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## THE TWO LAMBS.

Scharmel Iris.

A lamb was lost on Christmas morn,  
Upon a wintry mountain;  
It bleated sad, with eyes forlorn,  
Beside a frozen fountain.

A Babe was born on Christmas morn,  
'Twas laid in manger hay;  
A joyous angel blew his horn—  
The shepherds found their way.


His lamb the shepherd gladly found  
And warmed it in his arms;  
The Babe of Mary, swaddling bound  
Lay sheltered from all harms.

His eyes, twin dewdrops, took the light  
Of winter's twilight gray,  
His cheeks, soft blossoms pink and white,  
His lips the rose of day.

The gentle lamb frisked to and fro,  
And played with comrade, mild,  
As Mary sheltered from the snow  
Her darling newborn Child.

# "A PASSING CLOUD"

JAS. A. LOWNEY, '11

HEN we consider with close scrutiny the sentiment of sympathy it becomes evident to us that it is one of man's most powerful agents for the accomplishment of good as well as an incendiary torch for the widespread diffusion of evil. When well placed it is undoubtedly a true sign of sincere friendship, a priceless link in the chain of intimate relationship, as well as an exhaustless source of untiring devotion from which wells up the pure and unselfish waters of Christian affection, capable of refreshing the driest of souls. But like other sentiments when ill placed, it is as capable of working immense harm as it is of accomplishing inestimable good. At first we may give a reluctant assent to this assertion but upon the minutest inquiry into the stern reality the truth of the whole will clearly be seen. For how many keen and lofty aspirations have been blunted and razed low by ill directed sympathy, how many otherwise well meaning persons have been led in the wrong course by the untimely sympathy of weaklings; and how many of these wayward men have been encouraged to continue in the way of vice and crime by the lachrymose whinings of maudlin sympathy?

Not long ago within the past few months such has been the case in connection with the recent scene in Spain, the Ferrer execution. Hardly had the shot re-echoed about the walls of the dismal castle, than the Liberals, Socialists and Anarchists of Spain thundered forth their loud protests, condemning the action of the court, hurling blasphemies at the Church of God, and planning ruin to the regal throne. The Associated Press of Europe, aroused by Spain's vigorous action and ever eager to find fault with the Catholic religion, espoused the sentiments of Spain's revolutionary fanatics. Column after column was replete with the glory of Ferrer, his life was faultless, his aims the highest, his teaching the soundest. And now that the untimely curtain of death has been drawn down by an unskillful government on his grand role in the drama of life, could humanity be so cold hearted as to sit there, thus insulted without resenting the injury? No, that could not



be! Soon the world will recognize the sterling value of this hero and his teachings, it will hail him as a glorious martyr of liberty, while it will mourn for the loss of this fearless champion of the rights of man. Such my friends in substance is the manner in which the anarchists of Spain voiced forth their sentiments as regards this vandal destroyer of civilized progress and Christian institutions.

But sad to say this state of fury was not to be confined within the limits of Europe. Message after message was flashed across the convulsed deep of journalism and soon many of the great conservative papers of America were unconsciously extending the hand of sympathy to the Socialists and Anarchists of the whole world at the cold blooded murder of that matchless brother, Professor Ferrer. What a glorious victory for Anarchy was this sympathy of the American press, when these great dailies, the powerful exponent of common thought yielded their columns to the exaltation of such an ignoble character. The effect produced was startling, one hardly to be forgotten for some time to come. The different classes of our people read with eager eyes the startling news sent forth, drank the poisoned dregs of falsehood and believed with a firm heart that the government had certainly committed a great crime. But now that the proceedings of the Spanish court have been divulged to public ears and all former reports proven to be false, these great dailies are heartily sorry for the fault they have committed, are greatly humiliated at the idea of being thus so insidiously entrapped by the treacherous oversea despatches. They are sensibly horrified at the rash act they committed because they unconsciously awakened the semi-slumbering spirits of Socialism and Anarchy. They also recognize the superior position which the Catholic press held during this doubtful conflict and extol the wise motto it adopts in all similar cases, that of "making haste slowly."

To rest here satisfied with this mere narration of events would prove at the outset the temper of a weak and passive mind. We must be active here as elsewhere and try to show if Ferrer was the person the Liberals and Anarchists thought he was. They spoke of him as the faultless man, one possessed of the highest aims, whose teaching was the soundest and now the greatest martyr of modern times. If the man was faultless then the teachings for which he was condemned must have been faultless for the denial of the same would involve one in an unpardonable contradiction.



But as we will see his teachings were far from faultless and hence the conclusion will be obvious to all.

In his Modern School, as he styled his grand institution of learning, were cradled such monstrous principles that would, in the course of a few generations grow and spread devastation in the golden harvest of civilized endeavor and commit to ruthless vandals the noble works of Christian zeal and labor. It was in this school the generals who headed the July riots of Barcelona received their first lessons of ungodly leadership. It was also the pupils of this school who were accomplices in the attempt to kill the royal pair on the day of their wedding.

These are few of the fruits which sprang from the noxious seed scattered by that infamous teacher and if such be the fruit let us in passing examination consider germinally the seed from which those rank weeds of destruction spring. Space will not permit to set about a total revelation of Ferrer's teachings, nevertheless a partial exposition of these will suffice to embitter our feelings against this great exponent of Anarchy and convince us that death to him meant salvation to the upright and security to Christianity and civilization.

Here in epitome are the ghastly doctrines of this monster of humanity. He totally favored the abolition of all existing laws; encouraged the diabolical idea of extermination of all religious orders and the demolition of all churches; also the confiscation of all banks and railroads. Such was the program of attack which this frenzied general wished his many comrades to follow. And if these be the faultless teaching of a faultless man then I may safely say only he, who is faulty in his mental structure would dare fling such an assertion in the face of any sane man. If Ferrer was an advocate of Liberty, then Liberty certainly cannot be found of earth. For who can imagine that the abolition of all existing laws is the first step to obtain Liberty. Liberty without law is anarchy, pure unmitigated savagery. In the beginning God ordained an authority whereby order might be preserved, peace instituted and liberty protected. And since the Supreme Ruler of the universe has proclaimed laws the observance of which will insure our eternal peace then likewise He has ordained that certain laws be instituted and observed to insure the temporal peace of humanity. It is absurd to think that the destruction of all laws will establish Liberty.

But what adds still more to the fury of this demented fiend of lawlessness was his desire to exterminate all religious orders,



to demolish all churches and bring most cruel death to all priests even to the Pope himself. And yet these according to Anarchists and Socialists are the soundest of teachings, ones which realize the highest of aims. All hail! thou modern Julian, thou conqueror of the Nazarene! All hail! thou new Giordano Bruno, later of God and champion of free love! Did that advocate of infernal spirits, think he was following in the footsteps of Julian the Apostate who tried to put the lie on Christ's prophecy in regard to the destruction of the temple of Jerusalem? Yes, Ferrer, that martyr for Liberty's cause endeavored to bring an inevitable end to the church of God by propagating such doctrines of extermination and demolition. He tried to prove that she could not exist to the end of time contrary to what Divinity Itself had said respecting her endurance.

Why wonder then at the riotous events of Barcelona. The deluded minds of his numerous pupils had already been filled to overflowing with the contents of such fetid teaching and now under the guidance of their teacher they went forth to test the strength and soundness of the advice they had received. As a result it could not have been otherwise. Churches were pillaged and burned, convents were racked and nuns exiled, over one hundred and fifty persons were killed, government officials were threatened and priests were deprived of all their civil and religious privileges. Thus did outrage succeed outrage wherever the red flag of Ferrer bearing the devil's ensign had been planted.

Amidst these dismal scenes of incendiarism and murder, the leader was caught and sent to prison. In his trial he was found guilty and sentenced to be shot. Nor could the judgment of the court be prevailed upon by the mere shedding of a daughter's tears of appeal in behalf of that brother who had caused the eyes of many innocent ones to become dry at their continual sobbing at his heartless cruelty. No, the court firm in its conviction, had found the prisoner guilty and now he was going to die justly. And as the shots of justice pierced the wretched body of this monster we may fancy that Dante would have stout and jubilant devils present to carry the soul of this great martyr to its place of rest where the souls of other anarchistic martyrs are receiving their reward way down in the frozen pit of Cocytus.

As I have said before most of America's conservative papers were also present to extend their tender feelings of sympathy for such a man, an atheist at heart, whose highest aim was to wage



war with God. Let these papers beware. It is fortunate that they have retraced their steps for unconsciously they were encouraging the same element of America who boldly go forth and wave their red flag of Liberty before the statue of justice. Let them also remember that New York and Chicago are hot beds for the anarchy that is in them and let them recall to mind the events of a few years past, the assassinations of our three Presidents, the Haymarket riot, the death of Father Leo of Denver, the attempt to assassinate Chicago's Chief of Police and then perhaps they will not be so rash as to awaken these spirits of hell, whose leader is the devil, whose aim is destruction. If these events occurred in our country these great papers would appear among the first to espouse the action of condemnation and regard the severest death to be too mild for the monster who would dare assail our government as Ferrer did that of Spain. Prudence is a commendable quality, and giving to each one his due, we must unhesitatingly say, that Spain was prudent in this action of ridding the world of such a monster and wretch and not as the Anarchists and Socialists would style him, the glorious martyr of modern times.

