

THE VIATORIAN.

FAC ET SPERA.

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HERE on my desk with their dimples and smiles,
Beam those two childish, beautiful faces.
How oft from my labors their beauty beguiles
And I find myself noting their graces.

Miss Kath'rine so stately; a real fairy-queen,
The glass 'fore her face is not brighter,
And sweet little Marguerite's eyes, how they gleam,
Why, they make this dark corner much lighter.

Ah! there is true beauty where innocence shines,
In the faces of dear little children.
There beams the pure soul for the like of which pines
The sad heart of full many a pilgrim.

Dear children, may God keep your brows bright and clear,
By filling your souls with His graces.
And if to His precepts you always hold dear,
You will yet shine amongst angel faces.

—J. H. N.

RICHARD II.

‘I see some sparkles of a better hope
Which elder days may happily bring forth.’

In reviewing Shakespeare's dramas we are deeply impressed by the varying fortunes, the terrible and sudden contrasts, the passions, ambition, the pompous display of power, and finally by the utter degradation that follows the ruin of many, perhaps of all, of his great creations. Of none is this truer than of Richard II.

The character of Richard has been variously estimated. We are often told that he was cruel, avaricious—that he was a sensual tyrant. His repression of the rebellion headed by Wat Tyler gave cause on the part of the barons to complain; the conquered rarely accept defeat with acclamations of joy. On the other hand, Richard, in the flush of victory, may have needlessly used the power of the victor to crush out the rebels rather than rebellion itself, but he no doubt thought it well to kill, once for all, the spirit of anarchy which permeated the nobility. The firmness which he opposed himself to lawlessness must ever recommend him to the law abiding, must ever gain the approbation of those who prefer reason to physical force in the solution of existing evils.

However, it is a lamentable fact that subsequent acts did not bear out the high promise of justice and kingly dignity this one act seemed to give credit for. He was rather weak and effeminate, the victim of intriguing favorites. His love of display, his eagerness to be great and grand, not

by mental superiority, but by means purely extrinsic, were qualities not likely to win a people, the barons in particular, who were then smarting under defeat.

So to give the period the attention it deserves one must needs study the nobility as well as the king. If a prince devoted to pleasure is a scourge to his people, a haughty, overbearing aristocracy is a plague still more to be dreaded, since instead of one, the number of tyrants is multiplied, and there are only too many examples of men railing against the abuse of authority, while insanely ambitious to possess it, and who, when they did succeed, made the world tremble at their abuse of power.

Shakespeare's chronicle takes in but two years of the life of Richard. But though brief is the space, the all penetrating genius of the author thoroughly sifts the character of his subject and we know the man well; and though his early years were filled with failings we can not admire, Richard's downfall, and the pathetic circumstances which surrounded it, must appeal to our sympathy, and in spite of ourselves we feel an admiration for the man who can thus calmly meet defeat—who can enter fully into his humiliation and accept the inevitable with the fortitude of a martyr.

There is an art in the painting of such a character that, like all true art, is irresistible. There is a lesson in it, too, that comes not from the achievements of the statesmen or soldier; even the grandeur achieved by the sublime Shakespeare himself is a trifle

compared to the success of a man who could thus lay down the sceptre of power—throw off the trappings of royalty, and step from regal paths to life's byways, where the commonest herdsman must sneer at a crownless king, nor the merciless victor reach out to save a wretch too powerless to attempt his own salvation.

Such is the character, the immortal bard has given us in his Richard II, whose fall prompted him thus to say:

"For within the hallowed crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antic
sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp."

D. H.

ON THE USE OF BOOKS.

What excellent instructors, what sympathizing companions, what honest friends, are books! How can a man be solitary when these and nature are with him and around him? How can it be said of him that he is without society, even though no being of flesh and blood be near him, when he can sit down in his closet with the best and brightest minds that ever dwelt and beamed in residences of clay; with the master-spirits of all time; with the souls of the mighty living and the mighty dead, the dead who yet live; with ancient and modern law-givers, philosophers, and bards; with moralists and satirists; with civilians and divines; with navigators and travelers; with the explorers of nature and the professors of art; with patriots, saints,

and martyrs; with the apostles of Christ and the prophets of God?

Who shall say that with these he is alone? Who shall say that when sorrowful he is without consolers, that when joyful he is without partakers of his joy, that in his desires for information he is without teachers, that in trials and perplexities he is without spiritual advisers? No, he is not alone. If he has books and learned how to read them properly, he always has good and true friends about him. Is he fatigued with the labors of his vocation? They will refresh him with their pleasant conversation. They will sing to him care-dispelling melodies. Has he met with coldness and indifference in the world? Their welcome is always kind and warm. Has he suffered injury? They will teach him how to bear it. Has he himself been erring from the right way? They will faithfully admonish and gently reclaim him. Has he been hurt or is he in danger of being hurt, not by the rudeness and ill treatment, but by the flattery and indulgence of the world? Then how happy will it be for him in hours of retirement from outer parade and glare and excitement if he can call a council around him who will speak plain truths of his humanity without disguise or equivocation, and check and sober him without fear on their part or offence on his. Has death taken away some one who was very dear to his heart and delightful to his eyes? They will show him the path which the departed soul has travelled and teach him how to pursue the same. Does age come silently on

him and draw the invisible but irresistible meshes of its net closer around him, shortening his walks, and entangling and tying up his powers till he is brought in and confined within his own doors? He is there among his old friends who, as they will be more than ever necessary to his comfort will be more than ever valuable to him, making him forget that he is a prisoner and causing him to wear his bonds easily and lightly till the summons is sent for his release.

