

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

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No. 16

CHRISTMAS.

Let joy-bells ring, their music sing
O'er earth decked out in white,
Whilst dazzling flake on ev'ry brake
Falls with footstep light:
Like milk-white cloud, or funeral shroud,
Rich clusters droop each limb,
Whilst chilly breeze 'mid topmost trees
Proclaims our new-born king.

The night is bright, our hearts are light,
Stars dot the azure deep,
And Joy and Glee, like waves of sea,
In sportive measures leap:
The welcome cry of the passer-by
Resounds from valley and hill,
With fancy's ear we seem to hear—
"Peace to men of good will."

When back to-night, we wing our flight,
To the dim, faint, twilight years,
The same bright star is seen afar,
That led our Eastern seers,
Its mellow rays illumine our ways
To a stable drear and lone,
Within a babe to nothing crave—
Nor sigh, nor tear, nor moan.

As the sceptre wand in Moses' hand
Caused water once to flow
From rocky ledge, a heavenly pledge
His power divine to show,
So the love of him—at Bethlehem,
A love both tender and pure,
Flows on forever, with respite never,
Our ills and sores to cure.

And this Christmas eve our mem'ries cleave
To the olden days long fled,
To our only Hope, who first did ope
Bright portals for the dead;
Let us revere that Infant dear,
Whose love, like ocean vast,
Without cessation fills creation,
Our shelter when 'tis past.

J. P. M.

HOME SWEET HOME.

There are few who are insensible to the fond and pleasing recollections which the mention of that simple word, Home, naturally excites. It is difficult to conceive a heart so hard and cold, or a soul so utterly void of sensibility, as not to be deeply affected, when looking back through the dim distance, it beholds once more the scenes of its early years, the beautiful home of its childhood. There is no place so dear, as the place where we were born and reared; no scenes so beautiful, as the scenes of our youthful days; no groves or fields or meadows so lovely and enchanting, as those where in childish innocence we whiled away the spring-time of life. It has been said that the sweetest words in our language are, "Mother, Home and Heaven" and can we not almost say that the word Home includes them all; for who can think of home without remembering the gentle mother who sanctifies it by her presence, or without picturing to himself that better land as a home where joy will be everlasting, where brightness will never end in light. Home happiness is a type of the eternal happiness of Heaven; home joys are the purest joys of the heart: home memories are the fondest and dearest memories that linger round the portals of the soul. There are no more pleasing recollections than those of the "smiles and tears of boyhood's years." There is no picture so indelibly stamped upon the soul as that of our father's fireside; and there is no love so tender and so deep as that which we bear to those who are near and dear to us at home. Though we may wander abroad among strangers and live with them happy and contented, though we seek homes in

other lands and seem to feel no inclination to visit again the scenes of our early life; yet, who will say that the memory of home has been obliterated, that the bright pictures of youth's happy hours have been erased from our souls, or that the love we bear our kindred, especially our fathers and mothers, the guardians of our childhood, has been banished from our hearts? No, such is not in the nature of man. Other memories may wither and decay; but the memory of home and fireside will be ever fresh and green. Can we ever forget the fond mother who watched over our innocence and instilled into our young hearts the first lessons of virtue? Can we ever forget the good father who from morning to night, in sunshine and in rain, toiled and labored for our support? And can we ever forget the dear brother and sister, who joyed in our joy and wept in our woe, who were the companions of our innocence, and partakers of all our sinless pleasures? Sooner will the stars forget to come forth at night, or the mountain shadows cease to diverge from the setting sun, than we will lose a single trace of those dear familiar faces that once gathered round the fireside of our well remembered home.

I recollect a very pleasing incident which beautifully illustrates how the love of home, though sometimes darkened and clouded, is never entirely obliterated in even the most degraded of wretches. Come back with me in history a few years and traverse in imagination the gay streets and gilded saloons of Paris. Passing through its splendid thoroughfares is an Englishman who has left his home and native land to enjoy the pleasures of a foreign country.

