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FAC ET SPERA.

## L'ENFANT JESUS.

"NOEL! Pourquoi ces chants etranges?
"Un enfant divin vous est ne"
Chantent la-haut des troupes d'anges,
A tout l'unviers etonne.

Mais son berceau —douleur amere!—
Est desert, sans rideaux, sans fleurs,
Consolez-vous :il a sa mere;
Demain il aura tous les coeurs.

M. J. Marsile, C. S. V.

C.P. Mulvaney



## UNCLE'S CHRISTMAS VISIT.

We used to call him Uncle Nelson because he had been in the Navy in his youth and in his riper years he had married a Scotch lassie and had become singularly enamoured of everything English. Uncle had received a good Catholic education in one of the best colleges of the United States, but, like many others, he had his "ups and downs" in life. Having married a non-Catholic wife, who, though she was a good woman, exerted a certain influence over him, he gradually became estranged from the church, notwithstanding the fact that he lived in the city of K—— where there were several Catholic churches and where Uncle had many Catholic friends of high commercial and social standing.

Later he entered one of the Masonic lodges—and thus severed all connections with the Church.

He failed in business. He went West in the hope of building up his fortune; but affairs went from bad to worse. He returned, his wife died; he became despondent. For a time he sought to drown his cares in the wine cup. His Catholic friends alone stood by him in his hour of trial. Their hospitality sheltered him from the open skies of poverty and the shafts of evil report.

Meanwhile his daughter, who had spent a few years in a convent, married a wealthy young man, and Uncle went to live with them in the town of M——. Again he lived in an un-Catholic atmosphere and was growing older in what seemed to be a case of confirmed infidelity. While we, his Catholic relatives, rejoiced over Uncle's good fortune in having found a comfortable home, we were deeply vexed at the thought that the very comforts he now enjoyed were likely to prove a dangerous anaesthetic that would produce in him an utter insensibility to the wants of his soul. Because we heartily deplored this we sincerely prayed for him, and we often conferred together to devise means of reaching his heart.

We wrote to him and quietly hinted at his advancing age and at our own desire to do honor to his remains in a Catholic church. Then Uncle, who could write a very good letter, would answer, giving news of the young growing family about him and the joy and comfort he tasted in the home of his daughter, but he never mentioned a word that betrayed a thought of concern about his spiritual condition.

We had often invited him to come and visit us, for he now lived some hundred miles away, and we thought that if we could induce him to come during mission time, it would be a most favorable opportunity to produce an effective impression upon him and set him to thinking. We had the thing nigh all arranged once, and he was coming. The Rev. Paulist Fathers were giving a mission those two weeks and we were congratulating ourselves upon the assured success of our plan.

However, two days before the mission opened, we received a telegram stating that Uncle had received a rather serious injury one day while riding with his grandchildren, and would not be able to pay us the promised visit. We prayed for him during the mission and had masses offered for his conversion. The more the mission proceeded the more we regretted that Uncle was not present to hear those sermons which surely must have won him back to duty.

Time wore on and at the Thanksgiving family reunion it was suggested that Alice, a neice for whom Uncle always entertained a particular regard, should write him a letter and invite him to spend Christmas with us. Alice wrote the following letter:

My Dear Old Admiral:

You will let me call you "My dear old Admiral," won't you, Uncle dear, for tho' you have been long on land, I know that had you been on the sea all these years you would now surely be an Admiral. Now, Uncle, we have decided that you are coming to spend Christmas with us and we'll expect you with Cousin Hattie in near future. Pa has a supply of a new brand of cigars and also some excellent smoking tobacco—not the "Tar's Delight," which they say is unsmokable on land—but something that will surprise you. Be sure to bring your meerschaum with you. We are sure we can give you and cousin a good time and are only awaiting your visit to show you what fun we can afford you if you give us a chance. Write that you are coming.

Affectionately, your Alice.

In a few days an answer came that gave us all reason to rejoice. Uncle was coming and his grand-daughter would accompany him. Preparations were made, and his three brothers and several of his old friends vied with one another in their eagerness to give the old gentleman and the young miss a royal welcome.

Uncle and "our comely cousin" arrived on the appointed date. All congratulated Uncle upon his hale appearance. He was now white haired and a trifle bent with age and the weighty trials he had endured. He was chatty and we listened with delight to his always interesting conversations. Uncle was greeted everywhere by bright faced children and happy parents. The good cheer that was spread before him on all sides disposed him to accept the invitation we were intending to tender him to accompany us to witness once more the impressive ceremonies of the "Midnight Mass." Uncle did not seem to hesitate at all in accepting the invitation. He even seemed pleased and eager to go along and insisted on his granddaughter coming also. Warmly attired, we crowded into the sleighs and off we went to the church, gliding over the crisp moon-lit snow, and filling the air with our joyous shouts and laughter as we applauded Uncle's stories.

Arrived at the church we, as well as Uncle, received a pleasant surprise. On entering, we thought ourselves transported to a celestial paradise so brilliant was the array of lights and flowers. The main altar, decked with graceful festoons of smilax and cut flowers, was resplendent with lighted candles, and resembled an immense throne. The altars of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, too, were artistically decorated with flowers and lights. In one corner of the sanctuary was placed a most beautiful crib, the work of ingenious and pious hands. The design was a miniature cave, the outwork of which was covered with moss and banked with ferns. In the center of the cave on a bed of straw lay a life size image of the Infant Babe with outstretched arms and smiling countenance, betokening welcome. On either side were the statues of Mary and Joseph kneeling over the Babe in the attitude of guarding their Divine treasure. Roundabout them stood the shepherds, five in number, gazing with holy admiration on the reclining Infant. Over against a patch of star-studded azure appeared two beautiful figures of angels holding a scroll on which was written the words, "Glory be to God on High, and on Earth Peace to Men of Good Will."

The church certainly looked its best for the great feast, and a large throng of worshipers had gathered for the celebration. Just as the town clock tolled the hour of midnight, forth from the organ loft came soft strains of music, and twelve little boys began to sing

that most beautiful Christmas carol, "Stilly Night, Holiest Night." So touching were the words and so well did these youths sing, that every one in the church seemed impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and many wandered back in fancy to that memorable eve centuries ago. When this carol was finished, the door leading to the sanctuary opened and there entered a score of boys, ranging in years from six to eighteen, dressed in spotless white cassocks and surplices, followed by the celebrant attired in the richest vestments. The chorus, composed of fifty male and female voices, began the Kyrie and everyone knelt, even Uncle and Hattie being so interested that they followed our example. After the "Gloria" the choir sang the "Nolite," the message of the angel to the shepherds and the chorus of the cherubim, which the simple-minded watchers heard on that first Christmas eve. After the Gospel the priest ascended the pulpit and in a few well chosen words reminded the faithful of the solemnity of the feast.

"The birth of Christ divides the ages," said the preacher. "The advent of Christ is coincident with the advent of a new civilization. If there is more justice, more kindness, more mercy, more purity, more moral beauty and heroism in the world to-day than in the old pagan times, we owe it all to Christ. If men are more humane and less brutal, if they are more devoted to high and generous aims and less selfish we owe it all to Christ. Without Christ the progress of the world from the comparatively crude and barbarous civilizations of pagan nations to the splendid achievements of modern civilization is inexplicable. With Him a new force came into the world; it was a world-moving force, a transforming, an uplifting power which raised man Godward. No cause is adequate to effect the regeneration of mankind which history testifies to, except the divinity of Christ and the consequent truth of his teachings. This is why we bow in loving reverence this day before the Infant God. He who cannot love Him this day, must own his heart of stone."

As we all realized we were making a last assault upon the indifference and insensibility of our dear old relative, we had agreed to pray our best during the service that God's grace might touch his heart. Uncle had listened with rapt attention to the earnest sermon of the young preacher. The music, too, seemed to awaken in him sweet memories of long ago, for when the choir began to sing the "Credo"

he turned to one of his neighbors and whispered, "Isn't this grand!" When all knelt at the "Et Homo factus est," he, who had not knelt for so many years, was overcome by the solemnity of the strain and the majesty of the words and fell to his knees with the rest of the congregation. And strange, he remained kneeling as though lost in deep thought and oblivious of his surroundings. When, after the elevation, the choir sang "Venite Adoremus," he fixed his gaze on the altar and his lips could be seen to move as in prayer. At the communion when all the congregation approached the holy table and he almost alone with his grand-daughter remained behind, he experienced not so much confusion as a longing, a hunger for the sacred food. When we returned from the railing, Uncle was kneeling, his face buried in his hands. Was he weeping? It was at this favorable moment, after our communion, that we had agreed to ask of the Savior to save one whom we loved.

