

The Birth of Christ.

Beautiful star, that dawned in the Orient,
Shedding thy light on the desert's lone way,
Led by thy brightness, we too would come bring-
ing
Our gifts, magi-like, in the manger to lay.
Gladly we offer our choicest of treasures,
Seeking with these our allegiance to prove;
But our gems and our myrrh, our gold and
frankincense,
Are offered in vain if not offered in love.

Beautiful star, that with mystical arrow
Told where a king was enthroned in a stall.
Oh fair are the orbs shining nightly above us,
But thou in thy splendor excellest them all.
Shine on in the darkness, bright herald of
morning,
Shine on down the ages with lustre undimmed,
Still leading the way to the sweet Son of Mary,
Till through the wide world hallelujahs are
hymned.

MARY B. SLEIGHT.

THE VIATORIAN.

FAC ET SPERA.

VOL. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1895.

NO. 4

CHRISTMAS.

Fall lightly ye snowflakes, so feathery and white,
Fall lightly and carpet the earth this great night,
Wake not the sleeping Child,
Disturb not Mary mild;
Yet murmur a lullaby sweetly and low,
For He who was born in this valley of woe;
The Christ-child who come but one short hour ago
Is fairer and purer than thou.

The snow has ceased falling, the stars looking down
In love weave above him a glittering crown.
Luna thy lustre shed
O'er his thrice holy bed,
So lowly and humble, so sweetly He lies,
Ah! who could e'er doubt that He came from the skies,
Through love our weak nature, our God dignifies;
Before him in homage we bow.

The dawn is now breaking, the sun shining bright
Fast follows the track of the queen of the night.
Snow-birds and gentle dove,
High in the air above,
With cooing and chirp o'er his lowly bed fly;
The heart of his mother heaves forth a deep sigh
Of the sweetest love, as to her Son she draws nigh,
And presses him close to her heart.

Ah! ne'er was such rapture beneath the blue skies,
When gently awaking He opens his eyes;
Sees she her Son and more,
Low bends she to adore.
Oh! angelic choirs let your glorias ring,
The Queen of Heaven's adoring the King;
Oh! earth let your bells the glad tidings out-fling,
And ne'er with the memory part.

—J. H. N.

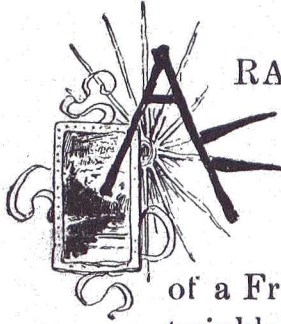
CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

I.

"But fixed His word, His saving power remains—

Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns."

—Pope.



RAW, bleak night in December, 18—. A thin skurry of snow was sifting down over the wide undulating landscape of a French village; the stars twinkled brightly in the blue vault of the firmament and the moon threw her silvery light upon the cheerless whitened fields. Far away, as if apprehensive of bitter cold, a belated steer bellowed around a great, snow-capped rick of straw; the wind came rushing out of the northwest with great, strong wings, flapping and beating the dumb, prostrate fields like some enormous bird.

Around one of the poorest, straw bedecked cottages of this village, the snow lay piled in long, ragged drifts on this Christmas eve. All day it had snowed, heavily and incessantly. Now at eleven o'clock, the wind shrieked and tore through the tall poplars that stood around this thatched and desolate cottage. Within one of the two small rooms that constituted the conveniences of this habitation, on a miserable couch, lay a woman, apparently young in years, whose sallow countenance betokened misery and want. Seemingly she would welcome the final hour which would sever the last tie that still bound her to this world. A handsome girl of nine or ten years,

whose close resemblance to the sufferer tells us that she is her daughter, lay on the floor, resting her weary head on her arm and enjoying the sleep of innocence. The sweet smiles of her rosy lips, doubtless caused by some happy dream, formed a striking contrast to the expression of anxiety depicted on the countenance of the dying.

A woman of about sixty years, with gray hair and a careworn visage, silently paced the floor. Now and then she would stop to stir the dying embers in the hearth, then advancing softly to the window, she looked out into the road as if expecting some one. Suddenly the sufferer turned in her miserable couch and in a weak voice whispered, "Catherine, has not my husband returned?"

"No, Mary," came the response.

"Ah, God! the end is near, and I will not see him."

"Well, well;" murmured the aged Catherine, "he is indeed a wicked man to remain in a saloon when his wife is dying."

These last words, though spoken in an almost inaudible manner, were nevertheless heard by the dying wife, who with a husky voice replied, "Indeed, Catherine, you say rightly; the saloon was the ruin of my Charles. Before he began frequenting it, he was a model husband; he loved me dearly and perfectly adored his little daughter; but when he began to absent himself from our home, happiness, love, and all went with him. This, Catherine, this is the cause of my death!"

"Compose yourself, Mary, and remember the words our good Pastor

addressed to you this morning: 'Blessed are they who suffer!' Forgive your husband who has so wronged you."

"Ah, yes! I do forgive him," sobbed the poor woman, "and I would willingly part from this world, but oh God! my child? My poor little Margaret! what will become of her?"

The fear that her only child would be badly treated by a drunken father was constantly in her mind. Catherine, too, thought of this, but her gentle heart would not allow her to cause the sufferer more grief by speaking of it.

"Have faith, trust in God!" she whispered, kneeling at the bedside, as she took the thin hand in hers. "He has never forsaken one of His children who trust in Him. He will find her food and shelter." Catherine had hardly finished speaking when a light rap was heard at the door. She hastened to open it, but the husband, whom the dying woman so longed to see was not there, instead there were two neighbors who assisted the good Catherine in her vigils. The small clock on the shelf indicated the hour of midnight. Soon the merry peal of the village church chimes were heard ringing in the distance. "The midnight mass!" exclaimed the dying. "O angel of heaven, who once announced the glad tidings of the God-man's birth, save my child! Mary, thou mother of the orphan, under your protection I place her!" These were her last words. Her voice expired in an inaudible whisper, and the agonies of death came on. These were soon ended, and her soul released from its clayey prison, took its flight to God.

II.

