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VACATION.

The few weeks preceding vacation are passed by the average student in dreamy expectation. For while he counts the days, then the minutes, finally the number of times the clock will tick, before the blissful hour of freedom comes.

In a few there is a longing of another kind. They have labored during the year to some purpose; there are premiums, diplomas to be obtained, and they wait anxiously for the final outcome of their struggles. To many, too, a still more important issue awaits solution. These latter are spending their last year at college, and they are now trying to peer into the future just unfolding

itself; trying to unravel the mystery of their future career, with not a little misgiving and great uncertainty. These have a real problem, or something that needs their closest attention, and which ought to be decided only after mature deliberation. To the one who is anxious to succeed, who has more than his own personal comfort at heart, the choice of a profession, or the following of a particular walk in life, is no small matter.

To one who has no lofty aims, but seeks only to be free from care and to make life one glorious round of pleasure, no difficulty presents itself; he chooses nothing and shall reap an abundant harvest.

The life of a boy at college will be, as a rule, a synopsis of his life in the world. He won't be stubborn, disobedient, the leader of cliques at school and be a peaceful, patriotic Christian gentlemen in the world, his fine clothes and assumed politeness to the contrary notwithstanding.

The time of leaving school comes eventually, and each goes forth full of the purposes within him. The

one to his fun, the other to the realization of his purpose.

Parents, too, come into notice. All the past year they, too, have had their dreams of the loving ones at college. They have planned and schemed, they have made the future of their darling the subject of many an earnest talk—they looked forward, too, to material rewards. There are premiums for the scholars, shall my child be one of the lucky ones? If parents could know exactly the spirits their child had shown during the year, they could answer their own question very quickly.

For the lazy there is neither reward nor sympathy, as there should not be.

Then, again, of those more worthy ones who have made courageous starts, how many have triumphed? Only the victor shall be crowned, and he alone is the victor who finishes the race he has began. How many shall grow weary and fall by the wayside? Surely the afterlife of a student, if he has any power of reflection, needs his most serious attention. There is more to do than count the passage of the golden moments that make up the present. If these golden dreams that fill the minds of the young could be made better and brought to realization what splendid futures the larger number could carve out for themselves; what helps to their fellow-man, to the cause of country and religion? How many forget the loss of opportunities that college boys despise? Want of such chances

kept them at hard labor all their lives—what a painful sight to see so many wasted hours that could be wrought into treasures not purchasable for money.

However, nearly all mistakes are due to a want of reflection, and if man won't learn other than by experience, he must pay the penalty, and the day of settlement is not far distant.

CHARITY ENTERTAINMENT.

A very fine entertainment was given by the pupils of Mr. C. E. W. Griffith, at the Central Music Hall, Chicago, on Wednesday evening, May 4. The whole management of the programme was in the hands of Mr. Griffith, who showed exquisite taste in arrangement. A select five were chosen from among the students of St. Viateur's. Messrs. Moody and Elivis appeared in a scene from "King John;" Bis-sinnette and McCarthy in a scene from "Julius Cæsar." Both members were well received. The fancy exhibition of the squad, under the command of Col. George C. McCann, was also an interesting feature. On the whole the college boys represented their institution in a worthy manner and carried away a large share of the honors. For the musical part of the programme the Philomela Quartet deserves great praise. The scene from the operetta "Laila" also merits especial mention. The entire proceeds were given to the Little Sisters of the Poor.

OBITUARY.

After a long and lingering illness, Brother M. J. Meehan, C. S. V., passed quietly away at the home of his parents in Utica, Ill., where, at the request of the family, he was buried May 16th. Rev. J. J. Cregan, C. S. V., assisted by Rev. D. Crow, pastor, and M. Lynch, sang solemn funeral services for the departed Brother in the church of his native village. Father Crow preached a very impressive sermon. A solemn requiem mass was chanted in the college chapel Tuesday, the 17th, by V. Rev. C. Fournier, C. S. V., sup., assisted by Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., as deacon, Rev. F. J. McCormick, C. S. V., as sub-deacon, and Mr. Francis Barry as master of ceremonies.

The students of the college, among whom Brother Meehan labored so zealously during all the years of his religious profession, reckon in his death the loss of an able and devoted teacher. He had pursued his philosophical studies with brilliant success, and was to enter theology. The community loses a talented and most edifying member. Brother Meehan was much attached to the community, and though not yet 22 years of age, had asked the privilege of pronouncing his perpetual vows at the next annual retreat. Of the members reared in this newly created American province he is the first whom death has claimed.

Bro. Meehan was the son of

Michael J. Meehan and Honora Fitzgerald; he was born in Utica, Ill., Sept. 27, 1870, entered the novitiate May 18, 1885, took the habit Oct. 21, 1885, pronounced his first (15 years) vows August 27, 1887. He taught Latin, Greek and mathematics at the college until last year, when being advised rest, he reluctantly abandoned his work. He traveled to Canada during the summer months and returned with the hope of soon being able to resume his duties at the college. The realization of this hope, however, was denied him, and in spite of the best of care he died May 14th inst. We tender his aggrieved parents our sympathy for the loss of their son, who was not only a model son but also an exemplary religious, an honor to his family and his community.