The return home was not marked by outward signs of joy, like the trip to the church, for the reason that Uncle sat almost silent and seemed deeply immersed in thought, and we cared not to disturb him. We felt that our scheme was proving successful and inwardly rejoiced at the apparent change in Uncle's mind. Uncle, to our delight, confessed that he had not seen so beautiful and so profoundly impressive a ceremony since the days of his youth. We told him how we had prayed for his conversion. This seemed to touch him deeply. He even began to see through our pious scheme and this again moved him profoundly.

Seeing that Uncle was favorably disposed to listen to the sweet voice of religion we arranged to have him witness a little religious function which was as delicious as it is novel in this country. One of our priests, who had sojourned some years in the Eternal City, had imported from there a pretty custom that obtains chiefly in the Church of Ara Coeli, near the Capitol. Briefly told, the practice consists in sermons by the children. So on the feast of the Epiphany we accompanied Uncle and niece to the church in the afternoon. Directly in front of the crib, which was really a triumph of art, a temporary platform had been erected and prettily decorated with pure white bunting studded with a profusion of sweet-scented pink carnations. An eager throng of parents and children and friends pressed around the little ones' pulpit and listened with eager attention to the tremu-

lous, childish voices as they told of the joy, the pathos and the glory of the divine infant's birth. When one of the little orators, girl or boy, poured forth from his little heart as from a burning golden censor some particularly sweet expression of affection and sympathy for the child God, a round of applause and bravos greeted his performance.

Uncle was as surprised as he was delighted. He said as we were returning home that the warm love and trusting faith of these children was almost irresistible, that their innocent voices had an appeal all their own and that their native candor and suavity imparted to the sometimes severe messages they uttered an altogether peculiar winsomeness. Hattie, who noted the artistic arrangements of the Crib, the beautiful church decorations and the tasty dress of the little preachers, thought this a unique spectacle and something so joyous that she could never have associated it with the austerity of the Catholic Church.

Uncle spent many days among his relatives. He noted several books in their small libraries and asked the loan of some of them. But Alice, who had an "Imitation of Christ," an "edition de luxe," which she prized very highly, insisted upon Uncle's accepting this little book as a Christmas present; and she said: "Uncle, read a page of this every day and it will do you more good than all these other books." Uncle thanked Alice and promised to comply with her injunction.

After the Christmas festivities were over, Uncle returned home to his daughter. Some time after, Uncle wrote that he had made a call on the parish priest of the place where he resided. He said that the priest was as surprised as he was pleased to meet Mr. Nelson, for he had always considered him as a non-Catholic.

Other letters told of more frequent visits of Uncle Nelson to the parsonage, and that on these visits he had taken with him his granddaughter, who was receiving instructions in the catechism with a view to being baptized.

When the Lenten season opened, Uncle's letters became as redolent of religious interest as they had before only smacked of worldly concern. Finally as Easter approached Uncle Nelson wrote to us that he had completely surrendered and that he wanted us to come for Easter to M——— and see for ourselves.

Our dearest hopes were realized. Cousin Hattie made her first communion Easter morning, and at her right was Uncle Nelson receiving his first communion since forty years. It was a true spiritual resurrection, a triumph of grace.

He never forgot to thank God for the Christmas of 1895, which was the occasion on which we had the visit of Uncle Nelson.

G. M., '06.

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## PEACE ON EARTH.

"Peace! peace- "The angel choirs sing,
To men of earth this day we bring
Tidings of joy. Hail to your King!
Oh peace to ye who weep and mourn,
Whose hearts, by weight of sin, forlorn
Dare not to hope. This day is born
The Prince of Peace!"

"Peace! peace! "Rings out the glad refrain,
"Let glorious peace triumphant reign
In every heart! Priceless the gain!
In friendship's golden fetters bind,
Captives of love all human kind.
That thus united they may find
How sweet is peace!"

"Peace! peace! Behold the gift we bring,
To fallen man, from Heaven's King!
Unite, O nations! Praises sing!
Cease base ignoble strife and war:
Triumphs of peace are grander far.
This lesson learn lest ye should mar
This blessed time of peace."

J. B. Drennan—05.

## LEGEND OF THE TWO LEAVES.

Instinctively we all admire the perfect works of nature, a leaf, a flower, a fruit, a crystal, tree, mountain or meadow, and whatever else nature's dainty hands seem to have taken particular care so to mould and fashion that it would be a faithful mirror of God's beauty. Such a perfect work was a stately maple whose story I will tell. So high did it rear its symmetrical pyramid of rich foliage that it attracted the attention of all passers-by, and so gorgeous did its autumnal beauty appear in all its rich hues that even the peasants of the neighborhood halted to confess their ingenuous admiration.

This tree stood close beside the ivy-grown old church in the quaint hamlet of "B———," which has nestled peacefully these many years in the valley of a placid, winding stream, surrounded by the most picturesque scenery. The tree, which appeared to act as a solitary sentinel of the sanctuary, seemed to have imbibed some of the holy spirit of its surroundings, and, besides attracting attention on account of its superior beauty, caused a feeling of awe that quite overcame the simple rustics; for, after each Mass, even if there was not a breath of wind stirring, a strange murmur could be heard from the tree, whilst not a sound came from the surrounding trees.

On a certain day, late in the beautiful moon of the Indian summer, two leaves on one of the topmost branches of this mysterious tree, were conversing with one another in a language unknown to all, save the true children of hoary old Dame Nature.

These two leaves had received as one the benign smiles of gentle summer, accompanied as they were by soothing showers and peaceful winds that lulled them gently to slumber. Gorgeous autumn had been no less lavish in freely bestowing her manifold bounties than gentle summer, for these two leaves far surpassed their fellows in richness of hues. They also seemed to have more richly inherited the mysterious qualities of their parent tree, for if a mere human being could have understood the language of Nature, he would have discovered that they had much higher and nobler aspirations than their sisters who lisped round about them.

While the two leaves were thus conversing, their companions all about them were falling helplessly down to their final resting place, for it was then November, the month of the dead. The great tree

was now about bare of all its former beauty, and served as a striking illustration of the true form of most of the things of this world, without their proper and necessary embellishments.

The two leaves, on observing the fate of their comrades, expressed a wish that, instead of suffering the ill fortune of their neighbors, by falling to the ground and there crumbling away, they might learn more of the holy proceedings that daily went on within the sanctuary. They had been made all the more inquisitive, and, indeed, had become intensely desirous of seeing the wonders of the chapel because they had overheard the altar boys talking of the approaching Christmas celebration as they lounged idly under the holy tree after vespers.

As if in immediate recognition of their wish, a gentle autumnal breeze wafted them lightly through an open window of the church, and deposited both of them gently on the acanthus of one of the pillars. For a moment they were completely bewildered at the sudden gratification of their wish, and then, to verify their former idea of the interior of the edifice, they surveyed the surroundings of their new abode. What they saw was far beyond what they had ever conceived in the wildest flights of fancy. They were also surprised to find that the acanthus on which they rested seemed to be one of their own family, for it had the form of a gigantic leaf, but it seemed to be petrified. At first the daily services, which they could easily view from their elevated position, were a cause of much wonderment to them; nor was there lacking an element of perplexity and awe in the mingled feelings with which they at first viewed the sacred rites enacted before them. But after they had been spectators of the holy mysteries for a month these two little pagans had acquired a more extensive knowledge of religion than many human beings who frequently attended the various ceremonies, and because of this professed to be Christians. It happened one day that the already ardent fire of their interest was suddenly but pleasantly blown into a great red blaze. Something extraordinary must surely be going to happen, they thought. On an afternoon people poured into the confessionals; black-robed nuns glided noiselessly about; pretty village belles scurried hither and thither, while ardent but clumsy swains seemingly dogged the footsteps of the lasses in a vain effort to assist in the preparations for the oncoming celebration, and also to attract the

attention of some favorite among the maidens. In the first place, the clumsy swains only succeeded in getting in the way, and they received so little encouragement from the busy maids that they soon desisted in their efforts to help and please.

The two leaves, unobserved by all, watched these pleasant and merry scenes with renewed attention. As they now fully understood the language of the people, they eagerly drank in all that was said. They learned that all the preparations being made were for the Christmas midnight Mass. They looked forward to the witnessing of this elaborate ceremonial as the one great event of their life. They also heard the children lisping expectantly to one another about the gifts forthcoming from Santa Claus. In a remarkably short time, it seemed to the leaves, who intensely enjoyed the preparations, everything seemed in readiness for the memorable happening.

Then came the night before Christmas, on which the "Messe De Minuit," or midnight Mass, was celebrated. Flowers and greenery were tastefully arranged about the altar, and an elaborate display of colored electric lights produced a pleasing effect on the many colored streamers, prettily placed in the most conspicuous places, and also tended to show up the other various decorations to the best advantage.