Six years have elapsed since Mary LeRue was laid to rest in the humble church yard of "K." After the death of his wife a decided change had come over Charles, and the many friends of his faithful wife earnestly hoped and prayed that he would continue in his good resolve. But his reform was only temporary and after a few months he again became an inveterate drinker. Soon the few friends that still remained true, left him. Forsaken by everyone, he left the scene of his excesses and went to Paris. Margaret was loth to leave the humble village where she was born and where her dearest friends dwelt. She, too, hated to leave her mother's grave, which she had been accustomed to visit every day, and to adorn with diligence and care. Margaret was a handsome blue-eyed, golden-haired girl of fourteen years, when she went with her father to Paris. She was a loving, thoughtful, conscientious child, and never could banish the feeling that her mother would wish her to be cheerful and happy as she could without her. Before her death she had given her many little charges and injunctions, telling her to be very kind to her father and to grow up a companion for him, not to grieve for her, but to do all her duties as if she were there, that so she might become a good and useful woman, a comfort and joy to all about her.

The bad example she received from her father and his godless companions, however, soon made her forget these instructions and neglect her religious duties. Thus it was that at the tender

age of sixteen she possessed nothing of Christianity but the mere name.

One evening in June she received the sad information that her father was seriously injured by some falling debris, and was lying unconscious at the city hospital. This certainly was a great blow to the poor child. Though he had not ceased to drink, her father was, nevertheless, very kind to her, and her only means of support. No provision having been made against a day of need, poor Margaret must now earn a livelihood for herself. She obtained a position as seamstress, but scarcely received enough pay for her support. However, she never forgot her father, and frequently denied herself the very necessities of life in order that she might procure for him some delicacy as a token of her love. Charles had been at the hospital for six months, and yet no hopes of his recovery were entertained. Margaret had saved a part of her scanty salary, with which she intended to buy some oranges for him, and intended to bring them the following day. She had that morning eaten her last crust of dry bread, and forced by hunger and cold, she wandered aimlessly along the brilliantly lighted thoroughfare of St. Jacques, gazing longingly at the merry crowds that sat around tables of plenty in the various restaurants. Ah, poor child! it was now that she needed a mother's loving heart, in which she could find repose. But, alas! she was friendless, poor, and alone. While she was thus wistfully gazing upon the tempting scene before her, the great clock of St. Jacques struck half-

past eleven. Suddenly, from different quarters of the city, the sound of merry chimes greeted her ear.

"The chimes at this hour! Why do they ring?" exclaimed the poor child, as she was aroused from her reverie. "Ah, yes! Tomorrow is Christmas and the anniversary of mother's death!" She raised her eyes heavenward and she recalled the scenes of her happy childhood in the village of K——. Overcome with grief and remorse at the reckless life she had led for a number of years past, she sought relief from the God of all consolation in the Church of St. Jacques, near by. The main altar was brilliantly lighted; the mighty voice of the organ resounded through the spacious church with mystic tones. The poor child dared not remain in the center of the church; the glaring light of countless wax tapers dazzled her eyes. Going to a dark nook, she placed a prie-dieu beside a Sister of St. Vincent de Paul, who had charge of a number of orphans. Margaret knelt down and was soon wrapped in silent meditation. Now she saw her mother before her; the advice she had given came back to her as a mighty ascending angel; she heard her mother's dying appeal to the angel. She prayed for help and protection.

Not having tasted food since morning, she was unable to stand this strain, and fainted away into the arms of the Sister beside her.

Late the following morning Margaret awoke greatly refreshed by her rest. The episode of the previous night was to her as a dream. She had only a

vague recollection of seeing a Sister bending over her as she lay faint and weak on a comfortable bed in a small but neat room. The door opened and a Sister approached her and cheerfully inquired as to her condition. "I feel considerably better," replied the child, "but very weak." The Sister left the room and presently returned with some food. Gently raising her to a sitting posture, and supporting her with a pillow, she placed the food before her and bade her eat. The poor girl needed no second bidding.

Margaret having finished her meal, the Sister informed her that she might remain with them until the morrow, but to give her name and address that they might notify her parents. These simple words awakened in the poor girl the thought of her destitution. "I have no family whom you can inform of my whereabouts. My mother has been dead for several years, and my father is at death's door in the hospital." "Oh, poor child! what do you do? How do you support yourself at your tender age?" asked the Sister, with anxious care.

"Dear Sister, I am very unhappy!" cried Margaret, with a throbbing heart.

The kind-hearted Sister came nearer and pressed her in her arms. "Poor child! open your heart to me; perhaps I can assist you." Margaret, amid tears and sobs, then told her history, adding, "I was just fourteen when I left K.; ah, if I had only remained there!" "The village of K.?" exclaimed the Sister, in surprise. "What is your name?" "Margaret Le Rue." "Good God! are you the child of my

sister Mary, whom I sought all these years?" The scene which followed this disclosure is better imagined than described.

During her sister's illness, Louise, or rather Sister St. Luke, was attending the sick at the hospital in Tours. Duty still kept her there when she was informed of her sister's premature death. Charles having suddenly left K., the endeavors of Sister St. Luke to ascertain his whereabouts proved vain, and she had given up the hope of ever locating him, when Providence led the starving Margaret to the Church of St. Jacques.

III.

Eleven o'clock, December 24, 18—. A young nun struggled with death in the charity hospital at Toulouse. She was called Sister St. Jean, and in the emaciated form we would scarcely recognize the features of our handsome Margaret Le Rue, of K. Nevertheless, it is she. In the year 18— she made her solemn profession at Paris. Her great charity and zeal permitted her to remain but a short time with her aunt. Willingly she consented to go to Toulouse to nurse the poor soldiers who had returned from the colonies, bringing with them the germs of that dread disease, typhoid fever. There she now was confined, a victim of charity, and at death's door. No family ties bound her to this world. Her father, with the advice of Sister St. Luke, was removed from the city hospital to the Hotel Dieu, where he lingered for a few weeks and then died from the effects of his injuries, having

made his peace with God and being perfectly resigned to his fate. Suddenly several chimes of the city churches resounded in the darkness of the night, as though they would announce the glad tidings that Christ, the Lord, was come to seek that which was lost. Margaret opened her eyes. A heavenly smile was on her countenance, and in a clear voice she exclaimed, "Be thou praised, oh holy Mary, mother of God! The Christmas angel has answered my mother's prayer."

A. H. F.

A POLISH CUSTOM.