How much better it is for a man to secure such friends for his intimates than to neglect all opportunities of cultivating their intimacy, till he finds, as time after time he comes in from the streets and public places and turns and shuts his door, that he enters an empty house—so utterly, drearily empty, perhaps, that its vacant gloominess drives him out again into the haunts of dissipation and folly or the highways of excess and crime. How much better it is for him to occupy his solitary hours in the acquisition of useful knowledge than to dream them away in broken thoughts and idle fancies, or doze them off in stupid inanity. How much better it is to be perpetually filling his mind with the well arranged stores of other minds than to let it lie unfurnished and unimproved, till dust and dampness collect and settle in it and birds of night and ill omen make it their chosen habitation. I do not say that a man ought not to think and meditate as well as read, and commune in his chamber with his own heart as well as with others. He should do both.

He should read, that he may think with advantage, and have materials for thought; and he should think, that he may read with discrimination and profit. His meditations will very likely be unconnected and partial and end in prejudiced conclusions if they are not guided, filled up, and corrected by judicious and liberal reading. If he does not wish, therefore, that his solitary hours should be unprofitable, let him employ them in the perusal of good books.

Books are not only the friends of individual solitude, but also of the family circle. They contribute to bind it together, to fill up deficiencies, to cover up flaws, to make it closer and brighter and firmer. By engaging the thoughts, improving the taste, and exciting the kindly feelings of the members of the household, they render each one more considerate and gentle and more useful and agreeable to the rest. They insensibly introduce mental grace and refinement, and improve manners, wherever they become favorites. Show us a family in which the best and purest authors are loved and read, and it matters not what be their rank in society or what their daily avocations. I will answer for them that vulgarity and coarseness have no place at their meetings, and that domestic peace is a dweller among them. Books are indeed promoters and preservers of harmony. They occupy the time which might have furnished opportunity for discord; and they often, no doubt, soothe passions and calm excited feelings or give them a beneficial direction. A tender passage of poetry or an affecting inci-

dent or scene in prose may bring hearts together in cordial amity which from some trifling cause are beginning to be estranged, and tune to perfect unison and sympathy, nerves which have been trembling on the verge of open rupture.

The domestic services, which books are qualified to perform, are particularly valuable when the business and bustle of daylight are over and the active interests of life are hushed into slumber under the brooding wings of night. The master of the house comes home from his office, counting-room, or work-shop; the children come home from school or places of employment; the mother's household duties are done—and they sit down together. What shall they do with the impending hours to keep them from hanging heavily?

We suppose that there are some families in town and country who find, if there is no place of public amusement to offer its attracts, or nothing particularly interesting to discuss in the events of the day or the character or fortunes of their neighbors, that the long winter evenings are apt to move off rather slowly and wearily. This would not be so if they would call to their assistance one or two of the friends we have been recommending. How much more swiftly and pleasantly, not to say profitably, the hours would then glide away. The darkness might gather murkily and the storm beat fiercely without, and they who sit within, listening to the arguments, the facts, the fiction, or the minstrelsy of some favorite writer, would scarcely heed or hear the terrors of *old night*.

It may be that they would be brought to such a pitch of satisfaction and contentment as not greatly to envy their acquaintances whom they know to be dancing or dressing for the dance, or perhaps seeing Shakspeare's heroes and heroines, and even *Shakspeare himself*, murdered at the theater.

T.

PRAISE AND FLATTERY.

Flattery understood in its full meaning is sought by no one. Nor does a man wish to be considered a flatterer.

Flattery pure and simple is an insult to an intelligent person and of course is genuine burlesqueing when practiced on a witless individual.

It requires great skill to praise even deservedly and here if any where is it particularly true to say that "there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." But most men are quite susceptible of flattery and if they object to that you give them it is because the dose was too large; the pill lacked the necessary coating to make it palatable.

Flattery is excessive praise. Praise, however, is certainly due to many for their meritorious works or for their good intentions. In an effort to encourage good wherever found, we do the next best thing after the good itself viz., we try to spread it abroad for the help of others. Due and proper praise is founded on this solid basis, hence is very commendable. Flattery seeks to praise good where it does not exist or, worse still, tries to

make some one's bad deeds appear good—and either end it endeavors to effect from selfish motives, which best explains its *raison d'être*.

There are indeed many well-meaning people, who in their efforts to praise sincerely, seem veritable flatterers. We must know the intentions of men before we attempt to classify them. There are those who so appreciate the good their neighbors do, that they must needs comment on it, and from the abundance of their good nature and well-wishing give full scope to their admiration, which if we were to judge from the abrupt and crude expression of it and the frequency of their attempts to praise, we would regard them as the most confirmed of flatterers.

We might consider flattery as direct and indirect. The direct is that which is hurled at us by the well-meaning, or that which sycophants or designing men use in order to draw us into their snares. Of this, enough. The other sort is that which accrues to us through the imitation of our doings or sayings, etc. Imitation, we are told, is the sincerest form of flattery, and I think no one would question the saying.

Here, again, in this imitation we discover two classes, though there may be many others. These are: first, the ones who, after intelligent study, seek to imitate the best in a man or his works, and do this not slavishly, but by assimilation—by making another's their own, naturally. The others simply paste on these acquirements; they grow by accretion, not by expansion,

a condition of things as little desirable as it is sad to look upon. An epidemic of this slavish, originality-killing imitation is known as a "fad," and if there be any one thing more conspicuously present than another, it is the said "fad."

But if there be an abuse of a thing so worthy as praise—and the abuse exists, and is called flattery—we know, too, that the desire of being praised, proper enough in itself, is greatly at fault. There are, indeed, some few who solicit it directly, but of course the greater number have not the *naivete* to work thus childishly. Still, to use a slang expression, "they get there just the same."

Did you ever notice that he gets most photographs, who takes most pains to display them? And why shouldn't he? Does the worthy and tasteful man display pictures because they are a fright? By no means. We conclude that if he likes another's picture he must certainly prefer ours. *We* do; why should he not? If this be so, is not this the most delicate appeal for flattery? Very harmless, you say. Very, indeed, but worthy of remark, when one wishes to consider this most attractive subject.