Suddenly a joyous sound of tinkling sleigh bells and of prancing horses was heard, and then the good people of the surrounding countryside poured into the church, devoutly making the sign of the cross and then exchanging "Merry Christmas" salutations.

As soon as the congregation was seated the solemn service was begun. The sacred songs and joyous carols that were sung served only as a frame to the sweet piety of the day and to the holy spirit that pervaded that little band of worshipers.

After the priest had intoned the "Gloria in Excelsis," a troop of little children, clad in spotless white, issued from behind the main altar, filed through the sanctuary, and while marching around the church, sang the angelic message, "Gloria," as they returned to the sanctuary. While the "Credo" was being sung, after the "Et Homo Factus Est," some twelve or more boys, quaintly costumed as shepherds, entered the church bearing their crooks, some leading little lambs, and proceeded to the crib, at one of the side altars, to adore the infant Jesus, who, though not there in the flesh, was truly there

in the spirit. During the offertory the "Ca Bergers, Assemblons Nous" was sung. Then a short sermon was given by a visiting priest, in which he appealed to the faithful to do all in their power to propagate the faith and to love their neighbors as themselves. Christmas, he said, was considered the special feast of childhood, which Christ had consecrated by taking the form of an infant. The custom of giving Christmas gifts to the children was, and is now, deemed sacred, because the Wise Men, in their adoration of the infant Christ, gave him costly gifts. It is not so much the value of the gifts, as it is the spirit in which they are given, that causes Christ to reward the donor.

After this appropriate sermon the entire congregation received the sacrament of Holy Communion. The church choir, the angel choir, and the shepherd choir then united their voices in singing the grand chorus, "Adeste Fideles."

Throughout this imposing ceremony the little leaves listened with rapt amazement. For a short time after the ceremony was over they were in a sort of trance, from which they were awakened in an unlooked for manner. A window had been inadvertently, but luckily, left open by the sexton, who was old, feeble and very forgetful, and one of a flock of snowbirds that were flying merrily about, out of curiosity flew into the church. In its joyful flight in and out among the pillars the tip of its wing rudely brushed the two little dreamers from the cosy nook that had been their home for some time past. Their reveries were quickly broken by their fall; but lo! when they reached the ground, their utmost wish had been fulfilled, for they lay together at the foot of the crib, as if to worship the Divine Infant. Providence had benignly interfered in their behalf a second time.

As they were contemplating their new surroundings, and congratulating themselves on their good fortune, they heard voices issuing from behind the partially closed door of the sanctuary.

Listening, they soon learned that the voices were those of some young ladies who had remained to put things in order for the regular morning Mass. Three of the young ladies had separated themselves from the rest, and were much nearer the door, and the leaves could hear them talking very distinctly. One young girl asked the other two to come home with her that morning to eat the "Gateau de Noel," or the collation after the midnight Mass. One of the other two accepted the invitation on the condition that the others come to eat

the "Gateau des Rois" with her family on the Epiphany. The remaining young lady, who appeared to be a stranger, asked what all this meant. Her companions then explained that it was the custom each Christmas morn to eat a lunch after returning home from the Christmas Mass, and that on the Epiphany a large cake is served in diverse circles of friends. This cake is called the "Gateau des Rois." A bean and a pea are put in this cake, and the man receiving the piece that contains the pea is king of this pretty social function next year; while the lady receiving the piece with the bean in it is queen of the festival for next year. The families take turns in serving the "Gateau des Rois," and it happened to be the turn of one of the young ladies present to serve the cake this year. This custom has been the means of reconciling families that had been estranged for a long time previous. The young lady who was a stranger also gladly accepted the invitation to eat the "Gateau de Noel." Then the young ladies left the sanctuary, chatting merrily of Christmas morns long since past as they went.

After the young ladies had left the church all was still, and the two little leaves were left alone in silent contemplation, until the morning Mass. At first a few straggling beams of light came faintly through highly colored windows, then they gradually became stronger, until finally myriads of rays shot forth, and the sun, shining in full radiancy, transfigured everything in the church. The scene had been imposing at night, but in the full light of the glorious sunrise, it had a brilliancy and a sweetness all its own.

After the celebration of the morning Mass a group of little children came up and gathered around the crib to worship the Infant. The voices that had been so merry and light a short time previous were now hushed, as the children knelt in adoration.

The first things to meet their gaze were the two scarlet leaves that lay like two flaming hearts at the feet of the Divine Infant.

Partly on account of the mysterious manner in which the leaves arrived at their longed-for destination, partly because of their color, and also on account of the strange place in which they were found, the two leaves were carefully preserved, and each year after they were given a place of honor on the large Christmas tree.

If God thus rewards supposedly inanimate things by giving them an important place in his own festival, what will he not do for human

beings who endeavor to lead a true Christian life?

Visitors at the Christmas celebration in the little hamlet of "B———" often express wonder on seeing two scarlet leaves, daintily tied together with ribbons, occupying the most conspicuous part or the Christmas tree, and then some ever-ready villager recites the foregoing legend.

If any of you, my friends, ever have the privilege of visiting this cosy little French-Canadian hamlet during the Christmas season, I hope the pleasure may be yours, as it was mine, to hear some obliging old person, tell in his or her quaint way, the "Legend of the two Leaves."

Raphael Thiers, Second Rhetoric.

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## CHRISTMAS ODE.

Within an old and tott'ring stall
  Where chinks of time mark roof and wall
There lies a Babe with beaming face
  And heart the fount of every grace.
The manger crib though mouldy grown
  Is now become a lofty throne;
For in it rests the King supreme
  Who'll conquer earth and man redeem.
The stable scarce a fitting inn
  Would be for cattle's kith or kin;
Though wintry blasts within it roam
  A Mother's presence makes it home.

M. J. B. '04.

Martin Breen

## CHRISTMAS ON THE PLAINS.

"Well, reckon I'll go over to the Springs to-morrow, Maria; Joey'll take care of the ranch all right, I guess, for a couple o' days. I want to get a few things for Christmas and perhaps there might be a letter from the folks, too."

Thus spoke Jack Marion to his wife; there was a decision in his voice and manner more than in his words which his wife seldom found fit to oppose.

"All right, Jack, go ahead; but——" here she paused and, with a slight sigh, continued, "but, Jack, come back as you go; now promise me, leave the fiery devil alone; don't touch any liquor."

"Don't worry, girl; I've got over that foolishness, I am thinking, and, if it touches you that way, I'll promise I won't touch the stuff."

"Any more of the boys going, do you suppose?" queried the wife.

"You bet! Tom and Ned are sure to be there, and mebbe many more from Coyote Brush. You know there's several buyers around from the East. It'll sure be a great time, and there'll be a lot of cattle sold there these days."

The next day was ushered in cold and with quite a flurry of snow. The whole prairie which extended around the Marion ranch was one vast expanse of glittering snow. Now and again the playful wind raised little clouds of snow from the earth and tossed them about in whirling drifts. The sky, however, was clear and lit up by the brilliant winter sun, which, glare as it did, served little to heat the air.

"Bur-r-r,— Gee whiz! it's cold!" exclaimed Jack as he entered the house, his arms heaped up with kindling wood. "Reckon I'll pile on all my furs."

The town called the Springs was about sixty miles by trail from the Marion home. It was quite a trip indeed for these men to take, especially in such cold weather. They were up bright and early upon their prancing ponies and were soon started down the snow-strewn trail. There were about ten in number, besides our friend Jack, all stout and merry lads, typical Western cowmen. To beguile the time and also to make the trip shorter they would, now and again, race down some level stretch of prairie, each man betting on himself and his own pony. The sharp, bracing air, combined with the exercise which they would take along the road, conspired to whet their

appetites, and they were soon admonished by their watches that lunch time was at hand. They had now reached a rather dilapidated old cabin, set back a short distance from the trail, a relic of some pioneer who had erected that venerable old hut and had probably died there. Directly the party made their way to the "old shanty" and dismounting entered. With considerable zest, sprinkled with good natured fun that frequently exploded into loud guffaws, they addressed themselves to their lunch pouches and were eating heartily, when Tom Day, one of the lads, reached over into his saddle bags, the rest of the party waiting in suspense, as he clumsily groped about in the depths of the bag, with, however, a pretty well defined idea of what was hidden in there. A big round bottle, well stoppered and sealed, was produced.

"Wa-al," drawled Tom, as he slowly extracted the cork with a huge pocket knife, "I guess you fellows need somethin' to warm you up a bit."