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### AURORA.

Francis A. Cleary, '11.

Peace, quiet, solitude profound,  
 The evening air breaths not a sound,  
 Stealing through darkness, the dawn unseen  
 Wakens my slumbers, dispels my dream.

Radiant heavens—morning bright,  
 Beams on the hillside the king of light,  
 Driven to shelter, vanished all,  
 Moon and the stars, till the ev'en's call.

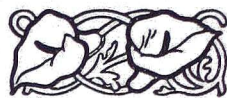
Roused from their nest at break of day,  
 Out from their nests the birds hasten away  
 Caroling sweetly off they fly,  
 Food for the young is their matin cry.

Thus opens day in splendor sublime,  
 A golden link in the chain of time,  
 Forged by the Omnipotent hand above  
 In mercy, goodness, truth and love.





# SPIRITISM



EDWARD P. KELLY, '10

**M**UCH attention today is being devoted to psychical research and a very numerous society has been organized under that name the purpose of which is to investigate the debatable phenomena of the spirit world, such as the mesmeric, psychic, and spiritistic, which are not sufficiently understood by any generally recognized theory. No one will deny that there exists men and women who claim they can communicate with the spirit world and have their questions answered so accurately as to transcend the powers of man. But the average man will ask: "Do these things really occur? I have never seen a ghost or spirit. I have never had communication with the nether world. I have seen nothing that cannot be explained by natural means. Hence I will doubt these things until they can be proved beyond the shadow of doubt." Tricks in this line exist and are numerous. The arrest of shadow mediums who eke a fat living out of the slender purses of loving wives and fond children by pretending to obtain intercourse with the departed father or husband are daily recorded in the papers. But that all are of this cheap, shabby kind is deniable. There are men and women engaged in the doubtful practices of necromancy who have high reputations among their friends and whose testimony would be accepted by every fair-minded individual as true. The truth of spiritism is affirmed by all classes of men—by Christians and by infidels, by laymen and by clergymen, by theist and by atheist. Scientists have entered seances with the express purpose of showing the sham and the delusion of the practice but have left the room mystified, astonished, failing in their purpose. The alleged spirit manifestations are testified to by so many men who are absolutely veracious and who have no motive in deceiving, that to deny their assertions is to reject human testimony, and to proceed to such an extreme as would render doubtful nearly all our knowledge.

The first of phenomena to be considered is hypnotism which is closely akin to the spiritist science if it is not exactly occult. There is no doubt that in some cases hypnotism becomes inex-



plicable through natural means. The method which is used to induce hypnotic sleep in a subject is both by mechanical means such as passes of the hands or anything that tends to induce sleep and by the concentration of the will of the hypnotiser. The intensity of the hypnotic sleep is due greatly to the condition of the one hypnotized and the hypnotizer, varying from an intense somnambulistic sleep to a light doze or drowsiness in which latter state the patient is conscious of what happens around him. When the mesmerizer has gained control of the will of the subject it is then possible for him to compel the subject to do anything he desires, even have him perform deeds which in his normal condition would be impossible. The effects of hypnotism are direful; for it not only causes moral degeneracy and a frightful weakening of the will but sometimes it causes physical disorders and even death. The most prevalent explanation of hypnotism is a psychical one, that is, that the principle of it consists in suggestion. The entire matter is exceedingly obscure however and no satisfactory explanation is forthcoming.

This explanation will suffice for all natural phenomena but there is no doubt that frequently there are many preternatural occurrences, that is the subject will perform feats and communicate information which neither he nor the questioner knew. This cannot be explained by the natural. Under this class of occurrences may be included such mechanical means of obtaining information as the planchette which is a small round table with three legs and in the center pointing downwards is an indicator. This table is placed on a board which has impressed on its face the letters of the alphabet and numbers. Two persons lightly press their hands on it and then ask questions either orally or mentally, which the planchette answers by moving, so that its indicator points successively to the different letters composing the answer. This has been tried with different degrees of success, some of the answers being prophetic and true, others being untrue. A great deal of success is due to the fact that those who operate the table firmly believe in the power of the planchette to answer correctly the questions proposed.

Another variety of preternatural phenomena is of a physical kind, such as unnatural rigidity of the body, elevation of the body in midair without any means of support, the power of the body to sustain blows which under normal conditions would cause certain death or serious injury at least, these are facts which are adduced on the testimony of many reliable authorities. In fact they have



been performed publicly. These facts are inexplicable for there exists a power behind these occurrences which is above the natural. An excellent example of this is given in Brownson's Spirit Rapper. A bad priest named Grandier, having failed to secure the office of spiritual adviser to a convent of nuns in Loudun, France, threw a bouquet of flowers over the convent walls which was picked up and smelt by some of the nuns; whereupon certain disorders began. These pious women were afflicted by various physical phenomena such as walking with the nape of the neck resting on the feet. Their tongues hung out black and they howled as enraged wolves or as the damned. During intervals they endeavored to compose themselves and continue their religious exercises but when the exorcist arrived their blasphemies began anew. They also took abnormal postures. A state followed in which they attributed their afflictions to evil spirits. The abbess heard another speak in her body. The Duke of Orleans visited these nuns, for the fame of these preternatural occurrences, spread over all France, and he witnessed these phenomena. When the exorcist commanded the abbess to worship the Blessed Sacrament she became convulsed and bit her arms and body. After a little time these convulsions ceased. The exorcist himself was attacked and thrown down. The Mother Superior was frequently lifted some feet in the air and held there for a considerable length of time. After some months the trouble ceased and all became tranquil. These facts are proved by statements of many competent authorities.

Modern spiritism, properly so called, began in 1848 in this country when the Fox Sisters became aware that they had the power of mediums. The spirits first manifested themselves by knocks which were intelligible to the family. A system of communication was established between the spirits and the Fox girls who were the first mediums. Necromancy being so attractive spread very rapidly in this country and in Europe but was generally held in disrepute until a few years ago when it was dignified by the name of psychical research. The phenomena at first exhibited were rapping and other super human sounds which could not be ascribed to any natural source. This was followed by the mysterious moving of furniture, ringing of bells, musical sounds produced without any instruments. Other phenomena which were later developed were the appearance of lights, the sounds of human voices, and finally the appearance of parts of the body and of the whole body of deceased friends and relatives. Spirit writing is frequently a mode of intercourse with the spirits. The



materialization of spirits is the most astonishing phenomenon of spiritism. Frequently spirits of deceased relatives have developed images, faint at first but gradually becoming more complete until the entire figure and face are perfectly formed. It is asserted that these figures can be touched but the consequence is that when they do touch some one that person becomes obsessed or possessed by the devil.

There is no doubt that these phenomena occur, not as often as alleged perhaps, but very frequently. It only remains for us to seek an explanation of the facts at hand. Every spiritist will tell you, if you inquire of him, that he communicates with the spirits of the deceased, but yet if you question him further, you will learn that the spirits frequently lie. Therefore, we are bound to conclude that the word of the spirit when he says he is Franklin or Washington, is not sufficient proof that he is either. But it may be retorted, the spirits demonstrate that they are those whom they claim to be by telling facts and incidents in the lives of Franklin and Washington which these two alone could know. This however, we cannot admit because the spirits tell even the thoughts in the minds of the persons having intercourse with them. But on that account we cannot say that they are identical with those persons. Not at all. All we can say is that they know intimately many things which man cannot know and that they use their knowledge for their own purposes. The spirits do nothing to establish their credibility and we can only believe them when we know that what they assert corresponds with some reality.

These spirits are not from God because neither could God Himself lie nor could any of His angels. These spirits never teach any doctrines tended to uplift humanity; their tendency is always to degrade. Besides the phenomena which they exhibit are sometimes futile and ludicrous and very often obscene and to attribute such to God is blasphemy. These spirits are always found on the side of the latest movement against the Church and the gospel. They are continually supporting the prevailing infidelity of the day and denying the dogmas of Catholicity. We may say with great truth that these spirit manifestations were started to overthrow Christianity by means of infidel superstition. And the author of these spirit manifestations is the Prince of Darkness himself, Satan. In *The Spirit Rapper*, Brownson says: "I do not say that departed souls may not revisit the earth; they have done so and may continue to do so, but the human soul never becomes an angel or a demon. \* \* \* \* The demons or devils are not wicked



souls separated from their bodies but the angels who keep not their first estate and were cast out of heaven. These fallen angels under their chief, Lucifer or Satan, carry on their rebellion against God by seeking to seduce men from their allegiance to their rightful sovereign. They can and do invade men, because they are superior to men and malicious enough to do it. But the good angels never do it, for they work not by violence but by moral, persuasive, peaceful and gentle influences, and the human souls cannot do it, for the strong keepeth a house 'till a stronger comes and binds him. Nothing remains then but to regard these spirit manifestations, in so far as real, as the invasions of Satan, as produced, not by good angels or departed souls, but by the fallen angels, called demons by the gentiles, and therefore, all these mysterious phenomena in so far as they are not produced by natural agencies, are sheer deviltry. This is the only conclusion that I as a Christian philosopher, can come to respecting them."