Requiescat in pace.

**QUALIFICATIONS FOR HOLDING
OFFICE—WHEN WOMEN
VOTE.**

That every man is not eligible for office goes without saying. This is generally understood, but few agree on what constitutes the necessary requirements, and nothing definite is reached.

We think this difficulty shall be practically settled, when that great boon shall have been conferred on women, viz.: the right to vote. Woman, being possessed of a very acute perception, will soon note the lack of qualifications in a candidate,

and as she is prompt to act on her impressions, she will speedily relegate to obscurity any one not having the requisites entitling him to the support of intelligent voters.

Of course woman has her notion of what constitutes a standard in politics; and every one knows how prompt she is to act out the principles she advocates, however peculiar these may be; so that we can assure ourselves that these qualifications shall be rigidly adhered to, and those seeking office under the new dispensation must not hope for support unless they give evidence of a fitness—which shall be tested by the standard our future sisters shall erect.

Now as this great blessing has not come about—and as it does not show even the first symptoms of maturity, we can only as yet surmise as to what these qualifications shall be. The great day is placed pretty far back because man has a pretty large stock of common sense to draw from, and most of the women are mentally sound too; but in view of the change that will come eventually we shall try to lift the veil of the future and see if some voice be not there to inform us as to these probable requirements. But if we cannot speak prophetically, let us draw our conclusions from experience.

Judging this question from what experience teaches, we should say that the first requirement a woman shall demand in a candidate for office is that the candidate be a *man*

—and that man must not be her husband—nor the victim—rather, the husband of any other woman. Many will object—but they have only to consult history or their own experience to see that women have always done just what nobody thought they would—and just what they themselves supposed they never would do.

If a woman present herself for office it will certainly be that “old maid, Miss Jones, or that horrid Miss Smith that no woman of dignity could support” or some such objectionable character. No one cuts a woman like another woman. “A woman’s worst enemy is a woman” says the observing Thackeray.

Don’t think however that there is no choice to be made among men. Indeed there is. You know well how much more elegantly some men dress than others; how polite their manners, what charming conversationalists, how lavish of their money—in a word how superior they are to other men—in the opinion of a woman. One might say that these are merely external qualities and could be found as well in as hallow and unprincipled man as in one worthy to fill a responsible trust. But then did you ever see women do more than judge things or people superficially? What are experience, executive ability, sterling honesty, in comparison of a pair of black eyes? Which does a woman choose nine times out of ten?

Then, too, if there could be a romance attached to him—what a paragon! Jack-the-Ripper could be president without the least struggle—if the women had a ballot. All the other “Jacks” might be sure of important places.

One might think that most of the men would have a romance connected with them, that is if doing housework, while the wives attended the primaries has anything romantic about it.

But as all the women are not old maids; and as most of them don't want to be men, and as they by no means all care to vote—and besides as the “grand old trumpeter” refuses to boom the question, we shall not be troubled, at least for the next few years, with anything worse than wars, famines or earthquakes.

—X.

THE POET'S PRAISE.

(A Review.)

“The Poet's Praise” is the title of one of Bishop Spalding's larger poems which, however, bears the *nom-de-plume* of Henry Hamilton. Bishop Spalding, regarded as he is by the literary class, and indeed the entire people of America, as among the foremost of its thinkers, has by the “Poet's Praise” shown himself to be an exception to the general opinion which holds that philosophy and poetry are never wedded.

The poem is introduced by a prelude written chiefly in blank verse, and containing some of the grandest

thoughts that either a poet or philosopher can conceive. We ask ourselves after reading this, “Is the age without a poet when it has men who write thus?” The philosopher looks into his mind; the poet asks questions of his soul. The mind cannot see itself, but the soul answers the pure of heart when they ask with reverence and love. “Hence philosophy is illusive; while the poet's song, like a honey-laden bee, has on its wings the fine essence of truth and beauty. In youth we love the poets, and when the *ignis fatuus* of philosophy leads us through the quagmires and deserts of speculation, until, perishing of cold and hunger, we return to our first love, and again listen to the voice of God, speaking to the soul in the voice of birds and poets.”

In this the poet shows the real and intense pleasures of intellectual, of spiritual life. If all its beauties were to be noticed very little of the Prelude could be omitted. The Poet's Praise consists of nearly one hundred and fifty stanzas. What the aim is, may easily be imagined from its title—i. e. to eulogize the poets and their calling, because of what they have done to open the way for higher life; because of their mysterious power in rendering the men and deeds they sing of immortal; and lastly because of the immense pleasure they furnish the millions. Not only does this poem praise the poets; it also pleads of him to use his art for nothing

low or sensual, for that which tends upwards and leads to God. In the opening stanza we see "what of't was thought" perhaps, "but ne'er so well expressed:"

"Where no great poet has been born the highest life has not been led;
They walk in lower ways whose thoughts and loves with songs are never wed;
Heroic hearts and souls aflame, must need melodious utterance find,
And godlike hopes and noble deeds, create the imaginative mind.
Achilles and great Hector struck the fire which lit blind Homer's soul,
And England's heart of oak gave Milton's voice its pealing thunder roll."

