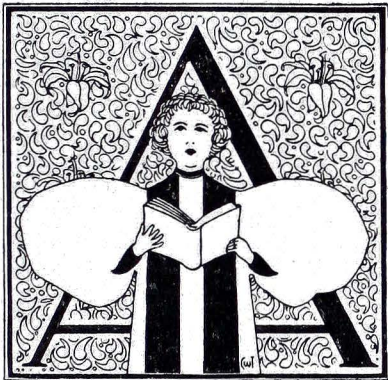


GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.



FLOATING sound of melody
Night's silence rends in twain;
The joyous bells of Christmas morn
Ring out in glad refrain,
"Glory to God on high."

The echoes of the azure deep
With hymns of praise now ring;
The angel choir in heaven above
Rejoice and sweetly sing,
"Glory to Christ our King."

Before a million altars bright,
Adorned with flowers fair,
The humble worshipers of earth
Now kneel and lisp in prayer,
"Glory to God on high."

The spotless snowflakes fill the air,
And in their downward flight,
With motion gay they dance and play,
And bring to earth delight,
On this cold Christmas night.

The music of the merry chimes,
The hearts of men now thrill;
The songs of seraph choirs above,
The earth with peace now fill,
And give to men good will.

J. M. KANGLEY.



A GENEROUS SACRIFICE.



DURING the Moorish occupation of Spain and for many years after the expulsion of these invaders by Ferdinand and Isabella, bands of Moorish pirates carried on a lucrative traffic by seizing Christians along the coast of Spain and holding them as slaves until ransomed by their friends. The fate of the poor who were thus captured was most miserable, for they could not hope to pay the exorbitant sums demanded, and hence nothing but perpetual slavery or death awaited them. It was to alleviate, as far as possible, their wretched condition, that a religious society was founded for the redemption of captives, which has given the world some of the most beautiful examples of unselfish devotion and heroic sacrifice to be found in human annals.

In the early part of December, the Superior of one of these monasteries, in the south of Spain, was seated at his desk, busily occupied with his young secretary in disposing of a large mass of correspondence, when the porter entered the room. "Well Brother," said the abbot, looking up from his writing, "what have you to say to me?" "There is a lady at the gate who wishes to speak with you at once," replied the porter. "You know, Brother, this is my busy day and I cannot see visitors especially at this hour. Tell the lady to return tomorrow." "Yes, Father, I know what you say is true, but this woman is evidently in great distress, and I feel confident she is in pressing need of immediate

assistance. Besides I have already tried to induce her to return later but to no purpose. She says she has come from a great distance and her case is urgent. The abbot finally gave his consent and the woman was ushered into his room. She cast herself at his feet, covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. The good priest took her gently by the arm, lifted her from her kneeling posture and conducted her to a seat. "Now, my dear madam," he said kindly, "compose yourself, tell me the nature of your trouble and I assure you I will do all in my power to assist you." The woman took a tear-stained letter from her pocket, handed it to the priest and said in a voice choked with sobs—"Read, Father." The abbot read the following words.

MY DEAR WIFE:

I am commanded by my captors to send you this sad message, for otherwise I would never have inflicted this useless pain upon you. Unless the sum of \$5000.00 is paid for my ransom before Christmas, I shall be put to death. I know full well you cannot collect such a sum and so I am preparing myself to die as a Christian should. Were it not for your sake I would account death as a blessed relief from the miseries I have endured in my hard slavery. Farewell, my dearest wife, you will never hear from me again. On Christmas day, I die. May God comfort and sustain you in this great trial. I cannot say more. My heart bleeds for you and the poor children.

"My dear lady," said the abbot, after reading the letter, "nothing in the world would afford me greater satisfaction than to save your poor husband from his cruel fate, but unfortunately I am not able to do what I would. We have not at our disposal one fifth of the amount required. Three months ago I could have done something, but now alas, my

hands are almost empty." "O Father! for the love of Christ," pleaded the unhappy woman, "do not let my poor husband die. Save him and we will labor all our lives to repay you." "I do not absolutely refuse you," said the abbot, "but I have not now the necessary money. We will use every endeavor to collect it from the charity of the faithful, but the time remaining is so short, I fear it will be very difficult. It would be necessary to set out very soon to reach your husband in time. If I am successful in this undertaking I will write to let you know." "O Father, may the God of widows and orphans prosper you," exclaimed the poor woman fervently. Though the kind-hearted religious tried to comfort the unhappy woman before dismissing her, his heart was ill at ease and he feared his efforts would be fruitless.

During all this time, the young secretary said not a word. He seemed scarcely to hear what had been said for he did not once interrupt his writing. But as soon as the lady departed, he left his work and came from the other side of the room to the desk of his superior. "Now, Father Abbot," he said, "I claim the fulfillment of the promise you made me when I pronounced my vows." "What was that promise, my son?" the abbot asked, somewhat surprised at the young man's earnestness. "You promised to grant me the first permission I should ask of you." "A promise which I mean to keep," said the abbot smiling. "In fact I was thinking of sending you on a short vacation to give you a much needed rest. I confess you have been somewhat overworked of late." "But Father, I was not thinking of asking for a vacation, for I never felt better in my life." It was evident to the abbot the young religious was slightly embarrassed, but he attributed it to his modesty and timidity. He was a most exemplary religious and the abbot held him