Thus it comes, that the desire of good, well-intentioned men, to assist and comfort their fellow-beings leads them to do so by well-directed praise, which, if they forget, they are promptly reminded of by the forgotten, owing to that latent desire of notice so strong in human nature, perhaps more yearning in its way than the desire to praise. So, after all, flattery, base though it

be, is but an abuse or exaggeration of what almost every one likes and under some pretext seeks to gain. R—.

NIAGARA'S GORGE.

On a chilly November morning I proposed to a few friends that we visit the water's edge in the gorge of the famous Niagara river.

This was before the electric railway (constructed in 1895 along the foot of the almost perpendicular bank of the river on the American side) facilitated traveling. Through that rugged, inspiring, and famous, though heretofore untried passage, which winds with the water's dashing course, the little band were to attempt a scramble. After a brisk walk of about fifteen minutes, during which time we spoke of possible encounters with reptiles, we came to a ravine. This sloping space is formed by a cleft in the bed of rock; a steep passage winds its way amid crumbling stone and brushwood to the rushing water.

A short walk brought us to a most interesting scene, the "Devil's Hole." This place has become famous on account of the great massacre which took place there in 1813, when a band of Indians led the New York militia into ambush. Those that were not slain were hurled over this precipice, and their bodies found a resting place below. The disaster gave to the ravine the name of "Bloody Run."

After examining all the important points connected with the Devil's Hole,

we pushed ahead to the rocky shore of the river.

The river at this point has lost much of its fury in the rapids, through which the waters have passed a short distance above. The scene was indeed inspiring, for the waters, running the gauntlet of the rapids, roared with a voice of thunder. Our party now formed in single file, for the way was narrow and obstructed. Sometimes we advanced by jumping from rock to rock, again the headway was made by clinging to the roots of venerable trees and swinging along the steep bank until a suitable place for footing was obtained. At length the rapids were reached, where we rested and enjoyed to satiety the magnificent prospect. Above the rapids the river appeared to settle to a steady calmness, as if preparing for a desperate rush; then with renewed vigor it leaped and struggled in this furious passage.

Passing time interrupted the deep and solemn thought awakened by the sight. Filled with the feeling of insignificance which comes over man when brought face to face with nature's scenes of might and power, we slowly moved along the swiftly running water. After walking for about fifteen minutes we came to a level bed of rock, and here we agreed to rest, for the journey began to be fatiguing.

While resting, our attention was attracted by the towering bluff on the opposite side of the river. Decked with the various shades of the faded November leaves, it presented a scene of exquisite beauty. As the whirlpool is approached, the keen-eyed sea gulls

hover in countless numbers between the walls of the gorge; swinging about in undulating motion, they added variety to the splendor of the scene. Now they rise heavenward, again they are skimming the crest of the waves, whence they snatch an unwary fish, playing in the mysterious pool.

Again we proceeded on our travels and having gone about one hundred feet we arrived at the whirlpool where the course of the rushing water forms an arm in the river at right angles. The mind of man can but wonder at the sublimity of this scene. We all sat on the rocks enwrapped in contemplation. It is a scene of awful disorder; confusion reigns supreme. Currents stop short and return in their course; opposite currents are flowing side by side; rocks appear in the middle of the river, the water heaves high above their crowns; there is seen a circling of water gradually narrowing down to the vortex. We could explain the cause of the mystic sight only from supposition, as many thousands do, who visit this spot so favored by nature.

One of our companions intending to show the power of the roaring stream, threw a very heavy log in, and immediately one current caught it and twisted it several times and then tossed it to the other current which immediately sent it to the bottom where it stayed.

After this experiment, and after enjoying to the utmost the enchanting scenes afforded by the beautiful banks, and by the celebrated rapids and whirlpool, we could not but feel the

influence of this mighty power, and we felt that we were bettered by coming into the presence of this sublime outburst of nature's forces.

It is in lonely wanderings through solitary haunts that the mind drinks deep draughts of inspiration and becomes intensely sensible of the majesty of nature. Who doubts that our imagination was kindled into reverie and rapture? What images and ideas of the grand were breaking upon our minds?

A deep solemnity fell on our little party as we wended our way homeward. These lofty, soulfilling scenes we viewed carried us above our surroundings. The imagination glowed with more than wonted fervor, our hearts beat quickly under inspiration of nature's ennobling power, though the force of our impressions lay too deep for words.

W. T. W.

It is a sad weakness in us, after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us; as if life were not sacred too,—as if it were comparatively a light thing to fail in love and reverence to the brother who has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tenderness was due to the one who is spared that hard journey.
—*George Eliot.*

Oh! if the world could only stop long enough for one generation of mothers to be made all right, what a millennium could be made in thirty years!—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

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EDITORIAL.

November marks the end of the year's beauties and the beginning of its dreariest period. Fittingly the church sets it apart as a month wherein to commemorate its dead, since it speaks so loudly of death, and from the decay and decline of nature would draw us to a consideration of our own end so speedily approaching.

It is not a high testimony to man's gratitude that disaster should visit him in order to call him to a sense of his duty. Yet how true it is, and how soon would we forget our absent ones, were death not brought thus vividly before our minds by nature's phenomena. There is no mistaking the fact that the thought of our own end inspires us to remember and intercede for our departed friends. What a consolation to know that we can really do so and that such remembrances and intercession shall be fruitful alike to those for whom we pray and to ourselves who do the praying.

The past month saw the departure from life's conflict of two of our most talked about men, Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, and George M. Pullman, of palace car fame. These men were representatives of their class. They gained whatever they possessed by their own efforts, and at the cost of earnest and persevering labor.