How well does the author describe poetry, when, having told its power over the mind and heart he says:

"This, and all else we know which gives delight,
Which lifts the soul and consecrates its dreams,
Sends rays of hope through brooding sorrow's night
And soothes our pain like voice of murmuring streams:—
Is poetry, the very topmost flight
Of souls to God, away from all that seems."

It would be impossible, in anything less than a lengthy essay, to point out the many excellencies of this song, the triumph of poetry, the apotheosis of the poet. The most that can be done is to note the most excellent beauties without regard to the connection. The following may be an instance:

"The soul creates the beauty which it sees,
Transforming matter where it naked lies;

With foolish atoms weaving sunset
And all the glory forever flees."

* * * * *

"If then for beauty thou seekest in vain,
Finding in the whole earth naught that is fair,
And canst not hear the high and heavenly strain
Whose spherical harmonies breathe everywhere,
The fault lies in thyself—the warm spring rain
Clothes fertile soil, but rocks no flowers bear."

In many passages the reasoning of the philosopher seems to prevail; but here is a grand example in which the poet chiefly appears:

"All things with rhythmic motion flow
Measured by tireless time,
Like ocean's tides which come and go
In fixed recurrent rhyme."

* * * * *

"Fit thou thy words, O poet mine,
To Nature's rhythmic law;
In this fine gold pure truth enshrine,
Like gem without a flaw."

This poem is undoubtedly the crystalization of the poet's happiest inspiration and the philosopher's best thought. He would have poets sing of higher truths, those of God:

"So we behold the image and admire,
But turn elsewhere to seek the highest best:
For the pure soul to heaven will aspire,
And in mere beauty never find true rest;
The hand of angels hold the muses' lyre,
And the sweetest songs flow from the loving breast."

And again he writes:

"Still cherish thy sweet dream, still love the best:
And trust that hope is truer than we know;
That God is more than men have ever guessed;

And bliss somehow at last shall spring
 from woe;
 From all the ceaseless toil, eternal rest:
 And from the darkness, life's immortal
 glow."

Besides singing the praise of the poets and poetry in general, the author devotes several stanzas to extolling the greater poets in particular, and also in giving a short judgment of their writings. Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Byron, Goethe, Shelley, Keats, become in turn the heroes of his muse.

Throughout, this poem teaches what it would be well we all knew, viz: That poetry should be read even as an aid to a higher and nobler life, a life amid the beautiful, the true and the good.

—*Daniel Sullivan.*

PADEREWSKI.

The power of Paderewski over the hearts of the most refined, as well as the most uncultivated audience, is well known. His large, round, musical tone, his happy blending of the emotional with the intellectual temperament, or an even balancing of subjectivity with objectivity is probably the secret of his magnificent piano playing. Did I say piano playing? for if such music as he evokes from the keys must be called piano playing, then I have never before heard the piano played.

In addition to his wonderful artistic powers he possesses a magnetic individuality which immediately enlists the sympathies of his hearers.

He has no antagonists among musicians, his playing, marked by the greatest degree of perfection, defies criticism.

True, there are a few who object to his readings of Beethoven, but what their ideal rendering of this master is, we do not know, nor do we believe that they themselves know. In criticizing Paderewski's Beethoven playing, truly they find spots on the sun. Liszt was too sensational and dramatic some said; Moschelles was too dry, Tansig too fiery; Rubenstein is charged with being too impetuous and anticipating his climax so that the effect is thereby greatly marred. VonBulow and D'Albert have an overbalancing of the intellectual in the interpretations of Beethoven. Where then is the ideal Beethoven player to be found? Did he ever exist or will he ever exist? Dr. Wm. Mason truly says that those who prefer a cold, arbitrary, and rigidly rythmical and *ex-cathedra* style, will not be pleased with the Beethoven playing of Paderewski.

That his interpretation of Schumann is an ideal one no one can deny. Witness his playing of the "Carnival" and the "Études Symphoniques." He seems to play the compositions of this master a little more *con-amore* than those of other masters of the Romantic school, although his interpretations of Chopin and Schubert are equally to be admired.

In the "Carnival" are seen the clownish pranks of Pierrot, Colom-

bine and Aslequin, the sly coquette, and the melancholy Eusebius as they mingle with that grand assemblage. When the march of the Davidbundler against the Philistines takes place, we in spirit join the merry war which ends by leaving all happy and well satisfied with their days sport. In such compositions the sympathetic humor of the pianist is evident.

His playing of Schubert's sonatus and impromptus cannot readily be forgotten, while his interpretations of Chopin is not that sickly sentimental one which we so often hear, but it is manly and dignified, though not lacking in tenderness and devotion.