"Blue icicles, but I'm cold!" "Blame near freezin'!" were a few of the rejoinders that greeted his remark, and forthwith the bottle was passed around; at last it reached our friend Jack, but he gazed sadly at it for a moment or two and then shook his head.

"What, Jack! Well, I do declare! Better just take a little tickler, it'll do you a pile of good."

"Not this trip, boys; I—er—don't exactly care for any. I promised the old woman I wouldn't, see?" They made sport of him for a while; but Jack manfully stood their gibes and stuck firm.

Finally, toward six o'clock, the party neared the Springs, whose many sparkling lights cast their tremulous gleams over the snowy plain announcing warmth and comfort to the travelers. Our friends at last trooped gaily into the little town with their jolly cheers and a brisk canter down the main street. The town was lit up brilliantly on account of the holiday season and here and there some weary pedestrian was struggling slowly through the snow, his arms packed with bundles and his face beaming with that cheery expression peculiar to festival days.

Their ponies having been housed up in an old stable, in Western parlance facetiously called "The Ponies' Paradise," the boys wandered about town, some contracting sales of cattle and still others, and I am sad to say, the majority, were industriously engaged in

painting the town a real bright vermillion. It may not be amiss to state that these last succeeded to the best of their expectations. Several of the lads, while making sales and purchases, happened to hear about the next day's great event, the biggest affair ever seen at the Springs. The word was soon passed around among the boys that there was to be a "show" in one of the churches uptown, and they all agreed to take it in. The "show," for that was the word by which they translated religious service, was the Christmas ceremony to be given at St. Mary's Mission Church, a humble little chapel, built on the edge of town.

Father Edgar, a zealous and energetic young priest, had charge of the mission, but was stationed twenty miles distant from the Springs. Inflamed with all the ardor of his sturdy young manhood and with all the zeal of an apostle he had plunged heart and soul into this, his beloved labor. It was evident that the young missionary was in love with his work, and that his warm heart beat fast with the love of his little flock; and, as it is not the nature of the Westerner to allow affection to pass unrequited, the priest was in turn loved by all the townspeople. For one month had he labored in the preparation of the Christmas celebration. Great interest was taken in the approaching services, as the priest was popular, and many were the inducements to those who thought of attending. The music promised to be fine, for he had trained a large choir to sing the Mass and Christmas carols, for the priest himself, besides being an eloquent preacher, was an excellent musician.

The Mass had been announced for 11 o'clock. About 10:30 Christmas Day Father Edgar rode into town, the flanks of his steaming pony flecked with snowy foam. The priest, who had been quite an athlete in his college days, leaped agilely to the ground and led his pony into the same "Ponies' Paradise" wherein our friends had tethered theirs.

"Bully fer you!" the ranch boys shouted, as they saw him alight. They followed the priest at a distance as he proceeded to the church and freely gave vent to exclamations of admiration, saying that he "certainly was all right." The Mass began at 11 o'clock, as the priest, punctual to the moment, had announced. The church was crowded to the very doors and then there were some who were forced to stand in the small vestibule. The decorations were simple,

but elegant; little springs of holly and evergreen being woven into wreathes encircled the white wooden pillars. But the exquisite taste of the priest had been manifested chiefly in decorating the altar, which appeared like a great throne shining in the midst of a blaze of light.

The ranchers were awed; so magnificent was the spectacle which their eyes beheld that they thought they were in heaven. At last the Mass being finished, the priest came forward to deliver the Christmas sermon. He read as a text the words, "Peace on earth to men of good will," and the subject was appropriate to his hearers, for well did he know the quarrelsome and violent tempers of his Western flock. In simple and yet impressive words he insisted upon the beauty of peace and necessity of charity. His delivery was dignified and yet there was an indescribable sweetness in his tone and gestures. In the strongest terms did he condemn violence and disorder; in the sweetest terms he extolled the merits of peace and good will to others. The sermon was strong and sensible, and the eloquent words sank deep into many an irascible heart to quell the violent fires that burned there. So long had the boys been away from such doings that everything semed new and impressive to them. They had almost forgotten that there was anything else on earth besides cattle, ponies and whisky. At the end of the sermon the priest announced that at 3 p. m. there would be the Christmas tree exercises for the children, and he invited all to attend.

"Let's go," whispered Jack to his comrades; the rest immediately acquiesced. They then proceeded to leave the church and were met at the entrance by the priest, who had stationed himself there to exchange holiday greetings with the members of his congregation and to become acquainted with occasional newcomers. He bowed to the boys as they were passing and in a friendly way addressed them, saying:

"Pardon me. I believe you are strangers here. I would like to speak to you a moment if it would not trouble you."

"No, no," replied Jack, acting as spokesman for the rest, " 'twon't trouble us a bit."

"You don't live in the town, do you? I don't recollect having seen your faces here before." Then the boys proceeded to tell him that some of them hadn't seen the inside of a church these many

years, and some did not even know what a church pew was. Father Edgar smiled and invited them to come again, and promised to visit them soon.

At 3 o'clock the church was again filled, nearly all those who had taken part in the morning service having returned for the children's entertainment.

A large Christmas tree occupied the center of the sanctuary, covered with dainty colored tapers and an abundance of brilliant ornaments. To one side was placed a pretty little waxen image of the Infant Christ. Shepherds were kneeling outside the manger, and behind them were the sheep, while in little stalls along the side were placed an ox and ass. The children all filed in, went up to the altar railing and knelt before the crib. Curiosity won the rather bashful ranchers, and they pushed up with some of the older folks to see what was attracting so much attention, and, as they examined the shepherd, the sheep, the ox, and the ass, they remarked that "It was right smartly done not to forget their own kind—i. e., the shepherds on such as big day as this."

Then the Christmas presents were distributed to the children, after a short talk by the priest. The children then joined in carols of praise and thanksgiving to the Christ child. The people were all happy and merry, the grown folks participating largely in the exultation of their children. Jack almost wept at the thought that his own little Ben and Jennie were not present to enjoy these gifts and be happy with the other children, instead of being at home alone on the dreary ranch sixty miles away.

The next day the little party left the town to start home again on their lonely trip. Several among them were quite gay from the effects of frequent potations, which they had indulged in before departing. But Jack had not entered the tavern door once and was as solid as a rock. They had already gone on their way several miles when they met two men on jaded ponies, drearily wending their way along the trail. The boys scanned their faces as they passed. One of the ranchers stopped and hurriedly whispered to the rest, "Did you see that fellow? That's Jim Ewing. You remember that cuss that stole your horse, Tom? That's the same fellow." Tom Day, the one who had passed the bottle on the way to town before, was about the least sober of them all. He started up in his saddle with in-

flamed eyes and rage written in every wrinkle of his hard face. "Let's at 'im, boys," he said, huskily, and, suiting the action to the words, was soon at the heels of the two, who had only gone about fifty yards ahead. "So you're the skunk I've been hunting for, eh?" he exclaimed, and dragged the unhappy fellow from his seat. "Lynch him! Lynch the dirty dog!" yelled the rest. But Jack, who, as we have said, had not touched a drop, stood in front of the accused and quietly speaking to the incensed men around him, finally prevailed upon them to desist. "What? Lynch the poor devil the day after Christmas? I say, fellows, let's be merciful for once, as the good man said yesterday: "Let us have peace! I say, boys, let him go."

"Yes, but hear what he has to say first, anyway," the man's friend enjoined.

"Well, gents," nervously began the culprit, "all I can say for myself is this: I simply had to take that horse. If you recollect the horse was up on the Banner Creek. Well, I was mending the broken wire on Branden's ranch, when along came three young Indian bucks, drunk enough to be dangerous, and having a regular jubilee by themselves. I guess they must have broken out of the Chilicothe reservation. They spied me and thought they'd have a little fun, and they did to the best of their ability; they started to warm me up, but then I spied the horse and, mounting him, barely escaped. Your horse is up at Branden's now." The explanation was accepted and each party proceeded on its way! On account of this delay, Jack reached home late that night, but his wife was still awaiting him. There was a good warm meal on the stove and it was quickly served to the hungry traveler. The children, too, were up and listened with wide open eyes to the marvelous things their father had to relate concerning Christmas at the Springs. Many were their exclamations of wonder as they listened to his recital, and they were actually jubilant when Jack said: "Yes, Ben, I'll take you and Jenny up to the Springs next year if I have to sell ten steers to do it."

Then he undid the parcels and spread before the eyes of the overjoyed mother and children the pretty and useful things that he brought them. Never before had these simple little ones seen such things.

But then—"Oho! what's this?" said the wife, as she tore the paper from a—good-sized flask!

"Yes," said Jack, "that's a jug—with some pretty good spirits in it, too; but I didn't touch the stuff. That jug is as wet inside now as it ever was. I kind o' thought it would be all right to have it in the house for company."

