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FAC ET SPERA.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

O, Lord, when these Thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash and flare,
How flimsy, weak and frail my soul
Doth seem before the welkin's blare!

How shudders, trembles, quakes with awe,
My inmost entity,
As it beholds thus to Thy law
The powers of Heaven bend solemnly!

Not I will flout and scoff and flear
At ancient pagan churl,
Who heard and saw with anxious fear
In thundrous roll and fiery hurl—

Thy warning, lordly, sacred voice
To man appealing grand,—
That standing mute by inward choice,
Uplift he would his reverent hand—

To Thee, great God, unknown to Him—
The Spirit, Father—all,
Of wondrous might, which minds vet dim
Conceive 'mid storm and crash and fall—

To bless and praise with fervent air
E'en though disguised 't did seem
In Wotan, Odin, Jupiter,
Wherein the Diety clothed would deem

That rude and rough primeval sense,
As well the bards have shown,
Or he who in right meet defense
Of Indian poor did wisely own—

That lo!—th' untutored intellect
Of aborigine
Hears God in winds and doth detect
His awful, cloud-wrapt majesty;

Whose hopeful soul dared trust the more,
When creaked and cleft the ash
Would break, and cliffs that beetling soar,
Wild el'ments down would fiercely dash.

For nature's silent, inward trend
Was warped not with lore
Of science seeking hope to rend,
Proud men to lure with winsome store.

Yea, humbly then the simple hind
Of dingy forest gloom,
Or e'en more tutored, classic mind
Oft in th' august re-echoing boom—

Thy Godhead did in sooth adore,
As well men do,—until
For wanton pride they ken no more
The unmixed truth and godly will—

O, free me from the dreadful snare,
The siren's sweet outcry,
That wean we would as to a lair
Of brutalizing bawds—to die

To those sublimely holy gleams
Of chaste, enlightened thought,
That each like to the flashing seems
Of lightning's force of which was fraught

Our wordy imagery!—and notes
Which do apall the soul,
As do those pondrous, pealing rotes
That follow 'gain and 'gain in solemn roll!

Nor should I glad the pain disown,
That preys upon my being,
When loud I hear th' electric groan
Whilst livid, lurid clouds I am seeing;

For with the frown of forced accord,
When fretful looks the world

And mean and puny, helpless stored
 My frame doth quail, and soul—O, Lord!—

Doth say,—Thee mankind, Thee alone
 Let worship, Thee, the Spirit—All
 To us, more than to savage drone,
 Or heathen scalds and seers, for Thy call.

We more perceive than ever they
 In flash and thundering peal—
 The manifestoes of Thy sway,—
 Although our feeble senses reel! W. A. S. (Phil.)

WHY PREFER OUR OWN?

By. Mr. W. Irish, '05.

We would find ourself face to face with a still very debatable proposition if we were to conclude from the arguments advanced in preceding issues of this journal that literary perfection exists only in Catholic literature. It requires no extraordinary length or breadth of mind to admit that art in all its departments is even more universal than the Catholic Church; and hence it is that there are really great masterpieces of literary as well as plastic and pictorial art which are in no way Catholic. Moreover, as regards Catholic literature, while we find much to admire and to commend in the work of Catholic writers, we are not so blind as not to see its defects. No handiwork of man is perfect. From the very fact that a thing is wrought by man it bears the stamp of human limitations. Man's finiteness can produce but the finite and the imperfect. And thus it happens that Catholic literature, in common with all other similar attempts to imitate the perfect works of the Creator, bears the impress of an infirm hand. It is also true that Catholic literature, both the ephemeral literature of newspapers and of magazines and the permanent literature of books, has defects and limitations which are peculiarly its own. It is not uninteresting to note the popular objections raised against patronizing Catholic papers and magazines, or buying Catholic books.

Some find fault with the external appearance and the price of Catholic periodicals and books, because, it is claimed, they are both unattractive, poorly printed and bound and unreasonably expensive. No care is taken by our publishers to dress their wares in the niceties of their art, and still an enormous price is demanded for poor merchandise. Now, in reply to these strictures we are free to say that it is barely possible there may still be published an

occasional sheet or book which must plead guilty to the charges made. But as regards external neatness, especially, it would be easy to name scores of truly representative Catholic weeklies and monthlies, as well as recent books, which are veritable models of the printer's art. Can it be said, for instance, that the Men and Women Magazine, The Rosary, The Ave Maria, The New World, The Freeman's Journal or Donohoe's Magazine are lacking in any of the finer details of publishing? As soon as people make the acquaintance of these excellent papers they are proud of being seen reading them and happy to have them in their homes as companions. As a matter of simple truth, many of our best magazines and newspapers, as, for instance, Our Young People, Men and Women, and The New World, compare favorably indeed, both in elegance and neatness of material make-up and price with the St. Nicholas, The Delineator and the Literary Digest. The only reason for the apparently high price of some of our publications is their restricted circulation, and the most practical way of remedying this defect is to increase their circulation. With a timely awakening of general interest and patronage on the part of the Catholic reading public our editors and authors will be enabled to offer the most attractive literature for the least price. If it is eye-delighting and thought-provoking illustrations we desire to see ornamenting Catholic literature, if we would see our books and magazines dressed in all the brilliant ornaments of the engraver and the illuminator, if we are the descendents of a race of artists, the sons of that Church whose illustrious children have endowed Europe with undying monuments of every eye-ravishing and soul- uplifting art, is it possible that we would now knock in vain at the door of Catholic talent? Oh, no! Far from us the thought that the sources of that higher inspiration which has created such marvels of beauty in every department of art have been drained! We owe it to our glorious artistic ancestry to be loyal to all that is great and grand, beautiful and inspiring in every divinest art. If we would be true to our inherited esthetic obligations must we not beware of allowing our taste to become vitiated by the false charms of an art which speaks only to the eye, but which has no message for the soul? If we are conscious of our own dignity, if we admit the dictum that "noblesse oblige," if we appreciate the high educational power and function of true art, must we not see the propriety, nay the necessity, of availing ourselves of every opportunity offered by the home, the school, the Church and the press to develop and train our taste for that ideal beauty which alone is capable of awakening higher thoughts and of leading us to higher life? Away, then, with the commonplace and meaningless in our dwellings and in our

press! Away with daubs and caricatures that are an insult to art and often an outrage against virtue! For us who have been accustomed to gaze upon the splendors of unseen worlds revealed by a Raphael or a Murillo let none but master pencils limn.

But am I perhaps pursuing this thought too far? Am I pleading too long for the mere externals of Catholic literature? No, friends, for it is our conviction that the truth which we possess deserves this tribute of art, and that the most noble of all our natural cravings is the desire to see truth arrayed in all the grace and splendor which art can throw around it. However, we are not believers in art for art's sake. Art is valuable only in as much as it is the embodiment of ideas. Hence, we are not to attach undue importance to the external appearance of our Catholic journals and books, whose illustrations have value only in as far as they are clear and eloquent interpreters of contents. The fundamental merit of all literature is the truth which it bodies forth. It is this truth and the literary style in which it is presented which should be the chief objects of our attention and admiration. After all, is not the most real beauty itself the splendor of truth? It is then in this radiance of truth that the eye should delight. To be drawn by that only which is showy and external betokens a mental levity that is incapable of chivalrous loyalty to the dignity of great and superior things. How can minds that are wholly taken up with gaudy tinsel and literary cosmetics ever feel those transports of sacred indignation experienced by noble souls at the disfigurement of philosophic or historical truth? What becomes of that spiritual knighthood which begets champions of truth as valiant to guard her majesty as were the knights of old to protect the sacred honor of defenseless woman? Let us beware of the loss or perversion of our moral sense, and of our instinct for the true and the beautiful. Let it be our proud boast that we are true and loyal to all the family traditions of the grandest school of truth and art which has ever blessed the earth.

