

# THE VIATORIAN.

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Loud breaks the peal of bugle horn  
Upon the cold and frosty morn,  
And soon with shout and bark of hound,  
The woods and valley do resound.

Soon hunters bold and ladies fair,  
Out on the lawn are here and there.  
All seem beneath the mild command  
Of one, the youngest of the band.

His milk-white steed is prancing high,  
As round his form the snowflakes fly.  
The silver bells on harness ringing,  
Like sound of fairy voices singing.

The rider's face is fair to see,  
And soft and mild of voice is he.  
I love to look upon his form,  
But why comes he this frosty morn.

He raised his snow white dimpled hand  
A silence held that cheerful band,  
And with a voice of music rare,  
These words rang out upon the air.

"O come you chosen ones of life,  
And hunt in fields that know no strife,  
You'll have the finest game 'neath  
heaven.

Come one, come all with Ninety-seven."

He ceased, and echoes all about,  
Resounded to their joyous shout.  
Then Ninety-seven took my hand,  
And now I'm with that merry band.

J. H. N.

## LIFE.

How beautiful is life in all its manifestations! No piece of art is so delicately adjusted and regulated. There are none of its manifold needs which are not supplied in a manner that is wonderful to behold. Not even the tiniest fibre is without its corresponding usefulness, nor one drop of blood which has not its function to fulfill. No wonder, then, that philosophers have stood in wonderment at it; that poets have sung its praises. Yet, for some, it is as much a puzzle today as it was in the ages of Zoroaster, Confucius, and Plato. Had it not been for Christian philosophy, we also would have even unto this day, wandered about in labyrinth of opinion, which mislead, rather than helped to throw light upon this most wonderful of God's creations. It was reserved for Christian philosophy to remove the obstacles from our path of progress, and enlightenment, giving us a correct knowledge and understanding of this most admirable work, which we call life.

It is only when we look at life through the medium of this clear philosophy, that we are capable of truly appreciating it. Life is indeed beautiful. We see it on every side. Behold, how the sweet daughters of nature, the flowers, open the portals of their respective germ-seeds, and in a little while are seen peeping wistfully up through the resisting soil. A few days more, and those fresh buds burst forth into fragrant flowers, and blossoms of the rarest beauty.

Again, the little acorn nourished where it has fallen, begins to bud in the springtime and soon becomes a lofty and elegant tree.

What marvel there is in this? The little bird, a naked, ugly thing at first, gradually clothes itself in its feathery surplice and soon flies about among the trees, filling the air with strains of music, both sweet and melodious. If there is anything beautiful in appearance, anything delightful in the voice of nature, anything excellent in music, surely a share of it belongs to those charming songsters of the forest, to whom an allwise Creator has given a yet higher life than that of the flowers, a life which so delights man and so beautifies the world. But do not all these beauties dwindle into insignificance when compared to the life in man? For, is not the human soul the most beautiful thing in existence? Is man not made unto the image and likeness of his Creator? Man does not merely vegetate as the grass of the fields or feel as do the brutes that serve him, but he thinks, reasons, and reflects; believes, hopes, and loves. He rises far beyond the utmost sphere explored by the boldest eagles, and soars upon the wings of contemplation to the very throne of his Maker. Such is the beauty and excellence of life, of which we would entertain ourselves today. Let us then see, first, what life is, secondly what is its origin, and thirdly, its various powers and degrees. What is life? In answering this question, we must not claim too much. We must not pretend to know what life is in itself, for we do not know; nor do



we know what matter is in itself. But we do know something concerning it. As we know much about the properties of matter, so also we know many of the laws of life.

Several philosophers and biologists have given us definitions of life, but their definitions are not entirely satisfactory. Some tell us it is "The sum of the functions which resist death"; others say that, "Life is the sum of the phenomena peculiar to organized beings," and "a center of intussusceptive, assimilative force capable of reproduction," while still another gives us this, that life is "The continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations." These men define life, but their definitions merely sum up the phenomena of vegetative or sensitive life, and thus exclude intellectual life. Hence we must look for a definition which will lead us to a clearer perception and a more correct knowledge of what life is. What, then, is life?

Life is that perfection of a being by which it can move itself, continually perfect itself through immanent action; it is, in a word, self-motion, or inward action. This definition extends to all kinds of life. You notice in it the word *move*. This word is commonly understood in a wide sense as equivalent to all forms of change or alteration. It includes the energies of sentiency and intellectual cognition as well as local motion. What is principally insisted on is essentially the immanent character of the operations of beings. The action, be it understood, proceeds from an internal principle; it does not pass into some

exterior or foreign subject, but perfects the agent. It would be well to note here, that the effects of non-living agents are all transitive.

Now that we know what life is, where must we seek its origin? Either life has its origin in mere matter or it comes from God. There is no other alternative. But it cannot nor could it ever have sprung from brute matter; for if we examine living and non-living bodies, this fact will become quite clear. Is there not a great and unmistakable difference between them? Living bodies are organized. They are composed of diverse parts adapted to different functions. Even the most inferior organisms differ from inorganic matter, because we find by experience that their minutest cells are capable of executing a variety of functions. Then how much more must the more perfect organisms differ from such matter? The constitution of living bodies is most complicated. Is it thus with non-living bodies? Inanimate matter presents itself in simple compounds.