In the midst of his happiness temptation assailed him. He drank wildly and deep of the intoxicating cup. Reason was soon overwhelmed, and he rushed out amid the glare and splendor of that voluptuous city, utterly regardless of what he did or how deeply he became immersed in the hitherto unknown sea of guilt. The cool night air fanned his heated brow, and soothed his flushed cheeks. Walking on, strains of music from a distance met his ears. Following in the direction of that sound he soon distinguished the words and air. It was "Home sweet Home," a song he well remembered. Motionless he listened till the last note floated away and he could hear nothing but the ceaseless murmur of a great city. Turning around a tear trickled down his cheek. As the soft strains of "Sweet Home" floated to his ear, memory brought up before him his own "Sweet Home." He saw, his gentle mother, and heard her speaking tenderly of him; he saw, too, the tearful farewell of all those dear ones that once gladdened that far-away home with their presence. Immediately his heart smote him; he abandoned his evil course; left that city of gaiety and

pleasure and after years of wandering finally returned to England to die at home at last.

It seems indeed impossible to wholly obliterate our love for those scenes among which we spent our boyhood days. Memory will ever cherish them as her fondest treasures; she will ever regard them as the immediate jewels of her soul. Stern fate may tear us from them; but, for all this, they are never forgotten. No matter, indeed, where we roam, or in what clime or realm we stand, the magnet of our souls will always turn fondly round, and trembling point to our dear native home, that sweetest spot on earth.

Let those, therefore, who will ere many days experience the untold pleasure of visiting their parents' fireside, be thankful that they have yet a home to go to, that they are not like so many others who without father or mother, sister or brother, wander about in a cold cold world, sighing in vain for those heavenly joys that cluster around a peaceful and happy home.

M.

REFLECTIONS ON THE USE OF BOOKS.

Let us direct our attention to them, in the first place, as the instructors, companions and friends of our solitude. What excellent instructors, what sympathizing companions, what honest friends they are! How can a man be really solitary when these and nature are with him and around him? How can it be said of him that he is without society, even though no being of flesh and blood should be near him, when he can sit down in his closet with the best and brightest minds that ever dwelt and beamed in residences of clay; with the masterspirits of all time; with the souls of the mighty living and the mighty dead, the dead who yet live; with ancient and modern law-givers, philosophers and bards; with moralists and satirists; with civilians and divines; with navigators and travellers; with the explorers of nature and the professors of art; with patriots, saints and martyrs: with the apostles of Christ and the prophets of God? Who shall say that with these he is alone? Who shall say that when sorrowful he is without consolers, that when joyful he is without partakers and helpers of his joy, that in his desires for information he is without teachers, that in trials and perplexities and in the various conditions of his mind and feelings he is without spiritual advisers? No, he is not alone. If he has books and learned how to read them properly he always has his friends about him—good and true ones. Is he fatigued with the labors of his vocation? They will refresh him with their pleasant conversation; they will sing to him care-dispelling melodies. Has he met with coldness