"No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,

* * * * *

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extends,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descends."—*Pope.*



FOR Christians the birth of Jesus Christ is indeed a joyful commemoration. Yet the celebration of this anniversary differs to a certain extent according to the traditions and customs of

each nation. Poland is not an exception to the rule, for we find with its people a beautiful and elevating practice called the breaking of the Christmas bread. The bread taken for this occasion is made in the same way as that used for the holy sacrifice of mass. Each family receives from the sexton as many of these breads as it

has members. When finally the appearance of the first star, sought for with great impatience by the little ones, is announced on Christmas eve, the household take their places at a well set table, where, after a short prayer, the father distributes to each one of the Christmas breads. This being done the father breaks a particle from his and eats it, passing the rest to his wife and children, who also eat a piece of it. Then the mother disposes of her bread in the same manner as the father, the children each in his turn doing likewise. If by chance one of the members live in a distant land, his portion of the Christmas bread is reserved and sent to him by letter, so that, although separated, he may at least in spirit be present at home.

But as there is a moral attached to each custom, so likewise with the one described, for the breaking of the bread may be considered as the personification of forgiveness of all past offenses. It is in a certain way an image of Holy Communion, for as in the latter one is united with God, so in this practice men forget their enmities and meet as friends. It is a source of happiness because where there is harmony we find the blessing of God. The Polish people, perceiving the beauty and good results of this custom, have preserved it for centuries to our times, and there is no fear of its falling into oblivion unless the nation itself ceases to exist.

Numerous stories are related in connection with the breaking of the Christmas bread, one of which es-

pecially, is impressive. About three hundred years ago two Polish landlords disagreed with each other on account of a boundary marking their domains. At first an attempt was made to settle the matter among themselves, but finding they could come to no conclusion, they resorted to authority. A decision in favor of the one created a hatred in the second so that for several years there was no communication between them. Finally one Christmas eve, he who gained by the dispute resolved to be reconciled to his enemy. Although the weather was cold and snow was falling rapidly he made his way to the latter's dwelling and found that the family were breaking their Christmas bread and about to take supper. Trembling with fear at the thought of being driven away and scorned, he tapped slightly at the door and was admitted into the dining room, which was well occupied. His enemy, perceiving him who was the object of his hatred, would have driven him away but for the Christmas bread which the other held in hand for breaking. This surprised him to such an extent that instead of rushing upon him with anger he embraced him to whom for three years he had not spoken a word, and said: "Where our parish priest, my wife and friends failed, you have conquered by this offering and oblige me to forgive." J. N. Z.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above them.—*Washington Irving.*

VACATION THEN AND NOW.

"Many a one that night was merry
Who had toiled through all the year."



IN his charming *Sketch Book*, Irving treats among other delightful Christmas pieces, the return of the schoolboy for his holiday celebration at the home fireside. He gives a picture of boyish expectancy beautiful in its simplicity and truthfulness to nature: there are the plans for the short fleeting days—the hopes of presents—the delight of again meeting the dear ones at home.

All the good things that go to make up the effulgence of holiday prodigality are discussed, enjoyed, or consumed in anticipation. It's about the same way now. Perhaps these "three fine rosy-checked schoolboys" instituted comparisons between a Christmas dinner and a college meal. Irving does not say they did—but he does insist on the great pleasure their innocent, ardent conversation afforded him.

But on the whole, Irving's picture of this homeward, holiday journey does look natural and we almost think ourselves one of the three—in spite of the "coach" and the slow, tedious journey it meant.

It would be refreshing to see a crowd of the "modern boy" piled into such a coach and sent homeward—with his ideas of speed and swiftness, generally, we would fear greatly for the coach. But the author of the *Sketch Book* would quickly accommodate him—

self to the new boy and his heart go out to him as it did to those whom he met in England. From none of his writings do we get a better view of the man than from his Christmas stories. There we see the great interest he took in men and in all that added to their comfort. All the joys and sorrows, feelings and aspirations of young and old found vibrating cords in the heart of the tender, musical prose poet of the *Sketch Book*. We see this so plainly from the great interest he took in the little friends of the stage coach, in whom, no doubt, he foresaw that large student-body that would grow and widen with the rolling years.

The boys of yore had their yell as have also their degenerate-successor. At the beginning of his article our author quotes this from an old holiday school song:

"Omne bené
Sine poená
Tempus est ludendi
Venit hora
Absque mora
Libros deponendi."

Your modern boy has the same article translated into his own mother tongue. Of course when rendered into a language lacking the sweetness of Latin and by boys more inclined to draw on poetic license than the poetic delicacy, the new version may not be at once recognized by the college men of old—if they be still living, who sang the Latin lines, though it is quite familiar to the boy of the period. It goeth thus:

"No more Latin, no more Greek,
No more prefects on the sneak."

While not disposed to exploit the

strong points of this vigorous rendering, we will say in justice to the boy of today, that he puts as much spirit into this cry and feels as deeply the sentiment it contains, as did the wildest enthusiast of "ye olden time," in any work he ever undertook.

So your old college boy and your new one are much the same when vacation is at hand. They wait and wish and hope for its arrival. In fact hope claims all the waking hours of youth, and when she whispers of loved ones to be met—and hints at the good things they have in store for him, picturing a great and endless feast gotten up by a cook who lets nothing *burn* and never sends word that "there is no more," what wonder that his feverish imagination presents to him a pageant of turkeys by the score, barrels of cranberry sauce, legions of pies and cakes, fruits, nuts, and dainties without end—and that this spectacle so pleasing, does constantly move by, passes the nearest corner, doth return and in shadowy glory move again over fancy's highway. Never say the boy does nothing just before Christmas; he is busier now than ever—in his mind.

Even a stage coach will in time get to its destination, and we are now come to where our three rosy-cheeked friends are to spend their holidays and meet "John and Carlo, and the bantam," and the dear ones at home. Irving tells us that he "leaned out of the coach window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight." We may surmise how happy it was

and we ought, too, to think the same of every student's first meeting with loved ones after several months spent at school.

There are met those who missed him so much, who longed for his coming, and worked so hard to prepare that hearty, cheerful reception they want to give their dear boy. Now, those at home are to have his company and the sunshine of loving welcome will brighten the dark spots his absence had caused in the family circle.