Living bodies exist for a certain time, when they dissolve and perish. Moreover, they attain only a certain magnitude which they cannot exceed. but where is there a non-living body whose size is limited thus? Again, living bodies spring from a germ, which has first been elaborated by another of the same species. They are not evolved through the mere aggregation of matter, but through true nutrition and a successive transition through their various states. Nor are they increased by the addition of external matter, as



is the case with non-living bodies; but by the intussusception and transformation of food through immanent action. Living bodies are endowed with a sense which enables them to avoid harmful things and to seek useful things. Who ever saw brute matter do these things? Hence the absurdity of certain theories of over-zealous philosophers. A thing cannot give another that which it has not itself.

We cannot then admit either spontaneous or equivocal generation, because there would be an effect without a proportionate cause, which is ridiculous; and because it perverts the notion of a species. A species is an essence. But an essence is immutable. If, then, living species cannot pass from one into another, how much more impossible for inert species to leap over the unbridgeable chasm that separates them from living species. There is no way out, we must disagree with those erring philosophers, and conclude that life cannot spring from inorganic matter, an idea which is repugnant and which reflects on both the wisdom and the power of the Creator. "Life," as the famous Harvey says, "ever springs from life," and if we could trace it to its remotest source we will find that life has its origin in God, who is the plentitude of all life.

In looking closely at the wonderful creation which we call life, we find in it a beautiful variety of gradations and powers. Let us first examine these vital powers. There is the vegetative, which busies in building the parts of its subject to be perfected; the sensitive cognition, which apprehends

particular concrete objects, and its corresponding power of sensitive appetite. Then we have the intellective power, which apprehends universal, abstract, spiritual, or reflex objects and the will which desires these objects known as good. Lastly, we have the power of locomotion. We know that they are such, because we recognize them through their effects *a posteriori* and distinguish them through their acts. From the latter, which are specified by formally divers objects, we are certain of the difference between these various vital powers. Now all these various powers are combined in the three degrees of life, the vegetative, the sensitive, and the intellective. We know that there are only three, because there are as many gradations of life as there are degrees of independence from brute matter. Such independence exists as regards plants, animals, and man. Life is in plants independent, because it is not subject to the laws of matter, and because the elements which plants take are impeded by life from following their sole physical and chemical law. But the tree depends on matter in as much as it takes and uses its qualities. Sensitive life does not need brute matter for exercising the sensitive functions. What then does it need? Only the material images and impressions of brute matter. Yet it needs material organs and in so far depends on matter. Now, there is the third and higher grade of life, the intellective. Does it need matter and its material images in itself? If not, what? Only immaterial and spiritual images.



Neither does it need material organs, because matter can not act upon a spirit, nor upon its faculties. Moreover, the soul can wish and understand, even though separated from the body. Hence it does not depend on matter. Therefore there are only the three grades of life mentioned. Let us dwell a little longer on those grades of life. Let us glance first at the plant. It is alive, because it grows; it has become from a mere germ, a beautiful object. It flutters in the breeze and appears to look at the clear, blue sky overhead, but it has no eyes to behold the surrounding beauty; no ears to hear the merry sounds; no tongue to beg mercy from the woodsman; sense it has not; the odors exist in vain for it, because it cannot smell, neither can it taste. Look at the animal. It, too, is alive and grows; but it can see the surrounding pastures and brooks that cheer it; even music charms and tames it; it can run and walk; it enjoys, like man, physical pleasure; but it cannot think; it knows not whether actions are right or wrong; it hopes not; it believes not; it understands not universal things. It is not thus with man, for his life is the life of the soul; he thinks; he understands; he loves. Faith comforts and strengthens him; hope encourages and spurs him on to greater and nobler efforts; imagination delights him; desire is his.

This is the highest and most beautiful life, a life akin to that of God and his angels. How beautiful then is life. How beautiful and wonderful its various powers and degrees. What an

"impassable chasm" between non-living and living bodies! Never could it have sprung from mere brute matter. Shall we believe those wily philosophers who would ignore an allwise Creator, and would have us believe in the dark mysteries of their materialism? If mystery there must be in our philosophical speculations on life, is it not much more rational and comforting to accept these mysteries as imposed upon us by the all-luminous Divine mind, than to accept them from the freezing self-conceit of guessing and groping philosophers? Nature herself leads us to this conclusion. If the heavens proclaim the glory of God, much more eloquently do all the manifestations of life point to an all-wise Providence, who has mingled unity with variety to beautify this world of ours. How admirable then, is not the wisdom of nature's God?

J. O'D., '98.

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#### A WAVE OF GREAT CHARACTERS.

*Bergin*

Mr. Gladstone's eighty-seventh birthday, December 29, recalls the fact that for some reason there seems to have been a veritable wave of great men precipitated upon the world in the year of 1809. Perhaps the world needed them just at that time, and may be better able to care for itself now. So the world today has only one Gladstone, only one Bismarck, and he in forced retirement, and no Wellington or Napoleon at all, or no living poet or novelist of what we might call the very first rank.



But let this be as it may, of men who have lived and done great work for humanity in the nineteenth century, a surprising number first saw the light of day A. D. 1809. We find, this to be true in all fields of achievement, but we notice it more particularly in the fields of literature, science, and statesmanship.