in the highest esteem, always gentle, courteous, amiable, ever unmindful of self, ready and eager to make others happy, he was loved and revered by all who knew him. The abbot had no hesitation in promising to grant whatever he should ask. "I entreat you, Father, send me to Algiers to ransom the husband of that poor woman." "What would be the use, my son? You know we have not more than \$700.00, and the price of his ransom is \$5000.00." "You do not understand me, Father, I do not wish merely to be the bearer of his ransom, but to offer myself in his stead. I am a strong, young man, and the Moorish pirates will be glad to accept me in the place of this unhappy man for a small sum of money or perhaps without any, though to be certain I would take about \$500.00. Such a sum you could easily give me. This lady is almost distracted with grief and her husband is on the verge of despair, whilst I should be glad to be in his place. You know it is not only the purpose of our order to send money for the redemption of captives but also to furnish substitutes when necessity requires. It was with the hope of one day being such a substitute that I became a member of the order and now when the opportunity of realizing my dream presents itself I entreat you, Father, do not disappoint me. When I read of the heroism of the early martyrs, my soul is on fire and I long to imitate them. This will be no sacrifice for me but a sweet, delightful labor. On my knees, my dear Father, I beg this favor. It is the first I have ever asked and you have already promised." The old abbot was visibly affected. He loved the young man with all the tenderness of a father. In a voice trembling with emotion he said—"Ah! my dear son, I could better have spared another, but God's will be done. You may go. This is the heaviest cross of my life."

It did not take the young monk long to make his simple preparations, and the next morning he was ready to

set out upon his mission of charity, where suffering, hardships, and perhaps death, awaited him. But never did warrior go with braver heart or lighter spirit to fight the battles of his country than did this young soldier of the cross set out to dare the worst that hellish hate or callous cruelty might have in store for him. No enthusiastic crowd hailed him as a hero when he passed out of the monastery to do as heroic a deed as man ever performed. No admiring throngs lined the way to see him pass, though the Ced in his most daring exploit had never displayed a more valiant soul. He was neither known nor desired to be known. It sufficed for him that he was doing the Master's work.

After a prosperous voyage he reached Algiers, and without much difficulty found the man he had come to ransom. Terms were soon arranged with his savage masters. They readily agreed, upon the payment of five hundred dollars, to accept the young monk in exchange for their prisoner. What they wanted especially was money, and they were confident they would receive a large sum for the ransom of this young man much sooner than for the prisoner they were now releasing. In fact when they had learned of his humble condition and the poverty of his friends, they gave up hope of ever receiving anything for his freedom. He had been so broken in mind and body by the cruel treatment to which he had been subjected, that they no longer considered him useful, and had therefore resolved to put him to death—their method of disposing of all their captives from whom they had nothing to hope. They were consequently quick to accept the offer of the young religious.

Thus it happened that instead of facing a cruel and lingering death on Christmas day, the happy husband was on his way back to bright, sunny Spain; back to home and

country, back to wife and children, back to life and liberty, and all that makes life dear, without however knowing how his release had been brought about. He naturally supposed that his wife had in some extraordinary manner succeeded in raising the sum necessary for his ransom. It would require a more skillful pen than mine to describe the unspeakable joy that filled his heart when he walked the decks of the good ship which was carrying him to all he loved. Every breeze that fanned his cheek seemed to bring a sweet message from wife and little ones. For several days he could not remain quiet; he wanted neither food nor sleep so great was the joy that surged through his soul.

There was not in all Spain, on that Christmas day, a happier family than the wife and children of the former slave, for although he whom they loved was not yet with them, they knew he was on his way, and in a few days more they would be enfolded in his loved arms. After the father's return, the whole family went to the abbot to thank him for the priceless favor he had done them. The old man, with tears in his eyes, told them of the young monk's sacrifice in their behalf. "Ah! my friends," he said, "you owe nothing to me, but to that large-hearted, noble-souled young man, whose only ambition is to make himself more Christlike from day to day. I loved him as my own soul, and since he left me I feel as though I had lost the most precious thing in life. But do not imagine I would recall him if I could. I know, incredible as it may seem, that he is happy and contented in the midst of his sufferings."

We will draw the veil over the inhuman treatment the young religious received at the hands of his brutal masters. Six months later when his brothers in religion came to ransom him, they could not recognize in the pale, emaciated wreck of humanity who answered to the name of Brother

Giles, their companion of other days. He refused, however, to abandon his self-imposed slavery and one of his fellow prisoners went back to Spain in his stead. In less than a year later he was crucified for having prevented a young Christian from renouncing Christ and embracing Moham-medanism.

This is no mere fancy sketch, existing only in the imagination of the writer, but the simple statement of an historical fact of which there are hundreds in the annals of the society for the redemption of captives. No stately monuments have been erected to commemorate the heroism of these devoted men; no sculptor has chiselled their forms in imperishable marble; no poet has immortalized their names in his undying song; their names are not to be found in human annals, but surely when the book of eternity shall be opened and a congregated world is assembled to read, these names will shine with the borrowed light of divine splendor.

W. J. B.



THE VIATORIAN.

II

JOY.

HE plays beside his mother's knee,
A fair-haired baby boy;
With joyous prattle holds aloft
A little Christmas toy.

"My love shall be a soldier brave,"
The mother cries with glee,
In answer to her baby's voice,
"A soldier brave he'll be."

She clasps him to her breast with joy,
Their lips in kisses meet;
She rocks him in her arms until
His eyes are touched by sleep.

Within his cradle-kingdom small,
She places him with care;
Imprinting just another kiss
Upon his golden hair.



PARTING.

Long years have fled into the past;
Upon that baby's brow
There is impressed the finger print
Of noble manhood now.

He walks the earth with martial tread,
His face is fair and true,
His manly form is now enwrapped
In soldier's suit of blue.

With tears and sighs, with prayers, advice,
A kiss upon his brow,
The mother bids her son farewell,
To fight for country now.

And oft' she looks with tear-stained eye,
Upon that baby's toy;
And thinks of him now far from home,
Her child, her soldier boy.

THE VIATORIAN.

SORROW.