This beautiful sketch of Irving's makes us feel that the boys of long ago were a very grateful set—that they went home with tender hearts and that a desire to see parents and brothers and sisters was at least as strong as the hope of getting beautiful presents or a "good square meal." What joy it would give parents if such were always the case—how happy, too, the students—all the griefs and trials of the year would soon be forgotten and new courage be infused for the new year.

If there be a difference, why is it? Not because children got more than they do now. No, people were more economical in the early times. They could not have more comforts at school—and the journey home was certainly more tedious. Boys of fifteen did not then sport a gold watch, smoke, gamble, and try to convince the "old man" of his antiquity. Perhaps there is a difference after all between the school-boy of long ago and the one of today. Still, while not perfect, our young man has excellent qualities, and the country has great hopes in him. What will she do, if she does not hope. But now

suppose that our hero is not altogether to blame. Who sends him to college, and offers him a gold watch if he will stay there? Or gives him all the pocket money he wants? Or tells the the neighbors in his presence what a wonder he is, and how he excelled all the members of his class? "None?" "Then with none am I offended."

M.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.



"Heap on more wood,
the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as
it will,
We'll keep our Christ-
mas merry still."

—Scott.

THE heart of Christendom throbs with joyful anticipation as the great feast of Christmas approaches, for of all solemnities, it is the one which has entwined itself most securely 'round the heartstrings of the family and the vast multitude known as the people. In a worldly, as well as in a spiritual sense, the Christian rejoices and is glad. We see evidences of this all around us. From every side the time-honored "Merry Christmas" greets our ears. This short but significant greeting is an old-time favorite, but never grows old, for it is the expression of hearts beaming with a genuine joy wishing us a Christmas overflowing with that choice happiness which the love of the cherished family circle can impart—a Christmas fraught with every satisfaction which the affection of friends

can bestow—but above all, a Christmas rich with every grace which the blessing of God can bring.

It is a gracious thing in this world of worry, and in this life of borrowed trouble, that there is one day in the year when our common salutation is an invitation to mirth. It is a proof that we were not made for care and sorrow and strife alone, but that sometime, somewhere, our souls shall find release and real pleasure. It is a proof, also, evident to those who have eyes to see, that the mystery we commemorate at Christmas, is the key to our prison door, a pledge of our consolation, and an earnest of our redemption. What a consoling thought, gracing this most holy season!

It is not without a reason that the babe who was born in Bethlehem was called the “desired of nations.” Since the day when Adam walked for the last time with God in the cool shades of Eden, man has hungered for the infinite, the Redeemer. We may well insert here, that many a strange and superstitious form this soul-hunger has assumed, but at the bottom of every religion and of every apparent aberration of humanity was that yearning after God. In nakedness and in distress, in peace and in plenty, that longing was never absent from the human heart, as is shown in these beautiful words of St. Augustine: “Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and our souls shall know no rest until they rest in Thee.”

Therefore we see that it is the strong undercurrent of deep religious sentiment that makes Christmas really what

it is. Aside from the religious sentiments with which we regard this feast of feasts, and the consolation of the great mystery it commemorates, the wish of a “Merry Christmas” is nowhere better realized than in the delight and fondest reminiscences centered around the family fireside. In fact the preparations going on, during the week preceding Christmas, are all directed to this end. What prompts the eager crowds of shoppers on the streets, if not their intent of acquitting themselves of errands of love and affection towards those who are near and dear to them.

If we could with one glance peer into the various households and there witness the scenes that take place, we would find that of all those present it is the children, free from care and trouble, who seem to have interpreted the “Merry Christmas” wish best. For them no other period of the year approaches with such winning grace. Children of all conditions really enjoy a “Merry Christmas.”

They look forward to it as the most important day of their eventful year, the goal of a twelvemonth’s yearning, when they are to be loaded with gifts and enthroned as rulers of the family fireside. Their will is law, their many pranks cause their elders to fall into deep reveries conjuring up the recollection of many a happy Christmas round a glowing hearth in the olden time, e’er clouds of anxiety and trouble rose to obscure the serenity of their career.

To persons of different temperaments, positions, and creeds the day

has diverse significations, and in consequence the reasons for their Christmas being a merry one, differ. To the religious mind the celebration of Christ's birth is a most potent solace. Its annual recurrence vividly recalls that God deigned to clothe Himself with the vesture of human kind, and thus inexpressibly dignified our baser nature. The man on whom the cares of the world have rested heavily for the past year, enjoys a short respite from the worry of his fretful yoke and finds supreme contentment in the pleasures of home, thus Christmas for him is truly merry. To the rich the day affords in many ways an opportune occasion for the exercise of charity, thus enabling them to treble their happiness, their "Merry Christmas," by the consciousness of something done for the pleasure of others.

Indeed, wherever Christianity has extended its influence, this yearly festival has ingratiated itself into the favor of those not themselves believers, for, with its good cheer and many quaint customs still so much in vogue, the day affords pleasant associations apart from the celebration of our Lord's Nativity. However, it is a fact beyond dispute that the specific character of this feast will always be religious; that in order to partake fully of that universal delight which marks this hallowed season, we ought to endeavor to act in harmony with the true spirit of the occasion, doing which, we shall undoubtedly, during the ensuing year, reap the full benefit of the realization of "A Merry Christmas."

"At Christmas be happy and merry with
all,
And feast thy good neighbors, the great
with the small."


M. A. W.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

A SYMPOSIUM.

"Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
The silent snow possess'd the earth."

—Tennyson—*In Memoriam*.

Y FONDEST memory of Christmas carries me back to the time when I first began to grasp the meaning of Christmas and to take part in the joys which accompany it. That which left the deepest impression upon me was a picture of the infant Jesus lying in the crib, near which his mother, St. Joseph, and the Magi were gathered. There was shown in that picture an expression of great happiness—and even now, as I recall that scene, I again feel that more than earthly delight which then possessed me. I distinctly recall other children who had come there and I see again their beaming faces and I catch some of that heavenly light which played on their features—I am a child again, and once more live over that charming life, amid the innocence of happy childhood, and the pleasures which attach to a child's first memories of Christmas.

F. O'R.

Of the many bright spots that memory loves to keep green through the sterile waste of years, one remains

brighter than all others, on account of the impression produced and the influence it left within me. It happened on a Christmas eve, many years ago, that I attended, in a little rustic, country chapel, my first midnight mass. I shall never forget my feelings as I entered. The time, the place, the surroundings, made the scene doubly impressive. The interior of this chapel showed that loving and skillful hands had left their impress there and nothing was wanting to render the place suitable to the event to be commemorated. In such a religious atmosphere as this the mind could not possibly cling to the things of earth but felt itself carried upward to God.