It is a fact worthy of notice that Charles Darwin and Abraham Lincoln were born on the same day, February 12, 1809. Moreover, the lives of these two great men were lives of suffering, nearly approaching martyrdom. Darwin, on account of his health, seldom enjoyed a day of peace or physical ease. Yet his dogma of transformism caused a revolution in the vast field of human thought. Lincoln's life was nothing less than a veritable pilgrimage of mental suffering and silent pain, that the average man shrinks back appalled and would refuse to drink his cup even for the honor of being, after Washington, the most illustrious American in history.

There appears to be a popular belief that Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were born in the same year. This is untrue, for Davis was born in June, 1808.

Another name, another life full of pain and sadness, we find in Edgar Allan Poe, who was also born in that weird year, 1809.

An American poet whose life was a very happy one, came to us as one of the world's sunbeams in 1809—Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was always young, and his lyrical facility is greater than that of any other American writer.

Hannibal Hamlin is also one of the crop of distinguished men that nature showered upon America in 1809. Benjamin Pierce, the great mathematician of Harvard; Albert Pike, the southern poet and soldier; Raphael Semmes, the Confederate admiral, were also born that memorable year.

In 1809, in a quiet corner of Virginia, there came upon this planet of ours a man who was to revolutionize methods of agriculture as effectually, perhaps, though with no noise and heralding, as Darwin revolutionized theories in the development of life. His name was Cyrus McCormick, who was practically the inventor of the first device to substitute machine for hand labor in farming.

His reaper and mower was the pioneer of those giant steam plows and and threshing machines that now make harvesting more of a pleasure than a drudgery. McCormick it was who made it possible for America to supply bread to the world. His machines went to Europe, to India, to Egypt, and to the great Pampas of South America.

Mark Lemon, too, the humorist, philosopher, and true friend of struggling literary genius, was born in 1809. He is better known as the editor of the *London Punch* from its first appearance till his death in 1870.

T. S. Arthur, the novelist, Henry Giles, essayist and author of "Human Life in Shakespeare," Park Benjamin, journalist and poet, and Addison Alexander, the great magazine writer, were also born in this memorable year of 1809.

This wave of great men extended



over the Old World as well as the new. The French statesman, Jules Favre, and the German statesman, Count Beust, were also born in this year. Mendelssohn, that great German musician and composer, may also be added to the list.

There was also born in this eventful year one of the greatest men of the century, a poet, who may well be called "the greatest artist in words who has ever worked in the plastic English language—an artist who, having the divine gift of uttering poetry, both in essentials and attributes, yet, with constant and noble dissatisfaction, refines these attributes to their highest point." I refer to Lord Tennyson, one of the greatest English poets. His poetry is musical and full of thought, feeling, purity, and from every point of view is truly artistic. His music is modern, and while not so classical as that of Byron, is appreciated at once.

Tennyson portrays woman as the center of all purity, and for this alone he should be a favorite poet. He was influenced by the Greek poet Theocrite and his "Idyls of the King" are founded upon the pastoral poetry of this writer.

The spirit of his poetry is truly Catholic, because he has taken many of his legends from Catholic sources.

Byron, the most eloquent and strongest of all modern poets, had a great influence over Tennyson, and yet how different are they.—Byron so stormy, full of thunder, darkness, lightning—Tennyson like the moonlight, clear, soft, mellow.

Tennyson believed in God, in heaven,

and it is sad to think that such a master mind did not embrace God's religion. To use his own words, "All his mind is clouded with a doubt."

His belief is briefly told in his own lines:

"Behold we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall,  
At last,—far off,—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

"So runs my dream; but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry."

If the world today is not saturated with "Zolaism" and "Dodoism" or French immorality in general, it is because of the purity, the gentleness, the sublimity, and the great influence of Tennyson's poetry. One is the artist of filth and everything vile while the other is the artist of the true, the beautiful, and the good.

But while I am writing about the great men who first saw the light of day in 1809, the thought comes to me, were there no great women born this same year? Yes, there is one woman writer whose career began with that of Tennyson, one who ranks among the great English poets, one possessed of great thoughts, lofty ideas, deep emotion, and whose very soul is portrayed in her verse. I refer to Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

She was truly "a poet who stood in the white light of the beauty which we call poetry." While her style is oftentimes rugged, unfinished, and at times lacks rhythm, while many of her rhymes are defective, her technique faulty, she is, nevertheless, an artist.



Her thoughts were as fire and her words were as fire."

Owing to ill health and loss of relatives, her life was tinged with sadness, hence a strain of sadness pervades her poetry. She says, "Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry, nor leisure for the hour of the poet."

Mrs. Browning's love for children comes straight from the heart, and at once enlists our sincere sympathy.

She says:

"Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
They are leaning their young heads against  
their mothers,  
And *that* cannot stop their tears.  
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,  
The young birds are chirping in their nest,  
The young fauns are playing with the shadows.  
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—  
But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
They are weeping bitterly!  
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
In the country of the free!"

Let us hope that the coming century will contribute as great and as illustrious characters as the crop of 1809 and may the great poets in literature be Americans. We lead the world today in inventions, may we also lead in literature.

W. J. B.

## TENNYSON'S PRINCESS.

This beautiful work of the master appeared in 1847, and met with a rather cold reception in England.

Before its appearance Tennyson had confined himself to shorter efforts, and had perhaps not yet given evidence of his power for lengthened work. In this, however, he was entirely successful, though the critics have been always divided in their estimate of this poem.

It is highly poetic in its conception—professing to be a medley—whose scenes are a mixture of the old and modern England. Everything about the scene suggests modernity—but the poet managed to throw in a great deal of the antique, giving as Stedman says: "A show of mediæval pomp and movement, observed through an atmosphere of latter-day thought and emotion."