Upon a grim old battle field,
 O'er swept by shot and shell;
 Beneath the fort's fire-belching guns
 A brave young soldier fell.

They found him just at dawn of day,
 His comrades true and brave;
 And with their bayonets dug for him
 A cold, dark, lonely grave.

The hearts of grim old warriors beat
 That day in silent prayer,
 For him who led the wild, brave charge,
 The lad with golden hair.

The wind a requiem sings through flowers
 Which on that grave have grown;
 A silent tale, a white slab tells
 "A soldier—name unknown."



CONSOLATION.

Fond mother, though thou weep this day
 For him so dear to thee,
 A proud, brave nation also weeps
 Today in sympathy.

The heavens rejoice as they receive
 The soul of him so brave,
 Who fought to prove these noble words,
 "*No man is born a slave.*"

As on the field of Bunker Hill
 Our fathers fought and bled,
 So he beneath the stars and stripes
 His young life's blood has shed.

In every true and loyal heart
 Fond thoughts of him shall be,
 Who died upon the battle field,
 For right, for liberty.

J. M. KANGLEY.

THE CONQUEST OF ALEXANDER.



IN the annals of history many nations rise before us, famed for their achievements in the arts and sciences. Among these we see one surrounded by an aureola of glory, whose very name recalls to our mind some of the grandest works which fill this earth with beauty and splendor. Never has a nation, not guided by light from above, advanced civilization and culture to a greater degree of perfection than have the Greeks. The age of Pericles alone is a very pyramid of glorious achievements. It soars above all ; with a summit adorned with all the magnificence of art ; with a foundation made solid by philosophy and science. What nation has produced sons who wielded the sculptor's chisel more skillfully ? What people can claim such masses of marble aglow with the reality of life and call them purely original ? No less may be said of Grecian painting in general, but when individual pieces deceived not only the birds but even caused a master of that art to exclaim, "Remove the veil," praise can scarcely be bestowed too liberally. To say that architecture reached this height of splendor would be putting it upon too low a scale ; it ascended to the zenith of art and adorned Athens with a grace and beauty to which no city has yet attained. It was the same exquisite sense of fitness, beauty and proportion which made the Greeks artists in stone and marble, that also made them artists in language. What bard gave vent to such wise maxims more eloquently than Homer ? What master through the centuries of progress and improvement united the philosophy of a Socrates and a Plato to the beautiful flow of a Homer, and issued forth a synonym of eloquence ? We look in vain if we look not to Greece and to her worthy son, Demosthenes. So much for the Greeks in these achievements

which mark her valleys as the bright rays of a noonday sun, shining from the azure sky unmarred by the clouds of time.

In nothing, however, has the greatness of their genius, the energy of their character, and their undaunted temper been better displayed than in war. There is not recorded in the annals of history a more brilliant, a more complete or a more glorious triumph than that of the Greeks over the Persians in the person of Alexander the Great. When one hazards a battle against a powerful nation, and snatches victory from multitudes of their well equipped soldiers, we call such a leader a great general ; but if this leader is outclassed in the number of his followers ; if he must pass through a strange and rugged country, bring his troops into the centre of an enemy's power, and there fling defiance into their teeth and hurl his undaunted legions upon them with irresistible fury, then are we struck with admiration and we seek in vain to give adequate expression to the feelings which arise within us. But if that nation at which he strikes is the most powerful in the world ; if it can send for its defense soldiers that can surround the hills and make the valleys of an hundred provinces echo with their cries ; nay more, if each city is surrounded by rapid streams, its walls covered with the massive forms of engines of destruction, and the flashing arms of many hundred thousand soldiers, filling the fortresses, surmounting the walls, ready to cast their lances upon the head of an approaching foe : I say if all this be overcome by the genius of a man, who can refrain from esteeming him among the greatest of victors ? But all this is true of Alexander's conquest. He first had to unite the forces of a nation shattered by their own dissensions. From the remnants of once glorious Greece he collected but thirty-six thousand, and with this mere handful fearlessly went forth into the very strongholds of a powerful nation that could oppose him by millions. If one thinks that nature favored him, let him reflect upon the rivers which Alexander crossed, the mountains he scaled, and the hot, sandy deserts through which he passed. It was indeed a wonderful feat, when Alexander, urging his troops to follow, plunged into the Granicus, and throwing aside

the angry waves, hurled his undaunted legions into the face of a frowning foe with an hundred thousand weapons raised to strike down all that dared approach, ere they could gain the slippery bank. What conqueror would not lose heart by looking upon Tyre, the proud mistress of the sea, walled in by the heaving billows of the deep? What besieger would not abandon his undertaking had his designs been thwarted as often as had Alexander's? He, on the contrary, seemed to rise superior to difficulty. Behold him marching through the burning sands of Egypt, with troops fresh from the cool highlands of Greece! What though Petra Oxiana raised her haughty sides to the clouds and defied men to conquer her! What though she held tens of thousands of defenders upon her broad summit and forbade all but winged enemies! In fact the taunting cries of her possessor did echo down the valley in the words, "Alexander seek me not, for unless the gods do suddenly give thee wings, me thou shalt not possess." It was then that Grecian military genius proved what marvels can be performed through mental energy, for they took wings, as it were, and scaling the rocky sides of that mountain cliff, scattered its defenders, and so wrested the last fortress from Scythian power.