The effects flowing out of the practice of spiritism substantiates what has already been said. Those who are the victims of spiritism soon lose all will of their own; they are influenced by beings who delude them and use them as tools to drag others into the same path. It is admitted that there is a certain amount of truth gleaned from spirit manifestations and many valuable hints may be received in regard to commercial and other affairs of life, but it must be borne in mind that evil as evil never attracts but it is only evil sugar coated by an apparent or temporary good that is the terrible snare. As long as Satan can keep himself concealed under appearance of disembodied spirits, you may be sure he can continue his deadly warfare against mankind. If successfully uncovered and if his delusions are unveiled and exposed to the eyes of men, his purpose is defeated. In his endeavors to defeat the ends of God he has gone under many standards and used many means. His attempts have been ultimately defeated and likewise will be now, for spirit manifestations will do much to cure the rank materialism of the age and will demonstrate that there does exist a life after this and thus from his evil doings some good may be extracted.







## NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN



F. A. CLEARY, '11



WELL just think of it, only two more weeks and we'll be home once again. Can you believe it, Bob? Thus exclaimed Bill Winters to his friend Bob Ryan as down the stairs, they proceeded towards class. Now this pair had been inseparable since their arrival at Wellington College, and although other fellows had been their companions, more or less, this pair were, day in and day out, together. Ryan was not always regarded the best sort of a fellow, because it had been hinted, now and again, that he was prone to take that which did not rightfully belong to him or as some termed it light-fingered. This, however, did not ever assume the form of an out and out assertion and students always regarded him with enough friendship to annihilate all grave suspicion. The authorities, on the contrary were perhaps a little too severe, and were more careful to watch all such people. Bill Winters, just the opposite was far above any shadow of suspicion and for this reason, perhaps more than any other, Ryan held his distinction.

"Mr. Ryan, can you tell me the relative distance of the earth from the moon as compared with the sun?" asked Prof. Reed as Bob and Bill seated themselves in the classroom. "No I can't, how do you suppose I should know?" was the harsh answer which flowed from the lips of Ryan. "Well, Mr. Ryan I am here to teach and to be used as a teacher should, if you must answer in the negative, answer without such insolence," was the teacher's retort. "Mr. Winters can you answer the question for me?" asked Prof. Reed of Bill. Receiving a similar negative answer, which was so seldom heard from the latter, and observing Bill's hurried glance at Ryan, the teacher presumed that something surely had happened. The class continued, however, and the incident seemed quite forgotten. Meanwhile, as Reed cast, now and then, a glance at Ryan and Winters, he noticed that neither of them were paying any attention to the proceedings in the class. Ryan was reading some other book, while Bill was writing. After calling their attention to this fact several times and



not being obeyed by Ryan, in accordance with his command to pay attention, Reed suddenly exclaimed: "Mr. Ryan, either put that book away or leave the class at once." "I'll leave, said Bob, but you don't need to get fresh about it." After a few heated words, the Prof. quite forgetting himself, was so incensed, as to push Bob bodily from the room. "I'll return the compliment, some day, Mr. Reed. Sweet revenge shall be mine, good-day," shouted Ryan as down the walk he dashed for his room.

Of course our anxieties will be strengthened concerning Bob at this seemingly grave happening. However, it appeared to end, fine and well, for, after Bob's apology to Prof. Reed, and Reed's apology to Bob all appeared quite forgotten, that evening.

It was the evening "rec." hour and, as was the usual custom after supper, many of the boys could be seen walking up and down on the college campus, enjoying the refreshing breezes of an early winter's night. "Say Bill I'm sick and tired of this daily grind, it's nothing but work, work, work, from morning 'till night, let's get out, say tomorrow night. We can do it easily enough, I've certainly got the blues after such happenings as today. I haven't got a thing around here lately but abuse, especially from Reed. I apologized but I'll get even just the same." Thus spoke up Bob Ryan to Winters as the two marched down the college walk. "Well Bob I'm blamed tired of it myself, and something has got to happen soon. We're penned in here like a bunch of cattle and I've stood it long enough," said Winters. "Then you're on?" replied Bob. "Well the first thing we'll do shall be to borrow some clothes. We surely have to change appearances anyway."

Bob did seem changed, thought Bill to himself as he glanced at Ryan going in the gym door, just after finishing his breakfast. "I've thought the thing over and always come to the same conclusion. There's something wrong with Bob. I wish he'd cut out that trip tonight, I don't exactly like it. Well here goes anyway, what's the difference?" and Winters proceeded to his room. That noon, as Bill met Bob going down to dinner, he was told of the latter's success in securing the clothes for the evening's performance. "Oh, those Websters are too slow to catch cold, they think I want the suits for a play and were only too willing to accommodate me," said Bob.

Now the Websters' were two brothers just new to college activities, this being their first experience away from home. They were two swell fellows, as far as character was concerned, but be-



ing a little timid had not as yet picked up with all the students. College life was like a dream to them, and college discipline seemed the only real disadvantage to a good time. Hence, restraint was a little burdensome and for this reason they had often caused the Prefects discomfiture and they needed just a little closer watching than any of the other students, who were accustomed to such restraint. The two boys were fine characters, nevertheless and had made many friends.

Christmas was near and as long since planned the Websters were awaiting the family reunion which was coming off on the great and festive day. True, it was nearly two weeks off but then it would soon come. So they daily arranged and talked over the one great day, for the reunion was to them almost as great a cherished hope as the glorious Christmas itself.

Leaving this thought aside now, for we have somewhat diverted from our first characters, let us go back and see what has happened to Ryan and Winters. Their departure had been made with great success and the time seemed opportune and well chosen. "Gee we struck it great old man," said Bob, as soon as they had reached a safe distance from the campus. "Did you notice? Not a soul to tell whether we've been in or out tonight. Not a prefect on the corridor" continued Bob. But Winters remained quiet to all Ryan's assertions. "What's the matter old man, got cold feet? Too late to go back now," was the cutting remark from Ryan.

Alas! if they but knew the trouble that would finally ensue from the night's happenings, perhaps they would turn back from their course. Once down town and all was forgotten. "Say Bill I have a friend over on Lincoln street that I'd like to see. Would you just as soon amuse yourself alone for awhile?" asked Ryan from Winters after they had spent about an hour seeing the sights. Bill was glad to get away for a gnawing feeling of remorse kept biting him within his breast. "I'll meet you down at Lyon's drug store at ten o'clock," was the answer from Bill, and they parted. Three hours later and two shivering students might be seen wending their way towards Donaldson Hall. "Be quiet old man." "Back again and not a soul the wiser," whispered Ryan as the two parted, for their rooms.

You can readily imagine Winter's excited countenance as he glanced at the paper the following morning and read: "Bold robbery! Reed's Jewelry store ransacked. Valuable diamonds missing. No clue as yet." "Reed's Jewelry store! Why Prof.



Reed owns part of that store. It certainly is fierce," said Bill to himself as he continued in the account.

What a change there was in Bob the next morning. No one knew why, but it seemed that all the world had turned against him, if facial expression showed it. "Must be a little blue over something," remarked all the fellows and the thought was forgotten.

"Christmas four days off and home twenty-four hours away," was the manner in which Tom Webster expressed it.

"Henry and Tom Webster, you are both wanted in the President's office at once," were the words that greeted Henry's ear as he opened the door in response to a loud knock. "What can it be, Tom, Anything happened old man?" asked Henry. "Not as I know, the last thing I know of wrong, is that scrap about the suits with Bob Ryan, over a week ago. I thought that was all passed though," answered Tom.

Though kind and considerate in the daily life of college, the venerable President and Father Sanders, was stern and very commanding when any occasion demanded it. Perhaps a little too much so, for it was his misfortune to always see a thing as it first appeared to him. Maybe this can account for his abruptness in this following case: "My young men, to be very brief, I must say that I have called you here for a grave breach of college discipline. I have been informed, though I must admit, a little late, that you left the grounds after night-fall one night about two weeks ago. Circumstances point very much to the fact, perhaps you remember the evening in which Reed's store was robbed. Now I don't mean to implicate you in anyway with this latter affair, but I have been informed that you were not very far from the place at the time it was robbed. Hence you must appear for a witnesses' examination. This is an unusual case and, as such, demands unusual punishment. Therefore, tomorrow and every day following including Christmas, you shall both spend the time right here at school and at work." Thus sternly commanded Father Sanders. "Oh Father! It's all wrong, we don't know a thing about it! It can't be Father" shouted the boys in wild exclamation. "Not a word, not a word, I'm through with you both for now. No vacation belongs to either of you and not until the law asks for your presence in court shall you leave these grounds. Now be off!" interrupted the grave President.

