

THE VIATORIAN.

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FAC ET SPERA.

SILENCE.

“**I** NAUDIBLE move day and night,
And noiseless grows the flower;
Silent are pulsing wings of light,
And voiceless fleets the hour.

The moon utters no word when she
Walks through the heavens bare;
The stars forever silent flee,
And songless gleam through air.

The deepest love in voiceless too;
Heart sorrow makes no moan:
How still the zephyrs when they woo!
How calm the rose full blown!

The bird winging the evening sky
Flies onward without song;
The crowding years as they pass by
Flow on in mutest throng

The fishes glide through liquid deep
And never speak a word;
The angels round about us sweep,
And not a whisper's heard.

The highest thoughts no utterance find,
The holiest hope is dumb,
In silence grows the immortal mind
And speechless deep joys come.

Rapt adoration has no tongue.
No words has holiest prayer;
The loftiest mountain-peaks among
Is stillness everywhere.

With sweetest music silence blends,
And silent praise is best;
In silence life begins and ends;
God cannot be expressed.

BISHOP SPALDING.

BOATRIDE ON STYGIAN POOL.

THERE are scenes in the "Inferno" which are so vividly drawn, that they leave an indelible impression upon him, who with his mental eye follows Dante on his journey through the infernal regions; scenes which fill the mind with such black, awful, heart-rending pictures, that a most flexible and powerful imagination is needed in order to comprehend their full and complete meaning. There are in the "Inferno" many such vivid pictures which leave an ineffaceable mark upon the memory; but of all these it is certainly not rash to assert that the Stygian Pool with the flaming tower of Dis gleaming vermillion across the eternal black night of hell, is one of those peculiarly striking scenes which, as Carlyle says, can never be forgotten.

It cannot but be of great interest and profit for us to consider, First: What is this pool. Secondly: What takes place on its inky wave. Thirdly: Who are its occupants, and fourthly: How long must Dante tarry there.

The Stygian Pool is a poetical device by means of which Dante divides the upper hell where minor offenses are punished from the lower hell where the deeper crimes are avenged.

It is, as it were, a transition from the terrible to the more terrible; a bridge one end of which rests upon the brink of darkness, and the other upon the brink of chaos; an intermezzo played between the parts of the opera—Hell.

And

"Now on our way pass we to heavier woe
Descending!"

passing, as it were, from the heavy, dull twilight of a winter's evening into the greater darkness of night. There high among the gray withered cliffs and rocks is a well, from whose hot mouth is spewed this sable stream, surging, steaming, and boiling, rushing down the foss made by its never ceasing journey down the rocky hill side,

until at last it expands into the dismal, slimy pool of Styx.

Here this muddy liquid settles, making of itself a moat surrounding that fiery city of Dis. Against its walls it beats, throwing its poisonous vapor and seething foam high against the turrets.

Conceive yourself, if possible, seated upon a turret of this wall surrounding the city of Dis. Cast your eyes down upon the waters of this, the Stygian Pool. Black, filthy, stenchy are its accursed waves. Myriads of bubbles rise to the surface, and breaking, send forth a vapor most deadly, a stench most foul.

And now since we know what the Stygian Pool is, we are led to the second consideration and ask: What takes place there?

One of the first things that the way-faring Dante observed when he first came upon the shore of this lake was the waving of lights, by demons afar off upon the towers of Dis. What could this mean? the perplexed pilgrim asked himself. There watchful demons had noted the approach of Dante and Vergil upon the bank, and mistaking the two visitors for newly condemned souls, were signaling Phlegyas, the ferryman, to come and take them across.

With what haste does Phlegyas obey these signals! With what rapidity does he turn his bark toward the poets, and seemingly fly across the waters of the Styx.

“ Never was arrow from cord dismissed
That ran its way so nimbly through the air
As a small bark, that through the waves I spied
Toward us coming, under the sole sway
Of one who ferried it, who cried aloud;
‘ Art thou arrived fell spirit?’ ”

But Vergil thus addressed this fierce demon:

“ ‘ Phlegyas, Phlegyas,
This time thou criest in vain
No longer shalt thou have us, but while o’er
The slimy pool we pass.’ ”

The disappointment of that answer was known only to Phlegyas. Buoyed up by the hope, gladdened by the expectation of having more souls to convey into crimson Dis, he had crossed the dead pool, but alas! these were not damned spirits, and he felt him-

self robbed of so many coveted victims. Inwardly he curses them and rages at them,

“ As one who hears
Of some great wrong he hath sustained whereat
Inly he pines, so Phylegyas inly pined
In his fierce ire.”

The two poets confiding in the Providence that ever guided and guarded them, feared not the fiery ire of their enraged pilot, but embarked the boat to be carried across the Styx, of whose occupants we will now speak.

The occupants of the Stygian Pool are those whom, as Dante says, anger overcame. And in order to give a clear idea of their punishment it is well to quote these lines :

“ This too for certain know, that underneath
The water dwells a multitude, whose sighs
Into these bubbles make the surface heave,
As thine eye tells thee wheresoever it turn.
Fixed in the slime, they say: ‘Sad once were we
In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun
Carrying a foul and lazy mist within:
Now in these murky settlings are we sad.’
Such dolorous strains they gurgle in their throats,
But word distinct can utter none.”

Oh what oppression is depicted here! What pain! What awe! What despair must these doomed souls have felt when in their descent through hell they passed by the many dismal sepulchres of the moral dead to sink into this, their own watery grave “uncoffined, unknelled and unknown” unwept, unpitied and condemned forever! Here these sinners for their violent anger must be eternally compressed by the fast clinging arms of the Stygian mire in whose inextricable embrace they must forever abide.

On earth their souls were the temples of fierce ire and furious wrath; their bodies were like cylinders charged with a dangerous explosive, their faces, ever furrowed with threatening frowns, were the seat of malevolence and arrogance.

Now, in filthy waters are they immersed, with no covering but the mire of a river of hell. They are punished in their anger, for, forever must they curse and rage at each other, claw and strike each

other with their heads, breasts, feet and fangs. Forever must they pant for the scanty breath with which to gurgle out their sighs and sad complaint. Oh! what a scummy waste of miry water, whose oozy depths teem with the eternally tangled spirits of wrathful sinners! Shall our infernal pilgrims see one of these miry shades? Let us follow the boat.

