliation that generally follows too much talking.

This is the season of resolutions. A most appropriate one, when the dawning year speaks of hope and vigor. But resolutions *kept*, not those merely *made*, are the ones that bring fruit.

There is a place in the world for everyone, and each should fit himself to fill that place creditably. Preparation is needed, and a kind will be made proportioned to the ideal one has of a station in life. It is danger-

ous to overrate our opportunities or abilities lest we fall short in the work of getting ready.

One of the great drawbacks in these days is that nearly every one is trying to better others and forgetting himself. The workers of today have never been equalled in the amount of work done, but too much labor begets dullness, hence inferior work. Men strive, with every faculty at highest tension, to better the fortunes of those dear to them; some to spread the light of science, others to diffuse higher lights. But few see the need of husbanding their forces in order to make larger and better efforts. We owe much to our fellow men, but we owe a great deal to ourselves, likewise. Great efforts, though few, are more productive of good than constant striving without any cessation.

TOUCHES OF NATURE.

Nature is so alluring. She is so well known, appeals so strongly to everyone, hence her aptness to illustrate, when properly adapted. Every example drawn from nature, if aptly done, and if the higher phases be chosen, finds approval and a ready response in the human breast.

In literature the figures drawn from nature are most appreciated as they are most beautiful. They carry us upward from the creature to the Creator. Longfellow says beautifully:

"As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of the summer's sun breathes upon it, melts and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun; so life in the smile of God's love divides itself into separate forms each bearing in it and reflecting an image of God's love." Such gentle touches as this reaches every heart and men are made better by such reflection.

The ancients were most prolific of figurative expression, and every one was well drawn. Their literature and even their speech teemed with figures. This may be accounted for by the fact that they were simple in manners and modes of living, spending an easy life. They gave much time to the observation of nature's phenomenon. They could not account for the various workings of nature, but the mystery surrounding the changes they daily saw, excited their curiosity. They saw the sun move daily across the heavens, or believed it did so; the moon and stars came forth to dispell the gloom of night; eclipses, earthquakes, storms, all appealed to their imagination, it set their minds in motion, and these two in movement, literature became a fact.

Thus, letters in their infancy, became a giant, so to speak, and the first efforts became the models for all time.

Literature has to do with man inasmuch as he has relation or connection with the world around him. The ancients really felt this, and they found their subjects in the achievements, or supposed ones, of their own,

or of imaginary warriors.

They pictured these heroes as men of superior worth and strength, as men of sacrifice and filled with love of country. Nor did they forget the sorrows and passions of men and these being wrought out in the colors of transcendent genius and a sublime simplicity, carried men away and inspired them with the love of heroic deeds, and their influence is not lost today as it never will while men love to hear of deeds of valor told in entrancing story.

The bible is supremely simple in its announcing of divine truth. But truth and the great ones particularly, are sublime of themselves. The force and grandeur of these revelations appealing so vividly to the writers of scripture, so struck them, that the simplest words and fewest, seemed best calculated to tell their heavenly secrets. But the holy writers did not scruple to call figurative expression to their assistance, thus making God's works illustrate God's truth.

The history of creation is told in a few words. All the Psalms, the prophesies of Isaiah, are filled with sublime sentences, all sparkling with the fairest gems of figurative expression.

In speaking to the multitudes, and while manifesting His divine power by miracles, the Saviour was charmingly simple in his language, yet highly figurative. He expresses by nature, "the birds of the air," "the lily," "the sower," "seed," etc. He calls to His aid the powers of nature, and what a strong picture he paints of the end of the world.

Modern writers of the earlier period called nature to their assistance and we find Shakespeare, Milton, Ossian, Wordsworth replete with the beauties of figurative expression.

Shakespeare gives a beautiful picture of morn:

"Lo! how the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast,
The sun ariseth in his majesty.
Who does the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar tops and hills seem burnished gold."

As nature gives the poet his best inspirations, so she best helps him to express his thoughts.

The tendency of later days to show nature in her less elevating phases is not the prompting of art as the masters understood it, but a confession of the absence of that art. Realism is destructive to art when appealing to the senses rather than to the heart and mind. Its influence is hurtful and even its promoters do not like it. What mere monied value inspires will not, as a rule, be of a high order or long lived.