Should it be said of us that we are so unthinking as to complain that our literature is too serious or too religious? What? Could it be then that we have grown tired or afraid of the truth, or ashamed of our religion? Are we, too, grown so fond of that which merely amuses that we can no longer digest ideas? A people that reads but trifles is a people without great ideas, and without great ideas there are no great men. Let us not then become intellectual weaklings, whose minds have been fed on corrosive humor or the empty husks of prodigal error; but let the enlightening, the uplifting and nourishing thought of our best thinkers find entrance

and welcome in our minds and build us into strong men and a nobler people.

To compass these ends, the full and harmonious development of the Catholic press and literature, there is need for our writers, as was hinted before, of generous and loyal support on the part of the Catholic public. As flowers need sunshine, so letters need the patronage of all liberal minds. Maecenas made Horace and Virgil; Louis XIV was the literary patron of Racine and Moliere. Talent and even genius need encouragement in order to produce masterpieces. We can claim no higher honor than to have been, in our own day, like these regal patrons of letters, the liberal supporters and aids of men and women whose lives are wholly dedicated to the Catholic and artistic expression of truth. Why should we risk to incur the blame of an indifference which in ages past allowed genius to pine away in the garrets of poverty and to die in unobserved obscurity? We who are now covering the land with churches and schools, as our ancestors who founded great universities and erected imperishable cathedrals, must still be able to find within the resources of our generosity the means to support and encourage a literature which will be our written testimony to future ages of the strength and grandeur of our faith. Let it not be said that the earth-bound positivism of our age, with its characteristic greed for wealth, has stifled in us all feelings of generosity and paralyzed all power of sacrifice.

Another objection made against Catholic journals especially is that they are not up-to-date in the matter of news or in the variety of topics they treat. Now, in considering these charges, we would remark that "if stale news is no news," then "false news is worse than stale news." In the next place let us be allowed to say that Catholic papers make a specialty of religious news, and that in this particular they are to be commended alike for timeliness as well as for the accuracy and a reliability which we would seek in vain in the secular press. Catholic editors have, through the willing cooperation of alert correspondents, exceptional opportunities of furnishing their readers with reports of important religious events, both local and foreign, and thus keep the members of the larger Catholic family in vital touch with the energizing centers of Catholic life. And yet even this is not the special advantage or chief merit of the Catholic press. Its most valuable function consists in making a careful weekly digest of the information imparted by secular dailies, to give a true judgment upon actual topics, and to insist upon the right principles of doctrine and conduct. It is chiefly in the editorial pages that our press exercises its timely educational apostolate.

However, these positive, but limited advantages of our weekly press would be infinitely multiplied by the issuance of Catholic daily papers, which would supply immediate remedies against the quickly acting poisons daily spread broadcast by secular penny papers. If we desire to be up-to-date we should not be slow to recognize the expediency of such a medium as a well organized Catholic daily press for the dissemination and the defense of Catholic truth and the heralding of Catholic news. May we yet live to see the realization of this dream of the most intelligent and zealous, the most alert and wide-awake leaders of our Catholic activities!

The reproach of narrowness, of dullness, of lack of variety in our papers and magazines is of all the most unfounded and unjust, and it can but proceed from those who ill know the nature of our press. Indeed, as in a garden where blooms a bright array of many-hued and variously-scented flowers, from the queenly rose to the humble violet, so in the columns of our papers may be found the editorial that sends a message to minds eager for the solution of social problems, a poem that reads like a song of gladness and of hope, storiottes relating fanciful dreams to delight the young, and even fashion, exhibiting patterns for the eye of the maiden who dreams of new creations.

But perhaps a more real drawback of our Catholic magazines and books is their timidity to make themselves known. Our magazines are nowhere on the news-stands and few of our books are in public libraries. Why do we thus keep our light under a bushel? Our editors and publishers must more practically recognize that this is an advertising age and that, since the eye of the public scans the announcement columns and guides thereupon, it is necessary that they tell the public through this popular medium the precious goods they hold in store for all. Again must the Catholic press more practically appreciate the fact that such institutions as our public libraries aim at supplying public demand. As Catholics are a part of the public which contributes to the maintenance of libraries, they will surely not be denied if they make repeated and well-directed efforts to make known their needs to public librarians. By uniting their action in this direction they will soon do away with the necessity of expensive parochial libraries where there exists a public library.

In making these plans for our Catholic press and literature, we are pleading not for favor, but for fairness and simple justice. We are firmly convinced that it is our esthetic obligation to recognize art by whomsoever it is produced, and that our literature contains specimens of the grandest art that the genius of man can

create. Again, we believe there is nothing nobler than to co-operate with those gifted with the power of leadership in the moral and intellectual upliftment of our fellowmen and in the triumph of truth. Let it be our esteemed privilege, therefore, to stand by the patient workers of the editorial rooms and the gifted writers of books. Let us be of our own age and day. We are living in a reading age. If we claim to possess the truth, we have intellectual obligations towards it, and one of them is to know it in all its force and beauty, such as Catholic literature bodies it forth. Knowing it, we shall be able to cherish and defend it, to love it and to live it in a way that will make the historian of the future declare of the Catholics of this twentieth century: "Here has passed the bravest and most loyal battallion in the great army of the lovers of truth and beauty."

THE NEW YEAR.

From out the unexplored Time brings to me
 An uncarved jewel; I'm to fashion it—
 A unit in the crown of years 'twill be,
 There placed for aye, to grace or ill befit.
 Then I'll select the chiseling of love
 And labor as becomes the worthy task,
 With joy or tears, I'll trust in Him above—
 My duty done, is all that he doth ask. W. J. C.

YELLOW LITERATURE.

Marvelous is the receptive power of the human soul and powerful, too, is the influence which literature exercises upon it for better or for worse, to elevate or to degrade, to lead or to mislead. Language, whether the written or spoken word, is a potent moral force, a mighty but dangerous instrument, which may be used to embellish or defile the mind, to nourish or kill the soul.

In looking over the world of books, we soon find, as in the world of men, of which they are but a reflexion, some books which are possessed of an almost seraphic goodness, others are indifferent, as are many harmless people, and some are as bad as the worst impersonation of hellish malice which can lurk beneath human form.

But you will ask, "How am I to decide to which of these classes a book belongs?" or "How may I determine its moral value?" The solution of this difficulty, my friends, is to be found in the applica-

tion of Southey's rule. After having read from a book you find that it has had a baneful effect on you, throw it at once into the fire. But it is neither necessary nor desirable in our age of wide awake criticism of books to submit every book to this personal test. There are books which are so notoriously bad that their reputation should make us shun them at once. Gentlemen, what I wish especially to call your attention to this evening is the evil literature of the day and the direful effects which result from its contaminating contact.

Among the multifarious species of literary productions of the present day there is an ever increasing percentage of those works whose themes are concerned not with those things which make for the upbuilding and stability of Christian character, but rather, and more is the pity, with all that is low, vulgar and debasing. Discourses which pander to the vilest instincts which can be found within the human breast and of which the frailty of our nature is capable. Others drag down into the mire the loftiest traditions and sublimest ideals of the race and similingly scoff at the most profound and highest principles of our faith. Note for instance the pestilential stream which unremittingly flows from the pens of that batch of corrupt-minded and brutally realistic French writers of the present age, Hugo, Balzac, Sardou, Zola, Daudet, de Vigny, Dumas and Pierre Loti and their clever imitators in Russia and Scandanavia, Tolstoi and Hendric Ibsen, and a host of others of this school, who affect the bizarre and the monstrous. In England we find such names as Frederic Harrison, Richard Le Galléine and Hall Caine, whose works are impregnated with grossly materialistic views on life and who mockingly sneer at the Divinity and insultingly blaspheme the sacred Humanity of Christ. The representatives of this school in Spain and Italy are such infamous names as Galdos and D'Annunzio. The productions of many, if not all, of those writers whose names I have just mentioned are considered as classical by an almost hopelessly degenerate public taste.