Paderewski, a true Pole, renders the works of the exiled Chopin as only one who has felt the loss of his country can. Robert Schumann has said that the works of Chopin, if nothing else had been written, were enough to kindle the flame of revenge in the hearts of the Polish people. Paderewski's playing of the Polonaise opus 53 shows that he also understands this; that although the nation is politically dead, the chivalric spirit of the people still lives. He is no less at home in the more pathetic, sorrowful compositions of Chopin, but plays them with the greatest tenderness and heartfelt sympathy.

We must not forget to mention his interpretation of the modern school; for instance a Liszt raph-

sodie as rendered by him displays his phenominal power and brilliancy to great advantage; all the sparkling tone-colouring demanded by that school is here displayed; and indeed, his tone colouring is remarkable in everything he plays, ranging from the fairy-like zephyr to the thundering of the roaring cataract; his playing is nevertheless at all times thoroughly musical.

In the Liszt rhapsodie, the fierce nature and unbridled freedom of the Magyar are portrayed; indeed these works as played by him are a revelation and possess a beauty which we did not hitherto believe they possessed.

Paderewski's marked earnestness and the intensity of his nature are revealed to us in all his interpretations. Versatility is a distinctive mark of a great artist; this he possesses in a remarkable degree, giving a sterling interpretation of all schools. He is simple, modest, dignified, and reserved, a thorough man of the world with a true understanding of human nature, and living example that a musician is not necessarily eccentric or erratic. He never descends to sensationalism in order to win his audience, but relies solely upon his musical merits, and this he can afford to do, for, as the old German adage has it, "he is an artist by the grace of God."

—W.

CRYSTALIZATION OF SNOW-FLAKES.

(Read before the Mivart Scientific Association.)

The crystalization of snow-flakes takes place while snow is slowly passing from a liquid to a solid form, during which time the molecules arrange themselves in peculiar manner and assume many varied and fantastic forms.

In fact cohesive attraction is the organizing principle, producing specific forms for each species of matter.

When winter settles upon the earth in colder latitudes, it is the signal for crystalization over all outdoor nature; the air is filled with it when it snows; the streams are covered with a minute aggregation of crystals called ice; even the windows are covered with long feathery lines, showing many pretty workings of Jack Frost.

In describing crystals there are two subjects for consideration: First, *Form*; and secondly, *Structure*.

Under *Form* comes up for description, the systems of crystalization, that is, the relations of all crystalline forms, and their classification. Now the forms of crystals are various, while the systems, based on mathematical distinctions, are only six in number, the simplest of which are prisms.

They are the Isometric, Tetragonal, the Orthorhombic, Monoclinic, Triclinic and Hexagonal. These six systems of crystalization are based on mathematical distinctions, and the recognition of them is of great importance in the

study and description of crystals.

There are forms under each of these systems that differ but little in their angles from some other systems: for example, square prisms that vary but little from cubic form; Triclinic and monoclinic are almost identical, and hexagonal are nearly cubic in form.

Again crystalization is explained by supposing that the cohesive force of molecules is not exerted on all sides, but stronger in certain directions. Thus it is the great cohesive force between ice molecules that causes the bursting of water-pipes when the water crystalizes or freezes.

The molecules of almost all bodies, that pass from the liquid to the solid state, have the property of grouping themselves, so as to form solids, terminated by planes inclined to each other by constant angular quantity.

The crystals of ice are never so regular as when they are formed by the vapor of the water, deposited on solid bodies, as hoar-frost, or when the snow falls, without being driven by the wind, but temperature, moisture, agitation of the air, etc., have a great influence over crystals.

Flakes which fall at the same time have generally the same form, but if there is an interval between two consecutive falls of snow, the forms of the second are observed to differ from that of the first, although always alike among themselves.

—T. Riley.

HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Hail! pure, spotless Mary, fond Mother above,
 On us poor exiles look down in thy love,
 From thy bright throne in Heaven cast down a sweet smile,
 Protect us from danger, safe guard us from guile.
 Protect us from danger, protect us from danger,
 Protect us from danger, safe guide us from guile.

Hail! Virgin of Virgins; hail! angels' fair Queen,
 To weak, wand'ring seamen the star bright, serene,
 'Tis life's stormy ocean our barque's sailing o'er,
 Oh! guide us in safety to Heaven's sweet shore.
 Oh! guide us in safety, safe guide us from guile.

Hail! tower of David, old Israël's joy.
 Thy might tamed the serpent, thy pray'rs soon destroy,
 In all dangers through life the refuge thou art.
 Oh! stand by our side, in our battles take part,
 Oh! stand by our side, safe guide us from guile.

Hail! Summer's fair Lily; hail! sweet mystic rose,
 In thy stainless bosom a God found repose,
 'Neath thy mantle so pure let us live, let us die,
 To bless thee forever with Jesus on high.
 To bless thee forever, to bless thee forever.

THE VISIT OF ARCHBISHOP
 FABRE.