The victorious arms of Alexander swept over all Asia to the very heart of India. Nothing escaped his penetrating mind; nothing could resist the power of his arms. Hannibal, in his rapid march across the Spanish peninsula and over the Alps, left many fortifications, not directly in his path, unconquered; Cæsar had to quell the Gauls time and again in his Gallic conquest. The comprehension of Alexander alone was at once vast and minute. He alone left no people unsubdued; no tribe that did not feel the force of his conquering arms, the rugged mountaineer, the wandering Arabian, and the tribes of the valleys, alike felt his mastering sway, alike submitted to his power. The rivers of Cappadocia he crossed; the mountains of Cilicia he swept over, driving all before him that dared to oppose, as the elements of a mighty cyclone strike even the haughty oaks and hurl them to earth. Nothing could stay his onward progress.

Thus did this conqueror proceed throughout the whole extent of Persian dominion. All with the name of Persia became Grecian. Persia, once the proud and unconquerable, now beheld her mighty walls battered and surmounted, her citadels filled with hardy Greeks, and her temples despoiled of their hoarded wealth. Soon the vast kingdom of Persia was under Alexander's sway. From Cappadocia and Mesopotamia, through India and Assyria to the extremity of Aræchosia, in a word all that bowed to the name of Darius, all that acknowledged Persian supremacy, submitted to the Grecian conqueror. Alexander did not merely pass through these many provinces with but the credit of having conquered them; his progress was not as the storm of yesterday, sweeping by and then gone forever, with nothing to mark its path but a few scattered ruins; on the contrary, every palace that once held a Persian governor was filled by a Greek. Even the citadels were held by Grecian arms, and among the inhabitants Grecian manners began to prevail. Such was the completeness of his conquest with regard to Persia, that mighty empire, before which all nations trembled, supported by the sword and commanded by the will of mighty potentates. To have conquered these vast territories of Persia was sufficient to establish lasting fame for a conqueror and place him on the list of the most renowned of military geniuses. But if Alexander's conquest is worthy to be deemed great on account of the many obstacles he overcame, it is equally so if not even more worthy of this title by the effects it produced.

Persia had long been scattering the seeds of dissention among the Grecian states. This kept Greece from being united and without unity there is neither strength nor progress. Consequently the arts and sciences were on the decline in Greece, whilst she was striving to hold her few states together. Thus the strength of Greece was wasted by the impediments which her states placed in each other's way. Imagine Grecian manners subjected to those of Persia! To imagine this one must imagine effeminacy in its most degrading form, dissolution and pleasure dominating virtue; the body dominating the mind. Venus and Mars would be her

ideals and once simple Greece would crumble in Persian corruption. Such a dilemma was inevitably coming if active measures were not taken. Already the Grecian states looked up to the Persian ruler! Already Lacedamon and even Athens left the decisions of their quarrels to the Persian kings! They even forgot their dignity so far as to call the Persian monarch their great king. What blinded thee, O Athens, thou bright sun of intelligence, that thou couldst not see the intrigues of an enemy eagerly seeking thy ruin! Whither had thine ancient pride flown that thou didst stand in awe of such a nation as Persia? But alas, such was the state of affairs to which thy rashness had brought thee. Already Greece was sinking into slavery, falling into the hands of barbarians, and the fetters of bondage were slowly but surely being fastened upon thy once soaring spirit. Surely the genius of Argos could not be a mere spectator of these events! Surely a nation that possessed such philosophers and artists and that once proved to the Persians the power of their hardy soldiers, must have some son that could arise and free her from these trying circumstances! Such she had at the very time when she was sorely in need of a deliverer. By this title we may call Alexander. He more than realized the expectations of Greece, for after his time the name of Persia was but a by-word among the Greeks. These are some of the benefits he rendered to Greece and consequently to civilization, science and art. Even conquered Persia was in a large measure benefited by Alexander. And since we judge the greatness of a conquest by the number and greatness of the difficulties overcome, by the completeness of its execution, and by the nature of its results, we must of necessity place Alexander's among the very greatest, since he realized these requirements in their fullest sense. What ever may be said of the greatness of Alexander's achievements may be applied to himself.

Consider the many obstacles which confronted his path, the towering citadels, holding weapons of terror and death. The elements of nature even seemed to unite with the efforts of countless thousands of Persian soldiers in obstructing the path of

Alexander. But all these vanished at his approach as the mists and fogs of night are dispelled before the genial rays of a morning sun. He passed from one hostile country to another with as much rapidity as an ordinary general would have passed from one city to another. The mind can scarcely contemplate the vast extent of territory over which this marvelous man extended his sway without amazement. He swept like a meteor from the confines of Bythinia to the swamps of Indus; from the dreary hills of Scythia down to the shores of the Persis. I may surely say, without the slightest fear of exaggeration, that if ever a man can encircle his name with the halo of glory and write it in indelible characters on history's most brilliant page, by feats of arms and boundless conquests, the name and glory of Alexander can never fade from the remembrance of men.

JOSEPH LONERGAN, '04.



COLLEGE VERSE.

THE SHEPHERD KING.

KING of the Shepherds, lowly born,
Fair child of heavenly love;
We greet thee on this Christmas morn
With angel choirs above.

Enthroned within rude stable walls,
Upon thy mother's breast,
Thou didst not seek in stately halls
The temple of thy rest.

Yet bright, celestial spirits sing
Thy advent on this earth;
And kings their richest treasures bring;
All nations hail thy birth.

Thou art the star of hope divine,
For whom the Fathers sighed;
May thy mild light forever shine,
Men's faltering steps to guide.

W. J. CLEARY.



ABEAMUS.

Echoing clear across the stream,
Through the moss-grown dells,
Whilst the sun's soft fading gleam,
Night and peace foretells—
Abeamus.

Sounds the chant through woodlands round,
Back to college halls;
Turn the students homeward bound,
Love and duty calls—
Abeamus.

When at twilight of this life,
Toward the Master great,
Turns the heart from care and strife,
May joys fore'er await,
Abeamus.

W. J. CLEARY.

THE VIATORIAN.