But what can we say in extenuation of this notoriously criminal and flagrantly immoral literature of our own country, which is constantly obtruding itself with a brazen impudence on a defenseless public in the shape of the cheap novel, particularly the five and ten cent editions, for instance such mental pabulum as the "James Boys," "Nick Carter," "Do and Dare Series," "Old Cap Collier" and others of this calibre and likewise those garish and ultra-sensational journals and magazines which flourish in every large city throughout the land. There is no doubt but these blood and thunder novels are working havoc among the youth of the rising

generation. And the reason is not far to seek. These publications treat of matters decidedly criminal and shockingly immoral, so that the crude youngsters who devour this yellow-backed stuff become actually crazed with a longing to equal if not excel the dare-devil deeds exploited in them.

And is it not admitted by all that the majority of the Sunday papers which alone furnish ideas to the great body of our citizens are utterly demoralizing? Note with what temerity some of those anomalously styled social reformers, criminologists and pseudo scientific men hold forth on subjects sacred and profane, of which they have but the scantiest knowledge and on which they are not at all qualified to speak, much less to teach to others. These false views are presented with a display of great erudition and are clothed by their authors in all the seductiveness their literary ingenuity can conjure up. And neither is there a crime so monstrous or so infamous or so infernally black or so utterly damnable that its description in detail is excluded from those pages by reason of its vileness. But rather, it would seem, the possession of some of these distinctive traits augured well for its ready and well paid acceptance. Divorce cases, social and civic scandal, suicides, murders et cetera, are developed in all their revolting circumstances and portrayed in all their disgusting details. Some of these illustrations show a woeful lack of every element of good taste, offend against every moral precept and manifest the utter absence of the regulations of true art. Some represent hysterical females in various states of dishabille, others make a business of ridiculing parental authority and filial reverence, those qualities which among our forbears were so highly prized and greatly admired. But what is family pride to these purveyors of iniquity? What care they to perpetuate all that is beautiful, good and ennobling? Sacred subjects to even representations of scriptural scenes and those depicting the life of our Savior are treated in a flippant and irreverent manner.

This surely is a bad school of training for the youthful mind,, for the tendency of these vulgarities is to make children disrespectful to their parents and a menace to the social order.

And, oh, what a plague and an abomination are the plays and dramas of the day, whose pernicious influence tends only to demoralize, to arouse in the spectator a purient curiosity and to produce even in the purest mind a deadening of moral sense and responsibility! Yes, the theatre of today is a veritable pest-house and school of scandal.

Effects: Now, let us consider the effects of this foul literature, first on the social fabric, and finally in relation to the civil

order. Who has not observed the contaminating power of this literary sewerage, which like a deadly poison is sedulously instilled into youthful minds, inciting them to commit unspeakable deeds of darkness? And the home which formerly was the nucleus around which was bound the sacredest ties of mankind and which embodied in its lares and penates the models and exemplars of unsullied integrity, rectitude and Christian honor, now struck by the foul blast of a literature at once criminal and paganly immoral, its time-honored ideals are dashed to the ground and in their stead are set up the idols of Mammon and social ostentation. Those sacred bonds of family unity now being severed, home becomes a hell of anguish and disorder. From jealousy or apathy parents become estranged from one another, the children being neglected and given free rein to their passions, read anything and everything, go anywhere and everywhere as it happens to suit their caprice, and perceiving the habitual indifference of father and mother, come to look upon discipline as tyranny and obedience as folly. And what is the outcome of this laxity of discipline, this blame-worthy insensibility to duty? The parents, formerly perfectly oblivious of the moral condition of their children, when the denouement comes, are horrified at the enormity of the misdeeds of a cherished son and are obliged to hang their heads in shame and poignant grief at the disgrace of a beloved, but erring, daughter.

Even the churches no longer have any attraction for the multitude; an all-absorbing hankering after material pleasure has seized upon their minds and hearts with a giant grasp. That alone do they seek which ministers to their sensual appetites; that alone do they desire which will satisfy their over-wrought craving for novel amusements and gross delights.

Note, too, the proficiency of the daily press, with its scare headlines, realistic cuts, inflammatory paragraphs and abominable details, as a breeder of anarchy and a builder of revolutions, in whose pages crime is glorified and justice scoffed at. The logical consequence of this criminal and senseless mode of procedure is the prevalence abroad of a wild orgy of loot and plunder, outrage and murder. Some time ago we were all witnesses of the deification, so to speak, accorded a set of car barn bandits by the daily press, and notwithstanding the fact that they were all executed, as they richly deserved, yet such an army of eager imitators at once sprung up that for a time the city of Chicago was threatened with a veritable reign of terror.

Courts are appalled at the large number and gravity of crimes committed by juvenile offenders, not only petty offenses, but the

very worst crimes on the calendar, are imputed to them. The prisons, now full to overflowing, do not at all suffice to accommodate the ever-increasing number of candidates for admission. Now there is the question, is not the state deserving of censure in tolerating and de facto promoting this condition of affairs? Is she not guilty of the most palpable injustice toward her citizens in demanding of them thousands in taxes for raising up and maintaining jails, thousands more for the conviction and support in idleness of an army of criminals, while at the same time she wholly neglects that which is her first and most solemn duty to perform, namely, to protect her citizens against the onslaughts of a moral contagion which in this case is evil literature, and by not suppressing this in so far as it lies in its power to do so? And, finally, to what purpose is all this great expenditure of money, this vast outlay of time and labor if it does not attain the end for which it was instituted, namely, the promotion of the public welfare by the restriction of vice and by implanting in the hearts of evil-doers a salutary fear and reverence for the strong arm of the law? But what in fact do we see? Immorality stalking unabashed in the broad light of day, parading itself insolently before our very eyes.

Now, if there is one thing more than another which conduces to this widespread disregard for the law, its officers and its administration, to a wanton contempt for its majesty and to the promotion of its universal travesty, that one thing is above all other things evil literature.

D. Drennan, '06.

CHILDREN IN SHAKESPEARE.

Discourse Delivered Before the Oratory Class.

If the myriad-souled Shakespeare has held the mirror up to nature so that men and women have been able to recognize themselves in every conceivable condition of life, king, subject, soldier, plowman, scholar and mechanic, it will not be surprising if he has found opportunity to hold the same glass before the fair face of childhood.

There is in the child nature a warmth and a spontaneity of most varied sentiment, a readiness of ingenuous affection, a capacity for pouting petulency or frowning despite, which, together with childhood's attractive exterior makes, that it lends itself very readily to pictorial and poetical treatment.

Like the beautiful lily of the field, that emblem of purity, childhood unfolds before man such pure goodness and tenderness that he stoops to inhale the sweet odor of its innocence.

Childhood appealed to our immortal poet as it ever did to every other great artist. In painting, Murillo, Angelo, Rubens, Plockhorst, Hoffman and numerous other masters have immortalized childhood in their superb paintings of the infant Jesus and the boy Christ, as well as in those famous tableaux representing Christ blessing the children. Likewise the best features of childhood have been made the subject of the sculptor's chisel. Shakespeare's dramas, of course, deal chiefly with the strong passions, ambition, love, despair, pride, anger, revenge or, again, those distinctive attributes of manhood, magnanimity, courage and noble self-sacrifice; these, of course, are traits which we cannot expect to see displayed by children. Hence childhood did not in itself offer the playwright the best kind of dramatic material. But children may be the terms or objects of passions which fire the souls of the great characters in a drama, and thus we find Shakespeare's child characters either the victims of ambition or the objects of the tenderest affection, such indeed as we find they are in real life. Just as nature mingles sunshine and shade, so, too, has Shakespeare mingled his inferior and superior characters. This frank portraiture, this faithful representation of humanity in all its ages and phases is what lends such perennial human interest to his plays and makes him rank as "facile princeps" among the greatest dramatists of all times.

