

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. VI

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, Dec. 29th., 1888.

No 9

CHRISTMAS.

BY LOUIS A. FALLEY.

Ring! Ring! Ring! O loud bells, on the still midnight air
Fling thy tidings of joy, thy sweet message of love,
O'er the land, sound the praise of the Infant God fair
In a comfortless stable born, whilst far above
The white angels, their hymn sung again and again
"Be to God in the highest great glory; to men
Of good will on earth, peace, holy peace without end"

O bleak winter winds, blowing so piercing and cold
Bid the nations you pass in, in your long, hasty flight
Their contentions to cease, to forget all their old
Bitter hate, for again shines the Bethle'm light
And the angels are singing again and again
"Be to God in the highest great glory; to men
Of good will on earth, peace, blessed peace without end."

Bid the hungry and poor to re-
joice and be glad
For their king chose to be like
them, lowly and poor
Though a God that he was
rulers heard not his voice
They despised him though held
he the world's destiny.
Bid them sing with the angels
again and again
"Be to God in the highest great
glory; to men
Of good will on earth peace,
holy peace without end."



O ye men join together your
hearts and your tongues
Join your hearts in deep love
join your tongues in the praise
Of your new-born Redeemer;
and sing the song, sung
Long ago 'neath the Bethlehem
star's dazzling rays.
By the bright white robed
angels, again and again
"Be to God in the highest great
glory; to men
Of good will on earth, peace,
blessed peace without end."

O men, leave for to-day all your cares, and around
The cold crib of your God, kneel and give him your love
Like the shepherds who first on that night from the ground
Rose, and left all their flocks, the command from above
To obey, singing over again and again
"Be to God on the highest, great glory; to men
Of good will on earth, peace, blessed peace without end."



CHRISTMAS.

BY GEO. E. DONNELLY.

Cold and silent is the heart, dreary and dead are the affections which feel no genial glow, no fervid longings for the coming of that season,

"Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated."

Cherished as this season is by all Christians, yet, none pay more homage to it than the collegian for then his homeward heira takes place and the many trials of college days are forgotten amidst the blissful pleasures of the family fireside. The rigor of the season would seem to sap enjoyment of its gratification but really it throws o'er everything an air of majesty not out of keeping with the solemnity of the occasion.

To be sure, nature at this time does not carpet the earth with green sward, no azure sky smiles upon us from above, no merry songsters discourse sweet music from the trees and the blossoms and leaves have long since disappeared. The fleecy off-spring of Winter—Earth's dictator at this season—has enveloped everything, and save the glistening brilliancy of the icicle when the sun beams upon it, all is seemingly gloomy and desolate.

The mind, however, fills up the void made by nature. The aerial flight which fancy takes to the not distant regions of the past, the happy recollections awakened by a hallowed memory falls like dew upon the pleasures of the present and causes everything to be joyous. The conviviality which is constantly breaking forth from the festive student is on this occasion somewhat restrained by the solemnity of the feast which is celebrated. The church is now in all her glory. For weeks has she been awaiting the advent of this festival and when the day arrives she breaks forth in glad anthems to Him who came to establish peace and good will amongst all. The midnight mass, the full choir, the silent worshippers and the joyous 'Hosanna' mingling together as they do, fittingly usher in the most beautiful feast-day of the year. The mystic past has left us many customs, but none is more dear to the multitude, I venture to say, than that of family reunion at Christmas time. The young men who have scattered to drink deep draughts from the Pyrian spring seek with avidity the homes of their childhood. Those grown up to man's estate who have for weary years baffled the rude blast of adversity return to forget trials amongst the ever-dear, never-forgotten mementoes of happier days. And what is more pleasant to the parent, what causes more joy to the child than the renewing of those affectionate duties which nature imposes on everyone? An unaccountable disregard of ancient customs and a certain desire to

dispense with what is unnecessary has caused the Christmas holidays—in this country to lose that charming simplicity which characterized its celebration in England. Here the luxuriant plenty of the Christmas dinner, the merry tales at the fireside in the evening, and the honest sincerity of those present have made place for the statelier and more fashionable customs of a new country. Nevertheless, to many inhabitants of this broad and happy land, Christmas brings but few pleasures. I refer to the poor. They do not enjoy the ease of their more fortunate neighbors, many even lack the necessities of life and if this season does not inspire charity to them by the rich, their Christmas will partake more of sorrow than of joy. Therefore, when the day dawns upon us with all its enjoyments, old associations and present beauties, let not the senses alone engulf themselves in the sea of pleasure, let the heart enter into the festivities else our Christmas will be anything but merry.

MIDNIGHT MASS IN CANADA.

BY M***

Each clime has its charms. Florida displays her orange-trees and eternal flowers. Canada is adorned with her snows and *frimas*, and how beautiful is that country during the long winter! This season transforms the North into a fairy land and brings with it pleasures and enjoyment of all kinds. The earth exchanges her mantle of verdure for the spotless veil of the bride. The cold wind has stripped the trees of their foliage, but the snow clothes the naked branches with flowers brighter than pearls. The limpid water of the rivers is changed into a vast crystal mirror wherein is reflected the swift skater as he skims along like a living yatch.

When valleys and hills have thus put on their winter garments, the atmosphere is brisk and clear, the firmament above, blue and deep as the sky at Naples, then comes the most touching religious feast of the year, Christmas and its midnight mass. How anxiously even the children await it. They count the days that will bring this sacred hour, how high the snow should rise, how thick the ice should freeze before it comes. And see, they have not gone to rest this evening late though it is.

Listen! do you hear the church bell ringing in the silence of the night? Oh! the moment has come at last, midnight mass is rung! In an instant all the cottages are lit up. The whole family is soon ready and away they ride for church.

What a pleasant ride! The night is calm, the air pure and crisp; the stars shine from above as so many heav-

only eyes; the moon's silvery beams light up sparkling jewels on every flake of snow. And it is so warm under the thick wooly furs, the bells jingle so merrily on the foaming horses, and the sleighs glide so swiftly on the creaking snow.