Visions of home had faded, no Christmas joys to be hoped for,



no family reunion for the two Websters. Was this not a sad, sad plight. All the other boys packing for home, smiles everywhere, hustling and bustling throughout all the buildings. "Oh Tom, what did we ever do to occasion such trouble! Won't he listen to us at all?" wailed Henry Webster in wild sorrow. It was voiced over the entire student body that the Websters' were in trouble and that they would be forced to remain at Wellington all through the holidays. Feelings of pity, expressions of sympathy could be heard all over.

There were two throbbing hearts besides all these we have mentioned, who failed to see any sympathy in the matter, Ryan and Winters. They had heard all, and must make their get away before the truth would be known.

The waiting room at the station is crowded. Students hurrying to and fro in every part, and all wearing the glad smile which a going home always produces. One more minute and all will be speeding towards home and fond parents.

A hushed silence, a murmuring tremor and two burly policemen push their way through the terrorized crowd of students. "Mr Ryan and Mr. Winters, the carriage is waiting on the outside. Come with us," shouted one of the two husks.

Not a more chagrined man in all the college than Father Sanders. To think that he had caused sorrow to the two innocent Websters was too much for him and it seemed he could not bear it. He had erred once and this time badly. Could it be rectified? Surely it could, the Websters would have their vacation, they would sit at the family dinner on Christmas, and they did.

Not so with our other two friends, for after visiting a police court, where justice finally was convinced that Reed's robbery and Ryan did not coincide, and after being sent back to a gloomy old Wellington Christmas, and a greatly excited President, the two actors performed in a vacation play never to be forgotten.

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## THE DYING YEAR.

Francis A. Gavin.

December's chill blasts sweep the land,  
All nature slumbering waits the end;  
The skies o'ercast by leaden hue,  
The waning year, its death portend.



The fields lay desolate—stripped of life,  
They shield the breast of nature kind,  
The leafless trees in sombre gloom,  
Stand stark, unshaken in the wind.

All creatures seek their native haunts,  
The birds departing, flee the strife,  
For harrowing gates and frozen winds,  
Make bitter all that cling to life.

But just a little, and all is o'er,  
The year with joys and sorrows pressed,  
Shall close its life—bid sad adieu,  
And seek oblivion for its rest.

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WINTER.

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The withered leaves, the faded flowers  
The sighing winds low moan  
The aspect of the summer bowers  
A threnody intone.

No woodland songster lifts a lay  
No blossom soothes the eye  
Beneath earth's garb now cold and gray  
The fairest beauties lie.

As scented rose 'neath earth's gray pall  
Awaits springs breath to bloom  
So we likewise await the call  
That bids us leave the tomb.





# THE DOMAIN OF LABOR

J. P. O'MAHONEY, '11



THE twentieth century is the greatest of centuries. No age has been marked with such great progress along the lines of art, industry, and literature. We do not limit ourselves to the developments of this century, for are we not heirs to the developments of many ages? Even within the past few years our country has advanced with wonderful strides in almost every section of life. A review of the institutions of our forefathers, the conditions under which they lived, the difficulties they had to undergo in order to procure the maintenance of life, will convince us of this fact. The United States today teems with industry and prosperity. It shelters beneath its starry banner down trodden and oppressed people from far off climes. It knows no race nor distinction and its policy is as broad as were the minds of its liberators. But though we are surrounded with all that wealth and the greatest minds can conceive yet is there not something wanting, something the crumbled empires of old also lacked, but something whether in prosperity or adversity our fathers never forgot? Yes, the God of our fathers is no longer worshipped. A new god appears on the horizon, the crowd rush madly to worship him—the god of materialism is adored. What an awful calamity in a Christian land!

Is it not reasonable to suppose then that our people, one and all, are sharers of this great wealth? Is not this a land for the people? No, far from it. The conditions of the poorer classes have changed but little for the better since the arrival of this great influx of wealth and commerce. The laboring classes are called upon like the plebians of ancient Rome to demand redress for their wrongs. Hence from the "old bay state" to far off Oregon, from the lakes to the gulf a universal cry is raised—a cry for right and justice. That old maxim takes possession of them "in union is strenght," and each spoke in the wheel of industrial progress has now its organization. The benefits according to Devas, derived from these unions are more wages, shorter hours of work, and support to those out of employment. These are surely advantages that a man should enjoy. Is he not entitled to a fair wage for his labor? and is he not entitled to a few hours recreation spent in the bulwark of the nation—home?



Unions formed to further such praiseworthy objects are certainly commendable. Each individual member is a sharer in the fruits of a society formed and living up to such ideals, it even tends to elevate the moral tone of the locality in which it is organized. But, alas, corruption the destroyer of nations and society very soon finds its way into these organizations and slowly but surely saps their very life. Hence in many unions are men who give little heed to the interest of their fellow-laborers. These are the men who gain the favor of their fellow-laborers and having obtained their support, become full fledged politicians. Politics now as of yore grants a wide domain for pillage. Is it not a shame that the hardy sons of toil should be used as tools by petty politicians? Cries are heard again not from the laboring classes now but from our labor agitators. They too have a mission to perform—a mission of profit and contention. They favor the “get-rich-quick” methods by citing the names of money kings and the enormous profits of corporations. The doctrines of these agitators are hailed by the working class who are ever ready and eager to better their condition should opportunity present itself. What course do the agitators urge them to follow? A road that has been traversed many times and sprinkled with bloodshed—strikes. The great Archbishop Spalding of Peoria says: “The introduction of socialistic theories into labor unions will thwart the purposes for which they have been founded, for it will divert the thoughts and efforts of workingmen from reforms which may be brought about, to visionary projects which cannot be realized. It will foster distrust and hatred of employers. It will breed a spirit of recklessness which will prompt laborers to strike for slight and frivolous causes; to strike without any reasonable hope of gaining the points for which they contend, thus leading them to engage in struggles whose only issue can be misery and wretchedness for themselves and families.

Socialists are the foes of organized labor, because they rightly consider the trade unions as obstacles in their revolutionary schemes. When they become members of a union they do so not to strengthen it, but to make use of it to further their wild projects. They exaggerate the evils from which laboring men suffer, and turn from the very real progress which has been made in their condition.” The working classes are an intelligent body and know well if they are misused. If they have grievances is it not their duty to go and state the case to their employer? Thus they will elim-



inate schemers entirely and better harmony would prevail on all sides. Why is it that in some unions strikes are almost unheard? The greatest harmony prevails between employer and employees. We are inclined to ask do these unions possess that moral courage to demand their just rights? or is their employer fully alive to the needs of the workingman? It is because these unions have sane views and sober thought. They have weighed and studied their employer's interest, they reason with themselves and conclude that were it not for their employer's interest they would not hold the positions which are to them a means of livelihood. The country needs such men, men who are true to themselves, true to their calling, true to the laws of their country, true to their religion. We boast, and justly so, of our wonderful achievements and great progress, yet have we not wandered afar from the ideals set before us by the founders of our freedom?

We have scanned in an imperfect way the workings of trade unions. There is yet a greater union, the workings of which are not easily solved. In this organization are associated some of the keenest minds and the great wealth of the land. The trusts today aim at the complete monopoly and final control of the country's commerce and production. They practically rule the business world. No longer is the small producer able to find a paying market for his goods. Opposition he cannot offer, as he is suppressed on all sides. From the large cities to the smallest hamlet throughout the length and breadth of the land are found establishments conducted by these joint stock companies. The steel, coal, sugar and lumber kings have realized too that combination among themselves is of greater advantage than competition. Are not the laboring bodies powerless against such a formidable enemy? An enemy eager to strike the death knell of organized labor. How often do we not see factories closed and hundreds, yes, thousands thrown out of employment in order to augment the bank accounts of a few individuals. Why should such mutual animosity exist between labor and capital? Has our modern inventions of machinery caused it? No, this is not the chief reason for such conditions. Traces of the teaching of the old orthodox school of political economy appears in the morning of the twentieth century and in a new country. Doctrines that were cultivated in the soil of Atheism. Teachings that regulated human labor according to the law of supply and demand and held that in



the making of contracts the action of private individuals alone was sufficient.

There are two great bodies in our land, each exercising different functions; the one controls the labor, the other controls the capital. Yet one is dependent on the other. The nation looks on with regret at the industrial warfare waged by them. Our greatest men both in church and state have advanced numerous theories for ameliorating the condition of the laboring class. It is well nigh impossible for this antagonism between labor and capital to continue much longer. Something must be done to bring both bodies on equal terms. Our country, which boasts liberty and justice, cannot long tolerate such deplorable moral conditions. The Catholic Sun of recent date says: "Notwithstanding our boasted prosperity and the return of good times, there are said to be fully 200,000 men and women in New York who are out of work. We do not believe in the socialistic plan of remedying present conditions, but every thinking man must admit that something should be done, and that quickly to remedy defects in our economic methods. The grasping trusts have the country under their calloused thumb and are becoming richer every day by grinding the poor man and the man in moderate circumstances."