and indifference in the world? Their welcome is always kind and warm. Has he suffered injury? They will teach him how to bear it. Has he himself been erring from the right way? They will faithfully admonish and gently reclaim him. Has he been hurt or is he in danger of being hurt, not by the rudeness and illtreatment, but by the flattery and indulgence of the world? Then how happy will it be for him in hours of retirement from outer parade and glare and excitement if he can call a council around him who will speak plain truths of his humanity without disguise or equivocation, and check and sober him without fear on their part or offence on his. Has death taken away some one who was very dear to his heart and delightful to his eyes? They will show him the path which the departed soul has travelled and teach him how to pursue the same. Does age come silently on him and draw the invisible but irresistible meshes of its net closer and closer around him, shortening his walks, and entangling and tying up his powers till he is brought in and confined within his own doors? He is there among his old friends who, as they will be more than ever necessary to his comfort will be more than ever valuable to him, making him forget that he is a prisoner and causing him to wear his bonds easily and lightly till the summons is sent for his release. How much better it is for a man to secure such friends for his inmates than to neglect all opportunities of cultivating their intimacy till he finds, as time after time he comes in from the streets and public places and turns and shuts his door, that he enters an empty house—so utterly, drearily empty perhaps, that its vacant gloominess drives him out again into the haunts of dissipation and folly or the highways of excess and crime. How much better it is for him to occupy his solitary hours in the acquisition of useful knowledge than to dream them away in broken thoughts and idle fancies or doze them off in stupid inanity. How much better it is to be perpetually filling his mind with the well arranged stores and garniture of other minds than to let it lie unfurnished and unimproved till dust and dampness collect and settle in it and birds of night and ill omen make it their chosen habitation. I do not say that a man ought not to think and meditate as well as read, and commune in his chamber with his own heart as well as with others. He should do both. He should read that he may think with advantage, and have materials for thought; and he should think that he may read with discrimination and profit. His meditations will very likely be unconnected and partial and end in prejudiced conclusions, if they are not guided, filled up and corrected by judicious and liberal reading. If he does not wish therefore that his solitary hours should be unprofitable and seductive—if he dreads such an event let him employ them in the perusal of good books. Books are not only the friends

of individual solitude but also of the family circle. They contribute to bind it together, to fill up deficiencies, to cover flaws, to make it closer and brighter and firmer. By engaging the thoughts, improving the taste, and exciting the kindly feelings of the members of the household, they render each one more considerate and gentle and more useful and agreeable to the rest. They insensibly introduce mental grace and refinement, and not only this but refinement and grace of manners, wherever they become favorites. Show us a family in which the best and purest authors are loved and read and, it matters not in what nominal rank of society they are stationed or what may be their daily avocations. I will answer for them that vulgarity and coarseness have no place at their meetings and that domestic peace is a dweller among them. Books are indeed great promoters and preservers of harmony. They occupy the time which might have furnished opportunity to discord; and they often, no doubt, soothe irritated passions and calm excited feelings or give them a beneficial direction. A tender passage of poetry or an affecting incident or scene in prose may bring hearts together in cordial amity which thro' some trifling cause are beginning to be estranged from each other, and tune to perfect unison and sympathy nerves which have been trembling on the verge of open dissonance. The domestic services, which books are qualified to perform, are particularly valuable when the business and bustle of daylight are over and the active interests of life are hushed into slumber under the brooding wings of night. The master of the house comes home from his office, counting-room, or workshop; the children come home from school or places of employment; the mother's household duties are done—and they sit down together. What shall they do with the impending hours to keep them from *hanging heavily*? We suppose that there are some families in town and country who find, if there is no party to go to or no place of public amusement to offer its attractions—such as they may be, or nothing particularly interesting to discuss in the events of the day or the character or fortunes of their neighbors, that the long winter evenings—the evenings of six months in one year—are apt to move off rather slowly and wearily. This would not be so if they would call to their assistance one or two of the friends we have been recommending. How much more swiftly and pleasantly, not to say profitably the hours would then glide away. The darkness might gather murkily and the storm beat fiercely without, and they who sit within, listening to the arguments, the facts the fiction, or the minstrelsy of some favorite writer, would scarcely heed or hear the terrors of *old night*. It may be that they would be brought to such a pitch of satisfaction and contentment as not greatly to envy their acquaintances whom they know to be dancing or

Dressing for the dance, or perhaps seeing Shakspeare's heroes and heroines and even Shakspeare himself, murdered at the theatre.

T.

To be continued.

LOCALS.