As the organ pealed forth and the full choir caught up the Christmas anthem, one could imagine these voices mingled with the angels, singing the praises of the Child of Bethlehem.

In such a moment as this we taste some of the joys that are in store for those who by their lives deserve eternal reward; joys which the world can not give and which can be recalled with pleasure and with hope.

After the mass was read then a few consoling words from the lips of the saintly priest and everyone prepared to depart for home; but it seemed with a kind of reluctance that they turned from the sacred spot to go again into the world. Thus has memory power to fascinate.

T. L.

No memory brings me more pleasure than that awakened by an incident which happened about six years ago. It was my first Christmas in this coun-

try. On that day I received from a near relative a book which I have carefully preserved. Upon glancing over its pages not very long ago I saw by it that this day witnessed me make my first communion in a foreign land. Many happy thoughts filled my heart with joy and pleasure as I knelt before the altar with hands clasped and with eyes modestly cast down. As the priest approached the rails, holding the sacred hosts in his hands, I could feel my heart yearning to receive that precious body and blood. With what joy and happiness did I not spend the rest of that memorable day? How pleasing must it not have been to the little infant of nineteen hundred Christmas' ago, to behold one of his mere creatures receive him at the Holy Table on the day of his birth?

Yes, this incident has been a pleasant recollection, a fond remembrance. I have never forgotten it, and as each Christmas day approaches I always remember my first in America, and how agreeable, how pleasant, how happy I was. By it I learned one lesson, that none can be truly happy, and that no one can enjoy a feast like that, with the greatest pleasure and contentment, unless he is free from guilt, and free I was on that glorious day.

J. O'D.

My most enjoyable Christmas holidays were those spent at home after my first few months of college life. I have cherished many happy memories of times spent in various places, but the vacation was most enjoyed, perhaps because it was after having been

separated from home and friends for some time or because of the satisfaction arising from knowing that those preceding months had been well spent and vacation seemed to be deserved.

After taking the train for home the few hours flew by and I was soon home; here were the happy faces of relatives and old friends to be seen all around. Christmas came with all its joys and this one seemed different from any I had spent before, for all with whom I came in contact appeared to be happier than at any other time. Many pleasant evenings were spent in company with friends, but the thought of being at home gave me more pleasure than any other, for of all places there is none more dear to anyone than home.

The vacation soon went by and the thoughts that soon school would begin again made me wish that the time were longer. Other vacations had been spent in very pleasant ways but this one is always looked back to as one of the happiest, if not the very happiest. All the time could not be spent like this, to any advantage, for work must be accomplished to benefit ourselves, and realizing this I was willing to return and yet reluctant to leave those happy scenes; but I believe that he who spends a happy vacation is well prepared to begin work when the holidays are over. I came back happy and the memory of that vacation still remains.

A. M. L.

I distinctly remember one Christmas in particular which afforded me joys not yet forgotten. And although

what is pleasure to one may be trifling to another, for pleasure, like all other feelings, can never be portrayed as keenly as it is experienced, yet I feel tempted to tell you of this Christmas day.

The sun shone brightly all day and enough snow had fallen the previous week to make sleighing excellent. I spent the forenoon at church and after the usual Christmas dinner I prepared to join a party of young folks to go sleigh riding. We went in three large bob-sleds each drawn by four horses. The sleigh bells were ringing merrily and mingled sweetly with the happy, youthful voices in our group. Racing was one of the principle features of the trip. As often as each driver passed the others by and took the lead he was cheered by the crowded sled load behind him, and he in turn would be passed by another before he felt the pleasure of being ahead begin to grow tiresome. A ride of fifteen miles brought us to the home of one of our old school-mates.

The sun had now gone down leaving the western sky, one blaze of gorgeous splendor, which we saw gradually lessen and fade into somber gloom. We alighted from our sleighs at our friend's house, where we were greeted with many kindly welcomes and a warm blazing fire. The remainder of the evening was spent in various amusements. After refreshments were served by our kind hostess, we took our departure and returned home, all of us being delighted with the pleasant time we had that Christmas.

S. M.

In recalling the many sweet memories of Christmas none presents itself to me more clearly than the Christmas I played Santa Claus.

A custom which has been in vogue at my home as long as I can remember is the custom of having some one unknown to the children come dressed as Santa Claus, on Christmas eve, bringing and distributing many presents, for when our relatives and a few neighbors' children were added to our own family circle we had quite a crowd and it took many presents to go around. I was fourteen years old when I acted as Santa Claus. After supper on Christmas eve, instead of waiting for Santa Claus with the others, I started, as the children thought, to church, telling them, if Santa Claus came, to have him remain until I returned. Instead of going to church I went to my uncle's house, where my uncle dressed me in the costume of Santa Claus and added a pillow or two to make me appear stout. We then took our place in a sleigh secured for the occasion and in which were piled the toys and other presents. I shall never forget that ride although it lasted but ten minutes, for during that time I was greeted by such expressions as "Hello, Santa Claus," and "How's the weather at the north pole?"

On nearing my home, I stopped the sleigh and let my uncle go in the house before me; then, with a large bag which contained many of the toys on my back, and blowing a large horn, I drew up in front of the house. The children all ran out to meet me. I

gave the sleigh into the charge of my uncle and went in the house. I deposited the presents around the Christmas tree, and after calling each of the children to account for their conduct during the past year, and even the grown up folks, I distributed the presents, not forgetting to inquire for Cennie (myself) and the reason of his absence. Then, after listening to singing and speaking by the children, I departed. It was but the work of a few minutes to change costume and hurry back to the house and to seem to be angry when told Santa Claus had been there and departed, but seeming reconciled when the children told me Santa Claus had not forgotten to leave presents for me.

Yes, of all the sweet memories which I can recall, none seems sweeter than the time when I practiced the deception which had so often been practiced upon me—that of playing Santa Claus, and thus bringing pleasure to many young hearts. C. J. Q.