The announcement that Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal, would shortly visit the College, was hailed with the greatest delight by all. As was formerly announced the Archbishop was in Chicago attending the dedication of the Notre Dame church, and kindly consented to visit St. Viateur's. He arrived here Monday evening; his coming was made known by the ringing of the chimes. Notwithstanding the in-

clemency of the weather, the Battalion and College band met the carriages, and escorted them to the parochial residence. In the evening the College buildings presented a very attractive appearance; the whole front being illuminated with hundreds of colored lights and the American flag floating proudly over all. The reception room was very tastefully decorated with evergreens and bunting; the flags of America, France and Ireland offering an excellent background for the "Wel-

come." A few minutes before eight o'clock, the Battalion marched into the hall, and there awaited the commands of the officers. The other students were seated eagerly expecting the coming of the guests. Promptly at 8 P. M., the Battalion being at a "present arms," the Archbishop was ushered in, the band discoursing sweet music, and escorted to the stage. On the stage with him were V. Rev. Mgn. Paquet, Rector of Laval University, and a large number of priests. After an overture by the orchestra, Mr. P. Bissonette stepped forward and delivered an address of welcome in French. He was followed by Col. G. McCann, who read one in English. The next in order was a dress parade under the command of Major F. J. Moody. The boys made a fine appearance, and were loudly applauded. The picked squad now marched in, and gave an exhibition drill which was highly appreciated by all. The Archbishop now arose and in a pleasant manner responded to the addresses, and expressed great pleasure at the proceedings of the evening. M. J. Surprenant now read an address in French to V. Rev. Mgr. Paquet, Rector of Laval University. The reverend gentleman responded in a very happy way.

At the invitation of Rev. Father Marsile, the Archbishop imparted his blessing to all present. The guests now left the hall amid the beautiful strains of the orchestra. The following morning a grand cere-

mony occurred, namely, the ordination of Rev. Bro. Cregan. It is unnecessary to introduce him to the majority of the readers of the *Journal*, because his untiring energy in the cause of education has won for him a large circle of friends. At 8 A. M. the Archbishop was escorted to his throne by his assistants Very Rev. Father Fournier, C. S. V., and Rev. Father Chouinard, C. S. V. The Very Rev. Father Paquet occupied a prominent place opposite the throne. In the sanctuary were many priests from all parts. The Archbishop having vested began the Mass and the ceremonies of ordination. They were grand and impressive and those present were no doubt very much impressed with the solemnities which the Church makes use of in admitting one to the priesthood. These being over the newly ordained priest gave his blessing to the large congregation. After breakfasting, the Archbishop and guests repaired to the College, where they visited all the apartments, and expressed themselves highly pleased with everything. After dinner they visited Notre Dame Academy, where an entertainment was given in their honor. Our distinguished guests now took their leave, admiring the quaint, old village of Bourbonnais and its institutions. Their visit will be happily recorded in the annals of the College, and will ever remain a pleasant memory in the minds of all.

—C. E. M.

VIATORIANA.

—Rain.

—More Rain.

—“Who are they?”

—Fristissimæ Hyades.

—“You are almost too good looking.”

—John knows how to set up the cigars without spending much money.

—“I'll bring my father.” “Well, bring the whole family if you like.”

—“Oh, why did they disappoint me—after getting all those beautiful crab-apple blossoms.”

—Some one said that a distinguished junior went on a farm. There's no farm big enough for him.

—Two umbrellas are not as a rule twice as good as one; especially if the two meet over the head of the persons intended.

—Vacation steadily draws nearer, notwithstanding rainy weather, postponed congés, or other obstructions. Now there are none that seem to regret the fact.

—The Juniors play baseball like the Chicago league team. It is to be hoped that, like the same institution, they will begin to redeem themselves at as early a date as possible.

—It is not encouraging to one to prepare for visitors and then have to drink deeply of the waters

of disappointment; this is not precisely the kind of water prescribed by the W. C. T. U.

—The Seniors, on the occasion of a recent walk, seemed to be greatly interested in the work of the vegetarians who were gathering May-apple blossoms. Why not, May-apple blossoms are very pretty.

—The Agent of Feeley & Co. of Providence, R. I., passed here recently and took orders for several fine gold medals, for class honors. A determined effort might make some despairing boy, the winner of one of these.

—Any one who has not yet paid a visit to the woods and especially to the cove, has missed a grand sight. Every spring develops the fact that the woods and cove never seemed so beautiful—and this year is no exception.

—Exasperated 3rd baseman to catcher's bench—“Then a man who said that if he were king of the fools he would be the greatest monarch on earth.”—The deep, thick silence fell over the group—and lasted nearly 17 seconds—Waterbury time.

—The natives of this village were recently treated to something they don't often see at their own doors—a full-fledged river suddenly sprang into life, and the astonished folks gathered at its rushing banks to see the debris sail swiftly by. During a given time there floated

past, three empty barrels, two loads of cornstalks—some geese—and other things not found in *Rollin's Arts*.