Adverse criticism was based on its seeming want of congruity. But in the hands of a poet like Tennyson this gave greater scope for his genius, since he was confined to no definite time or place, and roamed the world of fancy, free. Free from the real, he lived in an ideal sphere, and if ideality be denied the poet wherein shall he differ from the maker of prose.

"The Princess" is composed of a prologue and epilogue, between which are seven cantos developing the charming stories that make up the tale the poet is to tell.

The prologue and epilogue are gems that are rarely equaled in our poetry. In the former we are introduced to the



merry group gathered to celebrate the summer vacation on Sir Walter Vivian's lawn. There are seven young men just returned from college—among them the young Walter, son of the elder Vivian. There are many beautiful young ladies, first of whom is Sir Walter's daughter, Lilia, a sprightly, earnest young woman.

While the party is on the lawn, one of the youths, poetically inclined wanders through the house with the young Walter. They stop long at the library, and there the youth comes across a book wherein are told the daring deeds of a famous woman of old. She was a paragon of bravery, who

"Sallying thro' the gate  
Had beat her foes with slaughter from her  
walls."

The poet is charmed. He goes out to meet the guests, and brings the book with him. Together they discuss this wonderful woman whose charms and power the book amply states:

"O miracle of woman, said the book;  
O noble heart who being strait besieged  
By this wild king to force her to his wish,  
Nor bent, nor broke, nor shunned, a soldier's  
death."

Here the story starts, for in the discussion which naturally follows, some man asks whether there are any such women now? And the impetuous Lilia answers:

"There are thousands now  
Such women, but convention beats them  
down."

After further talk it is agreed that the young men shall each tell a story. They do so wherein there is developed what made up their conversation.

Briefly, the story is that a certain prince was betrothed to a princess of a kingdom near by, and when the time for marriage had come, the prince sent word to the king, of his wish to have the promise kept. But the old king sent word back that he was sorry, but that he could not compel the princess to do a thing she was averse to, for she was opposed to marrying. She had set herself the task of

"Raising the fallen woman's divinity  
On an equal pedestal with man."

This was a breach of faith, and the stain must be wiped out in blood, so the prince's father said. The young prince was for other means. He stole quietly away in search of his promised bride, met her father and hears a repetition of his excuses, and that the princess was so intent on her mission that she had left his court and had started a school for young women, for men to enter which was death.

The young prince, however, in company with two friends, goes to this wonderful school, and disguising themselves as women, manage to enter and become enrolled as students. But they are soon discovered, a council is called to consider their case, but, woman-like, divide where there is question of punishing so severely men whom they cannot help admiring, and whose *crime* must be taken as quite flattering to themselves.

But to consider the story in the order of the cantos.

The first tells of the princess' disregard of the betrothal existing between herself and the prince, and, further,



she refuses all overtures, though her prospective father-in-law threatens

"That he will send a hundred thousand men  
And bring her in a whirlwind."

The second canto brings the young friends to the university, where they are detected. The description of this remarkable schools and its grounds is one of the exceedingly beautiful parts of the poem.

The third canto shows us how the pseudo-damsels pursue their studies, for though discovered by one of the party, they have not yet been reported to the Princess Ida. In their study of geology they ride out into the beautiful country about them, and we see the disguised prince and Princess Ida go together. They speak of the betrothal. He says that a refusal on her part to keep her promise will be the death of the prince. She answers thus:

"Poor boy," she said, "can he not read?  
Quoit, tennis, ball—no games nor deals in  
that

Which men delight in, martial exercise?  
To nurse a blind ideal like a girl,  
Methinks he seems no better than a girl."

The fourth canto brings things to a desperate turn. After the party had spent considerable time in their researches, they stop to rest and lunch. At the close the Princess Ida calls for a song, desiring to hear one of the new-comers. Cyril agrees to sing, but the good quality of the wine and the abundance he took of it throws him off his guard. He breaks forth in a strong tenor voice. The princess stops him hastily, breaks away from the party, falls into the river and is

rescued by the prince. The intruders were speedily thrown from the university.

In the fifth canto both parties, that is the armies of the two kings, meet in battle, and the strength of poems here rises to the grandeur of the scenes therein described.

The sixth is no doubt the finest of all, mingled as it is with scenes most touching and pathetic.

The seventh brings the happy termination. The Princess finds that mere books or separation from men does not fill up the ideals of woman. The university is turned into a hospital and the morbid life into one of active help and sympathy for suffering humanity.

The epilogue brings us back to the lawn and the interesting young people there. We glide so easily back we scarce notice the transition.

At the start it was agreed that the men should tell the stories, and that at the end of each the women should sing. So at the end of each canto we find some of the sweetest lyrics in our language.

"Few will deny," says Stedman, "that taken together, the five melodies, 'As through the land,' 'Sweet and low,' 'The splendor falls on castle walls,' 'Home they brought her warrior dead,' and 'Ask me no more,' that these constitute the finest group of songs produced in our century; and the third, known as the 'Bugle Song,' seems to many the most perfect English lyric since the time of Shakespeare."

The whole is intended to illustrate



woman's struggles, and this makes up a definite purpose in the poem.

Altogether, it is a poem that will appeal to all lovers of the romantic, since it so skillfully works out amid

scenes so enchanting a tale of olden valor to give prominence to one of the latest, but strongest, of modern tendencies, viz., the so-called woman's rights. M.