With the approach of Christmas, every heart is filled with joy. Its mention brings a glow of pleasure and a smile of happiness. It fills the mind with fond memories of days gone by, and of dear friends now no more. It carries us to absent ones and unites loving hearts long parted by cruel distances. The air is redolent of happy, joyous feeling; the earth, stripped of its thousand beauties, seeks to hide its nakedness in a snowy mantle, and a lacework of frosty wreathing takes the place of leaves and flowers.

THE VIATORIAN.

Published monthly for the students by the Pantagraph Printing and Stationery Co., Bloomington, Ill.

Edited by the students of St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais Grove, Ill. All correspondence must be addressed: THE VIATORIAN, Bourbonnais, Ill.

Entered at the Bloomington Postoffice as second class matter.

Subscription price, one dollar per year, payable in advance.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

A. M. LYONS.	J. O'DWYRE.
F. O'REILLY.	J. MURPHY.
C. QUILLE.	T. LYONS.

EDITORIAL.

The Christmas vacation begins on Dec. 22 and ends Jan. 6, 1896. Pupils will leave for home on the day appointed—for Chicago and the north, at 12:12 p. m., and will arrive in Chicago at 2 p. m. As the time is sufficiently long to insure everyone a happy vacation, there is no reason why any one should not return on the day set for the opening of school. Moreover, each one should come back with renewed strength and greater courage to begin the new year well, not to turn over the accustomed *new leaf* and then let the first breeze of indecision blow it back, but there should be a strong determination to hold that *leaf* in place by the weight of manly resolve, that from its lines those interested in the pupil's welfare may read the prophecy of ardent hopes fully realized.

THE VIATORIAN extends the greetings of the season to its many friends, who, with the passing years, increase in numbers. Aware of this, we feel at each recurring Christmas the need

there is of mellowing our gratefulness in the sunshine of action and expressive well-wishing. To its many readers, to its contemporaries in the college world, to those who have helped to fill its pages with their best efforts, to the student body its representative, to all, THE VIATORIAN sends its heartiest greeting—Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

The memories, solemnity, dignity, and grandeur of this greatest of feasts finds a worthy admiration only where there is intelligence, only where fancy aids memory and reason explains all. Hence the custom of well-wishing, of blessing and being blessed; hence, too, the generosity that outdoes itself in giving—these are the best tributes to the heaven-born principles underlying the one great, supreme, only day, on which all nations, every individual, can meet on common grounds, and in concert do homage to their Creator and give vent to the promptings of uplifted humanity.

Men will rival each other in an effort to do good, to bring joy to some creature. Charity is at its best; it is never so diffusive, so complete, so unostentatious as now. Hence the custom of giving presents, of loading down the poor and unfortunate with what will cheer and comfort them.

Even age and dignity forget their gravity and stoop to childish things in an effort to please, and we presume to feel again the delights of a child's Christmas. Every one romps and

plays and manipulates the toys a generous Santa Claus has distributed so freely, and children take liberties with age they never thought of before, because age has forgotten its cares and is a child again.

Christmas is the season of gifts and the anxiety of mind developed by some in choosing a suitable offering often spoils the serenity of the festival. A gift is not measured by its value, but by the spirit of him who gives. Therefore they who spend much money in costly presents but evidence their vulgarity. The simpler the offering, the better; the closer it is associated with the giver, the dearer it becomes. There is one offering which is always acceptable, and that is a good book. We don't mean the garish things gotten out by publishers to snare the unwary—provocatives to color blindness, in red and gold—but the old-fashioned, well printed, well bound favorites, whose popularity has been measured by generations. Such books are treasures. They are gifts by which Christmas will be pleasantly remembered. They may grow to be loved and trusted friends and inspirers to high thought and noble deeds.

Thus the world has a glow of tender sympathy that makes all men akin. The sun that rose to brighten men's path, in the long ago, still illumines the way, still has power to dissipate the darkness of selfish humanity. Powerful, indeed, is that luminary which thus burns so brightly that it is still a beacon of hope, when nearly

all other ideals have fallen. It is a proof that when softened by kindly influences and happy memories, a man is susceptible of only the finest movements; then all that is good and true and holy appeal to him with irresistible force.

Christmas with its memories and reflections best of all shows that deep down in man's heart there lies a great love of humanity, as well as a deep, reverential belief and hope in a Supreme being. Only such a hope and a belief so strong could have kept alive the sweet, joy-giving, youth-begetting influences of Christmas; confined as they are to no age nor people, obliterating as they alone can all the prejudices of race, creed, and worldly strife—proof incontrovertible of the divinity of Him the all-saving One whose coming this great feast commemorates.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The firm hold Christmas has on men's hearts is well shown in the effort made by periodicals to have something *apropos* of the season. The *Century* makes perhaps the most brilliant appearance of any, and its reading matter is most inviting. The leading articles are: "The Passion-Play at Vorder-Thiersee," "Sir George Tressady," "Life of Bonaparte," etc., and its most interesting feature Tissot's "Life of Christ."

The Atlantic Monthly has always its stately appearance and its very fine array of choice things from the best writers. "A New England Wood-

pile" is a delightful study of a forest, and is suggestive of all the sentiment a writer of fancy can draw from such a subject. "The Defeat of the Spanish Armada" is a new study of that important event. "An Idler on Missionary Ridge" has pleasant memories of that famous spot and full description of all that gives it a local as well as historical interest.

McClure's, with its second installment of its "Life of Abraham Lincoln," has "The Soul of the Prince of Glattenberg" by Anthony Hope, "The Madonna and Child in Art" with many pictures of the old and new interpretations of that exalted subject. It is a good study to note the difference, and decline too, of the artist of today when he attempts the purely spiritual. We always turn with delight to the masters for an ideal representation of the "Virgin and Child." "Hall Caine," "Chapters from a Life," an autobiography, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, with many pictures of Lincoln are other features.

The Rosary magazine opens with "Locroma," which we are told is "a charming island rising out of the still, soft, floods of the blue Adriatic—under the same happy strip of sky as Naples." It is a beautiful description by Archduchess Stephanie, Dowager Crown Princess of Austria, who points out its many charms and gives some interesting legends connected with the place. "Sketches of Venezuela," and "Cardinal Zigliara O.P.," two articles begun in the November issue, are concluded. Stories, poems, and Christ-

mas lore make up the other pleasing features.