As we turn this bend the parish church, all ablaze comes in view. Let us enter. Light is streaming down from every part of the temple. The chandeliers hanging from the gray old dome are taken down and loaded with tapers. One would think that all the stars of heaven had gathered above the worshipful spot. Slowly the faithful enter, shaking off the snow from their shoes. Their eyes are turned towards the altar adorned with branches of evergreen and myriads of colored lights. On fresh moss is the miniature stable with its thatched roof and the little crib, and in it, on golden straw smiles the babe of Bethlehem! . . .

The religious silence is soon broken by the melodious strains of the organ. Mass begins: white clouds hover round the altar like angels' wings; the church resounds with the antique Noël. It seems as if the heavenly spirits were awakened by the echoes, and were singing again over the cradle of Bethlehem the glad tidings, and this humble country church all dazzling in the middle of the darkness seems to resemble the poor shelter under which eighteen centuries ago shone the Light of the world.

The service is over, the last notes of the Christmas canticles die away; the rolls of the perfumed incense slowly vanish, but the pious crowds still surround the illuminated crib. The whitehaired man kneels trembling with age and by his side the candid child opens his eyes with wonderment; all make their modest offering to him who was born so poor. Finally they leave and passing out, they turn and throw one last glance at the beautiful child whose celestial charms they carry deeply engraven in their souls.

Returning home they are hailed by the *réveillon* of those who could not accompany them. They sit at table to partake of the feast and keep up a gay and reverential babble, relating their impressions. How lovely was the divine infant! What golden locks, what rosy cheeks! None ever saw such beautiful eyes, such a sweet smile! The pious people seemed not to see in the manger a statue of plaster, but it was their eye of devotion and faith that unerringly pictured to them the real divine Child. O solemn night, brighter than the day! what fond memories thou bringest to the heart, surprised to find itself still young. Can I ever forget the rustic chapel and its magic lights? Again I hear the chiming bells, the Christmas carols, and believe I am again praying with the humble peasants at midnight mass.

WHAT CHRISTMAS IS TO THE STUDENT.

By ROBERT PRATT, '91.

In the language of the poet we tune our lyres and sing,

"Omne bene,
Sine pœna,
Tempus est ludendi;
Venit hora,
Absque mora
Libros deponendi."

The time of times which the students have so longingly looked forward to has nearly arrived. Christmas has been from date immemorial what an oasis is to the weary traveller crossing the mighty desert. It was St. Paul who spoke of the day of his separation, of fighting a good fight and of the crown that was laid up for him, but in the language of the St. Viateur's students we can truly say that we have kept the rules and there is laid up for us a turkey which we the righteous shall carve on Christmas day. Yes! dear reader, ere another moon shall have made its exit from the fair heavens, many of us shall have bidden adieu to the transitory pleasures of college life, and with grips well packed with paper collars will take the wings of the morning for the classical city of Kankakee. But the first great happiness of the occasion will be when we board the train. There we will see all kinds of people who are taking advantage of cheap rates and are going to see as much of the world as possible for the least money. Among the crowd we will see many an old maid with her yellow flowered bonnet, frills and tucks. How graciously she will smile upon us? But she will soon perceive that the students of St. Viateur's are no spring chickens and that her smiles are useless. At every way station the honest old farmer will get aboard, and he will naturally wonder where so many handsome young men came from, and will conclude from their appearances that they must have a very easy life of it. Little he knows how many hours of hard study it requires to demonstrate beyond any doubt that "If the diagonals of a parallelogram are equal, the parallelogram is a rectangle."

At last we complete our journey the train stops and we are embraced by our venerable parents and beloved nine little sisters and seven brothers who have come with Dad and Mam to the depot to see their big brother who has been away to college and is supposed to know everything that is knowable. O! how glad they are to see us and little Johnny grins from ear to ear when he discovers a stray peanut in the coat-tail pocket of student Jim. After all the preliminary remarks have closed and everyone has left the depot the procession is formed for starting home. Dad grabs the satchels and we start. It is needless to say that the dogs all bark as we go up the street, and it may be that some of us

have a dear cousin (?) who will cautiously peek out from some window as we pass. What a time when we arrive home, nothing to do but answer questions which are showered on us by the dozen. The student will naturally have a desire to take a short inventory of what will constitute the Christmas dinner. He will see the old turkey gobbler, who has been shut up in the back yard for the past month to fatten, but he, the turkey, seemingly knowing why so many luxuries have been placed before him, has eaten barely enough to keep soul and body together, and he, the student, will find to his utter disgust that the hip bones stand higher than the tail and that the breast feels like the back of a sharp knife, and on the whole it is as poor as Job's turkey.

Hanging up the Christmas *socks* is also another very pleasing feature of this season. They are usually hung up in one straight *rank* above the fire-place, but it is all right with Santa Claus, he fills them just the same. Johnny of course gets the jumping-Jack and it is his first delight in the morning to show it to his big brother, who at once begins pulling the strings with all his might. This, Johnny objects to and war ensues at once. Johnny applies to his Ma, who is busy over the hot oven in the kitchen sticking broom-straws into the delicious fruit cake to see if it is done in the middle. Johnny pulls her by the apron strings, and cries out that his big brother Jim has his jumping Jack and because he has been away to college and knows *Greek* and *Physiology* he can come home and monopolize jumping Jacks and everything else. But the good mother soon restores peace and the dinner proceeds throwing out its delightful odor until the house and yard smell like a first class bakery.