The different manners of life, habits, the distractions of business, and the artificial life that men now lead, together with the spread of education and the countless books, make it more and more difficult to concentrate on any one point; hence, the light nature of much of the literature and the absence of those appeals to nature, characteristic of the ancient writers.

Byron tells us the power of nature to charm and the pleasure he found

amid her charming scenes, and every lover of nature will echo his sentiments:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not men the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which, I steal
All I may be or have been before
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all
conceal." M.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

—At last the long-looked for electric light has come. The whole house has undergone a complete transformation.

To say that everyone is delighted is putting things too mildly. The light now illumines every room and corridor, and does so perfectly.

The work was done by the Kankakee Electric Light Co., under the supervision of A. Betourne, who is a very skillful workman, as is shown by the very little injury done to the floors and ceilings.

Father Beaudoin and several families of the village have put in the lights, and now they rejoice in the possession of at least one metropolitan advantage without any disagreeable circumstances accompanying.

—Among the new students are: Messrs. L. E. Elvin, J. E. Kearney, C. M. Ford, H. Ray, J. Philbin, and J. Deake. All the pupils came back in good spirits and are now making active preparations for the February examinations.

VIATORIANA.

-
- Red top.
- Red pepper.
- Same to you.
- Come back here.
- There are others.
- Specks on teeth.
- He didn't told us.
- It's a gallogogue!
- Don't care if I do.
- A dish of oysters.
- When was he shod?
- I wish you the same.
- Polly wants a cracker.
- That electricity smells.
- You'll break the carpet.
- Golly! but I had a feast.
- Did you see Corck's ghost?
- Raise it down a little higher.
- He talks the least and says nothing.
- My nerve is a broken pneumogastric.
- He stood on the right shoulder all the time.
- Do you see any moss on me? No, it's hay-seed.
- No wonder it's warm; look at all the red heads.
- If you don't make those *quit* kids hollering I'll—
- Ask George how many ties from here to Chicago.

—Is turpentine a solid or a liquid?
Ans. No, it's a metal.

—Let us skate. Oh, no; *us* two can't skate together, the ice is too thin.

—Professor, will that circumference touch the point of contact? Yes, if he *puts it there*.

—Several trips have been made to the river, where the skating is splendid. Everyone had his skates on.

—The bazaar, held for the benefit of the parish church, was a great success. The proceeds were about \$2,300. Several prizes came this way.

—A beautiful electrolier has been ordered for the chapel. It will cost \$100, and will be a fine ornament to that beautiful place of worship.

 PERSONAL MENTION.

—Our genial treasurer, Rev. Bro. Senecal, left December 27th for a three weeks' visit in Canada. During his absence Rev. Bro. Mainville is attending to the duties in the office.

—Rev. Father Kearney, of Dixon, Ill., paid us a very pleasant visit last week. He was accompanied by his brother, who has been enrolled as a student. Father Kearney was a member of the class of '89, and recalled many pleasant reminiscences of his days as a student. Come again, father.

—Rev. L. R. Paquet, professor of Latin, who has been sick for the last week with malarial fever, left Tuesday, January 15, for his old home in Ver-

mont, to spend a few months with his parents, and to recuperate among the mountains of his native state. We sincerely hope that Father Paquett may soon regain his health and be again with us.

—Rev. T. J. McDevitt, of Chicago, was ordained to the holy priesthood at Baltimore December 22d by Cardinal Gibbons, and said his first mass New Year's day in St. Malachy's church, Chicago, Ill. Father McDevitt completed his philosophical studies here, and was also professor of elocution and rhetoric in '91 and '92, when, by his suavity, amiable character, earnest devotion to study, and the hearty interest he ever manifested in the welfare of his pupils, endeared himself to both professors and students, who now join in wishing him many years of happiness in the sacred work of the ministry.

—We copy the following from the Chicago *Evening Post*: "The Rev. John Lenert, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lenert, of 3653 Indiana avenue, was ordained to the holy priesthood January 3 at Dallas, Texas, by the Rt. Rev. E. J. Dunne, formerly pastor of All Saints Church, this city.