The former won a most enviable position in journalism, being without doubt the greatest editor that America or perhaps any country, has produced. A man of sound judgment and broad scholarship, he was an authority on whatever pertained to the newspaper—and one whose word would be well received on almost any subject. The other won distinction by his successful efforts to extend luxury to travel, and succeeded to that degree that his name is as world-wide as his invention. Mr. Dana's name will be an inspiration to thousands in one field of modern literature—because true intellectuality is an eternal inspiration. Mr. Pullman only won the distinction that has accrued to hundreds of our hardest worked, most severely tried and soonest forgotten men—he gained wealth and died rich.

All feast days, whether local or national, are in a measure epoch-making events. The great feast day of this institution, viz., St. Viator's Day, which has just passed, was in every way a memorable event. The coming of many of the old alumni, and the prominent part some of them took in

the day's celebration, were an inspiration to younger students, who heard and saw much to interest them. One likes to see and know those who once filled the same halls and followed the same tasks and the same conditions as himself.

The games and special features that went to make up the day's program were very attractive, and the number of visitors was considerably larger than it has been for several years.

Altogether, it was a day to be remembered by those who came to visit, as well as by the students, who spent a few happy hours in the company of our welcome guests.

OBITUARY.

On the evening of Thursday, October 21, the feast of St. Viator, our patronal saint, when the purple shadows were creeping over the earth and a day otherwise so happy was drawing to its close, death crossed the threshold of our college home and claimed as his victim James Edward McNamara, who had entered college only last September.

The cause of his death was spinal meningitis, and his illness lasted only a few days. No one thought until late Thursday that his sickness would assume so serious a turn.

James, or "Eddie," as he was familiarly called, was a favorite with all. Of a mild and jovial disposition, he took trouble lightly and enjoyed the humor of a situation very thoroughly.

He gave promise of success in his college course, and his death cut short what would no doubt have been a very useful life.

We tender our heartfelt sympathy to his afflicted family in this sad hour, praying that He who watches and notes the "sparrow's fall" may not be insensible to the grief of this bereaved family, but may give them strength to bear up under the painful ordeal through which they are now passing.

MAGAZINES.

While looking over the magazines for October, we were asked why it was we never "cut 'em up." Well, in truth we prefer to ignore the magazines and articles that are displeasing, and feel that we confer a greater benefit by calling the attention of our readers to good and healthy articles with which they may pass a pleasant hour and profit thereby. It is pleasing to our friends, and it certainly is more delightful for us than to call attention to unworthy compositions. We must sometimes defend truth when it is jeopardized, but as a rule we prefer to look over a fault and attend to the growth of beauty.

McClure's for October is full of good fiction, not the least of which is "Flanagan and His Short Filibustering Adventure," by Stephen Crane, but it will be a long time before the magazine will give to its readers a story that will surpass the "St. Ives" of Robert Louis Stevenson.

In *Donahoe's Magazine* there is an

article by M. S. McGuirk, on church music and its defects, which must attract the attention of all readers musically inclined. Many of us learn for the first time, and with sorrow, that some of the church's most sacred hymns are set to the music of operas that certainly breathe no religious spirit. Let us hope such evils are not far spread. We have been in churches where the "Tantum Ergo" was sung to the music of an opera, but could find no fault, as that particular part of the work was written for a chorus of pilgrims to a holy shrine, and the composer expressed the idea very well. We have heard, also, the female voice soar aloft in such sweet supplication, that we cannot agree to let the male voice monopolize this great privilege. Oft has the image of a Cecelia or an Agnes come to our mind when a clear soprano voice rang out in heavenly strain. The good temptation would come to join with the saint in hymns of praise and we left the church feeling purer and better.

The Rosary Magazine for October has some interesting articles, notably one on the "Cathac o St. Colomba." The "Cathac" is a translation of the Vulgate of St. Jerome by Colomba. It is called Cathac from "Cath," a "battle," the same having been fought by ancient Irish clans for the possession of the copy. There is also a beautiful poem by Eleanor C. Donnelly, and an article by Fr. Azzopardi O. P., entitled "The Rosary and the Holy Land," which is overflowing with charity and devotion.

Seldom has it been our lot to take in hand a more interesting magazine than the *Catholic World* for October. Its articles are all of them good, and its illustrations most befitting. "Un Pretre Manque" by Fr. Sheehan, is a gem; "A Phase of Parisian Socialism," intensely interesting, while Lelia Hardin Buggs', "The Art of Lying" is such a fine breezy composition that we will be ever on the lookout for anything by that gifted author.

The Century, as usual, stands in the front rank of instructive periodicals, and its October number has some powerfully interesting papers. Among others, one by Anna L. Bicknell, entitled "Marie-Antoinette as Dauphine," is very instructive as well as attractive.

The features of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review* are: "The Development of Greek Literature;" "The Mission of the Lay Catholic;" "Constitutional Guard of Louis XVI;" "Richard Whiting, the Last Abbott of Glastonbury." There begins this month what will no doubt prove interesting and instructive contributions. These are papers on "English Literature," by Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., a young man anxious to push himself into public notice; and contributions on "The Painting or Mural Art of the Roman Catacombs," by Miss Eliza Allen Starr, who needs no introduction to the public, and whose artistic skill and taste has made her an authority on all that pertains to art, ancient or modern. The readers will certainly have a treat in these studies

which will, in all probability, run the greater part of the year. Indeed, it may be said that this excellent monthly is doing more for its readers than most of the pompous, flashy magazines who parade before the public with great blare of trumpets. We heartily wish that all our young people had access to the *Review*. J. H. N.

ST. VIATEUR'S DAY.