## The Soul's Withdrawal.



I feed soft, fluttering pigeons every morn,  
 Scattering, free and wide, the golden grain  
 That all may fare alike and none complain.  
 Yet they evade me and my glittering corn  
 Falls to the nearer. ❀ Timid and forlorn,  
 A few seem frightened and aloof remain,  
 Afraid of me and of the love-sent rain,  
 In famine, of their own refusal born.  
 And we, ourselves, so hungry of Thy grace,  
 O blessed Lord, like these, from pure mistrust;  
 Increase our love! ❀ In every crumb and crust  
 Bid us behold the shining of Thy face,  
 That we may eat and live, from peril free;—  
 Yea, draw us closer,—closer yet! to Thee.

CAROLINE D. SWAN, in *Sacred Heart Review*.



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A Happy New Year to all, especially to the readers of the VIATORIAN!

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Why do we never tire of this old formula, which now we have heard for a score of years at this same season, and from old and new friends and relatives? Why? Not only does this familiar expression not fatigue us, but as a favorite strain that has once charmed the ear, it ever awakens within us a vivid sense of some great good of which our souls have had some perception through the tears of this mortal existence. Why do we love to hear these words, "A Happy New Year?"

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Happiness, like a fair vision of some very great good, of the highest good, looms up before the mind of men, who, being intellectual, rational, are capable of appreciating that object as the end, the only end which can fill the capabilities of their being. To that end does all rational nature spontaneously gravitate. Anything that would im-

pede this rational and natural tendency to happiness is a dreaded obstacle. Nature rebels against it, arms itself to fight it and conquer it as an onward stream cuts its way through rocks and leaps over chasms to seek the sea. On the contrary, whatever friendly hand points the way to that loved goal, whatever voice whispers us Godspeed to our cherished destiny, is a welcome help, an added light which, inasmuch as it emphasizes the reality of the desired object, is a new, a pleasant incentive, urging the soul on the pursuit and conquest of happiness. Hence it is that we shrink from the ill-will of fellow-men, that we dread the menaces and curses of enemies, and that we delight in the goodwill that others bear us and in all sincere expressions of friendship and affection. We cannot in mere words more thoroughly express our esteem and love of fellow-man than by wishing him happiness, for in that one word is contained all that the heart can desire, all that can perfect it and rest it and delight it when the heart once completely possesses this object.

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A Happy New Year. What means another year? Why is it a good thing to have our friends wish us, and to wish to our friends? A new year, as the new born child of inexhaustible eternity, fresh and fair as childhood, and full of promise and hope, is indeed a very precious thing. Why so precious?

Why has this new world been such an inestimable boon to millions of human beings? Because of its unique oppor-



tunities. So with the new year. It will afford everyone new chances to retrieve his losses, and to create new gains in every field of endeavor, wherein are reaped the fruits that nourish and perfect physical and spiritual life. The year will be happy inasmuch as we shall avail ourselves of the opportunities it will afford us to cultivate the talents confided to us, to cull the fair flowers of virtue which ever grace and perfect all human life. A Happy New Year to all.

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At this season when we celebrate the day on which the heavens opened, and the angel voices proclaimed peace to men of good will, and heralded the advent of the Prince of Peace, it is especially fitting that men should take up the heavenly strain and wish one another peace and happiness.

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#### BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

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The December number of *McClure's Magazine* is indeed a Christmas number, and, as usual, full of interest and beauty. It contains a beautiful frontispiece, "Grant at Twenty-one," which is now published for the first time. Also, an unpublished portrait of Washington, painted at Valley Forge by Charles Willson Peale. "The Farthest North," is a very interesting and instructive article on Dr. Nansen's adventures and achievements in trying to reach the north pole. It is also well illustrated with very fine portraits of the adventurers. In art,

it contains many pictures which are reproductions of masterpieces. The "Madonna and Child," and "Bethlehem," may be stamped with the seal of true art. There are many Christmas poems. "The First Christmas-tide" is a beautiful poem, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, which is appropriately illustrated in the reproductions of the famous frescoes in St. Peter's, Rome, painted by Melozzoda Farli. The principal stories are, "How Dr. Davidson Kept His Last Christmas" (which has caused considerable criticism), and "Bread Upon the Waters." They are well illustrated, and the magazine as a whole is equally edifying and entertaining.

The December *Ecclesiastical Review* contains a very timely article entitled "American Catholic Juvenile Fiction—What We Can Supply." If we notice the names of those who have expressed their views on this subject, we shall find the list includes the principal Catholic writers of the day. Among them might be mentioned Prof. Maurice Francis Egan, Eleanor C. Donnelly. Father Finn, S.J., Ella Lorraine Dorsey, Dr. John Talbot Smith, Mary Catherine Crowley, Henry Coyle, and several others. All seem to be very positive that there exists a great need for books written especially for Catholic boys and girls. There is no denying the fact that our children are readers of fiction and that a very large number of men and women have devoted their entire time to supply this increasing demand for juvenile literature. All the arguments are strongly



in favor of presenting Catholic doctrine and Catholic practices in such a way as will enlist the heartfelt sympathy of our youth, and at the same time increase the faith of the little reader.

"*Hymns of the Holy Innocence*" and "*The Pastor's Care of the Children*" are also interesting as well as very instructive. There is also a list of the best books in English written for the young, and compiled by a member of the religious order of the Holy Child Jesus. While the list is not complete, it is at the same time very valuable for reference.