We cannot in a brief half hour enter into an exhaustive investigation of Shakespeare's poetical treasury and show forth all the wealth and brilliancy of artistic treatment which this dramatic magnate has lavished upon the gentle grace, the appealing beauty and innocence of childhood. Consequently we must content ourselves with a concise sketch of his dramatic children, such as they figure in the roles of regret, sorrow, pity and resentment of their wrongs.

The children themselves are capable of displaying very attractive qualities—their native simplicity and helplessness have an appealing eloquence all its own; their gentle and unconscious beauty also pleads with and wins the hardest hearts and brings a tear to the dry-eyed Stoic. Can Shakespeare portray these qualities in Children? Let us see.

Not the wading in the blood of his kingly victim, Henry VI, nor the unnatural murder of his brother Clarence, nor the slaughter of England's flowers of knighthood, nor the base insults to an aged mother and queen could satisfy the unquenchable ambitions, the blood-thirsty heart of that hunch-backed villian, that royal monster, Richard III, England's Herod. No! with a cunningness most crafty he succeeds in placing his two little cousins, the Dukes of York, on the very eve of the elder's coronation, in that bloodstained and forbidding Tower of London, there to butcher them in the morning bloom of their helpless childhood.

Shakespeare vividly depicts the effect which their innocent beauty had even upon the coarse men who were hired to do this bloody deed. The incident of this cruel and unnatural murder is spoken of by Tyrrel, the emissary of Richard, in terms the most descriptive of the princes' mute innocence:

"The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villians, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other,
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost changed my mind,
But, O, the devil—there the villian stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on—we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse.
They could not speak, so I life them both,
To bear these tidings to the bloody king."

Richard hails this intelligence with joy and bestows riches upon Tyrrel for so faithfully accomplishing his infamous designs. Shakespeare's dictum, "that conscience makes cowards of us all," may for a moment be applied to the infernal conscience of Richard, for on the eve of his downfall and the bloody battle of Bosworth, he is visited in a dream by the ghosts of the young princes and his other victims.

Permit me to quote the princes' curse and its terrible effect upon the soul of Richard:

"Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the tower;
Let us be led within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame and death;
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die"—
Richard:
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream;
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!

I am a villian: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of myself speak well: Fool do not patter,
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villian.
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty! Guilty!
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me,
And, if I die, no soul will pity me.
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
Tomorrow's vengeance on the head of Richard."

Truly, we are as completely charmed by the sweet innocence of those smothered babes as we are terrified by the horrible nightmare of remorse which pursues the inhuman Richard and murders the sleep of this child murderer.

Deep sorrow may come to any individual being. Yes, it may penetrate the inmost recesses of the human heart and numb all feelings of happiness there. It may poison the sweet refreshment of sleep and thus blur the form that once glowed with all the splendor of health and beauty; and lastly it may drag down that form to the grave.

This pathos of the soul is artfully dramatized in the comedy, "A Winter's Night." Little Prince Mamillius, living amidst the splendor and pleasures of a royal mansion and surrounded by the loving affections of a queen mother, was at this moment relating to her a story—

Mam. "Merry or sad shalt be?

Mother. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter, mother;

I have one of sprites and goblins.

There was a man, dwelt by the church-yard—

I will tell it softly; yon crickets shall not hear it."

Unexpectedly this charming little scene is interrupted by the entrance of Mamillius' father, Leontes, who, seized with an ungovernable jealousy, accuses his virtuous wife and queen of dishonor and casts her into prison. As we have seen, Mamillius loved his mother tenderly, and when he saw her so unjustly dishonored and found she was taken from him to be put in prison, the affliction

found voice in his young and princely soul and not only drank his life-blood, but destroyed his sensitive heart and he dies of grief. What native beauty, what nobleness of soul, what purity of affection descended into that untimely grave!

As Shakespeare has portrayed pity and sorrow in child characters which have extinguished the bright rays of their future destiny, so, too, has he presented the spirit of brave and just resentment.

This sentiment is associated almost exclusively with the passions of manhood and womanhood and is invariably voiced in vehement reproof, or in language expressive of fierce and burning indignation. It was this feeling that compelled the beautiful Isabella, that perfect image of feminine beauty, grace and purity in "Measure for Measure," to hurl the bitterest scorn upon the head of her cowardly brother; it was this characteristic that brought forth from the lips of Queen Margaret thunderbolts of anger and curses upon the deformed soul of Richard III; it was this characteristic that fired the melancholy Hamlet, causing him to cut the very heart-strings of his guilty mother until she cried out in despair: "Oh, speak to me no more; these words like daggers enter into my heart; no more, sweet Hamlet." It was this resentment that justly created terrible indignation in the wronged father, King Lear. And it is this same characteristic that we find demonstrated in the little son of Lady Macduff, in that famous and greatest of all tragedies, "Macbeth."

Macbeth's last victims were Lady Macduff and babes, a truly inhuman termination to his bloody career. A henchman of Macbeth forced his way into the apartments of Lady Macduff and her son and accused the absent husband and father of being a traitor. The little lad defies the wretch with the word, "Thou liest, thou shag-haired villian." Suddenly the villian seized the defenseless child and hushed his brave spirit with a blood-thirsty dagger. Here was a son possessing the very spirit of his soldierly and virtuous father. Here was a striking expression of defense, a most noble indication of future manhood, also, to be doomed and sacrificed to the vaulting ambition of a murderous king.

It will be profitable to note in passing the use which Shakespeare makes of children as adornments of his dramas. If it is true that children are to be seen rather than heard, then in accordance with this dictum, Shakespeare has more frequently placed the children in evidence for the eye than for the ear. Like an artist he will skillfully compound his light and shadow and so disposes of his secondary figures as to cause them to form a background for the principal personage in the group. Without these the central figure

might appear in its solitary grandeur, but it would be less interesting. Shakespeare is a consummate dramatic artist, and when he takes up his magic pencil to depict the full displayed majesty of royalty in his great court scenes, you see the king indeed prominent and grand—but his majesty appears the more imposing by reason of his entourage of courtiers, of ladies, of soldiers and of graceful children, who are in capacity of pages and are, as it were, the fairest flowers in this pageant for the eye. Again, when Shakespeare even incidentally sketches a picture of the home, the home of those days, he is sure to introduce children as the necessary and most beautiful ornaments of home life, and he even thinks of placing a prayer book in their hands, as we saw a moment ago in Richard III. But now, even though Shakespeare has painted the loveliness of childhood and given a voice to its feelings, if he had not made children weep, he could not be said to have given us a perfect picture of child life. If it is true that tears are the proper sign of childhood—tears dimming the innocent eyes, bathing the fair cheeks—choking the sweet voice of children, then surely do we find a most faithful picture of childhood in Shakespeare's drama, King John.

Upon the death of Richard I, John seizes the English crown from his nephew, Prince Arthur of Normandy. Lady Constance, mother of Arthur, resents this injustice by inducing the French sovereign to wage war against England. In the first engagement the French suffer defeat and Arthur is taken captive. The little prince is placed under the care of one Hubert, who receives secret orders to put him to death. Softened by the gentleness and innocence of the child, he disobeys the cruel command, but resolves to put out Arthur's eyes. But though armed with red hot irons, he is completely disarmed by the tearful plea of the boy. (The entire dialogue between Prince Arthur and Hubert was quoted here.)

Had Shakespeare written nothing else about children than this scene between Hubert and Prince Arthur, he would have abundantly proved his fine power of feeling the very feelings of children, his fine power of reproducing upon his dramatic lyre every pulse and throb of the child heart, his fine power of arousing the pity of his listeners and of wringing from their eyes tears of sympathy for the wronged innocence of childhood. J. F. R., Prep, Course.