While the party in the boat of Phylegyas were crossing the river of the wrathful there appeared from beneath the waters a "curst spirit", as Dante calls him. It was the soul of Filippo Argenti; a Florentine, who noticing that Dante was still clad in flesh thus addressed our poet:

" ' Who are thou that thou comest ere thine hour? ' "

To which Dante answered:

" Though I come I tarry not:
But who art thou that art become so foul?"

The answer of Filippo is composed of only six small words, but in them there is a well of sadness; a complete and distinct despair. And here it is:

" One as thou seest who mourn."

No sooner had the words been spoken than Dante recognized the speaker, and launched forth this curse at him:

" In mourning and in woe
Curst spirit! tarry thou. I know thee well,
E'en thus in filth disguised. "

That Dante approved Divine Justice in the punishment of Filippo is unmistakable. For Dante not only names Filippo, and condemns him himself in his own bitter words, but he also makes Vergil most disdainfully speak to the hateful Filippo, saying:

" ' Away! down there
To the other dogs.' "

Vergil then encircles Dante's neck with his arms and kisses

his cheek as if to compliment him upon his hateful words. He then continues:

“ ‘O soul
Justly disdainful! Blest was she in whom
Thou wast conceived. He in the world was one
For arrogance noted: to his memory
No virtue lends its lustre: even so
Here is his shadow furious.’ ”

Here we might ask ourselves: “Was not Dante too severe in his censure of Filippo? Was he not perhaps swayed by feelings of personal animosity?” I think not, for this Filippo seems to have been a notoriously bad character. Boccaccio, surely a disinterested party, says of Filippo: “he was a man remarkable for the large proportions and extraordinary vigor of his bodily frame, and the extreme waywardness and irascibility of his temper.”

Therefore since Filippo was of such a character and was, we may say, noted and renowned for his irascible temper, we may wholly ignore Dante’s personal feelings and conclude with him that Filippo was the right man in the right place, or in other words, ask: “If Dante did not put Filippo in hell where would he put him?”

We have been following in the path made by the boat which carried our poets across the Styx, and now as we draw nearer the gate of Dis, we see countless minarets, “gleaming vermillion as if they from fire had issued,” and “over a thousand, who of old from heaven were showered,” upon the walls of the city.

No sooner had these fallen angels, guarding the destinies of Dis, discerned Dante and Vergil, than they with gestures betokening ire signified their disappointment in not having more fuel for their already hot fires. Their disappointment is even greater than was that of Phlegyas.

“Who is this”
They cried, that without death first felt goes through
The regions of the dead?”

Indignant are they with Dante for thus having dared to enter their ghostly realm in his coat of flesh. In high scorn do they hold Dante for having been so witless, so foolish, and they call out to Vergil thus:

“Come thou alone; and let him go
Who hath so hardly entered this realm”

When these words smote upon the ear of Dante, he was filled with fear and despair, and in the anguish of his pierced heart he cried out to his only friend, his only guard in those regions of horrible fates:

"O my loved guide! who more than seven times
Security hast rendered me, and drawn
From peril deep, whereto I stood exposed,
Desert me not'

Unwarranted fear! replies Vergil, these demons are powerless to impede a passage "by such high authority permitted," and so

"thy wearied spirit
Comfort, and feed with kindly hope, assured
I will not leave thee in this lower world."

Think, if you can, with what eager avidity Dante clasped to his troubled soul these comforting words of his sapient guide! Thus encouraged he was content to remain alone while Vergil parleys with the impeding fiends that guard the entrance to Dis. But Vergil's conference is short, and of no avail, for with a harsh, grating sound the gate of Dis is securely bolted in the face of the messenger of fair Beatrice. Such insolence! such insulting prevention clouds the brow of even Vergil, and the pale cheek of Dante becomes ghastly. But no word of hopefulness escapes Vergil lest he drive his disconsolate companion into deepest despair. Alas! they must await the coming of 'one whose strong might can open up this land.'

.. "Oh! how long
Meseems it, ere the promised help arrive."

Patience Vergil! Hope Dante! The hour is drawing nigh when you shall pass unhindered through the now closed portal, and witness e'en more cruel fates than those you have seen without.

Thus they waited without the walls of Dis for the advent of the angel of deliverance and the restless eye of Dante roaming 'round, chanced to raise itself unto a tower of the city, and oh! such a sight! There upon the lofty tower three hellish furies stood. Their bodies were stained with clots of blood, and encircled by greenest hydras, while serpents covered their heads instead of hair, and creeping and crawling made of themselves a net work. These

repulsive types of sinful pleasure and remorse, while smiting each other with their palms, agree to ply their black magic and change Dante into a stone. Vergil warns him in time to avert his eyes from the dangerous hags.

But lo! what frightful tempest now arises o'er the Stygian Pool? What confusion reigns among the allied fiends of Dis? Above the beating of the waves and cursing voices of the submerged multitude hear you not that crashing sound? that thundering noise, which makes the waters and the shores tremble? that fierce wind, which in its headlong flight across the nether world drives the heavy smoke and foul vapors with! swiftest speed before it? Oh wonder of mercy passing strange! behold in the midst of all this tumult stands a bright angel of heaven, brushing from his fair face the stenchy vapor! See how before him fall and flee the spirits, who beat against each other in their haste, and lash the waves into a great mass of foam!

"Ah me! how full

of noble anger seemed he. To the gate
He came, and with his wand touched it whereat
Open without impediment it flew."

And turning to the fallen angels he thus reproves them:

" Outcasts of heaven! O abject race and scorned,"
Began he on the horrid grunsel standing;
" Whence doth this wild excess of insolence
Lodge in you? wherefore kick you 'gainst that will
Ne'er frustrate of its end, and which so oft
Hath laid on you enforcement of your pangs?"

His task was ended and he turned and left by the way he had come. The gate of Dis was open and our poets entered, leaving behind them the Stygian Pool with its angers, wraths, ires and curses to torment forever the souls of its occupants; leaving its stench-filled bubbles, its foaming, boiling waves without the walls of Dis; leaving all to Eternity.

The literary and ethical merits of this word-picture of woe are unexcelled. There is in it every element to strike the imagination; color, motion, a variety of personages and strong sentiments. All of which conspires to make this scene one of the most intensely dramatic in the tragical first act of the Divine Comedy. Every color

has an effect of its own; every motion carries a complete meaning; every character an example of horrible crime or beautiful virtue; every word, every sentence full of deep and intense sentiment; the whole a work of extraordinary imagination; a masterpiece of verse.