"Yes, the Moran folks from Coyote Brush owe us a visit for over a year," said his wife.

"And say, Maria," the priest promised he'd be around soon to see us; likely enough, this spring, he told me."

"That'll be like the visits of the angels we used to read about in Sunday school," said Maria.

"And, oh! here's a letter, too. I didn't read it yet; it's from—I declare, it's from York State, and," as he opened it "from mother. She sends to her faraway Jack a mother's Christmas blessing. She says: 'I have been praying the provident Lord to protect my dear Jack and his dear little wife and family, to protect you all in that wild and forsaken land.'"

Jack, in spite of vigorous efforts, could not restrain two big tears of joy from escaping his eyes. That strange felicity which had taken possession of his soul in the little mission church, the strange happiness which he had caused in his own little household, as well as along the trail, made him reflect that there is in religion a great power, and from that day Jack became one of those temperate and industrious men, one of those really God-fearing and law-abiding pioneers who are to-day, as they were yesterday, laying the foundation of civilization in the great West.

Fred Miller, Second Rhetoric.

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## ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

The musical traditions established in the earliest years of this institution have been ably kept up by artists whose names it will be sufficient to mention in order to indicate the degree of culture which this heaven-descended art has attained in the halls of St. Viateur. All those who know the Rev. Fathers Bourget, Mainville, Williams, O'Connor, Nawn, Quille, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris, Brothers A. Desjardins, C. Raymond, P. Dube and L. Goulette and Prof. G. Martineau, can testify to the excellency of the music which these experts in that divine art are able to furnish. The wonderfully well rendered operettas of the last few years attest alike the honor in which

music is held at St. Viateur's and the proficiency of the students in that most spiritual of the arts.

The annual feast of St. Cecilia, the patroness of music, is always sacred to our musicians and is religiously observed by them. This year the Cecilians executed a very beautiful mass in the chapel at the 8 o'clock service. The mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris, D. D., in the midst of a glory of decoration that made our chapel look a fit subject for the brush of a Raffael. One of the principal features of the music was the "O Salutaris" which was beautifully rendered by Mr. D. A. Feeley.

The sermon by Rev. Dr. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., dealt with St. Cecilia as virgin, martyr and musician. The reverend preacher told many interesting reminiscences of his visits to the shrines of St. Cecilia in the catacombs of St. Callixtus and in Rome, and urged the students to cultivate the musical sense which would enable them to enjoy pleasures at once innocent and elevated while here below, and thus prepare to join the happy hosts above who play upon their golden harps and sing their glad "Hosanna in the Highest."

At 8 o'clock all assembled in the gymnasium where a musical treat was given. The program consisted of an overture by the orchestra; a solo, "Thought Fancies," by Mr. D. A. Feely; "Credo," from La Hache's Mass of St. Theresa, by the college choir; Quartette, "To Have You all Here," by G. Esterbrooks, J. Monahan, A. Birren and J. Long; Solo, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," from Handel, by Master F. Anderson; Violin Solo by Miss Gertrude Nugent; Solo and Chorus, "My Country," by Master M. De Sousa and Chorus Inflammatus, from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," by G. Esterbrooks, and Senior Quartete; "Good Night," from Parks, by Fr. Rivard, Brother St. Aubin, Mr. D. A Feeley and Mr. W. Cleary

The program proved to be an excellent one. Many of the numbers were encored. Those which were best appreciated were the solos by Mr. D. A. Feeley and Master F. Anderson, the violin solo by Miss Nugent and the solo and chorus by Master M. De Sousa and a chorus of Minims. Mr. Feeley is well known to students and friends of the college and his singing is always well appreciated. Masters De Sousa and Anderson are new comers to the college and they are both winning a name for themselves in musical circles. Miss Nugent is well known as a prominent musician of Kankakee.

After the program Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris gave an address on

"Music." The Monsignor has always been considered as an eloquent speaker; but this address is appreciated by all as one of his masterpieces. He told of the beauty of music and the beneficial effects which it produces upon its hearers. He spoke of the music of nature, in the warbling of birds and the rippling of the brooks, also ascribing musical qualities to the whirl of the tempest and the splashing of the ocean wave. Music, whether in the roar of thunder, in the throat of birds or in the voice of man, in the venal zephyr that awakens the sleeping roses, or in the sforzando of the storm that bids man kneel in supplication for safety, in every one of its many manifestations music always has some sublimely terrifying or sweetly soothing effect. The rousing power of national airs upon soldiers and tourists especially, the cheering effect of popular strains, the soul lifting virtue of liturgical chants were all pointed out by the Rt. Rev. speaker with a fervency of eloquence, a wealth of imagery and a brilliancy of wit that quite captivated his hearers and must have left upon them profound and delightful impressions. Heaven itself, he said, was naught else than an ecstacy of love and song. As he had referred to the "Knights of the Gamut" as equally abhorring to be sharp as to be flat, but as glorifying ever in being true, the Rt. Rev. orator closed by saying that if philosophy teaches us to know the truth, music teaches musicians to live the truth.

FrankWalsh, Second Rhetoric.

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## THE ARCHBISHOP'S VISIT.

The pleasure of a visit from His Grace Archbishop Quigley, D. D., Nov. 23, was as genuine as it was unexpected. On a few hours' notice all were in readiness to welcome the most reverend prelate notice all were in readiness to welcome the most reverred prelate in true Viatorian style. After visiting the chapel, which he much admired, the archbishop was escorted to the gymnasium hall where a reception from the students was tendered him. Strains of martial music sounded and the large C. S. V. battalion stood at a "present arms" as the dignitary and visiting clergy and members of the faculty walked through the great hall up to the stage. Several beautiful musical numbers were then rendered and the faultless and catchy sword drill of the Columbian Guards was given. Mr. W. Cleary read an address to His Grace, warmly welcoming him to St. Viateur's. The archbishop in his reply regretted that untoward

circumstances had prevented him so long from coming to St. Viateur's, whose historic past he had heard of in Rome many years ago from Rt. Rev. Monsignor Legris, whom he had the pleasure of knowing as a student at the Propaganda. He was as surprised as delighted to find himself here now the object of such an elaborate reception when his visit had not been expected. He congratulated the young men and boys who had displayed such proficiency in the musical and military arts and heartily commended the members of the faculty for the excellent work they are evidently doing. His Grace promised to be with us commencement day and concluded his remarks by granting the students a grand holiday.

H. Butler, First Rhetoric.

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# THE VIATORIAN.

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## EDITORIAL

### Greetings.

The Viatorian wishes all its readers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. In the glad joys of the great feast let all our small and great mutual offenses be forgotten. Peace will enfold us in her arms as brothers in their mother's embrace. Be we the children of Peace, sung by heaven's angels.

### Religious Sentiment.

Some of our exchanges, especially our Hich School friends, remark that "The Viatorian embodies more or less religious sentiment," and we are disposed to accept this remark as a compliment rather than as a censure, since these same exchanges invariably pass favorable comment upon the most religiously inspired stories and essays that appear in our pages. Of course we know that sentiment, religious or otherwise, is not a thing of reason that can be taught us like the theorems of geometry or the rules of logic; but it is nevertheless an important part of our human nature and a valuable factor in real human life; it is a thing which, like literary or artistic taste, can be developed and trained. We do not think that there is any overproduction of strong religious convictions or of fine religious feeling in our great, broad land. And as we deem that a well reasoned out religious belief and a delicate religious sensibility make for individual elevation and advancement towards that which is best and also contribute to true social progress and to national grandeur, we

are not going to offer any apology for the religious flavor that may be found in the literary menu of our journal.

Buffon it was who said "the style is the man;" and if the man is a deeply religious man, his writings must in some way reveal his religious ideas and feelings. So, too, if an institution is conducted upon religious principles and seeks to educate and refine the religious sense of its students, it need not be wondered at if these students embody a religious idea in the more or less artistic expression which they attempt to give of themselves in their essays, poems and fanciful sketches.

The Christmas season is at hand, and as it naturally arouses in the mind of a Christian believer many other ideas besides those of cake, good cheer, brilliant gewgaws, lively trade and rest from toil, we will in this Christmas Viatorian, as in years past, allow the junior classes to express in fiction their ingenuous Christmas thoughts and feelings

Finally, since the present subject suggests the thought, we may be allowed to quote a contrast of opinion regarding one specimen of religious fiction which appeared in the Viatorian. The Dial commended very highly the sweetly spiritual strain of "Arthur's Vision," saying that it was a delightful story that was sure to appeal to the clean mind. The Spectator finds "the plot unnatural; that it requires a great effort to get into the spirit of the story, and that in fact one cannot do this without feeling very uncomfortable." It is evidently needless to try to please all tastes.