Promptly at 1.30 it is announced that all things are ready and the student, with a heavenly smile overspreading his serene countenance, sits down to the feast. Although the turkey resembles in appearance the last rose of summer, the other good things make up the deficiency. On and around the beautiful dinner-table are sasses of all ages, from the eight year old kid sass to the five weeks old turnip sass, but the sassiest sass of all is the kid's sass. The student eats of course until his stomach is as full of sweet meats as a blown up football is of wind. After a repast of this nature, the great scene, the scene of all scenes generally begins about mid-night, when the student is awakened by the most excruciating pains, the face is covered with a cold sweat; the remembrance of the delicious dinner fills him with disgust, and from the bottom of his soul, and his stomach, he exclaims, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." But all this must needs be to the student, without it Christmas vacation would be a failure. Now, dear reader, in conclusion let us not forget the lone widow

or the homeless orphan, but let us open our hearts with compassion and make at least a liberal donation of dried apples and College hash. Then we may return to College with the assurance that our vacation has been a blessing not only to ourselves, but also to the widowhood and orphanhood in general.

THE SNOW.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY P. W.

The Snow. In this word is embodied the idea of all that is pure and virginal. The word itself possesses a charming sweetness. When we say as pure as snow, there is at once presented to our mind the idea of a beauty without stain or tarnish. And it is the beautiful snow which lends to winter its every charm.

Picture to yourself one of these dreary melancholy days: the trees are stripped of their foliage, the birds have fled, and the northern winds sigh and weep over mourning nature. Everything betokens sadness and *ennui*. You sit before the fireplace and look dreamingly out of the window. The wind has ceased its moaning and all is tranquil. You rouse yourself with a start, can you believe your eyes? 'Tis indeed the first snow of the season!

It is with pleasure you perceive these little flakes, messengers of joy; like the butterflies who weary of chasing each other, finally sink gracefully to the earth. Now you look up, you try to pierce the regions of snowy treasures, the thousand wonders of winter, and you lose yourself in a vague reverie.

Little by little the night spreads her wings over the silent earth, and thinking perchance of some oft told legend, you pass insensibly into the arms of sleep.

In the morning the scene is entirely changed, for it has not ceased snowing during the night. Everything has assumed a fairy aspect. With admiration you behold the vast immaculate mantle which softly covers the earth. Here and there the wind has tossed the white flakes into drifts and into miniature pyramids which rise as monuments to poor dead nature.

Along the hedges and fences the snow has accumulated to such a height that the road-beds seem but valleys through which reëcho the joyous laughter of children and the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells. The trees bear their light load, likewise the old roof, ordinarily so gray and weather-beaten, is of a dazzling whiteness as if angels hovering near had shaken out their wings.

Nature has assumed a robe of innocence and reposes like a child nestled in folds of lace. Behold again nature vested in her virginal mantle, for soon April will awake her with the spring-song of the birds and May will crown her with flowers.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

The sleigh-bells and the belfry chimes which make the air ring with such gladness all around, and the grand old anthem of glory, which in chapel and cathedral has again burst forth from the lips of worshipful men—all recall that mysterious night when the angels themselves, drawn to the earth by the splendor of that midnight stable, chanted in the choirs, the hymn of joy of praise to God and peace to men. The season is full of beautiful, holy and wholesome, sublime suggestiveness, full of the ever new, ever incomprehensible stupendous mystery of Redemption. And as we recall the sad beginning of our history, the saving effects of that grand union again break most vividly upon our minds. Man after the wreckage of sin was himself the saddest of wreck; intellectually, physically, morally and spiritually ruined. He had lost his birthright to heaven, bartered it for the miserable mess of sin; lost the fulness and brilliancy of that science which made him rank among the angels; lost too, the natural rectitude of his will, which, now swayed by passion, became tyrannical and rejected the dictates of reason. 'Twas then too, that humanity became heir to all the ills that flesh is visited with.... With the closed gates of heaven before him and the closed gates of earthly paradise behind him, what would have been the lot of the outcast Adam had it not been for Him? What despair would have seized the poor man! tossed hither and thither by irresistible and imperious appetites, to what low depths of degradation he would have fallen! But there came consolation in the midst of application, a ray amid the darkness—it was the promise of the Redeemer through whom man was again re-instated into God's favor and brought back from damnation. Consoling hope! Again through Him, we breathe a life that is worth the living. The advent of Christ amongst men, then, means for each individual, his own regeneration from the condition of degeneracy and disinheritance into which he had been cast by the sin of the first parents. It means also purchase of grace, whereby to curb passion and to triumph over vice. What an occasion for holy joy is this! Indeed let us be glad!

But the coming of Christ means more; for the whole world, for each nation in it as for every individual in society, it means national regeneration, true civilization,—christianity. 'Tis well known that when Christ appeared the world was not very good; assuredly not as good as He left it. The Romans, who have been considered as the best exponents of pagan civilization, were then at the zenith of their national glory; but socially and religiously, or if you will morally, they were absolutely rotten, rotten to the core. Their downfall could not be far off. Other nations had lived

and died for the same vices. Christ's life giving principles of charity, of self-conquest and immolation, of justice of true liberty and of well ordered fraternity amongst men, were the panacea to cure the ills, to uplift nations from their polished semi-barbarism to give the tone and true refinement of Christian and really civilized nations. It was these principles which, as they gradually became inculcated into the lives of European peoples built them up into the admirable Christian nations of modern times. All honor then to that unequalled Benefactor of the human race! Let the world rejoice! Let every man sing forth his praise!

**

TIM'S NEW-YEAR.

He lay on the marble steps of an elegant mansion. It was only little Tim—a bundle of rags. Luxury had not smiled upon the little one and fortune had not kissed his brow.

It was New-Year's Eve. The last moments of a dying year were fast passing the threshold of the present and taking their place in the infinite past. The wind sighed a mournful dirge and a swifter gust tossed a thin veil over the little gamin's motionless form. The moon,—the pale, cold, cheerless, wintry moon broke from behind a cloud and for a moment lit up the impenetrable darkness.

With an effort Tim rose on his elbow and rubbed his eyes. He looked around him. "I'm so cold," he said, and with a shudder fell back again to the marble step as motionless as before. The wind ceased its mournful hymn and the silvery moon glided back to her hiding place behind the clouds.....