Many prominent clergy from the Chicago and Peoria diocese, together with a large number of former students, assembled at the college October 20 and 21, as the guests of the faculty, to celebrate our Patron's feast day, to renew their allegiance to, and to show their love for their *alma mater*. The guests and many townspeople from Kankakee, gathered in the college hall at eight o'clock to witness the play, Richard II, put on the boards by the College Thespians. The following is the cast of characters:

King Richard II,	-	-	J. H. Nawn
Duke of York,	-	-	J. St. Cerny
Duke of Lancaster,	-	-	E. J. Logan
Henry Bolingbroke,	{	-	C. J. Quille
Afterwards Henry IV,			
Duke of Aumerle,	-	-	A. L'Ecuyer
Duke of Norfolk,	-	-	P. F. Daniher
Earl of Salisbury,	-	-	Joseph Legris
Earl of Northumberland,	-	-	H. P. Rainey
Henry Percy,	-	-	P. W. Hansl
Arthur of Gloster,	-	-	Arthur Hansl
Lord Ross,	-	-	Patrick Walsh
Lord Willoughby,	-	-	Philip Walsh
Bishop of Carlisle,	-	-	E. J. Brodmann
Sir Pierce of Exton,	-	-	T. A. Cahill
Sir Stephen Scroop,	-	-	W. Rooney
Sir John Busby,	-	-	E. Henneberry
Servant,	-	-	D. Hayden

MUSIC.

March,	Orchestra,	<i>Schlepegrell</i>
Norma,	Cornet Duet,	<i>Bellini</i>
Si J'etais Roi, Orchestra,		<i>Adam</i>
Clarionet Solo, Le Pres Aux Clere,		<i>H. Augarde</i>

Mr. J. Nawn, as Richard II, Mr. Quille, as Bolinbroke, and Mr. Rainey, as Earl of Northumberland, especially distinguished themselves in their very difficult roles, their splendid renditions eliciting much applause from the appreciative audience.

October 21, the feast day proper, dawned like a beautiful summer morn. The field day's sports were started early, and many fine records were made. In the sunshine of the glorious autumn day the spectacle of the various students striving with a good-natured rivalry for supremacy was pleasing to look upon, and there was truly joy and happiness in the scene.

At 9 a. m. the bell called all to the chapel. Solemn high mass was sung by Rev. J. Shannon, of St. Mark's Church, Peoria, Ill. Rev. Father Foster, of the Sacred Heart Church, Joliet, Ill., was deacon; Rev. Father Suerth, of St. Paul's Church, Chicago, Ill., sub-deacon, and Rev. Bergen, C.S.V., master of ceremonies. The choir, assisted by the orchestra, rendered Gounod's Mass in a truly artistic manner. At the offertory Mr. Nawn and Father Rivard sang "O Salutaris," and at the communion Mrs. Bernard McDevitt, jr., of Chicago, sang. After the gospel Rev. F. O'Reilly, of St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, Ill., as orator of the day, spoke as follows:

FATHER O'REILLY'S DISCOURSE.

We meet at our college home today to honor a name dear to us all and to recall, by way of the return of the patronal feast of this institution, some of the memories that cluster 'round our *alma mater*. There are in the calendar of saints, many names better known—names, in truth, whose very mention brings us back to the early beginnings of the nations. These great ones have a place secure; the church binds them as frontlets upon her brow. There are Patrick and Boniface and Clovis and Austin. There they are and there they will remain forever. As Sir Arthur Helps says of Cardinal Ximenes, "They are like a city on the margin of deep waters, such as Genoa, where no receding tide reveals anything that is mean, squalid, or unbecoming." They have influenced our lives, but influenced them remotely; and so, without apology and with warmth of heart, we turn to him whose name brought glad thoughts to our college days, brings them to our successors in the school-room, and was the source of inspiration, sending disciples to break here, soil whereupon richest harvest came to reward their brave pioneering.

The joy then that comes of the 21st of October is ample and generous in its scope. We have marked it one of the ruby calendar days of the year, for it recalls the struggles, and slips as well, that came in our climbing up the hill whereupon was perched a diploma and a commission to go forth. Our successors on the benches may likewise find fullest joy in being permitted to turn aside from their usual occupations; for the keeping of the day in special remembrance, is in itself an educational influence. It is in harmony with the best instincts of the human heart not willingly to let perish the memory of illustrious names.

The world clings tenaciously to the

memories of her poets, her philosophers, her statesmen, and her warriors. It calls the marble into chiseled form to perpetuate their names and make them as living. Likewise into arch and aisle, colonade and cupola, façade and pediment, spire and vault, the architect brings the language of emotion, else lost; emotion vague, perhaps, but unmistakable, and we feel the power of its concretion. Now, as the individual is more than the raiment, the saint, sturdy soldier of the cross, leaves behind him that which is more than name; his is an influence that becomes an abiding power to woo and win forever.

Witness the story of our St. Viateur. The little we know of him makes all the more remarkable the fact that out from the obscurity of an humble lector in the cathedral of Lyons the fragrance of his life stole, as it were, from the by-paths that humility showed him how to tread, until now the highways of two continents attest the sweetness of the odor. The work of a quiet but potent kind done by him grew into his own life till far-off Egypt claimed him, and whither his remains were laid.

Like a stray flower from an upland nook unexpectedly filling the air with its fragrance, his humble life, a half century, came into the lives of a few souls, who yearned to do similar work, and so, banding themselves together, they began, and God has blessed their resolutions. Succeeding, their success gave them consciousness of greater power and made them yearn for still other lands to conquer, and so what more natural than that they should turn wistful eyes to a land where many of their fellow-countrymen had made imperishable names—the land of Cartier and Champlain? And then, as westward the star of empire took its way, the memory of the daring of the pioneers of the order in Canada lay like a rich heirloom on the yon side of

the Lawrence. What more natural than that generous souls desired to come along the footprints of early Canadian settlers and finally settle here and reach out for the instruction of the youth of the great central west?