CHRIST, THE LORD, IS BORN.

The heavens are filled with dazzling light,
 A star shines far on high;
 Its silvery beams now fall on earth,
 Upon a manger lie.

The shepherds hear the angel-songs
 Which make the heavens ring,
 And hasten to the manger low
 To worship Christ, their King.

Far from the East the wisemen came
 With gold and perfume rare,
 And lay them at the feet of Him,
 To whom they kneel in prayer.

Sweet hymns of joy the angels sing
 In welcome of the morn;
 Mankind in humble homage kneels,
 For Christ, the Lord, is born.

K. M. J.



"AND SEEING THE CITY, HE WEPT OVER IT."

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, ungrateful, proud, perverse!

How gladly would I turn from thee, Jehovah's with'ring curse,
 And gather thy deluded sons, beneath the saving Rood

To guard them from destruction's blast, as the hen doth her brood!
 To thee I stretched imploring hands and raised entreating voice,

But thou dost scorn my proffered love and in my shame rejoice.
 At last the measure of thy guilt is filled to overflow,

For of thy visitation, yet, the time thou dost not know.

The blood of prophets slain in thee to heaven for vengeance cries,

And like the voice of clashing worlds, that sound hath pierced the skies.

But now behold thy foes shall come and compass thee around,

And straiten thee on every side, and beat thee to the ground.

Because thou wouldst not hear my voice, nor for thy crimes atone,

Of thy proud shrine there shall not be a stone upon a stone.

B.

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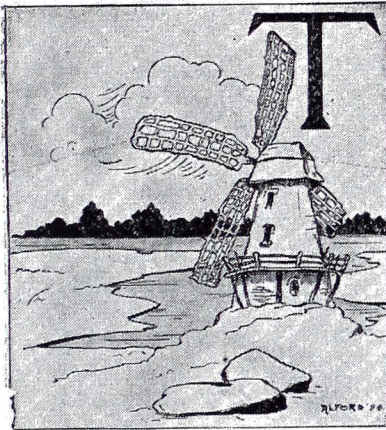
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EDITORIAL.



THE VIATORIAN extends the best wishes of the season to faculty and students, to its readers and co-laborers in the field of college journalism. May the beautiful festival of Christmas bring them its own heaven-sent gifts of joy and happiness.



We have been requested to remind the students that the Christmas vacation closes on the evening of January 3rd., 1902. Every student is expected to return on that date unless he has weighty reasons for not doing so. It belongs to the President to determine whether these reasons are satisfactory or not. Any student failing to comply with this point of discipline will forfeit any title he may have to class honors at the end of the year.

Although this is a form of punishment which will have little terror for a large number of students, because they have neither sufficient strength of mind nor stability of character to win honor in any undertaking, yet there are other motives which should have power to influence them—the sense of honor. Upon entering an institution of learning, every student makes an implied or tacit contract to observe the regulations of discipline deemed necessary by the authorities for the preservation of good order.

Without such an implied condition, no college would matriculate him. Now this agreement is none-the-less binding because not verbally expressed. The principle here insisted upon is universally admitted. If a man should go into a store and order a quantity of merchandise without making any express promise to pay for them, is he any less bound in conscience or law to pay for the goods upon their delivery? Students assume a similar obligation when they enter college, and therefore every breach of discipline is in some measure a dishonor. It is not in most cases perhaps a very great dishonor, but the young man who is not *nice* about his honor is surely unworthy of esteem or confidence.

The loss of honor, even though it be in a small matter, is a far more serious affair than the loss of a medal or class distinctions. The young man who is disposed to violate his engagements and play fast and loose with his word whenever he can do so with impunity is contemptible, yet there is a certain number of students in every college who seem to think they in no way demean themselves when they violate the most important regulations, provided they are not discovered. The principle of their conduct is most dishonorable and immoral, and if pushed to its last logical consequences would lead to the most abominable crimes. Fortunately the conduct of such young men is not as bad as their logic. It is impossible, however, to make a false, pernicious principle the basis of action, without feeling its evil consequences, and frequently it will lead one much farther than he intended. We believe it is Dr. Brownson who remarks that there is a certain inexorable logic in man which, sooner or later, works out in practice the last consequence of every principle he holds. This is the reason bad principles are so demoralizing and destructive. They do not remain barren, but produce an abundant harvest of deadly fruit. The same Brownson does not hesitate to assert that a bad principle is worse than a bad deed.

If then we wish to be honorable, upright, straightforward young men, who are now laying the solid foundation of a strong manly character, we must begin by being faithful to the obligations we have assumed. We must hold our honor as something far too

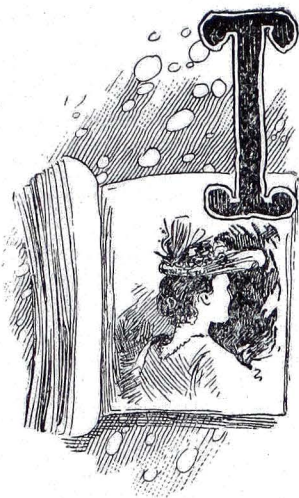
sacred to be bartered for trifles, and look upon base conduct and mean actions as more intolerable evils than physical wounds. The student who entertains no such ideas may rest assured he has not the slightest conception of what noble manhood means.