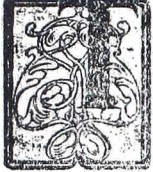
Surely, if ever our own country demanded the wisdom of honest statesmanship, it is at the present time. Laws are needed whereby the question of labor and capital may be amicably settled once and for all. The Church, too, ever the apostle of liberty raises her voice in support of the workingman. She alone preaches a true equality for all men. The rich and the poor meet on the same level on her altars. She alone can place right and justice on their proper throne.





# SAINT AND SCHOLAR

A. O. B.



HERE are two monuments upon which we may read the life and greatness of St. Augustine both as saint and scholar. In that beautiful work, his immortal Confessions we find expressed in transparent and simple language the true sanctity of St. Augustine. True, the work exposes his natural weakness but at the same time "it shows the man corrected and exalted, an instructor in virtue to every wrestler with him own heart. It is in his City of God that we read the life of the Scholar. The consummate sanctity of the saint can be duly appreciated only when we consider that he attained this eminence of holiness after a fierce warfare against the world the flesh and the devil.

With Augustine, character and circumstances conspired to double the strength of those temptations under which his spiritual frame quivered and frequently collapsed. First of all the climate in which he was born conducted very much to inflame his passions. A hot, sultry climate which begets idleness—an ideal disposition for temptations—furnished fertile soil in which his passions thrived and grew rapidly. Hence from his earliest years he experienced unusual onslaughts and but too sad to relate little restraint was made thereby occasioning many falls. Moreover he never knew what it was to govern his sensual appetites. He lived in the gratification of every desire. Was not this adding abundant inflammable matter on which his weaker passions could feed and wax strong? Add to this a voracious mind which sought ever to satisfy its hunger for wordly knowledge, the while his soul disregarded starved from want of nourishment. He himself tells us how he enjoyed the writings of the pagan Hortensius or Cicero but rejected the Scripture because of its simplicity and inferior Latin. These are a few of the reasons which partially explain the awful desolation of Augustine's early life those years which became for him the subject of so much grief and lamentation. These beautiful years of youth when he should have laid up spiritual treasures to provide for the many needs of manhood were spent by Augustine in reveling and luxury.



Emerging from youth into manhood we discover no reform nay no signs of reform, this period too was spent without God. But just here an uneasiness, an anxiety, a feeling of dissatisfaction took hold of him. His great mind was not at rest but lashed as an angry sea, with doubts and uncertainties. Hither and thither did he run to ease his mind but to no avail. He sought quietude in embracing various sects, they could not quell his turbulent soul. He ran to Carthage where amidst the cares of a teacher he might find relief of mental anguish but again he met with disappointment. He flew to Rome but peace was not to be found.

Is not this unrest of Augustine's pitiful? See him flying here and there now clutching at some bubble which he thought might contain peace but it burst in his grasp, feverish he throws himself into a new religion only to emerge with greater anxiety, in mad desperation he seeks Milan little thinking that here his longings, his cravings would pass into a sweet and peaceful repose. At Milan Augustine used frequently to attend the discourses of Ambrose more at first out of curiosity gradually he listened with more interest, carefully considering the words which fell from the lips of the Archbishop, finally he was so moved by the good man's words that he was taken with a desire to have a conference with Ambrose. This was not easy for the worthy Prelate was occupied at every minute. Augustin persisted and obtained a conference with Ambrose.

Great things are not done in a day. The conversion of Augustine was wrought slowly, very slowly. The secret influences of grace were operating in his soul, day by day he felt his fierce passions weakening, still not yet could he cast off lower nature, he would but could not. He was as he says like a man roused from deep sleep debating with himself whether he should or should not arise. The tiny streams of light which crept into his soul widened, came more frequently, light now poured into his soul overcoming every obstacle till at length bursting into a great flood of light, lit up every dark corner in his soul and he seeing the error of his way renounced them begged admittance into the Church and was received into the true fold by the hand of the Saintly Ambrose. Of St. Augustine may we say "Thou hast chastised me and I was instructed as a steer unaccustomed to the yoke. Convert me and I shall be converted for thou art the Lord my God. For after thou did'st show unto me I struck my thigh I am confounded and ashamed because I have borne the reproach of my youth."

Yes Augustine forever cast off the hideous robe of sin and was



indued with the spotless garb of innocence. If his past life was a dreary, blighted, spiritual waste, a picture of sin and desolation his future life was the same waste converted into a smiling delightful land where spiritual growth was watered with the tears of his own compunction. We are loath to dwell long upon the darker side of Augustine's life but hasten to consider the man exalted, leading the life of a saint.

After his conversion Augustine tarried awhile at Milan in company with his pious mother who now was in transports of joy because of her son's conversion. Now was she willing to die having lived to see her lifelong prayer answered by her son's turning to God. "The son of such tears cannot perish" was verified to the letter. At Milan Monica and Augustine would sit beneath the pulpit of Ambrose and listen in rapture to the unction and holy eloquence with which his sublime discourses teemed. And what heavenly conferences took place between the converted Augustine and his happy mother. No earthly theme was theirs. No vain discourse was on their lips.

The Saint now debated with himself upon how he should spend his remaining years. He determined at length to go to his native place Thagaste in Africa and dwell in the suburbs within easy calling of the city should his services be required. He designed to strip himself of all his possessions to consecrate himself without reserve to a spiritual life. Great men do nothing by halves, all, or nothing, and Augustine would attain the very acme of spiritual life. Surrounded by a few men who had followed him into the church he established a community and became its superior. He sought to remain in seclusion, he dare not aspire to Holy Orders as yet, for he deemed himself unfit. His mind however was too active, too energetic to remain confined. His talents were quickly recognized by all who came to know him. His fame spread, his reputation grew and so he was induced to assume Holy Orders one year after his conversion. A mind such as his even in this position felt circumscribed, and limited. His mind needed a still broader field where it could venture forth upon a thorough exploration of the remotest truths, where all his powers could be called into play. From a priest he became coadjutor, and upon the death of the Bishop, Augustine was called to fill the vacant chair, as bishop of Hippo. Here at last he was settled, here he applied his great mind and soul in a vigorous execution of his duties as pastor and teacher of his people. Words are weak in trying to tell the amount of good Augustine did in his life time



and we become still more disconcerted when we would attempt to compute all the good he has done through his example, his writings, his religious communities. This good has been influencing the world down through centuries and will continue to do so till the end of time. Augustine it is true lived but the short span of a mortal's life but unlike most men and like the few truly great men, he lives forever in the works of his heart and mind. We still listen to him preaching eloquent sermons everytime we read his "Confessions," and we listen to his profound philosophical and theological lectures when we spend a few hours in his "City of God."

As in the Confessions we find mirrored the sanctity of Augustine so in the City of God we find reflected the colossal mind of the philosopher. The scholar Augustine is here depicted. This work gives us an insight into the power, the resources, the keenness of his intellect. He possessed a mind of the first order which received a thorough discipline from his earliest years and became stocked with a variety of learning. He was acquainted with numerous systems of philosophy many indeed were false and some he fought after his conversion. Cicero is looked upon as a brilliant scholar, a great intellect, a philosopher, yet Augustine's mind was in every way superior to Cicero. "Augustine did more with the rugged wornout lumps of Latin of the fifth century than Cicero did with his fine ore from Latium." Augustine took this Latin and made it express metaphysical truths which were never disclosed to Cicero's eye. Cicero indeed philosophizes but Augustine is the parent of mental philosophy. Cicero never seems to break through the crust of human nature and it may be doubted whether any eye saw deeper than Augustine's into the soul's secrets."

St. Augustine bequeathed to philosophy an invaluable legacy in giving clear definitions of God and the soul, of the destiny and duty of man. He was the first to discover and to expound the philosophy of human nature. As Aristotle was the great ideal of St. Thomas whose teachings the Saint embodied in his works so Plato was the hero of St. Augustine whose doctrine he assimilated, fused it into his own mind and set it forth a massive system of Christian philosophy. St. Thomas christened Aristotle, Augustine christened Plato. We have in this group a set of minds whose keenness has never been surpassed. Amidst the long line of philosophers from the early Greeks to the present day; these four command conspicuous places. These have been epoch making men, men who controlled thought in their day and who still give



direction in all right ways of thinking. In the Confessions therefore of Augustine in his *De Civitate Dei* we read the biography of a saint and of a scholar.

Saint and Philosopher,—what inspiring epithets, and having merited the former, embracing as it does the one, real, good thing, and the only one deserving of toil—spiritual perfection,—he still attained the latter, the second greatest thing on earth—intellectual perfection. O! what a glorious patron of students is he. We must not seek learning to the exclusion of piety, no they should go hand in hand. We know that in St. Augustine's works we find arsenals where, when we are attacked by error, and false doctrines, we can fly and obtain the weapon needed for repulsing the enemy; and since we know him to be a great saint and a near friend of God, we should implore his aid, also when in spiritual need.





# THE VIATORIAN

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*Published monthly by the students of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.*

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## EDITORIALS.