Critique: The treatment of this theme would have been more nearly complete if the speaker had alluded to the type of boys that appear in such plays as Henry IV and Henry V. This would have afforded an opportunity of showing how Shakespeare copied the

species boy such as he is frequently met with in our age of "smart" and "free-spoken" lads, who show evidence of association with their elders. From the elocutionary standpoint, the presentation of the subject was well-nigh faultless. The speaker proved himself an intelligent reader of Shakespeare's lines and a capable interpreter of their sense. Had the full note of pathos been reached in the otherwise perfect rendition of the dialogue between Hubert and Prince Arthur, there would have been nothing lacking in the delivery of this interesting lecture.

J. H., '06.

What is the use of building an ice house if you don't cut any ice?

There are few poetical creations more beautiful to behold, more soul-refreshing, more delightful and spiritually elevating than those pure spirits, those dazzlingly-white angels who, though really escaped from the golden cage of a poet's fancy, seem as if they hailed from the gates of the luminous paradise of God. The poet who affords us such distinguished companionship, who brings the angels down to consort almost visibly and tangibly with us as our sweet guides and guardians has done us most gentle service. This is one among the many reasons why we delight in the pages of *Purgatorio*, wherein that most Christian poet, Dante, introduces us to those fair and kindly angels that preside over the verdurous terraces of the penitential mount and with their downy plumes efface from the brows of humanity the defiling blots of sinfulness.

CRITIQUE OF CANTO VI, PURGATORIO.

Class Exercise.

In the sixth canto of the *Purgatory*, Dante ushers us into a concourse of waiting spirits, who, to use Dante's own simile, throng about him like friends about one whose throws at dice have been lucky, and they implore of him the assistance of his prayers. In his usual manner, the bard makes this scene and its figures an artful pretext for introducing certain of his own reflections. Thoughts on the influence of prayer upon God's will naturally suggest themselves, and Dante has Virgil remind him that,

"The sacred height of judgment doth not stoop, because loves
flame

In a short moment all fulfills, which he
Who sojourns here in right should satisfy."

A little further on there is an allusion made that establishes with certainty the fact that Beatrice typifies divine wisdom.

"Rest thou not contented, unless she assure thee so,

Who betwixt truth and mind infuses light:

I know not if thou take me right, I mean Beatrice."

But I haste to another portion of this canto. We have heard extolled the eloquence of Milton in those speeches which he works into *Paradise lost*. But the heavy, turgid, slow-moving oratory of the *Paradise Lost* can hardly be compared with the easier, more spontaneous and unfettered eloquence of Dante. In this canto Dante, in a magnificent apostrophe bursts forth in lamentations over Italy's wrongs. It is an effusion that glows with the warmest patriotism and it pulsates with the surging feelings of one who is most profoundly stirred by the misfortunes of his native land. The poet introduces it with that resourcefulness that is peculiarly his own. Sardello, a poet of Mantua, greets effusively Virgil, whom he calls his countryman, but ignores Dante. This stirs Dante into impassioned words of regret over Italy's internal dissensions, which festering within her have reduced her to a deplorable condition; he bewails the lawlessness, the outlawry, the feuds that prevail and the jealousies and strifes which pit one section of the country against the other. In the animated words of a splendidly sustained metaphor he compares Italy to a horse without a rider, which unchecked by reins and unsaddled has become wild and unmanageable. Dante, as a Ghibelline reproves most strongly the emperor, Albert, because he had left Italy's "saddle unprest," he adjures him to come and behold the sad state of Italy and pathetically reminds him of Rome, the desolate widow, that mournfully calls night and day, "My Caesar, why dost thou desert my side," and he rises to sublimity when he asks the Almighty why He has abandoned Italy, echoing the words of the crucified Christ. Then in bitter irony he addresses Florence, he points in scorn to her servile spirit, compares her in her fickleness to a sick wretch

"Who finds no rest upon her down, but oft
Shifting her side, short respite seeks from pain."

But here Dante does not sing the note of despair alone; there are expressed hopes for the future that from all these evils some good may be designed by Providence. In these few lines you may find a world of meanings; subtle sentiments and fervid feelings pervade them; there is an intense patriotism throughout, sympathy and pathos in the regrets he voices over Italy's unfortunate plight; there

is deep felt indignation in the lines to Florence. It is on the whole an eloquent outburst that is high above what may be discovered in any other poet, and it reaches a note that is but seldom struck by Dante himself.

F. Miller, '06.

OPENING ADDRESS.

By President James Hayden, '06.

Rev. Moderator and Fellow Members:

At the first meeting of St. Patrick's Society you chose to raise me to the presidency of this worthy organization. No words of mine can express my gratitude for the singular honor you have conferred upon me. I assure you it will long be remembered as one of the most pleasant events of my college career. It is not without reluctance that I consent to accept the responsibilities of the presidency of your esteemed society, and it is only after considering that, after all, the burden of the responsibility of St. Patrick's Society rests not chiefly upon myself, but upon him who in previous years, as Moderator, has so successfully conducted this association, that I accept the position.

However, by reason of that position, I feel it incumbent upon me to develop a few considerations in regard to the membership of this organization, but before making an attempt to point out to you the many excellent advantages that may be derived from a faithful membership in this association, it might be well for the sake of elucidation to consider first "the human necessity of social union."

No profound study is required to demonstrate that man is a social being. A cursory glance at history will suffice. In no age, however ancient, or in no corner of the earth, however remote, has man been found apart from communion with his fellow man. Man was never born to linger in solitude. It seems to be an irrevocable law that, as we are all placed here on this terrestrial globe to work out and reach a common ultimate destiny and to help one another to attain it, so, too, in all our works, in order to reach any perfection, we are obliged to co-operate. Let the human mind be separated from society for any length of time and it will lapse into the weedy unculture of barbarity. It has also been observed that the tastes and ambitions of men will link them together in special societies, just as we see men who have a longing for science, etc., will instinctively seek the wisdom and experience of those who have explored its depths. It is an incontestable fact that men are impelled by their natural necessities to link themselves together in

special societies. There has never been in any age or country a civilized people among whom societies of various kinds were unknown, whose denominations vary, as do the tastes and needs of men. There have been some of the world's great geniuses, the masters of thought, whose magnificent achievements have been the light and glory of the human race, but of itself the human mind is weak; even amongst those who have been of all men the most capable there is a dependence upon others for some sort of assistance. The history of the human mind, or the history of philosophy, strikingly shows that it has only been through centuries of gradual development acquired by the united efforts of all the great thinkers, that truth has finally evolved luminous and grand from the chaos of ignorance and error. But as the present high standard of philosophic thought has been reached only by the co-operation of all the great thinkers, so, too, in every branch of intellectual development in order to more assuredly arrive at any perfection we are obliged to work in unison.

The name of St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society sufficiently indicates the end or purpose for which it has been organized. We, the students of St. Viator's, are assembled here in this little group under the banner of St. Patrick's Society for the common and noble purpose of intellectual pursuits, and if you wish to know what influence this society will have over your future life, it is that which a sound, well-moulded and thoroughly educated mind always exercises over the life and destiny of the individual; for the purpose of this society is not only to store the minds of those who pledge their fidelity to its precepts with useful and necessary knowledge, but it affords a rare opportunity to learn how to apply your education to practical uses, an opportunity that can be afforded only by a society such as this, where one may have the occasion of expressing his thoughts and forming judgments on vital and important topics and to submit your efforts to the test of public criticism.