'Tis nearly midnight. No sound disturbs the solemn stillness, no light the awful blackness of the night. An angel, bright and radiant, though unseen by mortal eyes, bends over the wasted or of little Tim. And now she rises, but she bears something sacredly in her bosom and shelters it jealously with her virginal wings.....

List! the bells ring the glad advent of the New Year; was such chime e'er heard before? Hark to the music, and the song,—the world is rejoicing over its birth. A new year to be filled with so much good. A whole year to be kind to the poor, to shelter the harmless, to care for the orphan.....

Soon the door of the mansion opened, a figure clad in costly clothes stepped out and nearly stumbled over—a bundle of rags. He turned and pushed them with his foot. It was the cold lifeless form of a boy. An officer was called and all that remained of little Tim was buried in an obscure corner of the potter's field among the outcasts of a selfish world.—and his soul lives in heaven with the angels of a merciful father.

P...

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,
BY THE STUDENTS.

EDITORS.

PAUL WILSTACH.....	'89.
CHAS. H. BALL.....	'89.
A. J. FRAZER.....	'91.

TERMS.	{ One year - - - - -	\$1.50.
	{ Six months - - - - -	\$0.75.
	{ Payable in advance.	

For advertising, see last page.

All students of the College are invited to send contributions of matter for the JOURNAL.

All communications should be addressed "St. Viateur's College Journal," Bourbonnais Grove, Kankakee Co., Ill.

Entered at the Post Office at Bourbonnais Grove, Ill., as second class matter.

EDITORIALS.

"TIME WAITS FOR NO ONE," and as he passes with lightning rapidity, we are continually battling with the occupations of daily life. Varied as these are, they all have their "day," and if not performed during that period they must await the next opportunity, which comes for us; perhaps never! Hence it is, from the time we listen to the first lay of the bird in the opening of Spring, until we behold the fields clad in all their wonted verdure, and the trees decked with luxuriant foliage—until the crops are ripened, harvested and gathered in from hill and dale, and the coveted fruits are taken care of for future use. Thus the seasons pass until all again looks bare and bleak. The strong cold winds, divest the trees of all their grandeur. Nature appears stripped of all her charms, to assume the garb of mourning. What now can cheer the weak, the weary, the disconsolate, the unfortunate? Where is solace now to be found? what great era is now about to dawn? What great event is approaching, to enliven our mind, and dispel the darkness that hangs over our hearts, and annoys our soul? The Feast of Christmas is coming, the day on which, "Jesus Hominum Salvator" was born!

* *

ENNOBLING FEAST, do we fully comprehend thee! Are we not apt to forget that, prior to your coming, we were troubled in heart and mind, and

how happy, how proud, how relieved, we felt when some kind friend" poured into our bleeding bosom the balm of consolation?" Shall we now, in our moment of triumph, forget our benefactors; or, if we cannot aid them in any way, are there not others to whom we may lend a helping hand? Must we feel that the sable night of sorrow, will never again enshroud us? Ah no! at any moment our hold on success and happiness may be rent in twain, and then we are no more than the poor urchin struggling against the pelting rain.

* *

LET US SEE WHAT WE CAN DO, during this coming Season. Let us not forget "ourselves" let us make presents to ourselves which time nor moth can not fade or dim. And during this holy time "no greater present can we make ourselves than to have the assurance that we have made some one happy." You will then see, you will then be animated at beholding the manner in which another manifests his appreciation of your kindness. You then realize, what it is to "pour into the bleeding bosom the balm of consolation."

You instantly feel repaid a hundredfold. How much is your pleasure enhanced when in after years, at an unexpected time and moment you suddenly meet the one that was formerly, the recipient of your holiday kindness? If this person has risen to wealth or station, how willingly hospitality is provided for you. Or if poverty and trial still surround him, are you not gratified to know that he retain such a true and generous recollection of days gone by? True it is that, "a good action is never thrown away, or forgotten by our fellow-creatures," not to speak of that "invisible Eye that looks with tender fondness down on all the paths we try."

* *

ERE ANOTHER YEAR DAWNS upon us,—ere the present one is recorded with the past,—let us strive, either by look, deed, word or example, to make some one feel that "behind the darkest cloud there hangs a silver lining." And perhaps when moon is darkest night to us, when we are bereft of friends, assistance and all,—that kind look or admonition so lovingly given, may be the means of removing all that oppresses us, and lead us to joy and bliss that knows no end.

A HOLIDAY NUMBER the Editors of the JOURNAL present for the first time. We have made a conscientious endeavor to present a number filled with what will be appropriate to this beautiful season, and in this our maiden effort we beg the kind indulgence of those to whom we may not appear the pink of perfection.

* * *

THE GLAD NEW YEAR is upon us. It opens to us its vast store-house of possibilities, which with conscientious endeavor and earnestness in the fulfillment of our duties will be converted into merits on the books of the recording angel. If '88 has brought happiness we have every cause for rejoicing, if sorrow, with christian forbearance let us thank the Almighty that His chastisement has not been more severe. We have profited much by experience every year is a page in this great teacher's volume. Let not diversities daunt us for the world needs us but let us up and write in the coming year a page more beautiful, brighter, nobler, than any preceeding.

* * *

TIME in its incessant changes may rob us little by little of those "old-folk" customs which cling at least in memory to Christmas festivities. Our celebrations may be stripped of the poetry which characterized those of our sturdy ancestors in days primeval. Christmas Eve may not find the mistle-toe hung over the fireplace, nor the yule-log blazing brightly therein; we may not be awakened on Christmas morning by children singing hymns of joy and praise; and the "boar's head," the feathered peacock, and the "wassal-bowl" may not bend our Christmas board: but nothing can chase from the heart's throne at Christmas those hidden sensations of gladness, praise, and thanksgiving which will remain as long as memory shall relate the infinite goodness of a God born for his wayward creatures.

THE DELSARTEAN RECEPTION.