- When???
- Is it the 19th. or the 23rd?
- Our days are getting shortened.
- Won't we have a good old shake with "Santa Claus?"
- Paul, we're told, is writing a French poem, on "L'Opera Musical?" which will be translated into English for the Christmas number of the "Golden Days!"
- During the late invasion against the Turks, these last, though naturally of a very belligerent disposition, by some ill-fated combination of circumstances came out only second best, giving the victors very sanguine hopes for the approaching Xmas campaign.
- Jimmie B. though the *minimus*, of the minims is not at a loss how to get home; he says he will go to K. K. K. and ask the man there for the Chicago Rail-Road, and then get on. He speaks of taking Alvah L. home as he is very small! Wait for your "*suspatch*" Jimmie:
- Those who are going to stop at the college for the holidays claim that they won't be *left*. How is it?....Eh Glen?
- We are sorry that our jovial friend Albert who has graced our ranks during the past two years is about to retire. We are sure we will miss his cheering smile in many many circumstances (at table for instance.) Well, Bert, good bye, may fortune smile on you and thus cause you to remember the happy days spent at the Grove! Sic vivitur!!
- Some French children who have difficulty in pronouncing the *r* and who otherwise torture the English language instead of "Christmas present," say "Kissmiss plesent!"
- Rather awkward!
- Ben. O'Neil is planning out hunting excursions for the holidays. T'is not known yet which way he will go—probably where there's game.
- In the late race between Messrs. Mathew D—y and Richard F—d, the latter, after circling around in the manner of an expert, captured his mate to the wondering gaze of the crowd.
- Jack M—rafter his researches on Greek roots (philological, not medicinal) is enabled to give us the following nice distinction between the words Rule (of which he is an intimate friend) and Ferule!—The Rule, he says, is what we boys have, t'is something mild and easy. The Ferule is what the boys of the dark ages had! That's what Greek roots say!

— Is this German orthodox: "haben sie over de fence gejumpt? Nine.—"???

— Henry again makes his appearance, wears a clean face and his old smile—Brace up, Hank, and come home with us.

— Paggys says as soon as Jerry comes into the "infec-tory" he goes for Burt's "deserve."

— Shortly, yes, the moments are pressing on; we will leave once more our old fort and with buoyant hearts and eager pace will rejoin the expectant ones at home. We can do no less at our parting than exchange a mutual shake and hearty wishes, and these do we also extend to all our outside Friends just as we are about to lay aside the quill to take in the holidays.—A merry Christmas and a happy new year to all.

— Very Rev. Father C. Fournier, Superior, lately arrived from the National council of Baltimore after an absence of several weeks. Fr. Superior, whom we happily greet in our midst again, returns with lively impressions of the great and imposing synod just held. We share with him the hope that every christian in the land will be benefited by the wise regulations adopted by the council for our future guidance.

— A local!—my kingdom for a local! If any thing remarkable happens any of you during the coming fortnight—boys, send me the *news* which I will thankfully consider as a gift of the reason.

Ye Loc. Ed.

To the Editor of the JOURNAL

Sir,

Since becoming a subscriber to the JOURNAL, I have been able to note its skilful management as also its growing influence. I was all the more pleased as I have the honor to count among the Faculty former friends whom I have not ceased to remember. In addressing you to-day, I have no desire to trespass upon your space further than to express my appreciation of the literary excellence of the JOURNAL and wish it still greater success. After treading down the gigantic columns of our "Mail" or "Globe" filled as they generally are with the sands of political strife, it is refreshing to turn to the bright little paper—a sort of oasis where the streaming waters of truth flow in all their purity.

This is a literary age, the age of print. There are now published throughout the world some thirty five thousand different news-papers, good, bad and indifferent. The period is also one of stir, steam and electricity. We have ceased to wait, we telephone. The world is in a hurry. Every one is up and doing, and that fast.

But the mind must be nourished, and having once discerned between the wheat and the husk, infinite good is sure to result from what we may peruse if we do so

as Bacon directs "to weigh and consider" and profit by.

The JOURNAL has set to itself an enviable standard; let it steer on and may the tide of prosperity bear it gently along to the haven of public good.

Yours,

P. D.

Belleville Nov. 28th. '84.