The *Rosary Magazine* contains many appropriate articles for a Christmas number. In art it reproduces "Our Lady of the Rosary," after Murillo, and "The Nativity," after Fra Angelico. The number is also replete with several charming poems on the "Feast of the Nativity," and among them we might especially notice, "The Little Christ Child," "The Pilgrim's Christmas," "The Christ Child," and "Mary, the Morning Star." There are also three well written sonnets—"The Nativity," "The Birth of Christ," "The Lamb of God." "Our Lady's Rosary" is by Very Rev. Thomas Esser, O.P., S.T.M. It is a very clear and vigorous exposition of the Rosary, its history and advantages, and a forcible reply to the many censures which have been heaped upon this exquisite devotion. "Some Patricks of the Revolution," by Thomas Hamilton Murray, is a clear exposition of what assistance the Irish gave the colonies in the war of the Revolution. Among other ar-

ticles particular mention might be made of "What the Stars Saw on Christmas Eve," by Grace V. Christmas; "An East Side Christmas," by Rev. B. J. Reilly, of New York; "The Rosary and the Holy Eucharist," by Very Rev. J. M. Z. Monsabré, O.P., and "The Story of a Convert," by Madeline Vinton Dahlgren.

In *Donahoe's Magazine* we also find the pervading sentiment to be one of a festival season. Many other topics have a special significance for the year which we are now about to bury. In "Election Ethics Past and Present," the writer compares the different methods used in past generations with those of our own day. "Irish Race Convention," by Rev. Denis O'Callaghan, gives us a fine pen picture of the purpose of the late assembly, as well as the more prominent members of the convention. "Christmas in Florida," is a well written sketch of Florida Catholics, both white and colored. "Utterances of Campaign Leaders," is a resumé of the opinions of the great political leaders in the recent campaign. The result of this remarkable contest is well portrayed by Henry N. Cary, in his article, "An Election Night in a Newspaper Office." The most beautiful engravings are the frontispiece, "The Nun's Christmas Morning," and "St. Anthony and the Christ-child." There are also many other exquisite engravings of architecture and works of art. "People in Print," by William Hopkins, contains portraits and short sketches of Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, D.D., Rev. Thomas Conaty, D.D., Rev. D. J.



Riordan, and Very Rev. Joseph F. Mooney, V.G., of New York, as well as many other noted personages.

The Christmas number of the *Catholic World* is also out in true holiday attire. "New England and the Formation of America," by Rev. P. O'Callaghan, gives a complete history of the progress, and the great influence of the church in New England. There is also a timely article on "The Great Assassin and the Christians of Armenia," from the pen of George McDermot, C.S.P. An illustrated article entitled, "The Schaffertanz and Metzgersprung in Munich," by Alguen and another by Eliza Allen Starr. "Where Southern Lilies are trained." "A Village Cynic," by Walter Lecky, is an interesting tale, and so is, "The Laying of Ghosts," by Henry Austin Adams, M.A. "Labor Statistics in Russian Factories," contains many things of interest to the laboring classes. The verse is also up to the usual standard of the magazine, and its principal poems are: "Christmas in the Pines," "A Ballad of Tyrone," "The Love that Overcometh," "The Immaculate Conception," and "Holy Brittany." (Illustrated.)

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#### EXCHANGES.

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Of the Christmas numbers of our exchanges the most noteworthy is that of the *New World*. Its striking feature is its holiday garb. On the cover is a beautiful picture illustrative of the glorious nativity of our Lord. The central figure is the infant Jesus

shedding His divine light upon the world and surrounded by choirs of angels chanting the "tidings of great joy" to the wondering shepherds below. It is indeed an illustrated poem.

The *Pittsburg Catholic*, though, perhaps, not so pretentious as to its outward appearance, contains many excellent articles appropriate for Christmas which are illustrated by a number of exquisite engravings.

Many of these are reproductions of the great masterpieces of Christian art. "The Nativity," The Flight into Egypt," "The Good Shepherd," Bodenghausen's "Madonna" "Christ's Farewell to His Mother," and "Our Lady of the Rosary" are particularly worthy of note.

One of the most welcome of our literary visitors is the *Musical Record*. Of all our exchanges this one is, perhaps, the most unique, for, as its name indicates, it is devoted exclusively to the musical world as are all its fellows to the college world. The charm of its articles lies in the devotedness to the art of music which pervades them throughout, and there is not that tiresome array of technicalities which one would naturally expect in a journal of this kind, but, on the contrary, it is enlivened with spicy observations and soul-stirring eulogiums on music and its great masters. Surely he who reads the *Musical Record* cannot help being favorably impressed and becoming a more ardent admirer of the beauties of music.

Besides the many literary treats which always characterize *St. Mary's*



*Chimes*, there is in the December number an article entitled "Personally Conducted," which is quite unique. The object is, through the medium of pen pictures, to conduct the readers of *The Chimes* throughout the entire academy and point out to them the many beautiful features of St. Mary's. To each member of the senior class is allotted a certain department of the academy, and the charming cordiality and ingeniousness of the fair guides is irresistible.

In *The Mountaineer*, of Mount St. Mary's College, there is a detailed account of its "Alumni Reunion and Banquet." To read the toasts of the alumni of Mount St. Mary's is to realize how kindred are men's affections for their *alma mater*, for their spirit of love and devotion to the Old Mountain strikes a sympathetic chord in the heart of every loyal collegian.