Probably the most unique and interesting entertainment of the fall term was its last: the reception tendered Prof. Delsarte by a number of the leading theatrical stars of the day, on Saturday evening Dec. 15th. And the pleasure of the evening was not confined alone to

the professor and the actors but was enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience.

The orchestra under the direction of Prof. Sullivan opened the programme with a "Night in New York," Medley Overture, probably one of the best pieces the orchestra has on its repertoire.

The curtain rose and disclosed Prof. Delsarte in his private apartments just about to rehearse a lecture. It being early in the evening he proceeds and delivers a "Talk on Elocution."

By his masterly expose of the oratorical art we were given many new hints on the beauty and value of a good elocutionary training, in fact for many the Professor put this noble art in an entirely different light from which some cramped and crude minds are accustomed to view it.

No more had he finished than his valet—Jack Haverly announced some visitors, and the first delegation of surprisers arrive. With a happy foresight they had provided for the delay in the arrival of the other guests and had secured the services of the Cecilian Quintette to discourse music during the interim. They were entirely equal to the occasion.

By the time they had finished all the guests had arrived and a way to spend the evening was before them. Edwin Booth proposed some selections, which was heartily responded to by most of the actors, Messrs. Irving and Keene begged to be excused on account of severe colds.

Mr. James Brown Potter was the first to favor the party. He essayed the declamation with which his wife gained herself such a widespread reputation, "Osther Joe." Mr. Potter delighted every one, but had to leave the party as an engagement called him down town.

Genial sturdy old John McCullough next took the floor and gave that most beautiful of passages from Virginius, "The death of Virginia." Mr. McCullough's speaking was on the whole an admirable, but we suggest that little more control of his voice would lend a delicacy to his softer passages which John failed to give them.

Nat. Goodwin spoke the "Green Mountain Justice" to the satisfaction and amusement of every one and yielded the floor to Mr. Miln who recited, "I dream." Outside of a trifle inclination to monotony the rendering was quite pleasing and will some day raise the young tragedian to a higher position on the stage than he now occupies.

Henry Dixey made a decided hit in "The Uncle" Mr. Dixey was probably the most effective elocutionist of the evening showing a decided finish in his every syllable.

Mr. Robert Downing made his first appearance before a local audience, and surprised all by his ability Robert certainly "has it in him".

Edwin Booth spoke a beautiful selection "Music on the Rappahannock." That Booth spoke it is a criticism in itself.

Dixey about this time found Gus Williams dozing off in a good old fashioned Dutch manner on the corner of the sofa and ushered him up for something. Gus was great, "vell de baby can't help dat!"

With tragic stride Lawrence Barrett walked away with a generous share of the honors by the splendid rendition of "The Story of Some Bells." Lawrence was last but not least—and the bell rang, but it wasn't on him. It was two Stranded Tragedians at the door. Haverley ushered them in and in answer to Prof. Delsarte's query proclaimed themselves Ignatius Donnelly and Francis Bacon. They were in costume and carried their own scenery. Everybody present has his opinion formed, so we will say for the unfortunate absentees only,—they couldn't be beaten, It was a continual roar of laughter from the time they entered till they vanished.

We must not forget a novel feature which was introduced—piano accompaniment to some of the recitations, Criticism varies as to its propriety. To some it certainly did not lend any charm, though it aided in interpreting some of the passages.

The guests departed at about half-past ten and the Professor naturally tired after an evening of such delightful surprises, sat down and actually dozed off in his chair soon after the guests had left. By a splendid mechanical effect the actors were presented in different poses grouped about the stage, and represented the professor's dream.

We understand the same actors are going to give another entertainment early in the Spring which we will await with anxiety.

PROGRAMME.

Prof. Francis Delsarte.....	Mr. J. P. Erod.
John McCullough.....	J. J. Condon.
Edwin Booth.....	M. J. Murray.
Lawrence Barrett.....	W. B. McCarthy.
Henry Dixey.....	W. J. Prendergast.
Thos. Keene.....	Chas. Kniseley.
Nat. Goodwin.....	L. Grandchamp.
Robert Downing.....	P. A. Bissonette.
Henry Miln.....	S. S. Saindon.
James Brown Potter.....	D. C. McNamara.
Gus Williams.....	Geo. Lehman.
William Crane.....	Arthur Tart.
Stuart Robson.....	Frank Moody.
John Haverley.....	Andrew Kerr.
Ignatius Donnelly } two stranded }	D. C. McNamara.
Francis Bacon } tragedians }	Harry Hynes.

TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.

—AN ODE—

O parting year, I fain would hold thee,
Fast thou'rt flitting from my grasp,
Soon thy days will be completed
And thy deeds those of the past.

Rolling on in constant motion,
Others come to take thy place,
May they, as you, bring peace and gladness
Unto all the human race.

WILSTACH'S DANTE.

We gratefully acknowledge a beautiful set of Mr. John A. Wilstach's translation of Dante's Divine Comedy, the gift of the author. This edition is composed of two elegant volumes in the latest style of binding. A distinguishing feature of Mr. Wilstach's translation, is the entirely new metre of his verse. Together with the copious notes, which will be of great service to the reader, this issue of Dante must make a marked impression on the literary public. A work of this kind cannot be justly commented on after a hasty survey, and we must therefore defer a more extended notice. We cannot pass over the delicate courtesy of the author; who kindly inserted his portrait as well as his autograph. The work has been issued by one of the leading publishing houses of the East, Messrs. Houghton Mifflin & Co.

A LONGFELLOW NIGHT.

We are indebted to Messrs. Houghton a Mifflin & Co., Boston, for a neat little pamphlet bearing the above title. The book contains the Poet's choicest pieces, together with a sketch of his life by, Katherine O'Keefe. This great star shines brightest in our American gallery and needs no further commendation from us. The tender words of praise he uttered in favor of the Catholic Church, of her service and her Saints, has imprinted his name indelibly in the hearts of Catholics. No other writer surrounded by the same influences, is filled with the same tender sentiments of piety; no other has broken down so completely, the barriers of prejudices, and no other Protestant poet can live so long in Catholic minds as Longfellow. This book has been issued especially for Catholic school and libraries, and no Catholic library will be complete without this little treasure.