It is impressive and interesting throughout, and is so imbued with the great earnestness and unrelenting intensity of the poet, that it arouses and holds the keenest intent of the reader both for Dante himself, and for those of whom he relates such dreadful things.

Morally, as it depicts the punishment of the sin of anger, one of the deadly sins, this picture is such as to make one turn away from this sin with horror. One thought of the awful fate, the endless eternity of pain suffered, by those who sin by anger, ought to be more than sufficient to drive us back from the black gate of Dis to the portal of the virtue opposed to this sin.

In the voice of his immortal song Dante cries out to us a warning in accents distinct and unmistakable:

“ There above
How many now hold themselves mighty kings,
Who here like swine shall wallow in the mire,
Leaving behind them horrible dispraise.”

We have made here but a brief study of one of the thrilling scenes of the “Inferno,” and still this is sufficient to reveal to us the genius of Dante in portraying the horrors of the dungeons of eternal justice.

Whoever reads these cantos and looks with his own eyes upon the grewsome tableaux which this master artist has drawn of eternal woe, must necessarily profit by them in a literary way, for they are finished productions of the fine art of poetry; and he cannot but have received a most wholesome moral lesson, a salutary warning which will make him shun anger and encourage him to tread the path of the meek, thus blessing the earth with his example, escaping the slimy pool of the Stygian river, and growing pinions to soar to the starry spheres.

WILLIAM G. IRISH, '05.

CORRUPTION IN POLITICS.

MARVELOUS is the age in which we live: A marvelous people are we whose minds have in such a marked degree shaped the course of progress in this enlightened era.

With pride we point to the imposing grandeur of our achievements. In the field of intellectual pursuits; in art, in literature; and in legislation, we have well nigh rivalled the glory of Greece or Rome; in science we have surpassed them all. And yet at times, amid this ecstatic paeon of self-congratulation, are heard discordant notes, voices from the wilderness warning us of the future, stern monitors arousing us from the sweet elusive dreams of fancy to place us face to face with the harsh realities of fact. And never in our history were those voices so loudly demanding our attention as they are at the present time. And the burden of their cry is corruption! corruption!

Aye in this age of unrivaled progress we are informed----nay we are most rudely convinced by facts too painfully evident, that, in almost every branch of government, from the petty councils of unassuming hamlets to the majestic halls of state, corruption is rampant.

What? Our public officers corrupt? Impossible! It cannot be! Have we not surrounded them with numerous salutary restrictions? Have we not provided efficient means to restrain them from yielding to selfish motives in the performance of their official duties? Have we not rendered them responsible to the people for the offices which they hold? And as they hope for re-election will they dare betray the charges intrusted to their care Or perchance if one should prove dishonest in the discharge of his duties, have we not provided a means for his removal by the law of impeachment? In a word---having intrenched our political institutions behind such impenetrable barriers as these, may we not justly hope that they will ever retain the primal purity and efficiency? Yes indeed might we hope, were we not confronted by the indisputable fact that corruption does actually exist and in a most alarming degree; or were we not warned by the clamorous voice of history incessantly ad-

monishing us to beware lest we place vain and unwarranted confidence in human institutions.

But shall we stand idly declaiming upon the incorruptibility of our political institutions while vile corruption winks behind our back and fills her capacious pocket from the public purse? No! Rather ask are we fools are madmen that we refuse to see, or knaves conniving at the pillage of our country. Too long have we lain in idleness blinded by an overweening confidence in the inviolability of those institutions. Too long have the demagogue and the boodler held undisputed sway. But at last---thank God---the law-abiding citizens of America have been aroused to an awful realization of the lamentable state of public affairs. What honest citizen has not hung his head in shame at the revelation of the recent post-office scandals? What intelligent American is not painfully aware of the unscrupulous robbery of Indian lands, school-funds, and provisions by politicians and government agents? Who is there that ignores the giant scale upon which grafting and boodlerism is carried on in the municipal affairs of cities like Chicago, St. Louis and New York? What well-informed and candid man among you will hesitate to confess the well-known venality of our legislatures and aldermanic bodies? And oh the shame of it! it has really come to this: corruption has become so closely indented with the American name that, though we must admit that the constitution, or American fairness, does not always follow the flag, American corruption has followed it even into Porto Rico and the Philippines. Is it not time, then, to rise and vehemently protest? Yes! And in our righteous indignation we shall act. To do so is our sacred duty. From prompt and efficient action only may we hope for an alleviation of this dreadful evil. We must diligently apply ourselves to a thorough investigation of the nature of this malady. We must earnestly endeavor to fathom the ultimate cause or origin from whence it flows. And having with certainty determined this, we must then seek a prompt and salutary remedy.

Now, in order to form a clear and comprehensive notion of its nature, it is enough to note the most common forms in which it appears, namely,----the attainment of political office by unlawful

means; the wiedling of official authority for private ends, and the misappropriation of public funds. Under these three general divisions may be classed all the manifold forms of political speculation. And to any thinking mind it must be most clearly evident that they all find one common source in the fetid marshes of individual greed. Yes, to our shame must it be confessed that, among our public-men there is a most woful lack of that deep-rooted sense of honor and disinterested zeal so necessary to the welfare of the state. And, this too in an age which boasts of its imparalleled intellectual progress. But does this not involve us in a most evident contradiction? Most certainly it does. Rather might we seek to associate, light with darkness, life with death, than to assert that corruption can arise from intellectual progress or moral depravity become the fruit of tue education. And hence we find ourselves confronted by thesetwo alternatives: either we must deny that political corruption exists; or else we must admit that our present system of education is perilous. But the former of these two conditions, we cannot possibly deny. To do so, as I have before said, would be to brand ourselves as either knaves or fools. The evidence too clearly precludes the tenability of such a position. Then must we---however reluctantly---admit the latter.