At that time the possibilities of this most fruitful portion of America was not foreseen, except by hearts whose faith told them what eyes and ears refused as yet to confirm. The beginning here was like most early beginnings, not the Cripple Creek of a night, but in remoteness of success almost a slough of despond.

Those of us whose memories reach back somewhat into the first days of this institution may pick therefrom two names synonymous with the struggles and fears that come of all great undertakings. They have long since been gathered to their fathers. The one sleeps in your neighboring cemetery, the other rests in Canadian soil; and not more sweetly run the rippling waters of the great St. Lawrence by his grave than out from it today comes to many of us the harmonious setting of all his life. You anticipate me, and I need but mention Brother Bernard and Father Roy. Of those who are still living and consecrating all their thoughts and energies to a fuller development of the college, reasons of propriety suggest that I say nothing. At the return of a day such as this we are made to feel the past, to measure the present, to read progress in the future. We are all strengthened by the thought of what others have done. Greatness consists in doing bravely and well what our surroundings require of us. Those acting otherwise become only dreamers, making void their own lives and encouraging no one.

Educators are the rulers of mankind, kings worthy of the highest homage. They have the destinies of our people within their keeping. Doubly

do they then the work when the soul with its longings for happiness is not left to dwarf, to droop, and die. "I would rather" in the words of an illustrious writer, "be the author of the tritest homily or the boldest poem that inculcated that imperishable essence of the soul than the founder of the subtlest school, or the framer of the loftiest verse that robbed my fellowmen of their faith in a spirit that eludes the dissecting knife—in a being that escapes the grave-digger."

It will perhaps be not taken as an impertinence by the junior members of this community, if I say to them that this day comes with lessons of *renewed* consecration to you. Our country is still young and withal that now and then arises to check our enthusiasm at some of the tendencies which forget men and remember money we yet know a boundless future lies before her. Cut off by nature's high provision from external enemies, we cannot but feel that the rich yielding of our boundless prairies are the equally wise dispensation of Providence, that untold millions will yet dwell here in plenty, and America become the ripest fruit of man's yearning for all the ages. You are then to become part of this great civilization and in your hands will be given over the keeping of this institution, whose foundation was a struggle but a great faith.

The pioneers command our emulation the more as they worked their way to success—they were not born above the snow-line. When a man climbs a mountain his pathway lies first through pleasant meadows, later through serious woods, later through the lonely bare spaces, and last through the cold wastes where the snow touches heaven. The young men who have sought this fair haunt to woo the muses and win the equipment that makes life larger and fuller may like-

wise read in the return of the day the story of consecrated energy, the only pathway along which lies success. We who have been your predecessors come back today to greet you as our friends and to say that your success will not only honor this institution but be an occasion of joy to us at all times. And as many streams finally converge into a great river, itself emptying into the ocean; and as many roads finally open into a great breathing place in a large city, and as many sounds each in itself elemental finally unite and become a great symphony, so do all these memories today, converge, and fill us with thoughts of unmixed joy and as our Saint has thus far, kept watchful eye over us, surely he still will lead us on.

At the conclusion of the mass, the visitors were accorded the freedom of the grounds and college. Many collected on the campus to watch the field exercises, while others visited the places fraught with memories of their school days, and recalling their experience as students took great pleasure therein.

At 12 m. all sat down to a banquet in the college refectory. After the last course had been served Rev. Father Marsile arose, and in his usual winning and happy way, extended a most courteous welcome to all the guests; he then called upon Honorable Judge Mahoney, of Chicago, for a few words. The honorable gentleman, in a very witty speech, which was interrupted several times by the applause of the students and visitors, advised the boys to take advantage of the many opportunities offered them, saying that though it is a common opinion that all the professions in life were overcrowded, there was still plenty of

room for first-class men on the top floor. The judge made himself a great favorite with the students on account of his highly interesting address.

At 2 p. m. the college battalion gave a dress parade before a very large crowd. The Ford exhibition squad, commanded by Col. T. A. Cahill, executed many fancy and difficult movements with a grace and precision that drew forth great applause. The juvenile Columbian Guards were given a hearty reception, their sword drill was one of the enjoyable features of the day. After the drills the visitors watched the foot-ball game on the campus, and at its conclusion departed for their respective homes. Thus passed St. Viateur's Day of '97, and all expressed the opinion that in the annals of the college celebrations none has ever been held more successful or enjoyable.

M. P. S.

PERSONAL.

Rev. M. A. Dooling, Clinton, Ill., paid the college a pleasant visit recently.

Mr. F. Donohoe, Conception, Mo., visited his brother Timothy, of the senior department, during the month.

Rev. T. Dugast, C.S.V., of St. Viateur's church, Irving Park, Chicago, spent a day at the college last month.

Mr. W. H. Donovan has our sympathies in the loss of his brother, J. P. Donovan, of New York City, who died at the home of his parents.

Mr. J. O'Dwyre, '97, writes from the Wesleyan at Bloomington, Ill., that he is actively engaged in foot-ball, etc., and has the scars to prove it.

Mr. Henry Hildreth, '97, is now pursuing a course of law at Yale, and enjoys the distinction of being the youngest student ever admitted to the law department of that institution. We wish our old friend the greatest success.

Rev. J. J. O'Callaghan has returned to Omaha, Neb., and assumed charge of St. Cecilia's parish, a flourishing congregation of that city. We congratulate the young priest on his promotion and the people of St. Cecilia's on their good fortune.

Miss Lillian Moody spent a few hours at the college one day last month, renewing old acquaintance. She returned to Chicago with her brother Francis A., who favored us with a longer stay.

—The Rev. J. Marsile, C.S.V., went to Clinton, Ill., last week, where he assisted Rev. M. A. Dooling in the devotion of the "Forty Hours."