—During one of our recent prowlings we saw a large crowd of citizens gather in a chosen spot, suddenly pull out their pipes, fill them with fragrant home-grown, of whose vigor one can judge at long range; then suddenly look wise. The purpose of the assemblage was to take steps to move a corncrib. A paper was read by an "old citizen" and an address given by a "taxpayer,"—and often mature deliberation, it was concluded to let the chill breezes of another Autumn sough through its porticoes—and the meeting broke up. The party might have had some other business, but like the average reporter, we saw the crowd, and, in lieu of information, we had to suppose something.

—The seventh annual farewell concert, not of Patti nor Barnum's Great and Only, but of the Bear and his two men, took place on the college common May 17, in the midst of the shining sun, whose shimmering gleamlets spread themselves from one ball alley to another, a feat they had not performed for two weeks; and in the midst of the splendor that cannot be described because it wasn't then, the three performers began their afternoon's work by passing around the hat. They realized about 79 cents—which was divided between

the men. The bear works for his board. Then began the famous *ta-ra-ra* by the bear, which was kept up till every spectator fainted, and it is hard to say what might have been the consequences had not a fortunate shower of very wet rain interfered with *ta-ra-ra's* programme.

DONATIONS TO THE MIVART SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION LI- BRARY AND MUSEUM.

Rich specimens of silver ore from Jamestown, Alaska, by A. Nadeau.

Indian calumet, or "Pipe of Peace," used by Algonquin Indians. Dr. C. F. Morell.

Rev. J. Levasseur, D. D., Irwin, Ill., recently donated his entire collection of entomological specimens, thereby enabling the Association to organize this department of the museum.

The collection comprises three cabinets, all specimens being well mounted and classified. Of Cleopatra there are over 200 specimens, no duplicates.

"HOME."

"Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home.

Home! What a host of pleasing fancies does this little word recall! How magic is its spell! It conjures up within the mind delightful thoughts which have perhaps long lain dormant. It is a circle in which our brightest and purest feelings move and concentrate. It is the hive in which youth, like the industrious bee, garners the sweet

memories of life, for old age to meditate upon and revel in. It is childhood's temple and manhood's shrine.

Early memories are fondly cherished. They impress the mind in its immature condition, for we have not as yet attained the full use of reason, and whatever attracts our attention is accorded a place in memory's realms, from which it can never be erased. Hence it follows that if we revert to childhood's sunny days, which have justly been called "the most delightful period of life," we renew acquaintances with the persons and scenes which attracted our childish fancies at a time when the sorrows and troubles of the world scarcely reached us.

We recall the time when we were the idols of our parents; the smiles which illuminated their countenances as they listened to our childish chatter; the caresses they showered upon us, and the precious playthings—which were then our household gods—all these are sacredly enshrined in every nook and corner of the old homestead. We recall the days in which we hastened homeward from school, the companions with whom we played. The games we indulged in. The school friendships we entered into. How fast all these pleasures have fled!

Of all the writings we have about "Home" and its associations, the best is, perhaps, the poem entitled "Home, Sweet Home." This gem, which will endure as long as the English language lasts, was com-

posed by Payne, an American consul. It is sad to think that the man who could so truly appreciate the beauties of home, never possessed one, for it is recorded that he was a wanderer, and he often heard his own beautiful melody sung while he was starving in foreign cities.

The love for home is one of the loveliest passions which adorns human nature. It permeates every section of humanity, rich or low, educated or ignorant, savage or civilized—all possess the opinion that their home is

"A spot supremely blest,
A dearer spot than all the rest."

The red Indian loves his native forest, the Arab his sandy desert, the Negro his luxuriant glades, the Swiss his mountain village, sometimes better than the great love their lordly mansions.

The soldier, after the fierce fight is o'er sinks into slumber on the red field of slaughter, think of home. It is recorded in Xenophon's "Anabasis" that the Greek soldiers were so delighted in seeing the sea after their weary march from the plains of Persia, that they embraced each other and wept like children. The sight of the blue waters of the ocean brought back recollections of the land from which they had been long parted, besides assuring them that the many perils and hardships which they encountered in their retreat would soon be ended.

When the British troops were encamped in the Crimea, it was stated that if a band should strike up

"Home, Sweet Home," the effect was magical. What perhaps only a minute before was a noisy mass, was instantly silenced; tears could be seen trickling down many cheeks, and sadness pervaded the community. It brought back memories of a land which some were destined never to see again.

The sailor, when he encounters a storm thinks of home. His love for home urges him on his conflict with the elements, and enables him to endure the terrors of the deep.

The wanderer, after seeing all that is to be found in foreign lands, gets homesick, and longs to be once more in his native land. The greatest punishment which can be inflicted on man is to exile him from home, for—

"Does not the patriot boast where'er we roam?

His best country is ever at home?"

Genius has its triumphs; fame, its glories; wealth, its splendors; success its brightest rewards, but the heart only has its home. If it possesses that it is content, for—

"A charm from the sky seems to hallow all there,

Which seek through the world is not met with elsewhere."

—P. Q.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Francis Carahlier, our late class poet, is pursuing his theological studies at Baltimore.