But the champions of our present public school system will no doubt seek to evade the force of this reasoning by asserting that political corruption springs primarily from the very nature of man: fom his free-will, and from his strong inclination to evil. And they will tell us that, as we can not hope to change the nature of man, we must consequently accept political corruption as an unavoidable evil. However, the shallowness of their reasoning is easily discerned. That man has been endowed by God with a free-will, and that as a result of the fall of our first parents he has also a strong tendency toward evil---all this we freely admit. Nor are we ignorant of the fact that history teaches that in all ages man has ever found a way in which to abuse even the best and holiest of institutions. But, that man has been abandoned in this state, that God has given to him no means whereby these evil propensities may be checked----this we most empathically deny. For in holy religion God has given

to man a most salutary and efficient remedy for all the evils that flow from his weak and erring nature.

But, again, our opponents will say: "Have we not religion in abundance? Are not our cities filled with temples of religious worship?" Yes, indeed, our temples of worship are numerous. But tell me, how many are there who worship in these temples? Do we not daily hear from the pulpit lamentations over the laxity of the American people in the matter of attendance at public worship? Are not the ministers incessantly crying out, "Our churches are deserted? We have temples of worship but the worshipers have fled?" Indeed it seems almost a paradox, altho it is only too true that, with religious creeds whose number is legion, religion is to many of our people, especially of the younger generation, a thing unknown, or if known it is regarded as merely a sort of outer garment to be worn only on rare occasions. Yet who is to blame? Have we not absorbed religion from our system of public education? Why then should we wonder if our children have become imbued with the spirit of irreligion? Is it not true that a public offense ought to entail public expiation? And is it not true that the implied teaching of agnosticism to the children of the nation is a national sin? Can we be surprised then if a necessary recoil we find such dishonesty and corruption in public life. Gentlemen, let us be strictly honest with ourselves in this matter. Let us lay the blame of this woeful lack of private virtue and public probity, where it justly belongs: at the door of our Godless institutions of learning. Many of the more intelligent of our citizens have already recognized this fact and even now there is on foot a movement to restore to our public schools at least some manner of moral teaching. And only when this has been effected may we hope for a higher standard of morality among our people at large and greater probity of character in our public men.

Thus far I have treated this subject simply as would any American citizen speaking to Americans without regard to any particular religious creed. And now in conclusion I wish to say a few words as a Catholic and to Catholics. We, the Catholics of America, whose hardy fore-fathers, recognizing the danger of Godless education, have reared for us those grand institutions of Catholic learn-

ing wherein is taught not only every branch of profane science, but also that which is more priceless far than those: the golden rule of virtue---we, I say, who have been thus kindly fostered in our tender years by the saving truths of Holy Mother Church will have a much stricter account to render than our less fortunate fellow-citizens, should we fail in our duty to our country or to our God. Yes, gentlemen, it becomes for us an imperious duty to go forth from the halls of learning, bearing with us the many noble lessons we have learned, putting into practice in public life the religious principles we profess, becoming to our fellow-men exemplars of private virtue and public probity, remembering that to steal from the state is a crime not only deserving of the condemnation of men but also deserving of the awful chastisements of a just and omnipotent God. Let us then go forth like noble Christian knights, bearing aloft the flaming torch of truth, holding as our motto, "Liberty for every one and for everything save for evil and evildoers." And we may rest assured that we shall at least command the respect of our fellow-citizens, who in time cannot fail to acknowledge that men who like those great Americans, the Carrolls, the Bonapartes, and the Garcia Morenos, act out in public life their religious convictions, are the best servants of God and country.

JAMES B. DRENNAN—05.

Subscribers who have not yet settled with our business manager for the present scholastic year will find his address at the top of the editorial page.

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NARROWNESS.

We fail to see how a Catholic college exchange, THE NIAGARA INDEX, for instance, or any publication issuing from a Catholic institution, can consistently be dubbed narrow-minded for frequently or even exclusively treating subjects of religious interest. According to Donoso Cortez, every great political or scientific question is not only susceptible of theological treatment, but cannot be finally solved except through the application of some profound and all-embracing theological principle. Now, Cortez was not a priest nor a bishop; he was a statesman, an orator, a philosopher and a convert to the Catholic faith. If our outside friends knew what a wealth of truth and beauty the Catholic system offers for the contemplation of the mind and the true solace of the heart, they would not blame us for being such stayers at home. Why they do not know more of the large intellectual elbow-room we enjoy in the supposedly narrow confines of the Catholic church is not easy to explain in this era of boasted enlightenment and free libraries. Have not Augustine, Thomas of Aquin, Scotus, Dante, Descartes, Newman, Brownson, Leo XIII, and a hundred other great minds, found themselves at ease in the profession of Catholic truth? Does not every page of their wonderful works bear the clear stamp of their religious belief? Dante's Divine Comedy, that universe em-

bracing poem, the lyric of Catholic Christianity, is nothing else than Catholic dogma set to music. Was Dante, and were all these great Christians narrow-minded?

To be accused of narrowness by certain people sometimes amounts really to a certificate of truth and righteousness. The broad and liberal ways of error and vice are pretty crowded by the hoi polloi; the straight and proverbially narrow path of truth and moral rectitude is followed by a distinguished few, the elite of the race. Is not this so? If not, how not? We are not pessimists, nor self-flatterers. We are not awarding ourselves a halo of sanctity, because we believe we have entered upon the straight and narrow road of religious truth and practice. We are free to confess how conscious we are of the slow advance we are making in that steep and rough path. And mindful of the wise counsel of a profound scholar and great saint, that in all things we should display charity, we are disposed rather to pity than to condemn the many who for reasons of their own elect to run the course of their lives along flowery paths of dalliance. We have about all we can do in attending to the mighty concern of climbing the Alpine Mount which we are but beginning to scale; and as we are not naturally combative we are satisfied if we are let alone. We are not surprised tho sometimes pained (for we are human) at the taunts and jeers that assail our ears from the smooth valleys below. Yet these we can endure without resentment. But when those below seek to entice us away from what we are sure is the truth and right by promises of pleasure in the embrace of so-called liberty of thought and action, we strenuously object. Such liberty in religious matters and in any matter, we are convinced, is a misnomer, is not good for us nor for anybody.

To cease to be narrow and to begin to be broad, in the sense of our critics, we should have to admit that all creeds, all mere religious views, all the most divergent opinions, the most diametrically opposite systems in every branch of learning are equally true; that the vagaries of Theosophy of New Thought, of Dowieism, the tenets of hydra headed polytheism and the infinite varieties of protestantism are all as clearly true as the most clearly revealed truths

and the most imperative precepts of Christ's own teaching, which form the body and soul of Catholic belief and life.