THE INFLUENCE OF EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

The impressions which we receive from the surroundings of our youth will be either the stay or the bane of our after life. Were this not the case, early training would be useless; all the guidance and vigilance of parents for their children would be futile. In fact it would argue a total worthlessness of everything that tends to improve the minds of the young. As a sapling when bent retains the same inclination when it has become a tree, so it is with the mind of the young. When it is old it is not easily influenced by its surroundings but when young and tender it is susceptible to any impression good or bad and these grow with its growth. We see this strikingly exemplified in the characters of individuals.

A man who has received a good moral training in his youth and who was brought up by virtuous parents will very seldom become depraved in his after-life. Even if such a man did become a moral wreck there would still be preceptible in his character a sense of righteousness and a consciousness, which would tell him that he was more at peace with his own heart when he observed the precepts of morality.

The root may be all that is left of his early training, yet that root now and then sends forth a sprout long after the plant has been withered.

M.

The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore has completed its labors and the venerable Prelates who composed it have departed for their homes.

It was the largest Council ever held in any country—a General Council expected—and the importance of its deliberations must be therefore apparent. The astonishing growth of Catholicity in this country and the corresponding needs resulting therefrom made it evident that the time had arrived for legislation more in accordance with the mind of the Church. We do not presume to inform our readers of the matters discussed—they will be made known in due time—but we are confident that the members of the Council have acted from a deep sense of duty, actuated by the highest, purest and holiest motives.

What has been done at Baltimore by ecclesiastical

superiors has been done for our greater good, with a view to securing our temporal happiness here and our eternal happiness hereafter.

The actions of the Council will be sharply criticised no doubt, but that must be expected; the divine Founder of the Church, when on earth, did not walk, act, and speak according to the notions of the worldly wise, how then can human beings expect to please where the Son of God did not? We know that what has been done by the Council has been done well, and as it has been in the past, so will it now be, the good will be made better and the bad may be made good if they will.

Infidelity, intemperance and hydra-headed crime are stalking boldly over the land, threatening the destruction of the Republic, and it is to devise measures to stem the raging torrent of these evils that the venerable and learned prelates of the nation came together. It was not to define any new article of Faith, or to abrogate any previous enactment that they assembled, but to shield from danger the immortal souls committed to their care and to build higher the Catholic edifice begun, but left unfinished by their predecessors. Fair-minded non-Catholics appreciate the wisdom displayed by the members of the Council, and although they do not accept the teachings of the Church, they nevertheless recognize the necessity of adopting wise measures for the suppression of crime which has been pictured in all its hideousness and deformity in the lectures and sermons of the learned and eloquent Prelates. Catholics, then, have reason to rejoice that the deliberations of the Council have been wisely conducted and that its labors have been crowned with success.

It is understood that a Pastoral Letter addressed to the faithful throughout the United States will soon be issued, calling attention to the many evils that require to be resisted and checked, and to the virtues which should be cultivated, practised and protected.

The Third Plenary Council has added a fresh bright lustre to the brow of the beautiful young Church in America and we salute her as she advances in all her majesty wearing the impress of her Divine Founder: "Go therefore, and teach all nations." "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the end of the world."

In the United States to-day the Catholic Church is a power whose existence can no longer be ignored; its influence no longer disregarded for its record is fair and stainless; and it commands the respect of all honest and rightminded men. All its principles are in harmony with just government as is shown from its past history, and he that is a faithful member of the Catholic Church will be a correspondingly good citizen for "he that is true to his God can not be false to his country."

If Americans are wise then—and we think they are—they will accept the inevitable; embrace the one true

Faith, guard the priceless liberties of our beloved Country; make our great Republic greater still, and transmit to posterity a country really and indeed great, glorious and free.

CAN YOU SPELL?

If you wish to test your ability to spell the English language try to write correctly the following sentences from dictation.