"Father Lenert read his first mass at St. Peter's Church, Polk and Clark streets, December 6th at 10 a. m., after which a reception was given him at the home of his parents.

"The Rev. John Lenert is 29 years old, was born in Chicago, where his parents have resided for thirty-five years. After a few weeks' stay in Chicago Father Lenert will return to

Texas, to take charge of the parish which has been assigned to him."

PERSONAL.

—Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, of Hinsdale, Ill., paid a visit to their son, who recently entered the college.

—Mrs. Clark, Miss M. Philbin, of Chicago, and Mrs. Lee, of Crawfordsville, Ind., were among the recent visitors.

—Louis Legris, '93, has begun the study of law at Bloomington, Ill. We hope he will attain the success his sterling worth deserves.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Guilfoyle medal for rhetoric, *ex æquo* Jos. Casey, and John Sullivan. Drawn by John Sullivan.

Lesage medal, for French composition, awarded to Rene Pugny.

Conway medal, classical course, for average of 95 and upwards, deserved by Jos. Casey, J. Burns, Jno. Marx, and Jno. Sullivan; commercial course, by Charles Fallon and George Fallon. Drawn by Jno. Marx.

Gold medal, for first in greatest number of classes, classical course, equally deserved by Jno. Sullivan, Jos. Casey, J. Devane, John Marx; commercial course, awarded to Geo. Fallon; classical course, drawn by J. Devane.

First silver medal for second in greatest number of classes; classical

course, equally deserved by A. Lyons, J. Fitzpatrick, R. Pugny, A. Granger, J. Devane, P. Dube, J. Mortimer, H. Ruel, F. St. Aubin, E. Kromenocker; drawn by J. Mortimer. Commercial course, C. Roy, P. Darsche, and W. Griffin; drawn by C. Roy.

Second silver medal, classical course, equally deserved by M. Ford, J. Granger, D. Hayden, W. Lemire, T. Legris, Wm. Doody, W. Foley, W. Breen, H. Sullivan, A. Marcotte, W. Mattei, E. Ezekiel, F. Gazzolo, Wm. Larken, J. Murphy, J. O'Dwyer, and L. Mullins; drawn by Wm. Doody.

Second silver medal, commercial course, equally deserved by J. St. Cerny, L. Ryan, J. Hayden, A. Changelon, Wm. Fay, D. Barsaloux, E. Hawkins, A. Chalefoux, and A. Martin; drawn by James Barsaloux.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Conduct medal, equally deserved by A. Caron, P. Hansl, R. Mumford, P. O'Toole, A. Trentman; drawn by A. Caron.

Medal for excellence, equally deserved by Jno. Barry, A. Gondreau, P. Hansl, B. Katzenbach, W. Krueger, G. Pusheck, A. Tetreau; drawn by A. Gondreau.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Book Reviews announces the completion of Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, as lately enlarged by the author. The work has been brought down to date, including the last presidential campaign. All the late factors

in politics have been included and commented upon. This is perhaps the best work extant on the constitution. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

The Christmas number of the *Pittsburg Catholic* was the best we received. In form, make-up, and in contents it was superior. "Christmas," the leading topic, was treated in various phases, and in every case gave interesting reading.

Almanac and Calendar of the Apostleship of Prayer, for 1895, is a neat and instructive little work, filled with beautiful articles reflective of the good society of which it is the exponent. The appearance will recommend the book no less than its contents. (Central Direction Apostleship of Prayer, 27 and 29 W. 16th St., N. Y. Price, 10 cents.)

The *Rosary* for January has something that will interest everyone. The "Poet in Exile" is a splendid sketch of that unfortunate Irish poet, Mangan. His is a pathetic life and its sad features are touchingly brought out.—"The Church and the Stage," by Prof. M. F. Egan will be quite a revelation to many—though his praise of Mr. Augustin Daly all will consider able and just. No one has done more to make the stage, if not an educator, at least, a place of legitimate pleasure. To quote the professor: "He (Daly) has led the best public taste, and since he began his career as a manager, he has not gone back a step." Not to go back is to advance. These are but two of many interesting features.