Now, that truth is intolerant of error is a necessity of fact and of mind. The mind is made for truth, and abhors error and untruth. Medicine, law, economics, ethics, and other sciences are dogmatic and assertive, and in so far are intolerant, and, if you will, narrow. Why should we deny the laws of mind and forget the whole order of fact when we come to think upon religion? Is it because to there is no such thing as religious truth? No such thing as Godly human life? Then let us cease to pursue this deceptive mirage and let us know the very truth that remains: Atheism.

DID WE HEED?

That was a strikingly beautiful thought among the many such that begemmed the Rev. President's address to the students on the eve of our departure for the holidays: "Birds, the bards of the air, when they visit the earth, walk not in slimy places, nor drink of marshy waters, but tread upon the golden sands of crystal streams whose pure wave they sip, and even in the manner they tread the earth you can see that they have wings and are ever ready to ascend to the realms of the air, which is their home; you too, students, descend at times from the lofty heights of study and speculation to the valleys where, at a cheery fireside, the family reunion reminds you that you are human, that you are not only mind, but that you have a heart whose flame must be kept alive by that which is best to love. The periodically occurring holidays are the occasions of your descent to the world of earth. Your coming should not be a visitation, a scourge; but a visit like those of angels. Abide near those crystal fountains of pure joy, your homes. Avoid the mire,---all dangerous places where moral vultures congregate. Birds of fine plumage and of strong self-preserving instincts will not consort with their enemies. Let all who will, read in your deportment, and in your conversation that you are Catholic students on a few day's vacation, really distinguished youths but for a moment withdrawn

from your books, and not ordinary seekers after vulgar pleasures. Bear ever with you the shield of modesty on whose impenetrable surface the poisoned shafts of sin will but blunt their sharp points to fall harmless to the ground."

May our worthy President find that St. Viateur's doves and nightingales and skylarks have reascended to their tuneful altitudes all refreshed and unharmed.

EXCHANGES.

We expressed the wish, in our last issue, that those students contributing Christmas stories and poems to our exchanges would find their efforts successful and in every respect worthy of their authors. Our wish has indeed been fully realized. The numerous Christmas contributions appearing in most of exchanges are, with few exceptions, praiseworthy, and in our opinion, this fact speaks much in favor of the standard of literary excellence observable in the college world the opinion of certain pessimistic critics to the contrary notwithstanding. Never have our poets sung more sweetly, never have our writers of fiction been more elevating and interesting. And what shall be said of our college student essayist? He too, must come in for his just share of praise. Few, indeed, were the essays appearing in our holiday exchanges, but these were remarkably thoughtful, instructive and well written. And here we beg to remark by way of digression, that, while poems and stories are deserving and commendable factors in the make-up of a college journal. still we think they must doff the chapeau in deference to true literary superiority of the thoughtful and thought-begetting essay. In view of the success, therefore that our Christmas writers and poets have met with and of the undeniable general excellence of last month's exchanges, we are singularly gratified and happy. In fact, we are pretty nearly always happy when doing this exchange work, regardless of what the ideal-loving and ideal-shattering Bee and would-be exman may think to the contrary. Don't weep any weeps, Mr. Busy Little Bee, whenever you think we are not happy, for, alas! you shall waste your pearly, precious tears. Your advised

"Georgetown Abroad," written in an admirable English style is interesting from beginning to end. We would infer from this and other articles, that the world's champion sprinter is a striking living example of the truth of well-known adage, "Mens sana in corpore sano." Beauty of sentiment and expression are the salient characteristics of a very fine bit of verse entitled "The Light That Is," a product of the able pen of the author of "Christmas." The Kings Christmas" is, in our humble opinion, the one deserving the palm among the stories, for plot and treatment and the moral it contains as well. For judicious, sincere and bold literary criticism, the Georgetown exman holds a unique position in the world of college literature. To be brief, such are the merits of the December issue of the Georgetown College Journal, that it it would not be rash to class it as probably the very best of our Christmas exchanges.

We have ever recognized in the Sibyl a magazine notable for its clever fiction, and the November-December issue has rather strengthened our conviction. The young ladies who write for this journal are evidently pastmasters in the art of writing love stories, and love stories, mind you, not saturated with the usual 'mushy' gushing sentimentality to be found in most stories of this kind. Two striking examples of the truth of this, are to be found in "Violets" and "Tit for Tat" especially the former. It is surely regrettable that the Sibyl is not a monthly publication.

"Edmund Burke," the statesman, the orator and the man, is the subject of an essay in December Stylus, which is far superior in point of literary merit to any other essay we have read in last month's exchanges. Written in a plain, vigorous English style, it has a ring of truth and conviction that is quite overpowering. Its order is admirable; unity is strictly observed, and the thoughts of the writer are clearly and forcibly expressed. We like to hear it said of Burke as a statesman that 'from the moment he entered politics to his retirement, the bed-rock upon which all his actions were based, was the eternal principle of Right against Might.' It is indeed, a source of pleasure and gratification to know that Burke,

England's ablest and most talented statesman, was in all things actuated by right moral principles, and in as much as he was as good as, and lived up to, his principles, therein was he truly great.

The December "Buff and Blue" contains some good stories, more praiseworthy for the manner in which the plots are developed, than for the plots themselves. "My Uncle Con," "Mistaken Celebrators," and "Wings of Imagination" merit special mention. The ex-column is probably the best and strongest feature of this journal.

The December Aloysian, a quarterly magazine, has a beautiful cover design, and contains several stories of superior merit. The "Platonic, as a means," though rather short, is written in an attractive manner and maintains interest throughout. We read with more satisfaction "How She Managed It" written in elegant and polished English style, it lacks not a good plot, is always interesting and contains a moral. The essays "To Confound the Strong" and the "Conversion of Germany" are well worth reading. The former especially impresses us as an excellent composition not only for the novel and striking contrast it draws between a Temporal and a Divine King, but also for the clear and forcible way it drives home the great truths it contains. "Our Class" is a poem amusing and well written, even if its ideas are commonplace.