There are certain philosophers who maintain that in the strict, absolute sense, man has no rights but only duties. Whatever objections may be urged against this doctrine, we are certain it contains far more truth than its opposite—man has no duties but only rights—which seem to be the theory on which many students base their conduct. We certainly owe far more to parents, teachers and guardians than they owe to us, and consequently we are bound to do our best to make them happy, especially during the Christmas holidays. Now we suspect the problem with which many students are concerned is not how much they will do for parents but what parents will do for them. Nearly everyone is talking about the good time he is going to have, but few seem to trouble themselves about the means of making others happy, and no doubt there is many a young man whose home-coming is a source of anxiety and trouble to his parents. Surely this is supreme selfishness, than which nothing could be less Christlike and therefore less in harmony with the feast of Christmas. Let us strive to make the days of vacation pleasant, not only for ourselves, but also for those around us and especially for our parents and the members of our family. In fact this is the most effective means of securing our own happiness, for the selfish man never tastes real pleasure.



BOOK NOTICE.



IN our times when youth tends more and more to emancipate itself from parental authority and when undutifulness threatens to become common as a result of a natural inclination aided by defective education and bad books, it is refreshing to come across such books as "Life's Labyrinth." It is a bracing story which will be read with keen interest and clear profit, especially by young ladies. The genuine filial piety of Constance, the heroine, is admirable as it appears in all the tender cares which she lavishes upon her distressed father; but it becomes heroic when, after she has outgrown girlhood and become the young woman, when loving and being loved by an every way worthy young man, she lets go the prospect of a happy marriage in order to comply with her father's wishes and to remain the solace of his lonely and painful life. Again she displays the same brave and altogether disinterested devotion to her father when, after hearing the woeful story of his misfortunes she, with his blessing, leaves their Grecian retreat and sets out to England to clear him of the guilt that hangs over him. It is precisely this filial piety which makes her doubly dear to the handsome and sensible Lord Kingscourt, who had become quite interested in her earlier in the story. The denouement is such as one expects in a novel. There is crowded into each chapter a quick succession of important and well connected events which compel the attention and hurry the reader on to the last page almost unconsciously. There is not a dull chapter in the book. There are no long and fatiguing descriptions of places or of persons. There is no moralizing, no philosophising. The style is simple and correct. A healthy air of spirituality pervades the entire work. It may not be true to naturalism, (I shall not say nature,) but it is true to the truest art which always perfects nature, because it admits that there are supernatural agencies that assist nature—such as grace

for instance, and prayer which is a means of grace. The heroine and the other characters who win our affection and admiration are people who pray. So do all the heroes and heroines of the great epics as well as the live boys of Father Finn's deservedly popular stories. Such books deserve a glad welcome and their writers deserve well of the youth to whom they consecrate their able pen. This volume, "Life's Labyrinth," by Mary E. Mannix, is handsomely bound and can be had at the *Ave Maria Press*, Notre Dame, Ind. Retail price, \$1.25.



RELIGIOUS EDUCATION AND ITS FAILURES.

BY THE RIGHT REV. JAMES BELLORD, D. D., AVE MARIA PRESS.

THIS little pamphlet is a reprint from a series of articles written for the *Ave Maria* on the above subject. Starting from the fact that a considerable number of Catholics fall away from the church every year, the author analyzes the causes which might be responsible for this admitted fact. He finally comes to the conclusion that most of the perversions must be ascribed to defective catechetical instruction. He points out the error of present methods and pleads for a radical change. If we have not mistaken the gist of the pamphlet, the author bases his arguments on two assumptions—first, that those who are engaged in the work of Christian education are usually satisfied with a parrot-like knowledge of the formulas contained in the catechism, without giving themselves much concern as to the meaning; secondly, that those who fall away are nearly always ill-instructed persons. It may be presumptuous on our part to dissent from the opinion of so learned an author, but if a book notice is to be any thing but cant and twaddle it must be the honest expression of the writer's convictions. The first of these assumptions we believe to be almost wholly unfounded and the second to be at most only partially true. We are not prepared to admit that religious teachers are so inept as to imagine that the mumbling of meaningless formulas is all Christian education requires. This would be

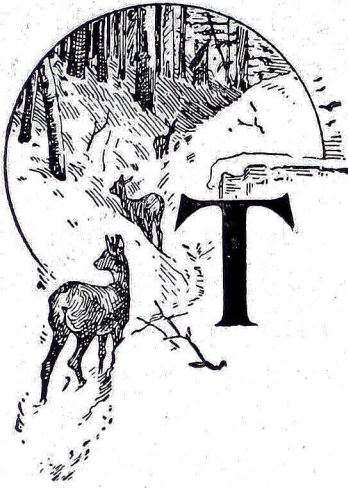
downright stupidity and those who could be guilty of it are utterly unqualified for the office of teaching. A very large part of religious instruction is given in the parochial schools. Will any one pretend that the majority of teachers in these schools are such incompetents as this assumption implies?

The second assumption we will not examine because our experience is not sufficiently extensive to give much weight to our opinion.

Although in our humble judgment the essay is defective, yet it has much solid worth. It will certainly provoke thought on this important subject and should therefore be in the hands of every one who is engaged in the teaching of catechism. If the facts assumed be admitted, the logic of the pamphlet is irresistible.



EXCHANGES.



THE *Niagara Index* is ever a most welcome visitor to our table. The Mid-November number lacks none of the characteristic vigor and originality which are that journal's distinctive traits. A graceful tribute of respect to the virgin martyr and philosopher, St. Catharine, first engages our attention. Its praises are set forth in elegant latin verse, in a manner indicating, on the part of its author, an admirable proficiency in that ancient and noble language. The tone of the lyric throughout is reverent and religious. We would remark here in passing, that a column devoted to Latin poems or essays would be a most desireable feature of college magazines. But alas! that majestic tongue, through which has been transmitted to us the wisdom of an Aquin and an Augustine, the eloquence of a Cicero and the majesty of Vergil, is slowly falling into desuetude and its cultivation, in this country at least, suffers lamentable neglect. But such reflections are here, perhaps, inopportune. In this number is concluded the essay on "Statesmanship in Shakespeare," which, interesting from beginning to end, evinces a clear insight into the political characterization of Shakespeare. In reviewing a few of the historical plays, the weak and faulty statesmanship of King John, of Richard III, and of Henry VI, is well delineated by the author, and contrasted with the patriotism, the prudence, the foresight and diplomacy found in the characters of Pandulph, of Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV, of Henry V and of Gloster. It would indeed have been interesting, had the author included in his paper a treatment of the plays, Richard III and Henry VIII, but, having established his point, namely, that Shakespeare is a master in the delineation of characters as revealed in the statesman, he brings to an end his lengthy yet entertaining essay. An article on "The Editorial Page of a Newspaper" contains some good general observations on the almost incalculable power of the