"The Angel's Christmas Quest," by Rev. John B. Tabb, has the first place in the *Catholic World's* December issue. "The Church and the new Sociology," touches up some live questions in brisk fashion. "Armenia, Past and Present," bears new points on a people whose claims to notice are as sad as they are well founded.

A very complete and beautifully illustrated catalogue of tempting holiday books comes from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. There are many new books announced, and splendid new editions of old favorites.

The Catholic School and Home Magazine is a modest little publication, but a solid and worthy one nevertheless. The spicy, pointed sayings on education, hints on literature and art, its Bible studies, as well as devotion to childish interests, make it a publication almost indispensable to the home and school, whose cause it so ably defends. (Rev. T. J. Conaty, D.D., Worcester, Mass.; \$1 per year.)

We are indebted to the librarian of congress for Vol. 27 of the *Congressional Record*, in four parts, with index to same; being a record of the doings of the Fifty-third Congress.

Donahoe's Magazine appears in Yuletide garb—resplendent in bright coloring and well stocked with good things. Among these, "The Holy Childhood in Art," a collection of the more ideal portrayals of the "Holy Child;" "Dramatics in Colleges" a

supplementary to a previous treatise on "Athletics in Colleges;" "In Papal Avignon," are the chief attractions, with many other very beautiful and instructive things.

PERSONALS.

Rev. Bro. Senecal, C.S.V. arrived at the College from his European trip on Thanksgiving day. He is looking and feeling much better than before starting. He reports a very pleasant time, and we hope his journey will be the means of improving his health.

Rev. F. J. Dandurand, assistant pastor at St. Mary's Church, Lafayette, Indiana, offered the holy sacrifice in our college chapel on the 10th inst. Father Dandurand is ever a welcome visitor.

Rev. Bros. Martel and Rivais, C.S.V., are now staying at the college. The reverend brothers being overworked, have been failing in health, and have now retired from labor with the hope of improving in strength. They will remain here for some weeks.

Rev. G. M. Legris, of this college, took part in the ceremonies at Notre Dame Church, Chicago, Sunday December 8. The occasion was the celebration of the feast, Immaculate Conception, and Father Legris preached on that subject.

Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., celebrated mass at St. George, Ill., on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, there being as yet no permanent pastor at that place.

Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., will spend Christmas at Ivesdale, Ill., and assist Rev. C. O'Brien in the ceremonies of that day. Mr. McAuliffe, one of the seminarians, will accompany him to serve as sub-deacon.

Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., will spend Christmas at Clinton, Ill., where he will assist Rev. Father Dooling, who has been for many years a warm friend of his; further evidence of which he gave on his recent call.

Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., will assist Rev. Father Kelley at Gilman, Ill., Christmas, and Rev. T. J. McCormick, C.S.V., will help in the services at Holy Cross Church, Chicago, on the same day.

Mr. Fred Westney, '89, now occupies a very important position on a lake steamer plying between Buffalo and Chicago. He is a young man who will give his work his whole time and attention.

Mr. Walter Woodward, '92, informs us he holds a good situation at the stock yards in Chicago. Walter is a promising young man, and we shall be glad to hear that he succeeds.

Mr. Robert Duddleston, '90, and Miss Nix were united in the holy bonds of matrimony the 20th ult. The young couple will make their home in Chicago. They have our hearty congratulations.

Mr. Max Forten, of Bourbonnais, a theological student of St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore, spent a few days with us recently. Mr. Forten was obliged to leave the seminary on

account of poor health and will remain at home the rest of the scholastic year.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. Francis C. Reaume, '85, to Miss Laura Mercy Laughlin, of Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 11, 1895. The young couple will make their home in Indianapolis, where Mr. Reaume is engaged in business. We wish the young people the fullest happiness and prosperity.

SOCIETY DOINGS.

On Thursday, Dec. 12, St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society celebrated its twenty-third anniversary, and the members prepared a short program for the occasion. The faculty and seminarians kindly lent their presence, and the entertainment, brief but well executed, was enjoyed by all.

The society owes its grateful remembrance to Messrs. Nawn, Surprenant, King, and Marteno for their kind assistance in furnishing some beautiful musical numbers.

President Murphy opened the program with an address of welcome, and was followed by Mr. C. Schneider in a beautiful solo, "The White Squall." Next was an essay by Mr. S. Moore, on the "Advantages of Debating Societies," after which Mr. T. Lyons recited the "Chariot Race," from "Ben Hur," which was most effectively done, to the surprise and delight of all present.

A musical duet—zither by M. B. King, violin by Mr. G. Martineau was much enjoyed, as was also the vocal duet by Messrs. Nawn and Surprenant. Mr. C. Quille recited "The Dandy Fifth" and Mr. J. O'Dwyre made a short address.

Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., our worthy president, then rose to close the *soiree*, and did so in the happy way, that is his by nature and culture. He spoke of the high order of literary things and the excellence of him who seeks his pleasure therein — most effectually describing the marked changes that are evident even in the outward appearance of the men whose souls are filled with lofty thoughts and a noble ambition, which come chiefly from an earnest student—a man of books.

This closed a modest but hearty commemoration of the twenty-third birthday of St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society, which may Providence lead on to a ripe old age.

On the evening of Nov. 25 the Seminarians gave an entertainment in the lecture hall in honor of St. Catherine of Alexandria, patroness of Christian philosophers. After Mr. M. Dermody had delivered a eulogy on the saint the following program was rendered:

The Province or Extension of Philosophy.....	Mr. J. Hayden
The Depth and Sublimity of Philosophy	Mr. T. Pelletier
The Utility of Philosophy..	Mr. C. O'Reilly
Philosophy Among the Ancients.....	Mr. F. Richard

Philosophy Among Christians, or Christian Philosophy. Mr. J. Zwierzchowski
 Recitation to a young friend who had
 devoted himself to philosophy
 (Schiller).....Mr. J. Nawn

All of the gentlemen did themselves credit and elicited much applause. Among those who honored the celebration by their presence were the following clergymen: Rev. Dr. Levasseur, pastor L'Erable, Ill.; Rev. Father Darcy, pastor Kankakee, Ill., Rev. Father Berard, Pastor St. Anne, Ill.; Rev. Father Kelly, Pastor Gillman, Ill., and Rev. Father McDevitt, Chicago, Ill.