—Mr. Martin Anderegg, who will be pleasantly remembered for his great musical talents, sunny dispo-

sition, is now in St. Francis, Milwaukee, continuing his studies.

—Rev. J. McCann who honored us by a visit not long since has been transferred from St. Gabriel's Church, Chicago to St. Mary's, Joliet. In his new field may he carry out the great work for which he is so eminently qualified.

The Elite Journal of Bloomington informs us that J. G. Condon has been employed to take charge of the Military Department recently organized in the Wesleyan Law School. Mr. Condon's ability as a tactician thus receives recognition that does him honor.

We are pleased to learn and record the appointment of Rev. D. E. McGrath, of St. Malachy's Church, Chicago, to the pastorship of a new parish adjoining St. Malachy's on the West. We unite with his many friends in wishing the Rev. Father success.

The Chicago Catholic Home in a late issue chronicles the following happy event: "The solemn service of the ordination as deacons took place at the Cathedral, yesterday morning, at 8 o'clock, and this morning at the same hour occurred the ordination to the holy priesthood of Revs. J. Lynch and J. Lamb. The ordinations were conducted by Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, assisted by many of the reverend clergy. A large number of the friends of the newly ordained priests were present to receive their

blessings." The Rev. Fathers studied at St. Viateur's until September last when they entered the seminary at Baltimore. We heartily wish them success and happiness in their soul saving mission.

The following clippings from Baltimore dailies were received from a friend interested in the doings of St. Viateur's boys:

"Col. F. C. Reaume, of the Indianapolis battalion, is 24 years of age, and is a graduate of St. Viateur's College, Kankakee, receiving his military instruction at this institution."

From the same source:

"Capt. W. L. McHugh, of St. John's Commandery, No. 175, is the youngest knight wearing the shoulder knots of Captain in the R. C. W., being only 19 years of age. He received his military education and training at St. Viateur's, graduating with high honors. He is employed as head book-keeper for the American Car Wheel Company, and, for the benefit of the ladies, he is the only child of rich parents."

SPORTING GOSSIP.

All things considered the season promises some good sport.

The Minims are knocking the leather around in a way that makes the Junior's breast heave with pain.

The season thus far has held out few advantages to the aspirants for

honors in the base ball field. Yet the nines have had some playing.

The Juniors are enthusiastic over the prospects of sport, and have a representative nine, the Shamrock Juniors challenge any 16 year old team in the field.

The various leagues have been formed and are now in active operation. The Seniors have three nines. The Elites, Capt. O'Reilly; Invincibles, Capt. Barsaloux; Cherokees, Capt. J. Sullivan.

We notice improvements in all the diamonds. The seniors and juniors have fixed up their grounds and have in readiness plans for a fountain in their respective departments. The Minims too have smoothed their diamond and we are told that they are very enthusiastic over the manly sport, having already beaten the best Junior team twice.

—The Shamrocks have organized and are again in the field with one game to their credit. The victims were the Manteno base ball club. McCann and Sullivan were in the points for the home team, whilst Towner and Breen did the battery work for the visitors. The score was 19 to 6. McCann's work was something phenomenal, striking out 20 men. Sullivan is a new man and showed up well behind the bat. The team is officered as follows: Rev. J. J. Cregan, Pres.; Rev. J. F. Ryan, Man.; Geo. C. McCann, Capt.; F. A. Moody, Sec.; P. A.

Bissonette, Treas. The players and positions are Sullivan, catcher; McCann and W. B. McCarthy, pitchers; D. McCarthy, first base; Moody, 2nd; Graveline, shortstop, Bissonette, 3rd; D. Sullivan, right; Burgraff, center, and Corcoran left field. Legris and Paquet, substitutes.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Public Opinion presents kinds of political news, and offers a much diversified menu of social, literary, artistic and educational matters.

* * *

The *May Century* contains the scholarly article of Clarence Stedman, on the Nature and Elements of Poetry; also an interesting sketch on Columbus, by Castelar.

* * *

The *May Catholic World* deals with important subjects: Methodist Book Concern, What Fills our Jails, The Pseudo Shakespearean Plays, Columbus in Spain, Old World from the New.

* * *

Other books reviewed: Fifth Annual Report of the Industrial Commerce Commission. Rise and Growth of the Normal School Idea in the United States. Higher Education in Michigan. Higher Education in Massachusetts.

* * *

The last *American Catholic Quarterly Review* contains a very interesting and timely paper on the "Church and State in France," as they stand to-day; also a fine criti-

cal study of allegorical characters in Dante. The *Scientific Chronicle* is full of new things.

* * *

A World's Affair, a comedy for little girls (Ave Maria Notre Dame, Ind.). This is one of the many delightful little plays which enliven convent life while at the same time teaching the young many useful and beautiful lessons. To say it is composed by one of the sisters of St. Mary's Academy, is sufficient guarantee of its excellence.