LOCALS.

- The JOURNAL.
- Wishes to every one.
- A Merry Christmas.
- And A Happy New Year.
- We trust you found your stocking full.
- How do you like our Holiday Number?
- Mr. Justin Ricou of Shreveport, La. is visiting in Chicago.
- The corridors and halls are indeed lonely without the 200.
- We trust old Chris has tuned a merry Christmas Chime for all.
- On the 29^{inst.} the beautiful snow came like a shot from the East; yet, no success.
- Nearly all the Deacons and Sub-deacons of the Seminary officiated on Christmas Day.
- Rev. Chas. O'Brien acted as Deacon at Solemn High Mass on Christmas Day, in Peoria Ills.
- Prof. James Solon will spend the Holiday at his home in Champaign, Ills. after a few days visit with friends in Chicago.
- Rev. P. A. Sullivan, who received sub-deaconship on the 22^{nd.} inst, officiated in that capacity on Christmas Day in St. Stephen's Church, Chicago.
- It will be hard work to get used to dating our letters 1889 and in speaking of old '88, gone with its burden of memories, to say "last year."
- An account of the celebration of the 13^{th.} Anniversary of the foundation of St. Patrick's Literary Association may be found in another column.
- The students all went off joyously on the morning of the 21^{st.} There was many a happy heart as the trains pulled off bearing them to their respective homes.
- As an inducement for his Elocution class to work harder, Rev. J. P. Dore generously offers a prize of twenty-five dollars in gold, to be given on Commencement day.
- Rev. Father Dooling C. S. V. officiated at the Solemn High Mass on Christmas Day at St. John's Pullman, Ills. On New Year's Day he will be in Danville, Ills.
- That pile of stone to the left of the college is beginning to be eloquent. It speaks of a splendid new chapel, new halls, more room, more convenience, etc, etc. Work will begin on the foundation early in the spring.
- Our "society" editor and our observer "along the line" are taking their customary holiday vacation which accounts for no items in their respective departments this issue. They will return soon with a new supply of paper and sharpened pencils to chronicle any events that may take place.

— The pulpit of Rev. A. L. Lauzon's church at Osseo, Minn. was filled on Christmas Day by Rev. E. L. Rivard C. S. V. our genial Prefect of Studies. Father Rivard will assist Father Soumis of Birch Coolie, Minn. on New Years. In the course of his vacation he expects to visit St. Paul and Minneapolis and the many alumni in the respective cities.

— "Break ranks march!"—Each one of the officers and cadets is in possession of a furlough granting him a leave of absence from December 21^{st.} until Jan. 3rd signed with the bold autographs of Major Grandchamp and Adjutant D. Ricou. Let the report at the first Dress Parade of 1889 be "All present," with no necessity of having to account" for any absentees.

— In looking over the four months just past we cannot but notice what a lively term it has been for the societies. Four new ones have sprung up into a healthy existence, Immaculate Conception, Delsartian Circle, Pickwick Club, and the Cecilian Quintette, and all reports tend to convince us of the prosperous condition of all the rest.

— We suggest that the proceeds of one of the spring entertainments be devoted to the printing office. There are so many things which the increase in general and job work demand that nowhere could ready cash be donated better than to this department. Let the manager think over it and take steps in this direction.

—After a diligent search we find that in the college at present there are Williams and Georges each 13, Franks, 6, Josephs and Johns each 8, James 7, Arthurs 5. The names outside of these are well scattered, having very few duplicates. After the Arthurs the only names of which there are more than one are; Charles 4, Martins, Augustes, Thomas, Fredericks and Harrys, each 3, Viateurs, Stephens, Louises, and Edwards each 2. But one student bears the name of Patrick.

— On Saturday last, December 22^{nd.} in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, in Chicago, the sacrament of Holy Orders was conferred on a number of Theologians by His Grace, Archbishop Patrick A. Feehan. The sacrament was conferred at eight o'clock Mass after which the young Reverends took breakfast in the Parsonage with the Archbishop and the clergymen of the parish. Among them from St. Viateur's Seminary, were candidates for Deaconship, Revs. Bernard Flood, Chas. O'Brien, Ambrose D. Granger, and J. P. Dore; for Sub-deaconship, Rev. P. A. Sullivan. Rev. James McGavick '83 received the order of priesthood. Father McGavick sang his first Holy Mass at All Saints Church, Chicago on Christmas Day. At this mass Rev. J. P. Dore for the first time officiated as Deacon. The Reverend gentlemen have the congratulations and best wishes of all the students of St. Viateur's and especially of the JOURNAL.

13th ANNIVERSARY OF

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

Thursday the 13th. inst. being the thirteenth annual return of the founding of St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society, the members enjoyed a *congé*.

Order of the day was holy Mass at seven A. M.; at which Rev. E. L. Rivard C. S. V. Director preached an interesting and instructive sermon.

At 4 P. M. the members and guests wended their way to the refectory, where an inviting repast awaited them. Course followed course until all were amply cared for, when Father Rivard tapped the bell. During the silence which followed, the clergyman arose and requested Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V. to respond to the toast "Our society." A more appropriate selection could not have been made. The speaker went on to show the necessity and utility of societies and the strength which can be amassed and the good which can be done by proper organization. Many examples from but recent date and also from the dim and distant past, were enumerated to verify the speaker's position.

Next came a call on Prof. Solon to reply to the toast "The Press." The speaker proceeded to show the rise and progress of this organ, and the unlimited service it is to man in every walk of life. He pointed out its advantages to religion, science, politics, history, painting, poetry, and sculpture, and the power it wields as an organ of education in this country. The great chances it affords young men desiring to become journalists was mentioned.