## Anent Dantean Subjects.

Some of our local readers animadvert on the frequency of Dantean essays in the Viatorian. We desire to repeat that the pages, columns and even the margin of the Viatorian are open to acceptable contributions from all the students of the college. We repeat that this is in fact the primary purpose of this publication, which is maintained in order to afford the students an incentive to write something that will be printable. And mindful of this thought, we have allowed space in the Viatorian to essays and stories which were not of a high order of merit in order to encourage the well meant efforts of beginners. We are still disposed to be partial to the contributions of juvenile pens, which will acquire smoothness by dint of use. To justify our selection of the Dantean themes which students offer us,

we would say that these themes bear their own recommendation in the generally careful way in which they are prepared and in the sometimes original and lofty thought which they express. We deem it our business to encourage our fellow students in the handling of subjects which evidently educate their thinking and critical faculties. While we admit that there are countless other subjects equally worthy of the study and artistic expression with those of the Divine Comedy, yet we cannot but commend the mental acumen and the judicious taste of those who have so familiarized themselves with this unexcelled poem as to be able to spell out in fair speech some of its mystic sense.

Further, it may be permitted for us to state here for the benefit of those interested that the Dante essays are generally, if not invariably, singled out by our exchanges as those of highest merit in the Viatorian. This favorable comment upon Dante papers has been noticed for the last two or three years. That pretty fiction, "Arthur s Vision," which appeared in our October number and which our exchanges so highly praised, was only well disguised imitation of one of the last cantos of Purgatorio which we were studying last year A recent issue of the College Student, the organ of The Franklin and Marshall College, of Lancaster, Pa., thinks that our midsummer number was excellently edited and that "The Madonna in Dante's Paradiso" is easily the best essay in that number of the Viatorian. For these and various other reasons we are inclined to let the good work go on.

## Athletic Ethics.

If there is a feature which more than another makes intercollegiate contests of athletic skill interesting, profitable and enjoyable, that feature is "fairness." The constant cries of "robbery" rising from the indignant rows of disinterested beholders are an unmistakable sign that justice, which is essential in all things, is being shamefully abused. However, we do not think that the exhibition of unfairness, ever so patent, by one party to the sport should justify ungentlemanly wrangling and much less unseemly rows. We would heartily endorse and approve the action of athletes who, rather than submit to repeated and evidently unfair decisions, elect to forego and forfeit the comparatively trifling pecuniary emoluments involved, accept the generous fifteen min-

utes given them to leave the grounds, and pay their own fare home, to remain there until their offending adversaries have learned both to be just and to be polite.

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## EXCHANGES.

A merry Christmas and a happy New Year—thus in the time-honored way, we extend the greetings of the season to all and especially to each of our fellow college publications. We presume it is in keeping with the season to cast aside all critical acerbity, and have a kind word to say for all the magazines on our table. But here we beg to insert a word of apology to such of our friends as lack of space and inability to say much in few words, prevent us from giving mention. We also take it for granted that resolutions for the New Year are just now in order; and with that interest in their general welfare which becomes a co-editor we would suggest to some editors whose publications are before us, that they insert an exchange column in their journals, and by so doing, they shall have taken and nobly acted out a very good resolution. We do not propose to consider here the many decided advantages of an exchange column. We have done that so often during our short career as exchange editor, that we are simply tired of it; and, no doubt, many of our co-laborers in the ex-world would receive further harangues on this question with weariness exceedingly great. However, we wish to express once more our convictions in this regard by saying that we do most emphatically believe in an exchange column, and are not at all inclined to place high in our estimation those journals which exclude this department.

Let every college journal in the country conduct an exchange column, and with this end in view, let every journal having one bring the force of moral suasion and influence to bear upon its delinquent brothers.

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The November number of the "Alpha Pi Mu" merits much praise for several reasons. Clad in a most attractive and beautiful garb, its contents are in keeping with its cover. Indeed, its numerous poems and essays are far superior in point of literary excellence to those found in many pretentious college publications that monthly

visit our sanctum. The second part of "Songs in Many Keys" appeals to us especially among the poetic productions of this issue (which, by the way, are not too numerous), as admirable for the musical flow of its verses and the beautiful religious sentiments it contains. "Autumn," a short, well written essay, bespeaks a prolific imagination and an ability to couch many beautiful thoughts in as few words as possible. "Medieval Sky Not Starless," impresses us as being ably written, timely, and scores a telling point in favor of the church. The whole November number, in fact, is such that we are forced to express a desire that many such magazines would more often pay our sanctum angel visits.

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The Gentleman in the "Pittsburg College Bulletin," who claims that a certain weekly, which visits his sanctum, is beyond criticism is, we think, sadly mistaken and altogether too laudatory.

And to the exchange editress of the "Loretto Magazine," who has in her November number expressed her dissatisfaction with a more or less mild criticism of her journal appearing in the October Viatorian, we wish to say that while we very much regret the fact that we have been so rude and inconsiderate as to frighten the timid doves of Loretto, with the cruel, harsh accents of old Horace, still, with that modesty and propriety which becomes one addressing a young lady we would suggest that you would do well to receive well meant criticisms in the right spirit, and, unlike the proverbial infant, refrain from bawling out thus boldly your dislike for what you so richly deserve.

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It is always a source of genuine pleasure and profit to review such a model college journal in every respect as the "Fleur de Lis," from St. Louis University. The November number of that worthy publication is as good as usual, and that means that it is one of the very best exchanges that came to our sanctum last month. While its essays are without exception commendable for sound thought and an attractive English style, its poems especially deserve a great deal of praise. "God's Grace" is remarkable for its excellent symbolism and the delicacy of its thought and expression. "Evening" contains several beautiful ideas which are not less poetically conceived than they are well expressed. That poem entitled "The

Triumph of Failure," cannot fail to impart a most striking and useful moral lesson. The exchange column is as happy as it is judicious in its remarks.

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There are ever so many college journals which may be justly characterized in a certain sense, as inconsistent, in that their standard of literary excellence fluctuates from month to month. But, to our mind, there is one college magazine among all our exchanges, which is remarkably consistent and whose literary standard is always firm, and that is the "Holy Cross Purple." You may take it up each month and you will be repaid by the consoling thought that you have perused beautiful poems and good solid matter expressed in elegant English. A "Western Singer," in the November issue, is a well written and profoundly thoughtful article on the character and poetry of the beloved Eugene Field, who, says the writer, was not a great poet, but a singer remarkable for his pathos and humor. A poem, entitled "The Long Ago," is easily the best among the effusions of the muse appearing in this number.

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Our friend and neighbor, the Kankakee High School "Optimist," is certainly one of the best balanced and most ably edited high school journals we received last month.

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Attired in a striking and attractive cover of maroon, whereon is inscribed in gold letters, "Winthrop College Journal," we peruse the pages of this publication for the first time with interest and not without a deal of profit. The speech against coeducation in the higher institutions of learning succeeds well in proving its points, and is written with that strength and directness of style which are well calculated to impress deeply our convictions on the minds of those whom we address. We have read with interest "Seeking a Wider Sphere" and with pleasure and more satisfaction that beautiful poem, entitled "Evening Song," which easily merits the palm among the few poems of this issue.

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We take the following remarkable statement from the exchange columns of the "Phoenix:" "We think it a good idea to devote from time to time a large space to the publication of articles of serious

composition." So do we, Mr. Phoenix. We must admit, however, that your words caused us not a little surprise, since before reading them, we thought you were presumably of the opposite opinion. Verily, it is not a bad idea to publish now and then a few serious well written essays.

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All success to our Christmas poets and Christmas story writers, whose efforts we pleasurably anticipate.

W. J. Maher, '04.

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## PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr Proctor Hansl, formerly on the Viatorian staff, is now on the editorial staff of the Delineator, New York. We congratulate Mr. Hansl upon his ascension In a recent letter to V. Rev. M. J Marsile Mr Hansl speaks of his happy marriage with a Catholic daughter of the Emerald Isle some two years ago and announces that he is the delighted father of a son whom he intends to send to St. Viateur's College in good time. Through the courtesy of the Rev. President we are able to quote the following passage of Mr. Hansl's letter, which will interest many: "I imagine that since I was at St. Viateur's many changes have occurred. Probably many of my old instructors and friends have gone away—Father Rivard, Father Ryan, Father Bergin—are they still with you? I shall be very glad to hear about them. And you—I suppose you remain happy in the discharge of your duties and in the care of your 'boys,' and grant 'conges' with the same liberality as of old.

"Doubtless since you have the gymnasium up, you have many more students. Perhaps some day I shall send my boy to you, for I know he could get only good from St. Viateur's.