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It is curious to note the attitude that marks the conduct of many students towards the college curriculum. A college course, in some students regard, is not a matter of serious consideration and ought not be treated as such. To imbibe the care-free oxygen of the campus, to enjoy a round of petty excitements while at the same time giving to the college course sufficient indifferent attention as will insure his retention in the collegiate ranks is the utopian idea of college life that many strive to follow. Such students substitute what is accidental in the college career for what should be the essential purpose of a young man's entering school, namely to strengthen himself intellectually by a systematic and conscientious pursuit of intellectual objects. They look upon the class-room and lecture hall as necessary adjuncts of an educational institution but unavoidable trespassers on their time and pleasure. It is reasonable to suppose that such students come to school impressed with wrong

**"The Line  
of Least  
Resistance."**



ideals and unless by slow and steady efforts they rid the mind of these false impressions, they will merely vegetate within college walls and will fail to reap any of the benefits resulting from a well-spent college life.

Such students, the number of whom form no inconsiderable part of a student body, go backward mentally instead of climbing the heights that lead to success. They want all the honor derived from diligence and application at a seat of learning without any of the labor. Yet when the awakening comes they find themselves as helpless as the drifting ship on a rock-strewn coast. With minds untrained to meet and master difficulties; with wills deteriorated and weakened by continually shirking the problems of the class-room they find themselves left behind in the active competition of life. It cannot be otherwise. For to neglect the obligations of the college course is to impair the fiber of the mind and leave such a one a cripple for life even though he be heir to untold wealth. The careless student has not a better chance in life as a result of his college career but a worst chance. Strength of will and determination of purpose do not come to the individual unsought like a Christmas gift from the good-will of another. They are the priceless boon of steady and tireless application along the lines of duty marked out for us by the unseen hand of a kind and benevolent Providence.

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### A Christmast Thought and Greeting.

Once again the most welcome festival of the whole year is at hand. The festival of Christmas. The Feast of the birth of the Saviour of mankind. The infant Saviour has left his heavenly kingdom and comes to dwell in this cold bleak earth. The scenic beauty that surrounds His birth is truly touching and remarkable. A lesson of patience, humility and detachment from the goods of this earth. He comes, the King of Kings, to redeem fallen mankind, not in pomp and splendor but in a poor lowly cave in distant Bethlehem. Immediately sweet harmonies are heard in the midnight air. The shepherds watching their



flocks on the hillside are attracted by this supernatural music. The Christmas song of angels from above "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will."

Two thousand years have elapsed since this transcending mystery was enacted, yet the same song that proclaimed "the good tidings of great joy" has rung through the ages and is heard not **only** through the wild Judean hills but through the Christian world. Ever onward since that eventful night has it pursued its course bearing a spirit of love and peace. The Viatorian in imbibing the joys of this festive season speeds the joyful message to its readers and patrons and wishes them a holy and happy Christmas.

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### PERSONALS.

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Dr. Gorman, President of St. Joseph's College, Dubuque, Iowa, was the distinguished guest of the President and visitor at the college recently. He was favorably impressed with the college buildings, admired our beautiful park and campus and spoke highly of the thorough equipment found at St. Viator's.

Rev. P. H. Durkin has re-assumed his duties as Professor of Scriptures. Lectures on the Gospel of St. John, and some studies in Introduction will be the scope of work for this year.

The courses in Liturgy and Canon Law have likewise been inaugurated by Rev. W. J. Clifford C. S. V.

Very Rev. J. C. Charlebois C. S. V., Provincial has been spending a few weeks at the college making his official visits here and to the surrounding missions.

Rev. G. Williams, pastor of St. John's Church, Toronto, Canada, spent a few pleasant days at the college renewing old acquaintances and making new friends. Father Williams was a professor at St. Viator's from 1888 to 1896. This explains why he took delight in visiting the class rooms and so naturally assumed the demeanor of a teacher.

Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney C. S. V., accompanied Rev. G. Williams, on a trip to St. Mary's, Ill., to visit Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V.



Rev. P. Caraher has been transferred from Reddick, Ill., to the pastorate of Materity Church, Chicago. His success in Reddick gives ample promise of a still larger success in Chicago. Our best wishes attend the Rev. Pastor.

Harry Shippy, an old student stopped off a day on his way to Illinois U. to exchange a few words with his many friends here.

Mr. Lahie of Lake Linden, Mich., on his way to Chicago stopped off at the college to visit his friends here who hail from that northern town.

Our visitor list includes for the month Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., St. Mary's, Ill.; Rev. F. Rummels, Ashkum, Ill.; Rev. J. White, Cullom, Ill.; Rev. F. Fortin, Pullman, Ill.; Rev. M. Dooling, Henry, Ill.; Rev. M. Shea, Chicago; Rev. W. Lentz, Piper City; Rev. D. Feeley, Rock Island, Ill.; Rev. J. T. Bennett, Kankakee, Ill.

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### COLLEGE CYCLE.

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Something unusual, generally in the nature of music and drama, marks the passing of St. Cecilia's day at St. Viateur's. In the evening of the feast a large audience listened to a select program of popular and classic music which was rendered in superb manner by the college band. After this very delightful concert a play, "Circumstantial Evidence" was presented by the students in a very creditable manner. James Fitzgerald, '11 played in the role with great success. The earnestness, the feeling, the pathos that his part required were admirably sustained and brought out by him. Ralph Heffernan, '11 distinguished himself by the ability he displayed in performing as the Foreman of the Jury.

The play which was written and staged by F. A. Sheridan C. S. V., represents a jury case, in which strange and pathetic things occur.

As we are going to press the Dramatic club is hard at work preparing a presentation of the "Toastmaster." We shall have a full account of the play in our next issue.

Since the last issue, the Oratory class has had two meetings. At the first, orations were delivered by S. T. Wedge on the Stage and J. A. Lowney discoursed on the Ferrer case. At the other meeting, C. J. Marino spoke on the Immortality of the Soul, E. P. Kelly presented the Darwinian theory of evolution while M. J. Mugan refuted these arguments from the scholastic point of



view. Remarks, on the more important points, were made by several members of the class and the meeting proved to be not only instructive but also most enjoyable.

The first regular meeting of the Lajore Society was held in the Science Hall on Nov. 18. A special program had been prepared for this occasion. Addresses were given by the Rev. Moderator J. E. Belair, Pres. Savary, Mgr. G. M. Legris D. D., Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney and Rev. M. T. Dugas. Besides these, vocal solos were rendered by the Rev. E. F. Rivard, Attorney W. H. Savary of Kankakee, Dr. C. F. Morel and Mr. S. T. Wedge also entertained the society. From the enthusiasm shown by the members at this initial meeting, a bright future seems to be in store for this organization.

St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society has recently been reorganized with the following officers:

President—H. Tolbert.

Vice-President—E. Corcoran.

Secretary—F. Knoerzer.

Librarian—J. Meany.

Moderator—Bro. F. A. Sheridan.

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### THE NEW COLLEGES.

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From all reports Gibbons Hall is a veritable intellectual bee hive; the teachers and students are always busy, pushing on, progressing, turning into account every minute of the day. At present the students are hard at work preparing a Drama for presentation before the Christmas vacation. Coach McClure closed a most successful football season. He is very well pleased with the work of the team and at the close of the season Monograms and pennants were awarded to the defenders of the Cardinal and Gold. The team suffered only one defeat during the season.

Father Brown, President of Gibbons Hall recently visited Bishop Foley of Detroit and represented the college at the meeting of the Alumni at Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario.

An occasional letter informs us that things are bright and rosy in the far West. The Rev. President W. J. Surprenant C. S. V., says that his work keeps him very busy, he also states the enrollment is getting larger, and that everything is going along nicely.





# Exchanges



In glancing over the wealth of exchanges accumulated during the past month, we can hardly refrain from commenting upon the increasing discard of the exchange column. This important factor of the college magazine seems, as is evident from the many specimens received at the sanctum, to be rapidly becoming a negative quantity and from present indications bodes well to become an extinct and useless affair. The reasons, if there are any, why such a state of things should come to pass are not immediately evident, and we frankly admit that we are unable to discover any legitimate causes whereby the abolition of that department might be justified, unless it is the fear of abuse. The exchange column, like everything else used by man, may often be abused and its real purpose perverted. But still, that is no reason why it should be omitted entirely. For this defect is easily remedied by having the college paper pass under the eye of a judicious censor. It is only too true that an ex-man may sometimes allow himself to lapse into such tactics as the, "you praise me and I'll praise you," variety, and perhaps temporarily forget the real purpose in his delusion that flaws and imperfections must be magnified and developed to the neglect of the better and higher qualities to be found in every college paper. This department of literature is very like to humanity in one respect. Every living individual has qualities in his character some of which are to be suppressed. No one is wholly bad nor is any one entirely good. So it is with the college journal. The worst one published contains something to excite admiration or at least possesses some detail which may be taken as an example by others. The very fact that a paper is published shows an effort which is praiseworthy on the part of its promoter.