We suppose it might be rightly said of a college journal that it's composed of the cover and what's inside the cover (that might appear childish, but it's true). And it is all the more true at the happy Yule-tide, when our exchanges vie with one another in the matter of a cover design; so that the cover of a journal as well as the contents merits recognition at this particular time of the year. Beyond the peradventure of a doubt, the cover design of the Holiday number of the Young Eagle is the most unique and artistic of all we have seen in our last month's exchanges. We are, not much of a connoisseur in such matters, but you do not have to be an art critic exprofesso to know something really attractive and beautiful

when you see it. Though the expression is rather trite, we are forced to say that the contents of the Christmas Eagle are in keeping with its cover. We do not hesitate in pronouncing "A Christmas Chain" one of the best Christmas stories we have read. Beautifully and strikingly introduced, the plot is not improbable (something rather unusual in college fiction) and has added to it the delightful charm of being treated in very fine English, and hence interest in the story never lags; nor is there wanting, after reading it, the pleasure arising from the consciousness that you have read fiction that repays perusal. "I Believe," of rather mediocre excellence as far as plot is concerned, is nicely written and leaves a good impression. "Love" is a thoughtful, optimistic article on the true meaning of love, and, though rather brief, must needs exercise an elevating influence on all who read it. Though of local interest and more or less personal in its nature, "A Question Answered," is well worth reading. Giving a good insight into life at the famed Mound, it is interesting from the first word to the last, while the choice language in which the writer has couched her thoughts, would indicate a rare command of English and an able and forcible pen. Among the poems, "On Christmas Night," and "A Message from the Sky," deserve to be highly commended, for both are out of and above the ordinary, in the ideas they contain, if not in expression and form.

The December number of the Skirmisher and Columbiad sadly lack quantity, the former in the number of literary contributions and the latter, as usual, in the length of compositions. Don't be afraid to use your pen, you literary genruses.

We are always pleased to welcome to our sanctum new comers in the field of college letters. This time, we heartily greet the College Spokesman from Dubuque, and the Purple and White from Peoria. "Dante," in the former is an exceedingly able and, though of great length, a well sustained article on the great Florentine; while the essay on "Bishop Spalding," in the latter, is ably written,

orderly, and, we think, comes pretty near doing justice to Peoria's great and learned prelate.

W. J. MAHER,-----04

PERSONALS.

A recent issue of THE DAILY STATES, of New Orleans, thus speaks of the transfer of Mr. Jos. Sullivan from New Orleans to Memphis. We sincerely congratulate Mr. Sullivan.

The evening train for Memphis, the Illinois Central, will take out of New Orleans tonight a party of railroad clerks, whose departure will be a source of regret to local transportation men. Mr. J. T. Sullivan, who for ten years has been chief clerk under Capt. O. M. Dunn, who yesterday assumed the duties of division superintendent will head the party. With him will go all the clerks who have worked faithfully under him in Mr. Dunn's department for so many years.

The party will number eight, all of the force that has been in charge of the clerical work of the assistant general superintendent of the southern lines of the system going with him. They are all young men who have hundreds of intimate acquaintances in New Orleans and their departure is therefore as full of regret to themselves probably as their leave taking is to the railroad fraternity.

Probably the most popular of the departing party is "Joe" Sullivan. He has been singularly honored by the selection to fill the chief clerkship under Mr. McCourt at Memphis, but that compensates his many local friends only in small measure for the loss they have sustained by losing him. When Mr. McCourt was transferred from Chicago where he held the position of assistant superintendent of the northern and western lines of the system, the office at Chicago was abolished. Like Mr. Dunn's office here, Mr. McCourt had his force of clerks in the Windy City, but the preference fell to the New Orleans force under the new southern superintendent at Memphis, with Mr. Sullivan in charge of the clerical department. This is a just recognition of his sterling services in the past and of his splendid capabilities as a railroad man,

"Joe" Sullivan came to New Orleans many years ago to take his place with the Illinois Central railroad and he has been here ever since. Unlike some other men he immediately became a part of the local railroad colony and developed a circle of friendship that numbers every man in the transportation business here. He has been chief clerk under Capt. Dunn for ten years. He served under him as superintendent of the Louisiana division of the system when Capt. Dunn was promoted to assistant superintendent with supervision over the lines south of the Ohio river. Mr. Sullivan rose with him. His knowledge of the system and his thorough versatility with the operation of the road made his services invaluable. On many occasions in the absence of Capt. Dunn he has been called upon to assume the active operation of the southern divisions and the irksome duty was always performed in a way that called for the praise from his superiors.

Mr. Sullivan was married in New Orleans some years ago but only a short time ago death marred his domestic happiness by robbing himself and a handsome baby girl of a devoted wife and mother. His associations with New Orleans are therefore such as to make his departure painful. Realizing, however, the exigencies of a modern railroad system Mr. Sullivan goes like a soldier to where his duties call him." Mr. Sullivan has our congratulations upon his promotion and our sympathy for his grave loss.

Mr. Thomas Normoyle, who is remembered here as a handsome youth of no mean histrionic abilities, has elected the stage as his profession and is fast heaping up laurels. He is a regular member of the Clay Clement Company and plays an important role in "The Dominion," a German character play of this company's repertoire. In its account of the enactment of this drama THE DAILY SUN, of Springfield, Ohio, refers to Mr. Normoyle personally as a clever actor. We wish Mr. Normoyle success in his avocation.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris, D. D., accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Legris, Mr. Harvey Legris, went to Quebec, Can., early in Jan. to officiate at the marriage of his younger brother, Mr. Thomas Legris, with Miss Evangeline Parent, the daughter of

....
Mr. L. N. Parent, Premier of the province of Quebec and Mayor of that city. We extend a hearty welcome to the young couple who are to take up their abode in Bourbonnais, and wish them all happiness.

Rev. M. J. Brennan was recently transferred from Gilamn to Danville, Ill., where he will assist V. Rev. Dean Duffy.

Rev. C. Quille, late of St. Mary's church, Chicago, was appointed assistant at St. Bernard's, Chicago.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris D. D., and V. Rev. M. J. Marsile C, S. V. assisted at the dedicatory ceremonies of St. Mary's church erected by Rev. John J. Morrissey at Highland Park, Ill.

We have frequently the pleasure of reading in the Crookston Daily Journal, (Minn.,) in extenso reports of Rev. L. Grandcamp's sermons. We deem it commendable on the part of the daily or weekly press to publish the well thought out utterances of clergymen, thus enabling a very large class of readers to profit by such inspiring words as are spoken from the pulpit. We hope to have the advantage of often reading such beautiful thoughts as those expressed in Father Grandchamp's Christmas sermon.