Rev. A. D. Granger was then called on to answer to the toast "Our Moderators." The Rev. Gentleman commenced by citing the regard which all nations, from the days of ancient Rome to the present, had shown to their leaders. And why should we be unmindful why should we forget, or be loath to honor those who have been our leaders, those that have done all to advance us in the way of true greatness. It should ever be our desire, on each recurring year, to pay a tribute to those who have so faithfully and cheerfully watched over us and our society. And while we honor those of the past let us not be unmindful of him under whose guidance this society is now so prosperous the zealous and intelligent Rev. E. L. Rivard. Long may he continue at your head, long may he be spared to guide you in the future, as he has done so willingly and manly in the past.

At 7.30 P. M. all assembled in the music hall to attend the library and musical treat which was in store for them. The exercises opened, with a selection by our quintette, under the leadership of Prof. P. A. Sullivan, which was artistically rendered and duly appreciated. Then

followed a poem by Mr. L. Falley, which for beauty of imagery and delicacy of expression, was most unique. The violin solo by Prof. Sullivan, with piano accompaniment by Mr. Paul Wilstach was beautifully executed. Next followed an essay by Mr. Chas. H. Ball entitled the "Absurdity of Agnosticism." Mr. Ball treated his subject in a masterly manner and most clearly elucidated the question under discussion. Then came the debate between Messrs. G. Donnelly and S. Saindon, "Resolved that America has produced a poet fit to be ranked among the thirteen immortal English poets."

The Judges were Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V. Rev. Father Legris and Rev. D. Granger. Mr. Donnelly ably sustained the affirmative and by much cogent reasoning and able research made a great impression on his hearers. Mr. Saindon of the neg. then came forth and ably defended and eulogized the 13 immortals. Each of the disputants deserve credit for the manner he handled his side of the question. After considerable dispute among the Judges a decision was reached and Father Legris arose and announced that "The palm" had been won by Mr. Donnelly of the Affirmative. The following is the programme.

Overture.....Cecilian Quintette.
Anniversary Poem.....Louis A. Falley.
Absurdity of Agnosticism.....C. H. Ball.
5th. Air Varié.....for Violin and Piano.
Prof. Sullivan and Mr. Wilstach.
Debate--Has America a poet Affirmative Geo. Donnelly.
Negative.....Sam. Saindon.
Music.....Cecilian Quintette.

A GLANCE.

AT CHRISTMAS PERIODICALS.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." In all sincerity we re-echo the Angels' song, and extend our heartiest wishes to all. The beautiful feast of Christmas breathes naught but love, the very name is a symbol of all that is high and holy and good. How the heart of the Christian expands, his eye brightens and his cheek glows, his whole soul beams forth in rapturous joy as his mind wanders back to that ever memorable Christmas Night, when Christ the "New-born King" first entered the world, when heaven joined itself to earth, angels to men, that forming one, they might proclaim the joyful tidings; "Peace to men of good will." When we compare our simple endeavors with some of the magnificent works of art which fills the columns of more pretentious papers, there is not left great room for exaltation on our part; but as lofty aims

rather than fine apparel make the man, so do we feel that in the good end proposed lies the chief merit of our attempt. To all then, our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

We did not have the pleasure, of receiving many Christmas numbers of our regular exchanges, though a number are expected. With all the surplus work that necessarily comes at Christmas, when vacation is at hand, it is no small effort to get ready for an extra issue, and we may expect that the Holidays will be well advanced before we feast our eyes on the treasures we look for. In lieu of regular visitors we will take a *glance* at some Christmas Gems that have so far come under our notice.

Figaro Illustré, is the most beautiful paper we have thus far viewed. The cover alone is a model of art and beauty. The scene represents an artist in æsthetic pose; to his waist is fastened a guitar the emblem of delightful harmony; in his left hand a sketch book while with the right hand he traces the beautiful landscape below him. The delicate tints, so beautifully blended complete the charm of the picture. The beauty is by no means confined to the cover, for inside are many superb pictures as well as many literary gems. Space will not allow a review of all but we mention as deserving special notice "Juana" a painting by Henner, whose delicately carved features at once express beauty and innocence; "The Flag," a life-like scene of soldier life. "Gallantry in the Past and Present," in two scenes shows well the contrast between the courtesy of the ancients and the assurance of modern politeness. *Figaro* for 1888-9 is a magnificent paper and has much pleasure in store for its readers.

Table Talk's December issue is an attractive and pleasing one. Although not specially designed for a Christmas number, it fills that requirement to some extent. It has a full page illustration on its first page which shows an Angel heralding forth the "good tidings of great joy;" but even the creature has wings, the face has rather a *fleshy* appearance for one of the heavenly host. A poem on Bethlehem comes next and with the Menus for Christmas dinners, Christmas stories etc., it makes a pleasing and interesting magazine.

The "*Christmas*" *Judge* has no high ideal even in its Christmas issue, but confines itself to the delineation of the practical realities of every day life. That it is an adept at this business, goes without saying. *Judge* sends out a big number, full of funny scenes, and funnier sayings. Politics are not prominent. However they could not be passed in utter silence, but they receive only a slight notice and that in the back of the book. We can recommend it as panacea for the many depressions of the human mind, in other words it will cure the "blues."

ROLL OF HONOR.

The following are the names of those who have deserved distinction during the last fortnight:

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Gold Medal for excellence awarded to M. Murray.

First Silver medal, G. Donnelly.

Second Silver medal equally deserved by L. Grandchamp, M. Lennartz, L. Falley.

Third Silver medal equally deserved by R. Pratt, J. Dohene, A. Dolan, M. Wiseman.

DISTINGUISHED.

G. Houser, Besse, Cyr, J. Carlon, Prendergast, Lamarre, O'Connor, Condon, McNamara, O'Leary.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Gold Medal for excellence awarded to Arthur Fortin Sr.

First Silver medal equally deserved by Laurie, Smith, Woodward.

Second, by Carney, Coyle, Barrett, Enters, C. Bernard.

Third, by Boyle, Brouillette, A. Rivard, D. Shea, Moody, Ricou.