editorial column for good or evil. After inveighing against the evils of that unsound and vitiated rubbish palmed upon the public as substantial journalism, the writer asserts, and with truth, that as a rule the editorials of our papers are sincere, moral, and in the main, commendable.



"*The Western University Courant*," appearing upon the cover of a certain magazine before us, is apparently a misnomer, since the paper thus styled is scarcely worthy of a mere high school. Examination fails to reveal a single essay, and a magazine issued from a *University* we justly expect to find well supplied with such literature. Two very ineffectual attempts are made to write a story. Now of all the absurdities of college magazines, first place must be allotted to the short story which lacks the chief requisite of good fiction, a worthy purpose. And not only the pieces in question, but also the generality of fiction appearing in our exchanges, are open to this charge. Unless a story has a moral, inculcates esteem for virtue, or abhorrence for evil, it is not worth writing. There is a most instructive (?) editorial on the desirability of a Rooters' Club, and of the "adoption of regular college yells and characteristic songs." We hope that the next will be a more creditable issue.



In "*The St. Joseph's Collegian*" we find an agreeable combination of poems, stories, and essays. Of the numerous poems we consider "Abel's Morning Hymn" the best, by reason of its general gracefulness of thought and of expression. "Death" also deserves praise for its fanciful ideas. An essay on "Our Progress in Fifty Years" contains many just observations, but in its treatment there is a manifest lack of order and of connection between the parts, which renders its perusal somewhat uninteresting. Of the two stories, "The Success of Charles Fahey," although too short and too cursory in its development, comes nearer to the standard of good fiction than the other, "The Big Foot-ball Game."

The best essay we find in this journal is on "The Imagination," which would deserve much praise, did it not bear so close a resemblance to the essays of Addison on the same subject. When Johnson advised us to devote our days and nights to Addison, he surely did not mean that, in the course of an essay, we should reproduce almost word for word, and present as our own, that which is really the product of our author's genius. Another excellent essay is "A Gentleman," wherein the author describes the conduct and sums up the requirements of a true gentleman. A greater number of such essays is desirable.

F. S. CLARK, O3.



ST. VIATEUR 17, MOMENCE 6.



HOSE who were present when the college eleven lined up against their old-time rivals, Momence, witnessed one of the fiercest games ever played on the local gridiron. Both teams played with a dash and vigour that kept the excitement of the spectators at fever heat throughout the entire game. Momence, though full of fight and determination to the very end, was unable to stop the irresistable line plunges of the college backs, or to solve the mass on tackle play which the home team used with great effect against her, frequently gaining from ten to thirty yards.

Capt. Morris won the toss for Momence and decided to defend the north goal, from which a slight wind was blowing. It was just about three-thirty when Capt. Martin sent the pigskin whirling to Momence ten yard line where it was caught by Capt. Morris, who succeeded in advancing it eight yards before being brought to earth by Cleary, the fleet college end. Here Van Inwegen was given a try at center which netted Momence four yards. Chipman gained three more through right tackle. E. Metcalf circled right end for five more going down under Cosgrove. By a series of line plunges Momence succeeded in bringing the ball to her forty yard line where St. Viateur braced up and held her for downs.

Here Capt. Martin plunged through left tackle for ten yards, Sullivan went through the same place for five more and Jones stole around right end for an additional five. Capt. Martin again perforated Momence's line for three yards. Sullivan did likewise for five yards while Jones went through right tackle for three more. Cleary circumnavigated left end

for four yards. Capt. Martin found a hole good for five yards through right tackle. Lamarre glided around right end for three yards, Jones acquired two through right guard, Cleary circled left end for five yards while Capt. Martin was pushed over for the first touch down a minute later. He failed to kick goal. Score, St. Viateur's 5, Momence 0.

Momence again kicked off, the ball landing on St. Viateur's twenty yard line, where it was caught by Cleary, who brought it back five yards, being tackled by Chipman. Capt. Martin hit left tackle for four yards, Lamarre circled right end for six yards, Sullivan went through left tackle for five more. At this point St. Viateur lost the ball on a fumble, E. Metcalf dropping on the ball.

Chipman got past left end for ten yards, Capt Morris bored through left tackle for four more, Van Inwegen did the same for three, E. Metcalf skirted right end for five yards, and Van Inwegen gained seven more through tackle. By continual line backing, Momence worked her way down to St. Viateur's five yard line, from which point Capt Morris, was pushed over the goal line in the next scrimmage. Van Inwegen kicked an easy goal. Score, Momence 6, St. Viateur 5.

In the second half St. Viateur played with a vim and energy that fairly took Momence off her feet. Van Inwegen kicked off to Cosgrove, who ran the oval back ten yards. Capt. Martin punctured the line for five yards, Sullivan reduplicated Capt. Martin's feat, and Jones went around right end for four more. Cleary and Lamarre each gained five yards on end plays. It was at this junction that St. Viateur began that impetuous attack on Momence's line which resulted in her second touchdown. The mass on tackle formation was brought into play. Time and again it tore great holes in the visitors' line, and finally carried them

broken and crushed to their three yard line, where Capt. Martin was sent over for a touchdown. Cosgrove kicked a difficult goal. Score, St. Viateur's 11 Momence 6.