All will readily admit that a good education is one of the highest aims to which man may aspire, but the great value of education lies not so much in the bare acquisition of facts and knowledge of abtuse things as it does in the development of the intellectual faculty which will impart to it a readiness and surety in all practical applications. One may have his head crammed with all the knowledge of an encyclopedia, but if he has not acquired sufficient mental training in habits of precision and accuracy of thought with elegance and force of expression so as to be prepared for the actual environments of after life, it will avail him little; hence I say that the practical training of the mind in debate, which

is the chief aim of this society, is an important part of your education. There is a time-honored axiomatic truth that is only through practice that we reach perfection, and if there is anything in which we should sincerely endeavor to perfect ourselves, is it not in those things which in future life will be our chief hope and main guide to success? Now, it is for this very aim, that is, in order to afford opportunity to practice those necessary things that St. Patrick's Society has been instituted.

Outside of a little technical knowledge and a little discriminative ability, by far the most necessary qualification, the most brilliant ornament and distinguishing mark of an accomplished scholar is a liberal and proper command of the English language, and this is what a faithful membership of St. Patrick's Society will insure you.

Besides this, there is the art of public speaking, that will undoubtedly be useful to many, for among all the human means by which a man may exercise mighty influence and win the homage and esteem of his fellow creatures the noble art of oratory is supreme. Why, then, fidelity and correctness in our work here? The very duty which every member owes to himself as a student, or as one who looks to future success, whether it be at the bar, pulpit or in business of any kind, makes this evident. But apart from these considerations, there are many other splendid inducements that may lead us even to greater activity. We may not be happily endowed with powerful talents, nor be animated with a boundless ambition, but we are living in an age and in a country where the opportunities of those that belong to the higher educated and more able-minded class of people are numerous and where the influence of Catholic laymen, Catholic thinkers and leaders, such as are afforded by institutions like this alone is sadly needed. There is no more certain criterion of the moral and intellectual standing of a people than is the literature that they produce. We need but to take a glance at the current literature of the day and see the woeful lack of sound reason and clean ethics that prevail. The state of the times is crying for an impulse; it seems to be no longer considered as an offense against society to uphold a system that threatens its very destruction.

I have said that our present social standing shows us that there is a great demand for leaders, but it is true that in journalism, in law, in politics and in business of every kind there is an overwhelming competition, and only those who are best qualified can ever hope to reach the great goal of success. He who, therefore, fails to appreciate or strives not to win the many excellent advantages that a society like this offers to him neglects an oppor-

tunity, the loss of which will be more keenly felt when the graver cares of future life will almost inevitably frustrate the fond hope of highest attainments.

VERBUM SAP.

"Lives of great men all remind us,"
Said the village wag, who knows,
We must move to dodge the agents
Selling chances on pillows."
"Every knock that comes to my door
Costs from two bits to a bone,
I have filled a thousand chance-books,
Still I'm never left alone."
"Therefore, henceforth and hereafter,
This last warning I now give:
Woe to venders of all skin-games;
Keep your distance, if you'd live."

E. C.


Rev. J. Creagan, C. S. V., Rev. T. McCormick, C. S. V., and
Rev. A. Tardif, C. S. V., were recently guests of the faculty.

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EDITORIAL.

At the present moment we are very much absorbed and pre-occupied by thoughts of semi-annual exams: In fact, so much so that we cannot give proper attention to the discussion of a subject which we had intended to shed light upon, a subject which seems to persist in taxing the brains of college men from one end of the country to the other, viz., the fate of foot ball. We feel constrained by the urgent necessity of the hour to acquire more than a bowing acquaintance with the Greek alphabet and to become fairly well versed in Caesar's methods of building bridges, in Virgil's poetic power of telling stories and Cicero's art of making a hit. Too bad we are to be examined on such long settled things as logarithms and why were the Crusaders and not on fine points of the strenuous sport. However, since the faculty seems to insist on carrying on the exams on the old time-honored plan, we have decided to do the traditional amount of plugging. This occupation has, in fact, become so engrossing and so general that we have found it impossible in spite of powerful pecuniary inducements to inveigle any of our scribes to contribute light-winged fiction for the delectation of our readers in this number. With this apology, dear reader, we go to press and to the examination chair. Fain would we exclaim "morituri te salutamus."

ANENT THE GAELIC REVIVAL.

Ours is largely a civilization of brass and steel. But amid the strident music of our steam whistles and the brassy turmoil of our noisy engines, it is as cheering as it is surprising to hear a full round note which is not the saucy warning of a locomotive bell, but which issues from the most resonant chords of the human heart itself, a note which in its plaintive sweetness, clearness and vibrant strength sounds as though having traveled through the ages from the ivy-grown belfries of a captive nation's faith, or as a clarion call from the dismantled towers of its fettered power. In our age of feverish activity, when all men are absorbed in the actual, it would seem risky to evoke the memory of things that have been and to plead for sympathy for the past with an age that seems to believe only in itself. However, the interest which Mr. Hyde, the eloquent champion of the revival of things Gaelic, has succeeded in arousing in our country is proof at least of the welcome we find time to give between trains to the treatment of a theme that deals not with dollars or pounds, or volts, or shares, but with the restoration of such unweighable and unmarketable goods as national song, poetry, language, learning, customs, traditions, industries and prestige. This discussion of Gaelic topics has confirmed us in thinking that we were right when, judging the worth of Ireland's present sons whom we know, we concluded that they were the heirs of an inheritance of rich traditions, the descendants of an ancestry cast by nature in the mold of brilliant talents, of high intellectual and moral gifts, an ancestry steeped in learning and inured to sanctity as well as fearless of combat, an ancestry, whose ancient bards and their sweet harp song made old Erin the verdant oasis of harmony and poetry, whose churches and monasteries made her the wonder shrine of Europe, whose far-famed scholars made her the cradle of teachers and high learning, and whose brave warriors never blanched in the presence of most formidable foe. It is not the hereditary possession of all these grand gifts together, which has enabled generation after generation of Irishmen to give to the world the most unique and most sublime spectacle recorded in the modern age, the spectacle of centuries of staunchest fidelity to their faith, to their customs and traditions in the midst of the direst persecution? The scions of such ancestry cannot be without the strong traits of their forebears. When we consider how much there is in all the newness of our up-to-dateness that is merely superficial varnish, merely faddish, often positively bad, we turn toward those who would open up the treasure casket of the past with

25 A

thankful welcome, and we say, "Give us here and in the old Ireland, give us back these best things. Let Ireland again live her sturdy young life with all its glorious useful efflorescence of virtue and worth. And let Irish-Americans re-learn and love all the more those things which have made the men of the mother country great men and good men. Give us back that spirit of unfaltering allegiance to faith and all that this implies. Thus you who mean to be friends of Ireland will be also best friends of America. Let our necessarily composite civilization thus become enriched by that which is best in the civilizations that have flourished in other times and other countries." And is it not true, for instance, that if by means of this revival the rich spiritual nature of the sons of Erin were relumed and fanned into its former glowing flame its light would enable many of us the better to see the sordidness of the materiality in whose toils we struggle? Is it not true that if the Irishman's characteristic contempt of wealth for wealth's own sake were in modern industrial and prosperous Ireland to proclaim the blessedness of being poor in spirit, we here with this object lesson or concrete example of the Lord's beatitude so visibly exhibited before our very eyes would of a certainty begin to feel a wholesome shame for our soul-enslaving eagerness for money getting and our unscrupulous methods of amassing earthly goods? Thus might we Americans more easily wipe from our national conscience the guilt of dollar worship, which is perhaps the lowest species of idolatry. In view of these things, we bid the Gaelic revival a hearty welcome—and to long kingless Ireland we say "Thy king and thy kingdom come!"

E. L. R.

EXCHANGES.