Rev. E. M. Griffin, of Annunciation church, Chicago, recently visited his brother, Mr. P. Griffin, of the seminary department, who is to be ordained this year. Father Griffin also met many of the students of different departments who come from his large Chicago parish. He expressed his delight in seeing the chapel, saying it was the prettiest college chapel he had seen in the United States.

Rev. Father T. F. O'Gara, celebrated the silver jubilee of his priesthood in Wilmington, Jan. 14th. V. Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., and Rev. E. L. Rivard C. S. V. assisted at the ceremonies. Father O'Gara has been an indefatigable worker in the parishes of Wilmington and Twelve Mile Grove for many years and is to be congratulated upon the great good which he has accomplished. His parishes are now and have been for many years represented here at the college by many talented young men. We wish the good Father many more years of health and success in the holy ministry.

The Lead students were all delighted to see Father Chasse, but they were sorry to know that he would no longer be in their far away Dakota city when they return home in vacation. Father Chasse was recently transferred to Henderson, near St. Paul, Minn., whither he carries with him the good wishes of the large Catholic population of Lead, to whom he has endeared himself and who much regret his departure. Upon the occasion of his pleasant visit here Father Chasse sang high mass and preached an eloquent sermon on 'Faith,' urging the students in most earnest accents to prize highly that precious gift of God and to arm themselves now with weapons wherewith to defend it when later on it is imperiled. We wish Father Chasse continued success in his new field.

Rev. T. J. McCormick, C. S. V., Director of the Holy Name School, Chicago, visited the college Jan. 11th., in company of Mr. Best and his young brother, master Best, who was enrolled among the minims. Father McCormick reports the flourishing condition of the Cathedral school, over which he presides, the attendance being larger than it has ever been; and he was happy to note the crowded condition of the college here, where the steadily increasing number will soon compel the erection of new buildings.

Rev. A. Labrie, of Momenue, paid a pleasant visit to the college and to his many friends in Bourbonnais in the early days of the new year.

Rev. J. O'Callaghan, of Butte, Montana, whose name figures upon the list of candidates for the bishopric of Helena, recently vacated by the death of the pioneer bishop Brondel, spent a few days at the college with the many friends he has among the members of the faculty. Several members of the theological department, it is said, are, since Father O'Callaghan's visit, turning their eyes toward the hilly country of vast Montana.

We congratulate Mr. Edward Dolan upon the success which attends him as theatrical manager of Logansport, where he exercises his good taste and business ability in securing his townspeople amusements of a high grade.

V. Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., and his nephew,

Mr. Bernard Marsile, spent a few days of the recent vacation in Chicago, where they were entertained at Notre Dame church and at Mr. Frank Moody's. Rev. Joseph Lamarre, first assistant of Notre Dame, Mr. Nazaire Lamarre now with the Walsh Boyle Company, Chicago, Mr. Arthur Lamarre conducting a prosperous tailoring establishment in the big city, and Miss Josephine Lamarre, of Santa Clara's Academy, Sinsinawa, Wis., formed the happy family reunion amid which good old Canadian gayety was revived and many a quaint Christmas legend retold. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, Rev. T. McDevitt and Rev. J. Nawn, assisted in entertaining the guests.

Rev. P. C. Conway, of S. Pius' church, Chicago, delivered a stirring address at the memorial services of Rev. T. Whelan held in St. Joseph's Hall, Kankakee, by St. Viateur's Council of the Knights of Columbus, in the last days of December. Rev. Father Conway paid a pleasant visit to the college where his two nephews, Clarence and Emmett Conway, of Sioux City, are pursuing their studies.

Rev. Joseph Bollman, of La Grange, who acted as toast master at Father O'Gara's jubilee festivities, over which Rt. Rev. Bishop Dunne, D. D., of Dallas, presided, made a delightful call at the college upon his return from Wilmington. The Rev. President and Father Bollman's many other friends here are always happy to welcome the cheerful "Father Jos."

Mr. Andrew Lyons writes from Mattoon, Ill., where he is successfully carrying on a large contracting business; he says he finds much to interest him in the VIATORIAN and promises to visit the college March 17th. A warm welcome awaits Mr. Lyons here at any time.

Rev. J. Fortin, late assistant at St. Rose's church, Kankakee, was transferred to Notre Dame, Chicago, and Rev. A. Tranchemontagne, of Notre Dame, succeeds him as assistant in Kankakee.

VIATORIANA.

1904.

Ho, ho!

Pshaw!

Muggs.

O Cholly.

The Petzels.

Leap year.

Ouch! O quit!

Schnitzelmeister.

Jasper Jigsaw.

Hoch der Fritz?

Dumpling! Beef a la mode.

Why I prefer toast. Fiercissimo.

He must have been angry. Bidelia.

I was there or I was going. Kukumall.

When Alex swallowed the spoon I thought he never would stir.

I snatched my rubbers, hat, furs, and cane and we walked right out in the midst of the excitement——Chester.

A certain young senior appeared after his Christmas Vacation with a discolored optic. While passing through the sleeping car he ran against something, but he says it's only a birth mark.

Hist! What is that sound? Bill—It is footsteps approaching on horseback.

Two minims were playing handball on the chapel wall, they were advised to stop because it was against the church.

Our left fielder of the baseball team is about to give up this art and play mountain billards, better known as golf.

Chester says: "G is for Golfing. Its played in red suits. Go out on the prairie and hoot a few hoots.

Dick was asked what kind of apes grow on vines, Shorty, who was standing near by exclaimed, "why gray apes apes (grapes).

It must have been about 11 P. M. and I thought he never would go.

"What were you quarreling with Jim about?" inquired Charley of his classmate, Fred, who seemed to be somewhat angry. Fred—Well I don't know how the scrap began, but you know how one

word leads to another. If you don't know open your dictionary at A and run down the column.

"The house will please come to order," commanded President Long of the junior's reading circle. "We'll dispense with the roll call, as some of us haven't got our rolls here." Secretary Foley arose and shouted: "Money talks, but a roll calls!" Before the meeting adjourned the President suggested a coffee party as long as the rolls were so plentiful.

George was asked if he had made any resolutions for the new year, he said he had intended to turn over a new leaf, but when he looked in the book case he found that all his books were old.