Momence again kicked off. Lamarre captured the ball and brought it back ten yards. Capt. Martin, Jones and Sullivan hurled themselves repeatedly upon Momence's line and always with big game. Cosgrove again brought the mass on tackle into action and with the same effect as before. Momence, battered and bruised, lined up for a last stand on her five yard line, Sullivan smashed through left tackle for a third touchdown, Cosgrove kicked goal. Score, St. Viateur's 17, Momence 6.

With three minutes to play, Momence kicked off to St. Viateur's twenty-five yard line, where the ball was caught by Jordan who advanced it eight yards, Cleary skirted left end for twelve yards, Lamarre went around the other side for ten more, Capt. Martin plunged through right tackle for an additional ten, when time was called.

THE LINE UP.

MOMENCE.		ST. VIATEUR'S.
E. Metcalf	l. e.	Lamarre
G. Metcalf	l. t.	Smith
Sharkey	l. g.	Carey
Cantway	c.	Armstrong
Clark	r. g.	Leonard
Gibson	r. t.	Jordan
Pifer	r. e.	Cleary
Marshall	q. b.	Cosgrove
Chipman	l. h. b.	Jones
Morris, Capt.	r. h. b.	Sullivan
Van Inwegen	f. b.	Martin, Capt.

Length of halves, twenty minutes.

UMPIRE—Halpin; REFEREE—Kearney.

TOUCHDOWNS—Martin 2, Sullivan, Morris.

GOALS—Van Inwegen, Cosgrove 2.

TIMEKEEPERS—Burke, Kelly, Linesmen, Smith, Hayden

Since this was written we met Momence a second time and suffered defeat at their hands by a score of 12 to 6.



THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Through tangled copse and drear morass I bend
My wearied course, beset with perils rare;
Here briars cruel, delusive pitfalls there;
Now ravenous beasts my spirit with terror rend,
And sombre gloom doth on my soul attend;
When lo ! a beauteous vision quells my care,
A pure, resplendent lily, passing fair,
Whose fragrance doth my troubled course suspend.
Thus 'mid the wildness of a world's decay,
An only flower of radiant beauty glows,
MARY, our constant hope, to whom we pray
For aid to conquer sin and death, our foes;
A peerless gem, thy virtue knows no flaw,
A mother kind, thy love supplants our awe.

F. S. CLARK.



VIATORIANA.

Christmas vacation. Hurra!

Who discovered America? The sailors.

Why are the Indians called red men? Because they are always out for blood.

When the lights go out, why is the refectory like a pond? Because it is full of duck(ers) and geese.



It is easy when you know how. After the board of editors had waited upon him in a body, and their able spokesman had scortched large holes in the atmosphere in several places with his burning eloquence, Vivo finally consented to give the following sublime effusion of his muse for publication. All rights have been reserved by the author, and therefore let all would-be plagiarists beware.

You may talk about your hand-ball courts,
 And the joys of indoor ball;
 You may praise the gym. with its endless sports,
 And the smoke that is dear to all ;
 You may think that these can give you joy,
 And soothe your weary brain ;
 But the times to come are sure to annoy,
 And your spirits' calm to strain.
 O who can feel his soul at rest,
 When the time for exams is nigh ;
 And unfeeling Profs. with right good zest,
 To upset you gladly try ?
 What with Latin nouns and the worse Greek verb,
 My poor head's puzzled sore,
 Until ghastly dreams my sleep disturb,
 So that peace I know no more.

Vivo begs us to announce to his many admirers that this exquisite poem has not received the last finishing touches from his skillful hands, and he therefore wishes them to abate, as far as possible, though he does not desire the impossible, admiration until they have the pleasure of perusing the mature offspring of his young genius.

Our friend P. W. is also a lover of the muses, and he sometimes has the honor of entertaining one of these celestial visitants. On the last occasion he boldly laid hold on the Goddess' golden tresses and refused to release her until she should favor him with a few poetic ideas. We are happy to present our readers with the gem which his bold action merited. Pete says he will not apologize to Holmes or any one else, because the same muse who tipped the genial Doctor was equally kind to him.

A BROKEN REST.

You may think that in the morn,
When the bugler sounds his horn,
Being wise;
Or the caller whirls his bell,
Whilst your thoughts are in some dell,
It's time to rise.
But you feel so tired and weak,
That a nap you try to sneak,
All for naught;
For the prefect on the go,
Gets around the bed so slow
That you're caught;
And you tell him you're not well,
In the night you had a spell,
That was bad;
Then he shakes his thoughtful head,
And he stirs you out of bed,
Then you're mad.

Be not uneasy friends, the well-springs of inspiration are not yet exhausted and you may hope to hear from these two gifted poets again. No doubt their genius will be fired by the Christmas turkey and then their flights will be still more lofty and ethereal.



"Do you know" said Steve impressively, "that my friend Joe is by several shades the most profound philosopher who ever deigned to sup the intellectual atmosphere of these regions?" "I don't believe a word of it," said Vivo. "I could name half a dozen philosophers since my time who could make C— look like two

cents." "Well you couldn't," said Steve, "and I can prove it. My friend Joe is the only man who ever convinced the Doctor that he needed no examination in philosophy. He did it by the following unanswerable argument:—

'Either I know my philosophy or I do not. If I do not, then there is no use in examining me because you can get nothing out of me. If I do, then it is not necessary, because if you wish to find out what I know, you have only to consult Sansaverino. So in either case I do not need to stand the examination. Ergo I will hurry down to the gym. to finish a game of indoor.' "