Our budget of exchanges this month contains many charming numbers, and were we to follow our inclinations we would devote to them much more than our allotted space. We read nearly all of them, some from cover to cover, before our aching eyes compelled us to desist. We have long intended to review the **Criterion**, from Columbia College, and before our pen will have traveled too far we seize the opportunity to say that a more readable magazine does not enter our sanctum. The reason why is because it is replete with cleverly written stories. The tale, "A Fortune," is interesting and well told. The reader's attention is seized and sustained by the fortune teller's prediction and the manner in which it is fulfilled; but the story would, in our opinion, be enlivened considerably by a little more dialogue. "Cupid's By-Play" is the name of another

well written piece of fiction, the character drawing being particularly praiseworthy; but were somewhat surprised that "people found her (the heroine) very attractive"—when—"her nose was exceedingly small between the eyes, but came out big and rounded at the end and overshadowed her large mouth like a tent." However, after quoting this, we are bound to say in all justice that it is an artistic story, with a natural and realistic tone throughout; it has humor and a touch of pathos in it and is beyond a doubt the best production in an issue filled with first class fiction.

We have also long intended to say something about the **Purple and White** (of Peoria). The literary efforts in this paper are of the best—what there is of them; judging from the quality of what has appeared heretofore, we would conclude that this paper could without much effort expand itself into a few more pages. There is in the number before us a painstaking commentary on "The Dagger Scene in Macbeth," which contains apt and well-put moral observations on the scene. The ex-man covers a good deal of ground by expressing himself in terse and pithy sentences.

There is still another paper in whose regard we have not yet acquitted our duty. The **Notre Dame Scholastic** comes to us every week, and it comes as a blessing. The men that contribute to it must wield pens that are truly prolific, and the marvel of it is that it never contains anything commonplace, but is invariably full of meat. The editorials are written in a sober, clear style, suited to the common sense observations that they contain. All topics, historical, literary and critical, are treated in it and there is never a lack of entertaining fiction. In a late issue there appeared a profound study on the "Philosophical Origin of Law" that impressed us much. The writer finds the origin of law in God and his Providence and in his line of thought follows Bronson closely; in fact, in all respects, this essay evinces a very close familiarity with America's greatest Catholic philosopher.

We have read the lamentations of **The Schoolman's** ex-man and were on the point of agreeing with him that class essays, biographies and similar productions are to be deplored in a college paper. We say we almost agreed with him, but we changed our opinions entirely after reading a page or so in **The Young Eagle**. The work in **The Young Eagle** is exceptionally refreshing and interesting. We can prove our contention by picking as examples the series of articles under the heading "Stepping Stones in Grecian History," written on dry, time-honored subjects, every one of them, but treated with an originality and piquancy that gives them an irresistible charm.

The Collegian (St. Mary's) contains better reading than any of our other exchanges this month. The subjects, "Works of the Padres," "The Church, an Element in the Evolution of Democracy," are well considered, and there is an abundance of good poetry and several good stories. "The Fatal Letter," in the progress of its plot, is a realistic tale, but we were totally unprepared for its gory denouement.

We had intended to contribute more reflections on "College Journalism," but the anxious ones will have to nurse expectations for a future issue, when our lucubrations will appear, if we do not forget them in the meanwhile.

F. Miller, '06.

PERSONAL.

We read in a recent issue of the Hartford (Ont.) Guide-Advocate that Charles M. Roche has entered the service of the Merchants' Bank, as junior in the local agency of that city. His many friends of St. Viateur's join in wishing their old classmate every success in his present employment.

Rev. J. Ryan visited Columbia University during his stay in Portland, Oregon.

Rev. Father Marsile paid his respects to Bishop Spalding and Bishop O'Reilly at Peoria during the holidays. He also had the gratification of visiting three of St. Viateur's former students, Rev. Fathers Frank O'Reilly, J. Shannon and M. Sammon.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. Eugène Caron, a former pupil of St. Viateur's, was ordained sub-deacon on Dec. 23rd at the Grand Seminary of Montreal. From the same source we also learn that Mr. Caron now belongs to the new Superior, Wis., diocese. Our heartiest congratulations are extended to this successful young man.

Father Rivard, C. S. V., spent Christmas with Father Dooling at Clinton, Ill. He was also the welcome guest of Dr. G. Rivard, of Assumption, and of Father Dugas, C. S. V., of St. Mary's, Ill.

Robert Russell went to Chicago to have a slight operation performed on his knee. We hope that recovery will be but a matter of a few days and that he may soon be able to resume his studies.

Fr. Ryan is the recipient of a card from Mr. A. M. Lyons, now traveling with the Inland Dredging Company, of Mattoon, Ill., wishing all a happy New Year. Mr. Lyons formerly attended this institution and is one of its most successful alumni.

Bros. Kirley, C. S. V., and Rheams, C. S. V., spent a few days with Father Cregan, the genial pastor of St. Edward's church, Chi-

cago. Bro. Rheams also acted as sub-deacon at Father Suerth's, in South Chicago.

E. LaRoque, Manteno, Ill.; J. Benoit, Bourbonnais, Ill.; Paul Cramer, Harvey, Ill., and Joe Kane, Reddick, Ill., have entered St. Viateur's since the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Schoenle, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Mr. J. Weber, of Chicago, entered the Philosophical Department recently.

Father O'Mahoney, C. S. V., assisted Fr. Cregan at St. Edward's church, Chicago, Ill., during the Christmas vacation.

Rev. W. Bergin, C. S. V., spent the holidays assisting his former pastor, Fr. Burg at Whiting, Ind.

Rev. M. Lennartz assisted Rev. Bourdeau at Manteno, Ill., during the latter's recent illness.

Bro. Solon spent a few days at home in Chicago; Bros. Purdzock and Plante, at St. Viator's Normal Institute; Bro. Breen was sub-deacon at South Chicago, and Bro. Goulette acted as organist in Irwin at Father Bourget's during the Christmas holidays.

Rev. Francis Curran, of Springfield, visited the college Jan. 11. His many friends here were delighted to see Father Curran looking so well and to hear of his prosperous work in the capital city.

Rev. J. Lesage, whose impaired health compelled him to resign the parish of Sacred Heart, Aurora, last year and who had taken up his residence at Notre Dame, Chicago, is at present at the house of his father in Bourbonnais, recovering from recent attacks of kidney disease. We trust that those potent balms, one's native air and home care, may restore Father Lesage to health and usefulness.

Among visitors who enter as we go to press are the Rev. J. Hudon, of Fond du Lac, Wis., and Rev. P. Griffin, of Freeport.

Rev. E. Bourget, of Irwin, and Rev. J. Lamarre, of Chicago, have gone on a fortnight's trip to Canada.

A. S.

LOCAL NOTES.

College reopened for the new year with a full attendance in all the departments, the regular classes having been resumed last Friday morning. The students are now earnestly engaged in preparing for the semi-annual examinations, which will take place the 28th, 29th and 30th of this month.

Rev. J. F. Ryan has returned from his western trip, with glowing accounts of the "land beyond the Rockies." He had the great pleasure of spending Christmas day with the Rev. J. J. Callahan, of Butte, Montana, leaving the next day for Portland, Ore-

gon, where he conferred with Most Rev. Archbishop A. Christie concerning the establishing of a new school in his diocese. Work will be commenced soon upon a new industrial school in Portland, which it is proposed will be conducted by the Viatorians of Chicago Province.

Rev. S. Boisvert has returned from a delightful tour of Canada, United States and Cuba. His architectural abilities have been more largely developed during his tour and we expect to see the realization of many of his new plans in the completion of the new Alumni Hall.

Rev. Moisant has recovered from his recent attack of appendicitis and is now recuperating at Emergency Hospital, in Kankakee, where he underwent an operation.

Rev. G. P. Mulvaney, our former New World correspondent, writes from Tucson, Arizona, where he has gone for his health, stating that he is well on the road to recovery and hopes he will be with us soon.

The athletic manager announces a heavy schedule for the base ball season, and present indications point to a most promising aggregation, who will have the honor of representing the Old Gold and Purple on the base ball diamond. So far games have been arranged with Northwestern, Illinois and Lake Forest Universities, and with Armour Institute and Beloit College. The manager is in correspondence with Chicago, Wisconsin, Michigan, Purdue, Indiana and Notre Dame Universities and with Knox, Wabash and Marquette Colleges, and expects to have them on his schedule.