At the conclusion of the program the very reverend president and the above priests made short addresses in which they expressed themselves as highly delighted with the entertainment, which was, indeed, a spiritual and intellectual treat. The celebration was directed by Rev. Dr. La Berge, the beloved and devoted professor of philosophy and dogmatic theology, and every feature of it bore the impress of his cultured mind.

FOOT BALL.

Thanksgiving day, a large crowd from Kankakee witnessed the first game of foot ball ever played with an outside team on the college grounds, the contestants being the college eleven and a team from St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill.

Owing to a lack of team work and training, our boys were unable to cope with the hardy young athletes from the "Windy City" and at the end of

the second half the score stood 24 to 0 in favor of the visitors.

Although the gridiron was covered with snow, some fine runs were made, but the tactics generally pursued throughout the game, were "bucking the line" in which their experience and method, aided by the slippery condition of the field, enabled the visitors to make some good gains.

Game was called at 2 p.m. Farrell won the toss and chose the north goal, giving our boys the ball. Donovan kicked 20 yards and McLaughlin returned the ball 10 yards before being downed by Corcoran. J. Shewbridge, aided by good interference, made a good run around the left end and reached the five-yard line before being downed; by a series of line-rushes Shewbridge was pushed over the line for a touchdown, Farrell keeping goal. Score, 6 to 0.

Donovan again kicked 20 yards, T. Shewbridge returned the ball 10 yards, J. Shewbridge made another run, aided by the best of interference, and as before, gained our five-yard line before being downed. By a criss-cross play and line rushes, Barry was pushed over the line at the east end of the field, but owing to the crowd pressing the lines, he touched the ball down behind the goal, before he could be prevented, or before the men on our team could reach him through the crowd. Farrell again kicked goal. Score, 12 to 0. Donovan again kicked off, but as there was only a few moments of play, time was called with the ball in the center of the field.

After an intermission of ten minutes, play was again resumed. Farrell kicked off to Legris, who was downed after carrying the ball five yards. Inability to gain the required five yards lost the ball for our boys. McLaughlin, J. Shewbridge, and Barry made short end runs, and J. Shewbridge was again pushed over the line for a touch-down. Farrell, as before, kicked goal, score 18 to 0. Hickey kicked off; McLaughlin was downed nicely by Corcoran, after a five-yard return; a fumble by Barry permitted O'Dwyer to get the ball. Harrison made a fine run unaided, and carried the ball to the visitors' five-yards line. Our team's chances for scoring were now very bright, but an unfortunate fumble, by which Clancy secured the ball, blasted all our hopes, and as the backs of the visitors carried the ball away from our goal by end runs, visions of a shut-out floated before our eyes. On the fifteen-yard line an off-side play gave the ball to our boys, After two attempts to go through the line, the ball was given to Hickey, who made a very fine kick of twenty yards. Farrell and Barry returned the ball to their five-yard line. When another off-side play sent the ball to our side, here again a fumble resulted, and Barry fell on the ball. A few rushes sent J. Shewbridge over the line for the last touch-down, from which Farrell, with unerring aim, kicked goal; score 24 to 0. As only ten seconds of play remained, the teams left the field.

The positions of the teams were:

ST. IGNATIUS.

McLaughlin.....	Left End.....	O'Dwyer
O'Brien.....	Left Guard.....	Legris
McCarthy.....	Left Tackle.....	Devane
Dooney.....	Center.....	Donovan
Clancy.....	Right Tackle.....	Moore
Lee.....	Right Guard.....	Harkins
Kovachervich....	Right End.....	Corcoran
T. Shewbridge...	QuarterBack.....	Quille
Barry.....	Right Half Back....	Harrison
J. Shewbridge...	Left Half Back.....	Michel
Farrell.....	Full Back.....	Hickey

ST. VIATEURS.

The game was devoid of all unnecessary roughness, no slugging being indulged in, or accidents happening to necessitate any player leaving the game; and for this, coupled with the enthusiasm which it inspired not only among the students but also among the Kankakee people, who promise a more liberal patronage to our future games, we may consider our inaugural foot-ball game a success, despite the disastrous result.

The visitors were entertained in the evening by the athletic club, and when they left for Chicago they expressed themselves as highly pleased with the hospitality which they received at the hands of Rev. Father Ryan and other members of the faculty. The St. Ignatius College team is composed of as gentlemanly a lot of athletes as ever came on our grounds, and by the absence of all "mean and dirty playing" they endeared themselves to all lovers of pure sport here, and should they ever come again, either to meet our athletes on the diamond or the grid-iron, they may rest assured of a cordial welcome.

M. S.

VIATORIANA.

- Christmas.
- Free study.
- There, take it all!
- I want that medal.
- Johnny rang the bell.
- Did you see the loafer?
- You are not conclusive.
- His room is always cold.
- I didn't think he was in.
- Domine, how's the wife?
- Explain your explanation.
- He is the joy of the poop.
- “Dezimals” and “pance.”
- He stopped at chapter XII.
- I'll never come back again.
- He heard of a friend of his.
- Where were you at the time?
- Dinny gave the explanation.
- Somebody tell me his name.
- His wheel is running rapidly.
- I am interested in this myself.
- And the band—wouldn't play.
- I would like to redeem myself.
- I guess there's not much show for it.
- John will spend Christmas at the college.
- Say, is that fellow walking or skating?
- A red-head is sufficient to warm my room.

—I want to let 'em know I know something.

—He decided to take a meal with the waiters.

—Who's noted for little to do and much to say?

—He does; he does not; does he get his coffee?

—O, by jiminy! that car has a *head-light* on each end.

—That's not the question—“What's the question then”—I don't know, but it's not *that*.

—Rev. P. Girard, C.S.S.R., was entertained at the Presbytery by Rev. P. Beaudoin last week. Fr. Girard comes from the far-famed St. Anne de Beaupre, Canada, and is giving a series of missions in and around Chicago. He will begin a mission at Momence this week.

—The Society of St. Jean Baptiste have under way a drama of great merit, which they will present Dec. 29, in College Hall. The piece is being prepared by Father Marsile, and his great experience in such matters and the good talent at his disposal, there is no question of the success of the piece.

—The singing class which did such fine work last year under the care of Mr. J. Nawn, has been organized this year under the supervision of the same gentleman. The singing on the several occasions, when the full choir sang was excellent. We may add that Mr. Nawn's elocution class is doing good work also.