A young student who hails from a little town in Indiana claims that in his town they have a potato vine that grows tomatoes, and another that grows eggplant. There must be a great deal more grafting in that town than can be found in Chicago.

During the holidays Chester worked in a drug store attending to the soda fountain. Not that he needed the money, but for his health. The Doctor told him that he needed fizzical exercise.

Joe says the first day he landed in Chicago he went into a big store and for the first time in his life saw an elevator. My but he must have been quite taken up with it.

Alex—Say, did you hear about the junior falling out of the window.

Joe—Did he fall out of the 4th?

Alex—No he fell out of the 5th. Oh dear me that's another story.

"Christmas shopping is the one thing about the holidays that I balk at," said Pete. The last time I went into a department store I got jammed in a crowd looking at a shopworn rocking horse. It was marked down because it was all marked up. I wanted to buy a drum and I picked up one that looked all right. "Is this a first class article?" I asked the clerk. "Can't be beat!" he says. And just as I was about to go out the door a man stood on my foot for about five minutes. I couldn't stand it any longer so I said: "Mr., would you favor me by getting off my foot?" "I will as soon as this man gets off mine," he answered. I went back to Indiana.

ATHLETICS.

The candidates for the baseball team have begun practice in preparation for a hard spring campaign. Most of the old guard will be seen getting in shape on free days and the squad is large enough to insure close races for positions on the nine, which means that the men will work harder and bring out their best abilities. Although the position of backstop is an unknown quantity, good timber is in sight and careful development should bring forth a capable man. The schedule is being completed as rapidly as possible, and it will be even better than last year, which means some rare treats.

Already do the waiting fans look with longing on the snow covered diamond and sigh for the first balmy herald of spring, that they may sit in judgment to critically diagnose and suggest, or best of all, vent the pent up uneasiness of the long months of waiting, upon the miserable umpire.

The Balcony Club, the newest adjunct of the Senior athletic association, has opened its winter session and will go in for physical culture on a sensible scale. The young man who delights in wearing knotty muscles on every portion of his anatomy will be carefully fostered, nay more, the outdoor devotee can prepare his megaphone and mufflers to set forth on the jolly sleighing or skating excursion and the lovers of the friendly glove contest or the billiard and pool cranks can disport themselves to their heart's content.

We trust that this long looked for association of good fellowship and physical development will ever retain its vigor, and we congratulate its organizers for their efforts to take advantage of every charm of the winter season.

The bowling alleys and balls have been put in fine condition and new pins have been secured for the mid-winter contests. The league, which includes six teams, comprises the best rollers from each department and the games are eliciting some high scores even by the dark horses. The race for prizes is indeed too close to hazard a forecast of the winners, but the standing of teams together with

the best averages will be published as soon as the schedule is well under way.

The Juniors have opened the new year in a rousing manner with a new hand-ball league composed of fifteen teams, and will play a series of seven games for appropriate prizes. Judging from the bunch of rooters at every match, the games are not only well fought but are exhibitions of rare skill and heartrending scratches. The south end of the gymnasium is alive with feet and arms and the triumphant victors are disentangled only perhaps to be sent to defeat in jigtime by some livelier opponents. The winners certainly will deserve a rich prize and we promise full accounts after the dust of battle has cleared, with appropriate descriptions of the dauntless heroes of the alleys.

INDOOR BASE BALL.

The Indoor team has not been so successful as was hoped in the beginning of the season, but every effort will be made to remedy various defects, as there is still time to make a creditable showing. The games have been close in every instance, but victories alone are what count and the men must decide to play for all their is in it throughout. With a few finishing touches and consistent practice, St. Viator's should be in the lead before the season is over. The contests are drawing good crowds and the sport seems to have received a popular revival.

Games to date:

College	7	Company L.	8
College	17	French Club	11
College	7	Shaffer Piano Co	9
College	6	20th Century	9

The Clubs rank as follows:

20th Century.
 Company L.
 Shaffer Piano Co.
 College
 French Club.

ROLL OF HONOR.

THE CONWAY MEDAL for an average of 97 and upwards in the Classical course was equally deserved by H. Butler, J. Daugherty, J. J. Gordon, L. O'Connor, F. Sloan and H. Festin, drawn by H. Testin.

THE CLASSICAL EXCELLENCE MEDAL for a note between 95 and 97 was equally deserved by J. Colliton, J. Cook, C. Conway, J. Hayden, F. Munsch, W. McKenna, S. Morgan, F. Mueller, J. Mellay and R. Thiers, drawn by W. McKenna.

THE FIRST CLASSICAL for a note between 90 and 95 was equally deserved by W. Burke, D. Boyle, W. Foley, W. Keefe, A. Kelley, J. Monahan, M. Melloy, F. Marcoux, H. Pichette, W. Reynolds, Savary, D. Vaughan, R. Wuerst and F. Walsh, drawn by F. Walsh.

THE SECOND CLASSICAL MEDAL for a note between 90 and 93 was equally deserved by Ed Burke sr, R. Creglow, J. Donahue, J. Finnegan, J. Dumont, J. Flageolle, J. F. Gordon, I. Hogan, V. Lussier, B. McCarthy, G. Miller, T. Navin, F. Smith, B. Smith, J. Spratt and R. Stantan, drawn by J. Flageolle.

THE GUILFOYLE ENGLISH COMPOSITION MEDAL for a note of 95 and upwards was equally deserved by J. Donahue, R. Thiers, and F. Mueller, drawn by R. Thiers.

THE COMMERCIAL EXCELLENCE MEDAL for a note of 95 or upwards was won by H. Testin.

THE FIRST COMMERCIAL MEDAL for a note between 90 and 95 was equally deserved by R. Pepin, L. Lafond, C. Kavanaugh and W. Schwantke, drawn by R. Pepin.

THE SECOND COMMERCIAL MEDAL for a note between 90 and 93 was equally deserved by G. Berry, C. Beecher, C. Carden, M. Hanney, C. Kotzenberg, E. McDowd, A. O'Connor, R. Russell, J. Sweeney and W. Short, drawn by W. Short.

THE CONDUCT MEDAL for a note of 95 and upward in the Seniors department was drawn by H. Butler.

In the Junior department by T. Navin.

THE FRENCH COMPOSITION MEDAL for a note of 95 was won by A. L'Ecuyer.