* * *

Works of Horace, by Thomas Chase, L. L. D. (Eldredge & Bro., Philadelphia, 1892). This recent edition of Horace is an improvement on the old Chase & Stuart's, which we have been using for some years. The volume besides being neat and well printed, contains a large amount of historical notes and illustrations, which are all very helpful to the learner. Frequent references are made to the standard Latin grammars for the explanation of syntactical and other rules.

* * *

Mary, Queen of May, by Brother Azarias (Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.). This tasty volume, dressed in blue and gold, is a beautiful tribute to the Virgin Mother. The author, poet as well as thinker, offers this timely crown of short essays encased in poetic gems. The theme is Mary on Earth, Mary in Purgatory, and Mary in Heaven. Though excellent reading for all,

the book should not fail to find its way to the hands of every educated Catholic young lady.

* * *

Reason and Catholicity, a course of Lenten Conferences, by Rev. Dr. Dillon (D. J. Sadler & Co., N. Y.). Not without cause are our clergy to-day so much concerned with showing the reasonableness of faith, since the age is one that leads toward rationalism and its consequent unbelief. The author of these lenten discourses seems profoundly impressed by the needs of the times, and has done excellent work. The order of the contents is as follows: Testimony the Complement of Reason, The Rational Preambles of Faith, The Testimony of Religion, The Rule of Faith, The Authority of the Church, The Light of the World.

* * *

Selections from Kant, by Prof. Watson (MacMillan & Co., New York). It would be hard to exaggerate the philosophical importance of this work. Professor Watson has rendered a service to philosophy by the addition of these extracts. His method, which from beginning to end, is without fault, is as follows: (1) Extracts from the Critique of Pure Reason; (2) selections from the Metaphysic of Morality; (3) the most important passages in the Critique of Practical Reason; (4) passages from the Critique of Judgment. The book is well printed, rendered handy by the excel-

lence of its management, and should receive a warm welcome from every grave thinker.

* * *

Some Lies and Errors of History, by Rev. Ruben Parsons, D. D., author of *Studies in Church History* (Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ind.). Ever since history became one grand conspiracy against truth, it has been the task of the lovers of truth to unmask disguised facts and show them in their true light. This has been a gigantic work and a grand service to the earnest searchers after facts pure and simple. Dr. Parsons throws light on such vexed questions as the marriage of Napoleon and Josephine, Galileo, Louis XIV—his alleged saying: "*L'état c'est moi*," the Inquisition, Wicked Venice, Middle Ages not a Starless Night, etc., etc. This book has a beautiful mission before it and should be read by all thoughtful students of history.

* * *

The Laws of Thought, by William Poland, Professor of Rational Philosophy in St. Louis University, (Silver, Burdett & Co., publishers). This little book is a clear, concise and direct exposition of the rules of right thinking. The advantage it has over Hill's and Clarke's manuals is that it confines itself strictly to the unfolding of the rules of the art of logic. Other text books, some short and others long, have been too much concerned with psychological questions. Poland's Ra-

tional Philosophy will be welcomed by the great body of busy students and general readers who wish to find, in the matter of philosophy, *multum in parvo*, and to have in a nutshell what should be known about correct reasoning processes.

EXCHANGES.

"Early Novels," in *St. Joseph's College Journal* gives the reader a good idea of ancient literature.

The *North-Western Chronicle* for April contains a pointed article on the "Ideal" and its relation to success.

The *China Decorator*, a journal devoted to the art of painting, is amongst the number of our interesting exchanges.

Although the *Delphic* devotes much space to locals, society doings, etc., yet it finds some room for serious matter. "Wealth" in the April number is the best of the latter.

"Thoughts Occasioned by the death of Whitman," in the *Sacred Heart Columbian*, is a true portrait of the man's character. With this exception, the present issue of the *Columbian* is not up to the proper standard.

We are pleased to see the high degree of excellence attained by the "*Blackburnian*." The April number abounds in the best kind of reading matter. The first place is given to a convincing and persuasive oration on "The Power of Public Opinion." We also read with satisfaction an editorial on the

"Back Lot Extension" in which the writer pleads for universal education.

Judging by the tone of the *Alma Mater*, from St. Meinard's Seminary, we are inclined to believe that it has many able writers as well as deep thinkers, amongst its contributors. The issue before us contains two essays, each of which shows native fervor; these are, "God in Astronomy," and "There are no Veritable Atheists." We wish the *Alma Mater* the success which it so eminently deserves.

The *Owl* is one of the best literary journals that reach our desk. The April number is full of sound reading matter, noticeably among which are, "Catholicity and Prosperity," and the "Learned Professions in America." The former shows the church to be as she ever was, identical with natural greatness. The editorial department is conducted in a manner which shows much ability in the staff.

Amongst the number of our exchanges which have an established reputation for excellence is the *Fordham Monthly*. Each issue is an improvement on the preceding. What is most to be admired in the *Monthly*, is its originality and simplicity. "Esoteric Heroism," in the last number is full of good sense, and is well worth reading. We also notice some beautiful pieces of poetry throughout its pages, which, in a degree, show real poetic qualities.

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