The circle of our exchange acquaintances is steadily increasing, the latest arrival being *The Holy Ghost Bulletin*. A cursory glance at its pages will suffice to show that it meets the requirements of a standard college journal.

In the *Niagara Index* for December 1, 1896, we are pleased to notice the continuance of "The Humorous in Shakspeare." Broadness of view, exhaustive study, and, above all, a deep and penetrating insight into all that is humorous, is plainly evinced by the author. We heartily approve of this method of specializing in the study of Shakspeare, for his was a genius so varied that it were folly, to say the

least, to attempt anything more general.

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#### PERSONAL.

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—William Fay '96, formerly of St. Louis, Mo., is now in New York City. A letter received from him lately gives a glowing account of his success there.

—Rev. T. J. McDevitt, Chicago, spent a few days at the college last month, and acted as judge at the public debate.

—Mr. C. O'Reiley '96, writes an interesting letter from Baltimore. Charlie thinks it makes quite a difference to have no Christmas vacation.

—Mr. A. Granger, '95, who is now studying law in Chicago, spent the Christmas holidays at Bourbonnais. Armand is reading law with Condon & Condon, the latter being our ex-colonel Jas. G. Condon '91.

—Rev. A. Mainville, pastor at Papineau, Ill., was one of the many visitors during the month.

—Rev. Chas. Boucher, pastor of the French church, Fond du lac, Wis., spent a few days in this region and was for a time the guest of Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V.

—Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., D.D. and Rev. Bro. Mainville were recently the guests of the latter's brother, at Papineau, Ill.

—Rev. Bro. Desjardin; C.S.V., and Mr. Phillip Dube, assisted at an entertainment given in aid of St Francis church, Manteno, Ill., December 22.



—Rev. J. M. Marsile, C.S.V., assisted at St. James church, Chicago, on Christmas day.

—The Misses Kelly and Flynn, of Gilman, Ill., were welcome visitors at the college during the month.

—Rev. Bro. O'Mahoney, of the Holy Name school, is, we are glad to learn, entirely recovered from his late illness.

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#### SOCIETY NOTES.\*

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Of all the societies of the college the German is the most enthusiastic. The members are becoming quite proficient in the German language. President King has given each one a pamphlet, containing German jokes and stories. By this means he has been enabled to make things very interesting, and, of course, the inevitable consequence is, that the members learn many new words, etc.

The society meets twice a week, and at each meeting, are held conversations and debates in German. We hope it will live longer than former ones and that good results will arise. One passing outside the meeting room, during meeting hours, would readily conclude that it would hardly ever die.

On November 1, the French society was reorganized with the Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., as Moderator. Good work has been done since. November 8, the society met for the second time and the following program was carried

out to perfection. A declamation by Mr. Edgar Legris and a selection by Master Nazaire Lamarre. The event of the evening was a debate, resolved, "That the Gold Standard Should be Preserved." Mr. P. Dubé upheld the affirmative, whilst Mr. Joseph Granger successfully maintained that we should have "free silver." At the next meeting which was on the 15th of November, Mr. Goudreau gave a recitation followed by a debate, resolved, "That Our Standing Army Ought to be increased." Mr. William Granger upheld the affirmative and Mr. Raymond the negative. The judges decided in favor of the latter. Several excellent programs are being prepared for the coming year, and it is to be hoped that they will prove as successful and beneficial as former ones.

#### ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

On October 28, all the old members of St. Patrick's Society were called together by the reverend moderator for the purpose of reorganizing for the ensuing scholastic year. The reverend moderator acted as temporary chairman, and opened the meeting by some very impressive and appropriate remarks. Following this was the election of officers, the result of which was: Moderator, Rev. T. J. McCormick; president, Mr. J. L. O'Dwyer; vice president, Mr. Joseph Kearney; treasurer, Mr. H. Hildreth; librarian, Mr. D. Hayden; sergeant-at-arms, Mr. P. Hansl; secretary, Mr. Luke Mullens.

The new members admitted were, Messrs. Brennan, Daniher, Cahil, Cor-

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\*Owing to lack of space we have been unable to print these heretofore.—EDS.



coran, Whittle, Dubé, Maher, Denault, O'Toole, and Rainey. There being no other business, a program was made up which was carried out successfully on November 4. It consisted of a debate, "Resolved that the gold standard is necessary to our prosperity." The affirmative was taken by Mr. J. O'Dwyer, and he received the unanimous decision of the judges, though the negative was ably defended by Mr. H. Hildreth.

At the next meeting, held November 11, Mr. Hildreth read a well written and humorous paper on the evils of our large cities, which was hotly handled afterwards by the members. Following this a debate, "Resolved, That the campaign just closed was one of demoralization." Mr. Kromenacker, who defended the negative side proved too much for his opponent, Mr. Hansl.

November 24, an interesting and exciting debate took place. It was whether there should be enacted a law prohibiting the employment of children under sixteen. Messrs. Kearney and Logan thought there should be, but their opponents, Messrs. Mullins and Murphy proved it unnecessary. The contestants, especially those on the negative, received well merited applause. Mr. Logan's speech was quite pathetic. Messrs. J. O'Dwyer and Hildreth assisted the negative gentlemen in five-minute speeches, whilst Messrs. Daniher and Hansl did likewise for the affirmative.