These extremes should be avoided by the ex-man and a judicious course of criticism discovered whereby the various faults manifested in the different exchanges may be denounced as such by friendly advice and at the same time good points, which are to be found in all, may be encouraged and lauded.

One of the first "exs" to greet our eye upon opening the door



of the sanctum is the **Mount St. Joseph's Collegian** from Baltimore, Md. Neat and attractive in appearance it is further enhanced by the excellence of the articles treated. Chief among the verse might be mentioned, "The Cave of Sleep," which is an able translation from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. In the essays, both *Thoughts on Literature* and *Evolution of Literature*, are subjects which are handled with clearness and precision. The short story is well represented by, *An Untrue Ghost*, which is sufficiently interesting to arouse a sense of curiosity and mystery. Original and at the same time appropriate to the season is, *The Sentinel*, a choice bit of verse dealing with the decay of summer and the advent of Autumn. The editorial column is well stocked and the exchanges, athletics, and locals seem to be in competent hands.

**The Fordham Monthly** is as usual replete with scholarly essays, good stories and readable verse but is among those of our "dissenting brethren," who believe not in the exchange column. This feature is all that bars it, in our estimation, from naming it a "nonpareil."

There must be either two Viatorians or else **Nazarene** has us confused with the Victorian. However that may be the Nazarene has been quoting something which it presumes comes from us but which we never said. Although the terms are most complimentary however we do not wish to be guilty of sailing under false colors. Hence our correction. We are glad, just the same, to welcome you to our table. Come again.

**The Exponent** is always interesting and attractive and is ever given a warm welcome at the sanctum. The profuseness of illustrations gives it an air of neatness and respectability which adds to its merits and give it a touch of "finesse" equaled by few. The exchange column was overlooked at first but upon close examination was found hiding under the book reviews. The ex-man must have "labored much," in the performance of his duties.

Not so with the ex-maid of the **Labarum** from Dubuque, Ia. She seems to be fluently conversant (naturally enough) with the needs of the college magazine and shows a spirit of care and solicitude in her departments. A scholarly and able treatise on "Fiction in America," is to be found in the *Labarum*. The author thoroughly understands her subject and develops it in a manner and style which is peculiarly well adapted to the character of literature with which it deals. "Moonlight at the Mount," is the name of a



poetic bit of verse effused by one of the fair sex at St. Joseph's. The imagery is good and the description perfect.

We find missing from our list: The Holy Cross Purple; The Redwood; St. Thomas Collegian, Collegeville, Minn.; St. John's Collegian, Annapolis; The Abbey Student; and Queen's U. Journal, Kingston, Can.

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### BOOK NOTES.

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#### The Necromancers, by Hugh Benson.

This novel has the triple merit of being timely, informing and recreative, because it discusses spiritualism which is a topic of hourly increasing interest; it speaks not around the subject, but right on it with a satisfying directness and an authoritative competency of knowledge; and it conveys its important message through the medium of a story which even grown-ups will eagerly read to the end. There is no doubt that Father Benson really believes in spiritualism and further that he believes it is the work of the devil. Hence he warns Catholics and all sensible people in general of the physical-moral dangers of participation in spiritualism, such as nervous breakdown and insanity, atrophy of the moral sense and loss of religious faith. He says in his breezy way: "To go to a seance with good intentions is like holding a smoking concert in a powder magazine on behalf of an orphan asylum. It is not the least protection to open the concert with prayer."

As a novel the book, while interesting, is not artistically flowless. The main character is not strongly drawn and pales away beside the forceful personalities of Mr. Vincent the medium, and of the eminently sensible Maggie. There are on pages 49, 131 and 145 grammatical slips of the pen which can easily be corrected in a second edition. But read this readable book which is calculated to help the layman form a correct estimate of spiritualism.—"The Necromancers". L. Herder, Publisher, 17 South Broadway St. Louis, Mo. (Price \$1.50).

E. KELLEY, '10.

#### Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, by Bates.

The use of classics for the young is no longer an educational experiment. Every day a new volume of selected classics is offered, expurgated or pasteurized according to the requirements of



the intellectual pure food law. The very latest specimen of Juvenile classics that has appeared is "The Story of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims Retold for Children" by Katharine Lee Bates. By unanimous consent our "pure, well of English undefiled," needs to be deodorized for nursery uses;—and, certainly the author has made a judicious selection of four Tales, each preceded by its prologue; they are the tales of the Knight, (Dryden's version) the Prioress (Woodsworth's version) the Priest, the Oxford Clerk, and the Squire (Leigh Hunt's version). All the tales are told in modern English which makes them intelligible even to the youthful mind, although the literary epicure would prefer to read them in the original so as to relish the old wine flavor of Chaucer's quaint phraseology. Besides a clear text the book contains several concise and pertinent historical appendixes, and few, brief and always helpful foot notes. Some 50 illustrations enhance the value of the booklet as a manual of instruction for the young. Juveniles who nibble at such appetizing literary bait will eventually acquire a taste for genuine literature. **R.**

Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, by Katharine Lee Bates. Rand McNally & Co., Chicago, New York, London.

**The Sodalists Imitation of Christ, by Father Elder Mullan, S. J.**

The Imitation in verse is something novel and unique. The translator has taken much pains to preserve the rythm and musical flow of the original Latin version and the effect is wholly pleasing and agreeable. While much attention has been given to the rhythmic construction of the sentences, the original thought of Thomas A. Kempes is well expressed and in this point the translation compares favorably with any of the English versions. Though designed for Our Lady's Sodality this little work will be welcomed by thousands of others who choose this heavenly book as their Vade Mecum.

P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York.

M. K. M.

("Gaelic Folk Tales" by Mary Grant O'Sheridan. The Henneberry Company, Chicago.)

The Henneberry Company is responsible for Mary Grant O'Sheridan's charming "Gaelic Folk Tales." These tales are adapted from the three Saga Cycles of Gaelic mythology, and designed as supplementary school reading. Most of us are familiar with Greek and Roman myths, but how few are aware that the mythology of the Kelts is as beautiful as that of the Greeks, and far purer? How strange, mystical and indescribable are the



beautiful stories—Tre Children of Lir, Deirdre, Oisín in Tir-na-nóge. The Ard Rígh of Eire and similar? As one reads he is accompanied by sad, far-away melodies—holy, honey-sweet tone—poems chanted in the graves of childhood. These ancient tales are full of illusive beauty and indescribable melody and the book is a glimpse of a fairy structure whose beauty has no peer, and whose antedotes all others of its kind except the Hellenic.

SCHARMEL IRIS.

("Napoleon, The Little Corsican," by Esse V. Hathaway, Instructor in English in the Marshalltown (Iowa) High School. Illustrated and bound in cloth; 35 cents. Rand McNally and Co., Chicago, New York, London.)

"The Little Corsican" is the first of a series of biographies planned to meet the needs of children for stories of this sort. Napoleon spent four lonely years in the French military school at Brienne, and while his companions amused themselves the proud, sensitive stranger pored over geographies and histories. In his first battle, when he led the town boys against the shepherd boys in his native Corsica, in the snowball fight, as well as in the serious campaigns of later years, when with great maps spread out on the floor he studied every inch of country and fought every battle many times with black and red-headed pins to represent the armies. Sure knowledge and careful planning had their full share in his success.

It has been the aim in telling the important incidents in the life of the boy Napoleon to show children the interests we all have in common with great men, and to arouse enthusiasm for the energy and accuracy without which genius is useless. The history connected with Napoleon's life has been warm and interesting through his personality, and the whole story is so simple and charmingly told that children cannot fail to grasp it.

SCHARMEL IRIS.

### American Catholic Who's Who.

Miss Georgina Pell Curtis, the editor of the "American Catholic Who's Who," hopes to have this interesting book ready for publication early in 1910. Since the beginning of the work of compiling the "Who's Who," in January, 1909, she has sent out notices to nearly 3,000 Catholics in the United States, whose records she desires to have. Her success in getting the book out at the desired time will depend on the returns she gets from those who

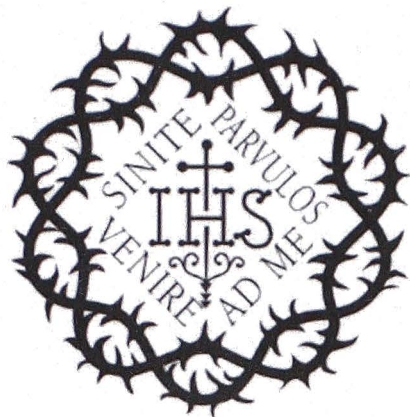




### NINETY POUND CHAMPIONS OF KANKAKEE COUNTY

Top Row—McDoull, Coach; Quinlan, F. B.; Curley, H. B. Second Row—Campbell, E.; Fitzpatrick, H. B.; Magruder, Q. B. Captain; O'Neil, H. B.; Edgar, E. Bottom—Pepin, E.; Legris, T.; Mulcahy, G.; Senesac, C.; Hamil, G.; Nash, T.; Ingram, E.