—Among the visitors present on St. Viator's Day, we noticed Revs. C. P. Foster, Joliet, Ill.; F. J. McDevitt, J. Suerth, J. McGavick, Chicago; W. Hackett, A. Granger, F. Sixt, F. Poissant, Kankakee, Ill.; J. Shannon, F. O'Reilly, P. H. Durkin, Peoria, Ill.; J. Kelly, Gilman, Ill.; P. Parker, Galva, Ill.; R. Paguet, Monroeville, Ind.; Messrs. Mahony, Hildreth, Quille, McNamara, B. McDevitt, jr., Condon, Moody, Armstrong, Chi-

cago, Ill.; Kishen, Omaha; Mesdames. Armstrong, Hildreth, Dwyer, McDevitt, McCormick, Murphy, Kreuger, Prost, Chicago, Ill.; Kishen, Omaha, Nebr.; Misses Hudson, Fovey, Danisher, Schofield, Quille, of Chicago; Fitzgerald and Clune, Indianapolis, Ind.

—The faculty and a few visitors were pleasantly entertained recently by the philosophy class. The features of the program was a discourse on philosophy by Mr. C. J. Quille, whose presentation of the subject whether viewed oratorically or in a literary way, was very effective. A few strong ready-made objections were thrown at "Philosophy's" stronghold, but they fell off as harmlessly as though Mr. Quille were dressed in the new bullet-proof cloth. The program was brought to a close by Father Marsile, who in his elegant and eloquent way said some very beautiful things about philosophy while reviewing the speech on that subject.

It is the intention of Dr. Rivard to have one of the "philosophical nights" frequently. We trust that they will all be as bright as this first one.

—The "Cecilians," a society composed of the representative musicians of the college have now in preparation a very fine musical program for St. Cecilia's Day, November 22. It will consist chiefly of musical selections, both vocal and instrumental, and by way of emphasis there will be thrown in a "minstrel show"—one of the good old type, that grandpa used to patronize. Our talent are equally powerfu

as interpreters of Shakespeare or in unfolding the charms of "Brudder Bones."

—What with punching-bags galore, and all other gymnastic paraphernalia, not to speak of the æsthetic "slug-ball," now played by all hands, there is no end to the opportunities one has to get strong. In fact, we are likely to be seriously hampered by an over production of Samsonian timber, but let the good work go on—anything but dyspepsia.

—We are looking forward with great expectancy to a treat from the Rev. C. P. Foster, of Joliet, Ill., on November 22. Father Foster has promised to come on that date and deliver his beautiful and scholarly lecture on "Dickens." Thoroughly informed on his subject, a charming writer and powerful speaker, a discourse on this subject by Father Foster will be a feature of the year and a lesson that will not be easily forgotten.

—The foot-ball team has made dates with the Young Men's Lyceum of Chicago, and the representative team of St. Ignatius College, and we may expect two very lively games in the near future.

—Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., D.D., and Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., of the faculty, assisted at St. Patrick's church, Chicago, on recent Sundays.

—The annual retreat for the collegiate department was begun October 30, and lasted three days. The sermons were preached by the priests of the house. At the close of the retreat

all the student body approached the sacraments, and gave every evidence of the good spirit with which they entered into the work.

ROLL OF HONOR.

The gold medal awarded for good conduct in the Senior department was equally deserved by: J. Armstrong, M. Brennan, W. Carey, J. Clennon, J. O'Callaghan, W. Donahue, P. Dufault, P. Dube, P. Geraghty, J. Granger, W. Granger, D. Hayden, M. Hayden, E. Henneberry, L. Kroschowitz, A. Lamarre, J. Lacharite, A. Lecuyer, J. Murphy, W. Miner, M. Morrissey, J. McCoy, W. Northway, and H. Perdue. Drawn by E. Henneberry.

The gold medal awarded for good conduct in the Junior department was equally deserved by: J. Boisvert, W. Brault, H. Marcotte, and L. Rivard. Drawn by L. Rivard.

The Guilfoyle medal awarded for best composition in the Rhetoric classes was equally deserved by: M. Brennan, D. Hayden, and P. Geraghty. Drawn by M. Brennan.

The Conway medal awarded for excellence in the classical and commercial courses was equally deserved by: W. Brault, P. Geraghty, M. O'Toole, J. St. Cerny, J. Denault, and M. Miner. Drawn by W. Brault.

The gold medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by: J. Armstrong, M. Brennan, L. Boisvert, T. Cahill, W. Cunningham, A. Hansl, W. Kreshen, A. Lecuyer, E. Marcotte, F. Milholland, A. Mongeau, D. Maher, C. McCoy, F. McPherson,

J. O'Callaghan, W. Rooney, V. Stepps, P. O'Connor, J. Stefanitch, and A. Stamphel. Drawn by F. Milholland.

The first silver medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by A. Caron, P. Dufault, E. Graveline, D. Hayden, M. Hayden, M. Lamarre, W. Riley, and L. Rivard. Drawn by M. Hayden.

The second silver medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by A. Goudreau, T. Carson, R. Gahan, H. McGinty, P. O'Toole, and H. Prost. Drawn by H. Prost.

The gold medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by W. Carey, W. Deneau, R. Fay, C. Flannagan, A. Lamarre, W. McCormick, R. Nugent, A. Roy, M. Soran, and A. Sanasack. Drawn by M. Soran.

The first silver medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by J. L. Armstrong, A. Caron, J. Carroll, R. Hildreth, H. Lacharite, C. Meehan, E. Richard, S. Sullivan, and F. Williamson. Drawn by R. Hildreth.

The second silver medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by H. Bouchard, J. Burke, E. Carroll, A. Changelon, J. Clennon, A. Champion, J. Hogan, A. Lambert, J. Murphy, and J. Patton. Drawn by J. Patton.

The Lesage medal, awarded for proficiency in French literature, was equally deserved by J. Granger and E. Marcotte. Drawn by E. Marcotte.