DISTINGUISHED.

Drolet, J. Dostal, Gallet, McCann, H. Baker.

Guilfoyle Composition Medal equally deserved by G. Donnelly and R. Pratt.

Conway Excellence Medal equally deserved by Murray, O'Leary, Pratt, Parker, Tynan, Besse, Cyr, V. Cyrier, Donnelly, P. Dandurand, F. Carlon, Enters, A. M. Fortin, Gallet, Laurie, A. Rivard, J. Ricou, W. Shea, G. Smith, F. Woodward.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Gold Medal for Conduct and Politeness equally deserved by Charles Ball, Joseph Cyr, Peter Charron, Elmer Downs, Ward Downs, Joseph Erbland, Arthur K. Fortin, Arthur M. Fortin, Gustave Houser, Martin Lennartz, Martin Murray, Robert J. Pratt, Paul Wilstach.

DISTINGUISHED.

L. Brosseau, W. Barrett, Cahil, Culliton, Cyrier, Donnelly, Dolan, Grandchamp, Kearney, Parker, Meehan, Clune, Lesage, Moody, Saindon, Normoyle, Swegman, Roy, Wiseman.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Gold Medal for Conduct and Politeness equally deserved by V. Lamarre, Falley, Fortin, Howland, LeBeau, Braden.

DISTINGUISHED.

E. Kelley, Norton, Coyle, Boylan, Dohene, Dandurand, Legris, O'Connor, Rowland, Westney, Souigny.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Gold Medal for Conduct and Politeness equally deserved by A. Cyrier, Boyle, R. Brennan, Dooley, Guerny, Kopf, G. Smith, B. Smith.

DISTINGUISHED.

W. Woodward, F. Woodward, Maher, Laurie, Bernard, Carlon, Keefe.

ROY MEMORIAL NOTES.

Things look encouraging!

We look anxiously for the first spade to be plunged into the earth.

The Treasurer is most gratified at the generosity of the many subscribers.

There is a grand pile of stone to the left of the college which means business.

Those meetings of the students on the 20th. inst. were most enthusiastic.

Certainly the Seniors of '88-'89 mean to be behind none, with their stained glass window "*Bien ou rien.*"

The Juniors again express the constancy of their chosen patron the Blessed Virgin Mary, by choosing Her Immaculate Conception for their window.

Rev. Fr. Martel generously comes forward and promises a splendid stained-glass window for the Sacred Heart Chapel.

Now those who want to give windows we would just casually advise to hurry up for, requests are coming in for favorite patrons.

Rev. Father Legris has been in Chicago and reports enthusiasm among the members of the Roy Memorial Association, and seems very much encouraged over his success.

The students of '88-'89 have awakened to an enthusiasm which is truly admirable from the smallest minim to the largest senior:

MINIMS—Rev. F. Marsile presided and the minims were alive to the scheme of giving a window. There is to be fine gold watch raffia, and each of the minims took a goodly share. St. Joseph will be portrayed in the centre of their window.

JUNIORS.—Here Rev. Father Rivard C. S. V. presided and the meeting having come to order, he called on some of the Juniors to express their opinions. Master Shea and Lamarre made speeches, and it was finally moved that a window be purchased and dedicated to the Immaculate Conception from the Juniors of '88-'89. Some fifteen hundred tickets were taken, and it is hoped the majority of them will be disposed of.

Thursday morning, December 20th. the Senior organization of Roy Memorial Association met in study-hall to devise means wherewith to assist the Alumni in the proposed erection of a chapel to commemorate Rev. Thos. Roy C. S. V. The enthusiasm shown by those present was really more than could be expected from students and developed the fact that their hearts were in the work. The organization was made permanent by the election of Mr. C. H. Bill, Chairman, Rev. Bernard, Treasurer, and Mr. G. E. Donnelly, Secretary.

Rev. J. P. Dore in few words untold the purpose of the meeting, which, as before started was to assist

the Roy Memorial Association. The best way of assisting in the good work seemed to be that windows be placed in the Memorial Chapel by the Senior department. Mr. Wilstach taking the floor spoke of the practicability of the measure and was followed by Mr. Murray who concurring in what the preceding gentleman had said, hoped that none would be backward in doing his best, for the advancement of whatever would be proposed. A motion was then made seconded, and carried that the Seniors of '88 and '89 take tickets (not less than twenty-five) selling as many as possible, the proceeds to be used for purchasing windows for the Roy Memorial Chapel. Mr. Wilstach said that the Senior's window ought to be the best and made a motion that if the proceeds be more than sufficient for the purchasing of one window better than any bought by the other departments, that two windows be purchased.

The next question for consideration was to whom the window should be dedicated. It was unanimously resolved that were there but one window, it be dedicated to St. Patrick. A lively discussion was entered upon as to whom the second window be dedicated, many names were proposed, but finally the society settled upon St. Thomas Aquinas, the patron of learning. A motion was carried that the minutes be printed in the COLLEGE JOURNAL, so as to inform the old students that those present were actively co-operating with them in their beneficent design. A committee was appointed by the chairman to procure tickets after the distribution of which the Society adjourned, amid such fervent enthusiasm as to speak well for the accomplishment of its purpose.

Geo. E. Donnelly.

Secretary.

THE SOIREE.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 23, "Le Cercle Molière," our distinguished Comedy company, *à la Française*, gave one of their unrivaled pieces, to a large and appreciative audience. The object of the soirée was to aid in the erection of the Roy Memorial Chapel to be built next Spring. The entertainment netted a good round sum and in a financial way was the most successful programme ever arranged at St. Viateur's. We take this opportunity of returning thanks to the generous patrons of the college, many of whom came from far in order to encourage the young men who have spent so much of their valuable time in preparing their parts, which we must say they filled in a most satisfactory manner. This and the desire to render substantial aid to a cause that finds a ready response in the hearts of all, brought many friends, to whom we again tender our most heartfelt thanks.