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have not yet responded. She earnestly begs all who have been asked, or who are entitled to representation, to look on this as a national work in which all American Catholics should be interested.

The "American Catholic Who's Who" will be a reference book of great help to Catholics in making known what American members of the church have done and are doing in religion, literature, art, philanthropy and politics.

SCHARMEL IRIS.



## Athletic Notes



### THE JUNIORS.

On Nov. 18th, the Juniors football team journeyed to Manteno, and played the husks of that town. The Manteno team included players of every description, from the high school to the laborers from the brick yard. The Juniors finally were forced to admit defeat. The final score being 11 to 5. Nov. 19th, the day after the strenuous contest the Juniors again demonstrated their stamina and grit by defeating the clever aggregation from the Kankakee high school, by the overwhelming score of 34 to 5. This victory was a fitting wind up to a successful and strenuous season. The following, is a list of the games won and lost: Juniors 31, Clevers 10. Juniors 6, Ex-Juniors 30. Jrs. 14, Nippersinks 0. Jrs. 5, Manteno 11. Jrs. 34, Kankakee High School 5. Jrs. 18, Nippersinks 17. Jrs. 30, Juniors 2nds 0. Jrs. 30, Nippersinks 6.

The Juniors second team likewise deserves mention for its brilliant efforts on the gridiron. Although handicapped by a late start, still during its short season, this team demonstrate its knowledge of both old and new football.

Having exhibited their powers upon the football field the juniors will soon be prepared to show their ability as worthy and skillful exponents of basket ball playing. Many aspiring candidates are practicing daily, in order to merit a position upon one of the teams.

### MINIMS.

The Minims have a clear title to the championship among all Kankakee county teams that are in their weight and class. Their undisputed title arises from the fact that they lost only one game



and this to a team entirely out of their class. Most of their victories are due to speedy play, and a skillful manipulation of trick plays. It would be difficult to pick out the stars in this team for they all play the game all the time, each putting forth the best that is in him. Now that the pig skin will be shelved Coach McDonald is selecting his basket ball team and is sanguine in his expectations of putting a fast article on the floor.

### Minims Football Scores.

Minims 27, Village 0; M. 61, Village 0; M. 11, Kankakee 11; M. 6, Kankakee 41; M. 11, Bradley 0; M. 18, Bradley 15; M. 41, Village 6.

### St. Viateurs 23, St. Ignatius 0.

On Thanksgiving day the local varsity journeyed to Chicago where it met and defeated its old rivals, St. Ignatius, by the score of 23 to 0. It was one of the best games played by the locals this year the defense of their line being so great that St. Ignatius only made first down four times. Superior football and team work on the part of the local varsity won the game. The ball being in St. Ignatius territory continually.

At 3:00 Amberg kicked off to Fitzgerald who returned the ball about 15 yards. After the ball had seesawed up and down the field for a few minutes Fitzgerald was sent over for the first touchdown. Berry put the ball square between the posts for the sixth point. Score 6—0. O'Brien kicked off and after a few minutes of play Fitzgerald broke through the line and blocking a punt fell on it behind the St. Ignatius goal line. Berry missed goal. Score 11—0. The third touchdown was made by running the ball up the field on old style football to the 5 yd. line where Phalen was sent over for the touchdown on a tackle around play. Berry kicked goal. Score 17—1. The last touchdown was the result of a 3 yd. run by A. Quille to the 20 yd. line. On a few bucks through the line Nourie was pushed over the line but the officials called him back and gave the ball to St. Ignatius. After penalizing the varsity for offside twice more Doyle punted to Berry who brought the ball back about 10 yds. before being down. After a few bucks into the line E. Quille made a forward pass to Colbert which netted about 25 yds. Fitzgerald was sent over the goal on a cross buck. Berry kicked goal. Score 23—0. The game was called on account of darkness soon after the next



kickoff with the ball in the locals possession on St. Ignatius 25 yd. line.

Captain Fitzgerald, Nourie, Cleary Berry, A. Quille, Sullivan and Phelan starred for St. Viateur's while Phee, Herman and Doyle starred for St. Ignatius. Line up:

St. Viateur's (23)		St. Ignatius (o)
Sherman	C.	Long
Darche	R. G.	Schenk, Goughan
Sullivan	L. G.	McDermott
Phelan	R. T.	O'Brien
O'Brien	L. T.	Dolan, Casely
Warner, Colbert	R. E.	Amberg
Quille, A., E. Quille	L. E.	Brundage
Berry	Q.	Phee, McNulty
Nourie	F. B.	Reilley
Fitzgerald	R. H. B.	Hernon
Cleary, Heffernan	L. H. B.	Doyle

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### SOME LETTERS.

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St. Viateur's College, Dec. 23, 1909.

My Dear Santa:

I am a little boy, but I am growing all the time. I wish you would please send me a rubber ball, a pair of roller skates and an alarm clock. I will hang my stocking on the door knob.

Good-bye, from me. DUDLEY.

St. I forgot. I want a firemen's suit and a toy engine what goes. DUD.

St. Viateur's College, Dec. 23, 1909.

Dear Santa:

The boys say I am foolish, but I know there is a Santa 'cause I seen him once, then folks always talk about Christmas; so dear Santa Clause please bring me four colored pencils, some drawing paper and three oranges. I won't tell my brother. My stockings are the striped ones. Well, Good-bye dear Santa,

EUGENE.



St. Viateur's College, Dec. 23, 1909.

Dear, Dear Santa:

I am a big boy now and I know you will surely remember me. If you don't ever believe in Santa Clause's anymore. Now what I want is a ring, one with a pretty stone in it, a picture book and a toy piano what I can play. And I want an air rifle what shoots real shot, and a clay pipe to blow bubbles and now if you won't say one word, I'll tell you my name. Honest now don't tell. I am:

JIM FITZGERALD.

St. Viateur's College, Dec. 23, 1909.

My Dear Friend Santa:

I saw lots of boys writing to you and I h'aint going to be forgotten neither. I ain't afraid of you or them either even if you are bigger. I'm getting bigger and bigger every day and you won't know me. An' I don't mean that you will know me. I'm the one what always believed in you too. Now I want a toy balloon, a sailor doll, and just lots of candy and nuts. Now don't you forget. I'm your dear friend,

DICK BERRY.

P. S. If my stocking is too small here is my shoe. DICK.

St. Viateur's College, Dec. 23, 1909.

Mr. Santa Claus:

I heard all about you, you thought you'd fool me didn't you, but you aint going to. I got a frend what told me all about it. I can lick you too, if you don't watch out. Be careful. I want a bottle of perfume, some sweet kind, a top that I can spin, and then I want a package of chewing gum. Remember now.

Your loving

BOB S——.





## LOCALS.

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—Once again, Merry Xmas.

—The witching hour draws near,  
The turkey seeks his nest  
While Bill shakes mother dear,  
To give the jam its test.

—When the compass points north, you're going south

—Ralph—Well you bet I got something for nothing.

Jim—How's that?

Ralph—Why, free study of course.

—Now that the hunting season is on, the rabbit must abandon society—Too many big guns.

—John—I heard a good one yesterday.

Bill—What was it?

John—A shot. Yes, only a report you know.

—I'm striving to be a poet

It's awfully hard I confess

But then don't tell me, I know it

It is out of my line I guess.

—Coach—My man what was the best you ever done in football?

Harry—Three ribs and none to spare.

—No, Willie, pancakes are not the only hot things that come off the gridiron—Kindly pass the syrup.

—When mush is all to the bad sir

And bacon and eggs are so rare

Ask, and I'll pass you and glad sir

The pancakes, just give me the dare.

—I'll have some turkey said the youth,

With or without the dressing replied the chef.

With the feathers, if you please, I'll need the quills for after dinner picking.

—Father—Can you tell me, my boy, why this Swiss cheese is so strong?

Johnnie—Long training, I suppose.



—He—At last I have found my match.

Hopeful—You don't mean to marry?

He—No just to light up a smoke.

—The managing editor will be greatly obliged, if presented with a new waste basket.

—'Tis almost time for our yearly resolution.

Prepare yourself then, naught nine is in revolution.

Never again shall we live within her brave fold

And soon vanished from story, her glory untold.

—Wearie—Can't you help a poor fellow, kind lady.

Lady—Yes my man, I always was strong on boosting—and out the door he went.

—New Arrival—I hear they are going to oil the gym.

Husky One—Yes it runs better.

—Johnnie—I always like to pronounce my words before I speak.

Corn tops ripe and frost sir  
Make huskin' bees galore  
Pumpkin pie and mince sir  
I'll tell of many more.

Apples, jam, and sweetmeats  
Nuts, pudding, fruit and still  
Candy, grapes, and all sweets  
Enough a horse to kill.

That's why he's happy  
This chap who once was blue  
That's why he's gone daffy  
Cause Christmas means skidoo.

—O Lefty "Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare. Scared from the corn and now to some lone seat retired.

—Ye boys won't give me a fair chance.

—And so the ivories rolled on. Too much English for Richard, hence the defeat.