Before the debate the members discussed the question whether they would celebrate as usual the society's coming anniversary. After much spar-

ring and parrying among the members, it was finally agreed that it was proper to celebrate for obvious reasons. So the president was authorized to appoint a committee of three to make out a program and see to other minor details. He did so, and a few days afterwards the committee reported at a special meeting. Their program being satisfactory, they were told by the reverend moderator to go to work earnestly in order that we might make it successful. This advice was followed. The 12th of December was a day of joy for the members, for it told them their society was one of duration, it having now reached the twenty-fourth anniversary of its existence. Owing to circumstances, the program was not carried out until the 15th. At half-past seven Tuesday evening all the students, professors, and priests assembled in the recreation hall to witness the efforts of the young men belonging to the society. When all were seated, the curtain was raised, and immediately there burst forth the harmonious strains of the musicians.

The event of the evening around which everything centered was the debate on football. The question was, "Does intercollegiate football promote the interests of colleges?" Messrs. Murphy and Mullins maintained that it does, while Hildreth and Logan held the opposite view. From the beginning the debaters held the attention of their audience.

Not once during the entire debate did they permit it to relax. There was a strong array of facts, statistics, references, and strong arguments, be-



sides much wit and humor. Both sides used their weapons to good purpose. Laughter and applause filled the hall frequently. Upon the conclusion of the debate the judges gave their decision, which was two to one for the affirmative. When the program was finished, the Rev. Father Marsile arose and thanked the society for their beautiful entertainment. He said that St. Patrick's Society was a noble and lasting one, and that its members deserve much credit, as also he who trained them. After some very noble and eloquent expressions concerning St. Patrick and Ireland, he again congratulated and thanked the society. Following him, the reverend moderator, Father McCormick, in a few well chosen words, thanked all those who helped the society in making the program a good one, and in carrying it out so successfully. Everyone seemed much pleased, and many were the eulogies lavished on this little, energetic society. The program in full was as follows:

Musical selection.....Piano and string trio  
Address.....President J. O'Dwyer  
Recitation.....P. Daniher  
Song.....Messrs Nawn, Quille, and Burke  
Debate (as above).....Affirmative, Murphy  
and Mullins; negative, Hildreth and Logan  
Song.....T. Cahill, Mullins, and Denault  
Piano solo.....P. Dubé  
Address.....Vice-president J. Kearney  
Musical selection.....Piano and string trio

On the following day the members, accompanied by the reverend moderator, went to K. K. K. to enjoy themselves as best they could. They spent the afternoon visiting the asylums and seeing the other sights of Kanka-

kee. After partaking of some refreshments all returned to the college. After prayers the members went to the society hall, to which place Fr. McCormick was escorted by Fr. Ryan. Little did the moderator suspect what was in store for him, and after a few pleasing ejaculations he sat down, when President O'Dwyer read to him an address of affection, during which he said that the society presented him with the price of a bicycle, a thing so ardently wished, though unsought. When the address was completed the reverend father arose and made a splendid response, which touched the hearts of the members. He said that he appreciated very much the motives which urged this little gift, and he would continue to do all in his power for their welfare.

Thus closed a most joyous day, a day which the members of St. Patrick's Society will long cherish and remember. We hope the society will continue its good work, and be a credit to St. Viateur's College. J. O'D.

## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

I shall not talk of football.—J. H.  
I shall not play billiards.—J. J. C.  
We shall not agree to stop smoking.  
—L. and M.  
I shall stop my cod-liver-oil.—E. S.  
I shall never tap another barrel of  
apples.—R.  
I shall have my hair cut closely.—M.  
I shall see that my alarm clock is  
wound regularly.—T. C.  
I shall eat no more pickles.—D. H.



I shall not talk about the weather.

—M.

I shall use no more big words.—K.

I shall henceforth be as the rest of men.—K.

We shall quit chewing tobacco.—All-Hands.

I shall attend no more political meetings.—H.

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### VIATORIANA.

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—It

—Has

—Come

—What?

—1897.

—Vacation.

—Good-bye.

—All aboard.

—A cigarette.

—Oh! I'm so happy.

—How time does fly.

—Hark! Its only a kiss.

—Golly, its the 5th again.

—Ma, must I say farewell?

—Get on, quick, little blue soldier.

—O, Johnny, look! What? The College.

—Had you a sad or pleasant "vac"? Well, yes.

—I feel so sad that I must cry, but—

—Pa, give me \$5 and carry my satchel please.

—Ah! by gosh.

—Why is a cow?

—What's the lesson?

—"Golly but we had fun."

—Is that a cup or krout jar?

—There's icicles on the moon.

—How old is she, big or little?

—Don't hit Dicky with a stone.

—It was on a bright moonlit day

—Look at that 45, year, old kid.

—"Why not encourage football?"

—His kindness is of an inferior kind.

—What did the eminent physician say?

—Well, old man; what's the matter now?

—Say Mr. M—, that thing will kill you yet.

—Gosh! gosh! has not this a classical ring?

My heart aches, O! O! O! Om! Get to work you.

—Who said they passed the gate receipts around?

—"The coffee tasted like ginger ale on a windy day."

—Ask Bro. T. why he didn't turn on Mr. K's. light?

—"By gosh! I wouldn't have such an animal in my room."

—He died de horse behind de cart, and you know how well dot goes.

—Its rumored that the grand old classical tongue sounds well when given a feminine articulation.