—It's funny all the relatives we have when there's a game going on—
No joke!

FOOT BALL.

The Provisos of Kankakee were defeated by the second team of the college October 23 on the college campus by a score of 18 to 0. The game was too one-sided to be interesting. The team playing of the college boys was particularly praiseworthy, their backs showed great judgment in their tackling, while the line displayed unusual strength. Daniher at right half back, Patton at left end, St. Cerny and Carsen behind the line did great work, breaking through their opponents interference and often tackling the runners with much loss. When they had possession of the ball it was an easy matter to break through the Proviso's line for a ten or twenty yard run. Daniher made two touch-downs, Corson one and Coren one, from which Cahill kicked but one goal. The Kankakees were never dangerous, never coming closer to the college goal than the forty-five yard line.

The way they faced each other:

ST. VIATEURS JR.	PROVISOS.
Rooney.....	right end.....Riley
Patterson.....	right tackle.....Jones
Weber.....	right guard.....Smolinski
Sanosock.....	center.....Brosseau
Cahill.....	left guard.....Turner
Coren.....	left tackle.....Brais
Patton.....	left end.....Sullivan
House.....	quarter back.....Blaine
Corson.....	l. h. back.....Davenport
Daniher.....	r. h. back.....Riley
St. Cerny.....	full back.....South
Umpire, Sammon.	Referee, Morice.
Linesman, Armstrong.	

Time, twenty minute halves.

ST. VIATEUR'S vs. KANKAKEE ATHLETICS

October 29 the first team played the Athletics on the Riverview grounds at

Kankakee before one of the largest crowds ever assembled at a game in that city. The game, unfortunately, was not finished owing to a dispute over the umpire's decision in the first half. At the time of the dispute the score stood 8 to 4 in favor of the College boys and had the game been finished they would certainly have won. The Kankakees had not met defeat before this season and when they lined up against St. Viateur's representatives they expected to add another scalp to their already long string. It took, however, about two minutes to convince them of their mistake, for in that time by a series of line bucking, and on a long pass to Daniher, which so completely nonplused the Athletics that they allowed him to run twenty yards, he made a touch-down. Walsh missed goal. Score 4 to 0.

Peck kicked to Walsh, who returned the ball to center before being downed. The same tactics were again used and in two minutes Daniher went over the line for another touch-down. Walsh again missed goal. Hickox kicked to Moore, who returned the ball twenty yards before being downed. The ball was quickly worked to the Athletics' fifteen yard line and another touch-down seemed imminent, when an unlucky fumble allowed Hickox to take the ball and sprint down the field for a touch-down. He missed goal. Score 8 to 4.

It was after the kickoff that the Athletes sent up a cry of slugging by the Collegians, and the umpire, though admitting that he saw no one slug, desired to give the Athletics fifteen

yards. To this Captain Harkins would not agree and after the limit of time the game was declared forfeited—6 to 0. Walsh at full back and Daniher at left half were easily the stars of the game. The College boys had a veritable stone wall line and the Athletics failed utterly when they attempted to pierce it. The same teams will meet again soon and the score then will prove which is the better eleven.

The line up:

ST. VIATEUR'S.	K. K. K. ATHLETICS.
Brennock.....right end.....	Dixon
Kearney.....right tackle.....	Smith
Legris.....right guard.....	McIntyre
Armstrong.....center.....	Sheppard
Harkins.....left guard.....	Morice
Deforge.....left tackle.....	Ives
Brennock.....left end.....	Pierson
Quille.....quarter back.....	Wilbur
Daniher.....left half back.....	Peck
Moore.....right half back.....	Blaine
Walsh.....full back.....	Hickox
Referee, Rainey. Umpire, Griffin. Linesman, St. Cerny.	

"WHEN SHORTY'S AT THE BAG."

There's a joyous shout to greet him,
Nor does the welcome lag;
And all go out to greet him,
When Shorty's at the bag.

We set the frame within his reach,
Nor stop to chew the rag;
Have fun? well I should screech!
When Shorty's at the bag.

There's Walter, Pete, and Thomas too,
Who used to hold the tag,
But now the honors all accrue
To Shorty at the bag.

—Prof.—What circle marks the northern limit of the sun's vertical rays.

Student—X rays.

VIATORIANA.

- Vivo.
 —Claude.
 —I think so!
 —Your batty.
 —Egg on toast.
 —Apple showers.
 —Get more mush!
 —A chapter on buttons.
 —He is seeking my friendship.
 —How about the race, Domine?
 —S—'s cuspidor is a peach (can).
 —Why wasn't his paper criticised?
 —O, if I could catch that collar button thief.
 —You should not spell wounded, w-o-o-n-d.
 —Rex's paper was in a mutilated condition.
 —I'll never invite you fellows to 5 o'clock cocoa again.
 —I won't say a word this month for fear it will go in the journal.
 —Wanted—A new leg for a delapidated bed, apply on third floor.
 —K—Do you know who are the the most celebrated Poles of Chicago?
 P—Of course I do—barber poles.

—Prof.—What is that he said Mr. S.—?

S.—I didn't understand what he said.

—A drama in four acts.

(Scenes domestic).

Act I. Modern scientist in deep meditation.

Act II. (Enter a cheap actor with throat trouble), U-a-ah!

Act III. M. S.—Can't you act like a gentleman?


C. A.—What are you talking about?

Act IV. M. S.—Alright, go!

On October 27 all the old members of St. Patrick's Literary and Debating 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. P. F. Daniher; vice-president, Mr. P. Hansl; secretary, Mr. D. Hayden; treasurer, Mr. T. A. Cahill; librarian, Mr. M. J. Brennan; sergeant-at-arms, Mr. J. St. Cerny. The society has a large membership this year, and everything bespeaks a successful year.

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