"Raleigh is at Princeton University. He entered as a freshman this Fall and enjoys the life and, from reports, is taking full advantage of his opportunities. Artie is studying law at the New York Law School. We see him as well as my mother often. They are delighted of course over the baby. All wish to be remembered to you."

Mr. Peter Dufault, '03, writes from the Grand Seminary of Montreal, where is pursuing his theological studies. Both he and

Mr. Eugene Caron, who has commenced his theological studies this year in Montreal, are in excellent health and like the seminary well.

On the occasion of two football games played here between the St. Cyril elevens and two of our teams, November 14th, the Rev. President had the pleasure of entertaining several members of the distinguished faculty of St. Cyril's College. Rev. Father Ryan, President of St. Cyril's, Rev. F. O'Neil, Rev. F. Tynan, Rev. D. McCann, and Prof. Sohmers, as well as the Hon. Judge O'Callaghan, who accompanied the visitors appeared delighted with their outing and their reception at St. Viateur's.

We wish a pleasant journey to our Rev. friends Father F. O'Reilly, of Peoria, and Father Quirk, of Ottawa, who are soon to start upon a visit to Europe.

Among recent visitors were the Rev. Fathers L. Demers, J. Nawn, C. Quille, T. McDevitt, E. Bourgel, of Chicago; J. Levasseur, of L'Erable; F. Plante, of St. Paul; T. Dugas, of Beaverville; J. Cannon, of Urbana; H. O. McShane, T. Kelley, A. Bergeron, P. Conway, W. Kearney, J. Bollman, F. Barry, of Chicago.

Rev. M. Hayden has recently been transferred from Holy Trinity Church, Bloomington, to St. Patrick's Church, Peoria, where he will act as first assistant to his Lordship, Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, D. D.

Rev. W. P. Burke, recently assistant at St. Patrick's Church, Peoria, has been appointed first resident pastor of Ashkum, Ill.

Rev. E. Bourget, who for the last two years was musical director of the cathedral of Chicoutimi, Canada, has returned to Chicago, and is stationed at Notre Dame Church.

Rev. Father Sixt, for several years pastor of the German Catholic Church in Kankakee, has been promoted to the charge of St. Mathias' Church, Chicago.

Rev. J. Nawn, who has been acting pastor of St. Mary's Church, Chicago, since the death of Father Murphy, is appointed assistant at the Church of Corpus Christi, Chicago.

Mr. William Ryan, '92, of Danville, paid a pleasant visit to his friends at the college, November 3d.

Upon their recent visit to the college the Rev. Fathers Bourget, J. Nawn and C. Quille treated the students to a musical recital which was highly enjoyed by all.

## VIATORIANA.

Aha!
Zing!
Hap-Hap.
Get out of it.
How rude he is.
Dooley is back.
Sweetmeats up.
Oh! Yeast: How rising!
Please pass the sandridges.
Was it Humility, Fritz?
It's me to the turkey.
Yes, it was a skyrocket.
Punkin Husker visited our town.
We had preserved seats.
It went clackety, clackety, clack.
I think I will be a yachtsman.
He may get over it, but he will never look the same
Oh! Klondyke, I swallowed my gold tooth.
Give me watermelon in preference to all other vegetables.
Chester says Paducah is the only town for golf sports.

As soon as I arrive in Japan I will join the automobile and golf clubs.

Now that the football season is at a close I think it would be advisable to get a hair cut.

"Gee, cull!" exclaimed Alex when he saw Chester in his golf suit.

The smile that won't come off. Then whoop, hooray, for the oyster stew! With home-made slaw and crackers, too. Ah! Christmas is coming.

Charley was asked in the history class, who was the great man that said there is always room in front? "Don't know his name but he must have been a street car conductor." Charley resides in the South.

Yes, I am going home Christmas and will once more be amid the timothy, the clover and the corn.

"Hello, Alex! How are you?" exclaimed Shorty, as he entered the gymnasium, and held out his hand to his old college chum, whom

he had not seen for several months. "Well, how is business?" "Oh, on the jump. I have been managing three frog farms in Lafayette, Indiana."

Dear me! I wish the boys would get together and organize a basket ball team.

Pete—What would happen to you if you fell from a second story window and lit on your feet? Willie—First you would be preserved and then you would be jarred.

How would you stop a dog from going mad in July? Why I would shoot him in June!

"Why are you in silence?" inquired Alex of his friend Joe, who was sitting in one corner of the gynasium and looking very down hearted. "Oh, the prefect gave me a penance for hitting a junior with a lawn tennis bat and for raising a racket."

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## ATHLETIC NOTES.

St. Viateur 17, St. Cyril 0. A fast team representing St. Cyril's College, of Chicago, lined up against the varsity on November 14th. Although somewhat lighter than our team they made up the deficiency by speed and trick plays. The work of St. Viateur's was slow and at times ragged, which coupled with frequent calls for time by the St. Cyril eleven, kept the score much lower than it otherwise should have been. Lonergan played a fast and gritty game both on offense and defense. Martin and Savage hit the line like projectiles, whilst Sheil and McDonald displayed excellent form, especially in tackling. The work of Hayes for St. Cyril was exceptionally good He is a remarkable sprinter with a good head and a strong pair of tackling arms, qualities which liken him to the renowned Eckersall. Daily at left tackle made several sensational plays, breaking through the line time and again to tackle our backs. The game: The varsity made their first touchdown on line plunges outside the tackles by Lonergan, Martin and Savage, the oval being carried across by McDonald who also kicked goal. St. Cyril secured the ball on the kick off but were unable to advance and Lonergan paraded up the field with the pigskin, being ably assisted by the superb interference of Martin. McDonald kicked a perfect goal. St. Cyril was again given the ball in the second half and Hayes had the varsity on edge by two brilliant runs around our right end. St. Viateur obtained the

ball on our fifty yard line, and by a bewildering series of mass plays secured their third touchdown, Martin carrying the oval. This ended the scoring, the game being called on account of darkness when Jones carried O'Neill across the St. Cyril goal line for a touchback. Score, St. Viateur 17, St. Cyril 0.

| Lineup—St. Viateur. | | St. Cyril. |
|---|---|---|
| Burns | L. E. | O'Neill |
| Jones | L. T. | Murray |
| Smith | L. G. | McShane |
| Sweeney | C. | Kelly |
| O'Connor | R. G. | Kirby |
| Macdonald | R. T. | Daily |
| Collins | R. E. | Hayes |
| Sheil | Q. B. | Garvey |
| Lonergan | L. H. B. | Rafferty |
| Savage | R. H. B. | Dillon |
| Martin | F. B. | Donahue |

Touchdowns—Macdonald, Lonergan, Martin. Goals—Macdonald (2). Linesmen—McKenna, Keefe. Timekeeper—Carney. Referee—Monahan (Chicago). Umpire—Maher, St. Viateur. Time of Halves, 25 and 15 minutes.

St. Viateur 0. Ravenswood 7.

The Ravenswood team showed up just before dark on Nov. 21st, after the varsity had already played a hard game against the scrubs. The men being worn and tired out were in no condition for a game but it was decided to line up for practice against the Ravenswood team. Ten minute halves were played, neither side making very material progress in the first session. St. Viateur tried a number of new formations which were poorly executed and finally essayed to punt. The pass was poor and the ball rolled over the line where Macdonald fell on it for a safety. The half ended here. In the second half Ravenswood was unmolested and under cover of darkness began a march toward our goal. Newsome was given the ball on our twenty five yard line by a fake pass and took quick advantage of the confusion and darkness to sprint through our right end for a touchdown. It was too dark to kick goal and time was called.

The playing of the Ravenswood team was far below the usual standard of our men and owing to the fatigued condition of the

varsity and the approaching contest of Thanksgiving the game was a mere farce. Team work and defense were woefully lacking and line bucks were entirely elminated.

| Lineup—St. Viateur. | | Ravenswood. |
|---|---|---|
| Burns | L. E. | Green |
| Jones, McEvoy | L. T. | Fyfe |
| Smith | L. G. | Marone |
| Sweeny | C. | Marvin |
| O'Connor | R. G. | Howard |
| Macdonald | R. T. | Shrosbree |
| Collins | R. E. | Haigh |
| Sheil | Q. B. | Stevens |
| Lonergan | L. H. B. | Shogren |
| Savage | R. H. B. | Newsome |
| Martin | F. B. | Huxtable |

Safety—Macdonald. Touchdown—Newsome. Linesmen—McKenna, Keefe. Timer—Carney. Referee—Coffey (Chicago). Umpire—Maher (St. Viateur). Time of Halves—10 and 7 minutes.