The indoor and basket ball teams are in practice, but have arranged no outside games, except with the local league.

Rev. Father Pele, of Oconto, Wisconsin, and Rev. Father Therien, of Niagara, Wisconsin, paid their many college friends a visit recently.

Rev. Dr. Gaffney, of the Cathedral College, spent several days with his old college friends during the holidays.

Rev. F. Munch, of St. Viateur's Normal Institute, has been added to the teaching staff at the college.

VIATORIANA.

The Jake-rat.

Rah for the Semi Ans.

Eighteen and five for me.

Timber skull has a wooden leg.

Wish we had some snow.

Nothing doing on the tobog.

Ted is strong on the Irish question.

Mike was a fireman during vacation. He carried water in his chest. Ted dreamt about him coming down the pole at midnight in his pajamas.

Cerutti has vanished.

Bright prospects shattered. Happy Cal has quit studying literary criticism, since his father doesn't want him to be foolish when he grows up.

The muse must have deserted our poets. Perhaps the forces are gathering for one brilliant sun-burst that will put Puck and Judge to the tall timbers. Get your cyclone cellars ready.

Hiram Squash at the lecture on astronomy: The news had spread far and wide that a celebrated lecturer was to come and tell the students a few things about other worlds than ours. Hiram Squash had heard of it, so he said to his wife, Mirandy: "Let's go down and see what that fellow knows about the stars. I tell you there's a whole lot in being born under a lucky star. Maybe he can tell us the best time to husk the cawn or scatter the hav seed. I tell you, Mirandy, some of them fellers is darn smart men. I don't see how their head holds all they know. Well, I'll hitch up old Sam while you put on a clean apron and we'll be off."

They arrived safely at the college, and after tying the wheels of their wagon to a lamp post so that the horse couldn't get away, they were conducted to the gym. Hiram tried a few stunts on the flying rings and after failing comically and lamenting his old age, he went up to get some tickets. He dug down in his jeans, pulled out two silver dollars, threw them down with a slam and said, "give us two of the best fifty cent tickets you got for me an' Mirandy and give us back a dollar change. I tell you when it comes to the show-down we're as sporty as the best of 'em."

An usher wanted to take him to his seat, but he strongly objected. "I went to Chicago on'st and I didn't get lost up there, and do you think I'm going to get lost in this little joint? I can find a seat myself." He went up to the front, crouched into a specially reserved seat, drew forth an old cob pipe from his shank pockets and proceeded to light up some home-grown weed. "Pipes out," some junior yelled. "That's all right, I have mine out," and turning to Mirandy he spoke thusly: "These derved ignorant people here didn't know enough to take out their pipes and be sociable till they were told."

Finally the lecture started and a short man in the rear yelled, "Hats off." Hiram stood up. I'll not take my hat off. Last time I went into one of those play houses in Chicago I took mine off,

laid it on the floor beside me and a dirty cuss near me chewed ter-baccar and spit in my hat. I'll not take mv hat off." "Sit down," some one yelled. "I'll not sit down. I paid for this seat and I guess I can stand up if I want to." Views of the sun, moon and stars were shown in turn and explained and Hiram had some very audible remarks to make about each. The moon was presented as a rugged, barren mass, but Hiram objected. "I was told when I went to school that there was a man there, and whenever he looked sort of squee-eyed it was going to rain, while if his face was full and round it was time to get out and cut the oats."

Some one pulled his coat tail and told him to sit down. Finally the crisis came. The lecturer had the audience spell-bound in narrating of the intense heat of the sun and the enormous distance that separated us from it. "Why," he said, "the sun is so far away that if a small boy had an arm long enough to reach out from the earth and burn his finger on the sun he would have died of old age before the sensation reached his body." This was too strong for Hiram. "Well, well! Ha Ha," he roared at the top of his voice, and after he had regained possession of himself he arose and faced the audience. "Women and men, did you ever see a man with such a long arm as that? Why, I have an uncle at home, Bill Birdseed by name, and his arms are so long that when he stands up his fingers touch the calves of his legs, but who ever saw a man with an arm ninety-five million miles long. Well, 'I'll be a punkin!' Suppose that man wanted to sleep at night, what would he do with that long arm? He would have to wrap it up in a bundle and leave it under the bed while he slept. Now suppose he was out in the field hoein' cawn and a flea should bite him on the back, he would have to lie down and roll over his arm near his waist until it got short enough to catch the pesky critter that was eating on him. Again, suppose he wanted to get his hand down his pocket for a chew of terbaccar, how in Halifax would he ever get that terbaccar out? His hand would fill up his whole pocket. But I suppose it would be a pretty handy thing to have supposin' he left his pipe at home when he went out to hoe the taters. All he would need do would be to reach over to the house, take the pipe off the fire place and run up and meet his hand coming back with the pipe."

After this burst of eloquence he sat down while the gallery clapped vociferously. In a few moments the lecture was over. The audience started for the door, but Hiram refused to stir. An usher came up and told him that the show was over. "Show be, etc.," and the storm of adjectives, interjections, dashes, quotation marks, commas and full stops would put a sailor to shame. He demanded his money back, denounced the lecture as a dashed hum-

bug and said that he expected as much before he came. When he got out to the lamp post he found that his horse had pulled the bridle over its head and had gone home. Hiram and Mirandy walked, but he swore that the next time he would come to a lecture on stars he would stay home and go to bed.

PROF. MOULTON'S LECTURE.

Everybody feels thankful to the science class and its painstaking professor for the treat which their well directed enterprise procured us last Sunday evening, January 14. We had been promised great things from the learned professor of the big Chicago University, and we were not disappointed. He succeeded in impressing all with the plausibility of his contention that the findings of astronomers are not guess work, but conclusions which are mathematically accurate and certain. He took us through the heavens, showing us the planets and suns, the milky ways and the nebulae, which he explained with clearness. His stereopticon views of the heavenly bodies are perfect, and wonderfully aided the lecturer in sustaining the interest of his mixed audience.

SNOW VISITS INVALIDS.

We take the liberty of quoting the following passage from a letter of Brother Mulvaney's, dated Tucson, Arizona, Jan. 1, 1906:

New Year's day will be one long remembered here. When we awoke this morning we were astonished to see everything white with a coat of snow, yes, real Wisconsin snow! I have never witnessed a more beautiful scene than the picture this country presented this morning. The mountains, the valley, the tall cacti, the monotonous sage-brush, the irrigated palms and the barren desert, all wore a white mantle and presented a scene that would have tempted any artist. But you should have seen the natives! They were bewildered, and gazed upon the scene like the inhabitants of Summit when they first saw an automobile. This was the first heavy fall of snow in Tucson for twenty years with a record of a little flurrie six years ago. At first the Mexicans were afraid to move, thinking the end of time had come with the end of 1905. Gradually they became courageous and came out to see what real snow feels like. To us it was a treat. All of the patients, sisters, nurses, etc., enjoyed a real snow-fight and every one seemed like school children at play with the snow. Camera fiends arrived on

the scene and devoured the situation ; curio gatherers tried to bottle the crystals, superstitious ones rubbed their ill-affected parts with the God-given article, Mexicans tried to steal the rarity, but the race ended with Old Sol monopolizing the whole quantity before the life insurance presidents heard of it. By 10 o'clock every bit had disappeared and the desert was as dry as ever and the climate like that of July.

NECROLOGY.

We regret very much to announce the accidental shooting and death of our former classmate, Fred Schwantke, which occurred Dec. 19. We lack details of the sad occurrence, but learn that Fred had been out hunting in Indiana and was felled by a stray bullet, which caused his death a few hours after the accident. We beg to assure his grieving parents and friends of our profound sympathy.