The most skilful gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poniard, who drove a peddler's wagon, using a mullein-stalk as an instrument of coercion to tyrannize over his pony shod with calks. He was a Galilean Sadducee, and he had a phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria, and the bilious intermittent erysipelas. A certain Sibyl, with the sobriquet of 'Gypsy,' went into ecstasies of caclinnation at seeing him measure a bushel of pease, and separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes, without dyeing or singeing the ignitable queue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the capitol to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making a rough courtesy, and not harassing him with mystifying, rarefying, and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a conch, a bouquet of lilies, mignonette, and fuchsias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerreotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciusko, a kaleidoscope, a dram-phial of ipecacuanha, a teaspoonful of naphtha for deleble purposes, a ferrule, a clarionet, some licorice, a surcingle, a carnelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with a movable balance-wheel, a box of dominoes, and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier and a parishioner of mine, preferring a woollen surtout (his choice was referable to a vacillating, occasionally occurring idiosynersy), wofully uttered this apothegm: "Life is checkered: but schism, apostasy, heresy and villainy shall be punished" The Sibyl apologizingly answered, "There is a ratable allegeable difference between a conferrable ellipsis and a trisyllabic diæresis." We replied in trochees, not impugning her suspicion.

—*The Academy News.*

PERSONALS.

George Mette '83 is doing well in Detroit, Mich.
Wm. Danaher '81 is tax-collector of Highland, Ills.
The members of the old "Nevada crowd" seem to prosper.

Thos. Maher '83 is clerking for his brother at Kinsman.

Thos. Killeen '84, our quondam "devil" is in a Chicago printing office.

Victor Grandpré '75 does a flourishing grocery business in the "garden city."

Patrick Keating '80 writes us that he is doing well at What Cheer, Iowa. Shake Pat, we always thought you would succeed.

Daniel Mackin '82 is lord of an extensive domain near Ills. Dannie bids fair to become a "bloated monopolist."

Rev. A. Bergeron '75, one of the first priests ordained from St. Viateur's is pastor of Notre Dame church, Chicago.

Peter Corbley '82 will go to the "big city" next month to finish his apprenticeship at the Weldon shops. Pete will soon be handling the lever of an Illinois Central mogul.

Sylvester Meehan '81 will finish Theology at St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee this year. We hope soon to append Rev. to his name.

We understand that Thos. Hughes '84 intends becoming a pedagogue. If his career as a teacher be anything like his student life, we predict a good year's work for the young Sumnerites.

Married at Chippewa Falls, Wis, Mr. Robert Létourneau '81 and Miss Etta Pearson. We congratulate you, Robert, and hope that the years of your married life may be many and happy.

EXCHANGES.

The last number of the "Student" is filled with very interesting matter, "Comparison of ancient and modern warfare" is a very good Essay.

The "Student" Evidently does not love our French Supplement owning, we suppose to the fact that he has no knowledge of that language.

We gladly place on our Exchange list this week the "Exponent" from Dell Rapids Dakota owned and edited by our old friend E. E. Griswold formerly of the South Chicago Tribune. Bro. Griswold we are rejoiced to find you occupied once more in Journalistic labors and wish you a succesful career in the regions of the North West.

"Church Progress" of Marshall, Ill., edited by Rev. Charles Kuhlman is an able exponent of Catholic truths and Catholic practices. Bp. Ireland's masterly address on the "Church and the Republic" at the Baltimore Council ran through the last two issues.

Last number of the Speculum contains very little matter—a few locals—and that is all.

The last number of Horæ Scholasticæ does not rank very high; too many locals—no space devoted to essays.

Among the many exchanges received from female

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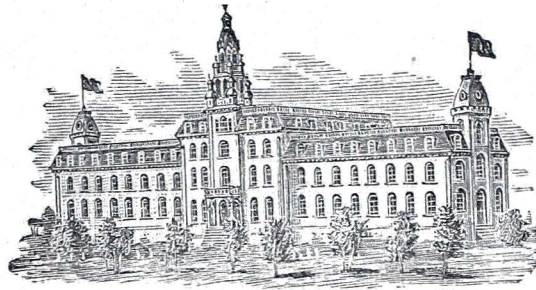
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