## INDOOR BASEBALL.

The prospects for indoor are very good, judging from the games already played. A league has been formed which will play a series of games beginning December 1st and ending March 1st. The make up will include St. Viateur, Company L. Twentieth Century Club, Shaffer Piano Co. and the French Club. The St. Viateur team includes six of last year's men and is under the competent leadership of Capt. W. Burke, hence we may well look forward to capturing the pennant. The practice games already played are as follows:

St. Viateur 31. French Club 17.

St. Viateur 16. Shaffer Piano Co. 9.

St. Viateur 0. St. Ignatius 0.

The last game of the season took place in Chicago on Thanksgiving Day against the St. Ignatius eleven, the contest being played on the Gaelic grounds in the presence of three thousand enthusiastic spectators. It was the culmination of a season which saw one of the best teams St. Viateur has yet placed on the gridiron and the manner in which every man on the squad entered into the contest, proved conclusively that the men are capable of the best in foot ball. At

no time was St. Ignatius a dangerous foe and four times during the game did we get within their five yard line but were unable to score as the ball was openly stolen on each occasion. At the opening of the second half after Jones picked up the ball behind our goal and was downed for a touchdown by Doyle, McDonald booted the pig-skin out of danger and for twenty minutes of the fiercest kind of football, neither side was able to make consistent progress. The half ended with the ball in St. Viateur's possession on their opponents' twenty yard line. It was a battle of team work against the strong individual playing of veterans and St. Viateur showed that team work excelled, for they kept St. Ignatius in their own territory during the whole contest; but owing to the tactics employed by the Chicago men and their referee we were time and again robbed of the ball on open stealing, hence the inability to score. St. Ignatius have a heavy team of alumni who have been in the game for many moons, yet our team succeeded in playing all around them in every department of the game. Martin was a tower of strength, never failing to gain against the heavy Chicago team's line and his defensive work was brilliant. Lonergan, though disabled early in the game, pluckily stood it out and was the continual terror of his opponents. He was given the ball time and again for big gains, frequently adding from five to ten yards after being tackled. McDonald punted in fine style and handled the opposing tackle like a rag doll, but it was our left side which felt the worst of the struggle and Sullivan, Savage and Smith held as admamantine walls at every onslaught. On defensive O'Connor and Sweeny displayed features which mark them as linesmen of especial worth. Jones played a hard and speedy game especially on defense and Sheil, though disabled, was at his best. In fact every man on the team played in splendid form and the St. Ignatius team was entirely out-classed.

It was unfortunate that the varsity were unable to roll up as large a score as their good work merited. A misfortune which was due at bottom to the inability to secure impartial officials. It will not be out of place before bidding adieu to the season, to express the thanks of the squad to Manager Maher, to whose efforts most of the success of our eleven is due. When the coach deserted us early in the season, Mr. Maher volunteered to look after the team and, besides drilling the men and perfecting formations, infused a fighting

spirit which made our men as plucky a band of warriors as ever donned the armor of the gridiron, men who played the game at every moment and who always played to win.

Line up of Thanksgiving game:

| St. Viateur. | | St. Ignatius. |
|---|---|---|
| Savage | L. E. | R. E. O'Shea, McCarthy |
| Sullivan | L. T. | R. T. R. Prendergast |
| Smith | L. G. | R. G. Cronin |
| Sweeny | C. | C. Coughlin |
| O'Connor | R. G. | L. G. Mulvihill |
| McDonald | R. T. | L. T. Johnson |
| Collins | R. E. | L. E. O'Shea |
| Sheil | Q. B. | Q. B. Seger |
| Lonergan | L. H. B. | R. H. B. Devine |
| Jones | R. H. B. | L. H. B. Graber |
| Martin | F. B. | F. B. Garrity |

Referee—Burns (Chicago). Umpire—Cosgrove (St. Viateur). Head Linesman—McKenna. Timer—Carney. Time of Halves—25 and 20 minutes.

## SOCIETY NOTES.

The first meeting of St. Patrick's society was held according to the usual custom on the evening of the first Wednesday after St Viateur's day.

The assembly, consisting of the remaining members of last year's society, was presided over by our newly appointed moderator, the much esteemed and able Rev. M. J. Breen, C. S. V., who conducted in a business like manner the reorganization seance, consisting chiefly of the election of officers and the admittance of new members.

At present the entire enrollment numbers about fifty members of the advanced students in the senior department, and if we form any accurate judgment by the good will and enthusiastic spirit that has been thus far shown by all it is safe to predict that the society will establish a memorable record during the present year.

The hours so far spent in meetings have been pleasantly and profitably passed in hearing speeches and declamations, amongst which the inaugural address of Pres. W. J. Maher deserves special mention. It was remarkable not only for the skillful and eloquent

manner in which it was composed and delivered but for the marked impression which it made on the audience.

A eulogy on the illustrious Leo XIII. by Mr. William Keefe and one on Patrick Henry by Mr. W. J. Burke also won the warm applause of the members.

The elocutionary abilities of Messrs. J. B. Shiel and W. J. Maher, for which those two gentlemen are well known, contributed much to the entertainment of the society. A recital of "The Dagger Scene" from Shakspeare's Macbeth, by the former and of "Cataline's Reply to Cicero," by the latter, were so faultlessly delivered as to do credit not only to the speakers but also to the society of which they are members.

The programme for the meeting of December 2d consisted of a declamation by Mr. Fred Shippy, entitled"Eugene Aram's Dream," a speech on "American Progress," by Mr. Fred Miller, and a debate the subject of which was "Resolved that religious teachings should be kept out of our public schools." The affirmative was upheld by Mr. R. A. Lecuyer and the negative by Mr. W. J. Maher. The spirited discussion which this subject called forth served to open the eyes of many regarding the management of national schools. As the hour for adjournment had sounded before a final judgment could be arrived at, the question was tabled and will likely be taken up again in our future meetings.

James Hayden, Secy.

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We are profoundly pained at the disaster which visited Ottawa University early in December and we trust that the trial by fire which the progressive educators of Ottawa have sustained will only serve to whet their zeal and make them raise out of the charred ruins of their former institution another, a fairer, larger and grander temple of science.

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## ENCOURAGING WORDS.

We are pleased to be able to give the following excerpt from Rev. J. McCann's delightful sermon on St. Viateur's Day. After paying a glowing tribute to the sterling worth of V. Rev. Father

Marsile as priest and educator, he thus spoke of the mutual relations of alumni and Alma Mater:

"Were I asked to indicate what great work he has done to merit such an encomium, I would point to the former students of this college, to the material and spiritual works accomplished by them, to the intellectual, moral and religious influence they have had upon the thousands of communities in which they live. The men who have left these halls are now leaders in the outside world; and their influence in the world is the influence of this institution exerted through them.

The planets of the Solar System, though at a great distance from it, are children of the Sun. To it they owe their being, their heat and their beauty. They are still within the sphere of its influence themselves, and are the means of still further diffusing its beneficence. So the alumni are, in knowledge and virtue, children of this College; and their influences on the communities in which they reside is due in great measure to this institution.

"Reflections like these are calculated to inspire the alumni with gratitude; for if they are now leaders in the world, they ought to be thankful to St. Viateur's; because it is the intellectual and religious training received here that enables them to be leaders. These reflections, too, are calculated to encourage, and to inspire with new zeal the faculty and professors of this College. Unreflecting people may think of them as lost out here in this little village, without any influence on the great busy world beyond. But to thinking minds these college professors are among the greatest powers on earth. Here the future leaders of the world are trained, here they are inspired with ambition and given ideals. In reality, these professors are,—and all thinking men know it—the leaders of the leaders of the world."

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## NECROLOGY.

### George Rafter.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of Master George Rafter, a promising young student who was with us until a year ago. George was taken seriously ill at his home in Chicago two months ago and his last request was that six of his college companions should be his pall-bearers. Accordingly on the day of his funeral, Novem-

ber 20th, from the Presentation Church, Chicago, Masters J. Legris, F. Shippe, F. Munsch, W. McGuy, J. Long and R. Foley, bore the mortal remains of their deceased classmate to their last resting place. Master Rafter is remembered here not only as a bright student but as a well behaved and pious youth. He is one of the many upon whom college life left wholesome impressions. May his bereaved parents take comfort in the thought of his righteous life and Christian death.

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Rev. T. J. Whalen.

The congregation of St. Patrick, Kankakee, is in deep mourning over the death of its scholarly and devoted pastor, the Rev. Thomas J. Whalen, who had been in delicate health for several years, St. Viateur's council of the Knights of Columbus assisted at the obsequies November 23d in Kankakee and accompanied the remains to their last resting place in Calvary, Chicago. His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Quigley, D. D., paid a fitting tribute to the memory of the deceased, for whose soul we pray eternal repose.