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GOD'S ACTION ON FREE AGENTS.

That God can lead free agents to their end without destroying their liberty has always been a subject of much thought to the profoundest philosophers. St. Thomas's explanation of God's action on the will has been interpreted in various lights by different schools of thinkers; the chief among these are the Molinists and the Thomists.

In treating this question Molina taught that true liberty must not only be indifferent as to the object which is proposed to the will but that it must, besides, give to the subject who acts, complete indifference to put an act or not. There must be a subjective, active, and positive indifference by which the will can, of itself alone, and not under any extrinsic influence, determine itself and be the queen of its proper acts. The Creator has so formed it that it is necessitated to make a choice; so that in any given case it must choose to act or to not act, to act thus, or thus; He likewise gives to it the desire for good in general; but to this or that particular good, whether real or apparent, it must determine itself.

As soon as the will has taken its determination, however, God concurs with it in the resultant act. An artisan uses an instrument for the ac-

complishment of a certain design; by the instrument, equally with the mechanic, the end is attained, and either without the other is of no avail. Yet the end is reached by each in its own proper way, for the tradesman cuts not, nor does the instrument apply itself, but both together produce the intended effect. With due respect to His Majesty we may, for the sake of clearness, draw a passing similitude between God and the artisan, between the human will and the instrument. Unlike an inert instrument, however, the will has the power of moving itself to action and must, from the very fact that it is free, determine itself, after which God concurs with it to reach the end desired.

In order to reconcile this theory with the universal doctrine that God is the sovereign of all things, and the worker of all good, some attribute to Him a moral influence only on His free creatures. Knowing that the will is, as a rule, guided in its actions by the nature of its affections, He manifests Himself in divers ways trying to win our love. The sweet attractions of His Grace, when faithfully followed, will serve as a torch to lead men to their end, and cause them, without destroying their liberty, to "run in the order of His ointments."

Seeing from eternity to what objects

the will, in given conditions, would or would not determine itself, God has written His decrees as He has foreseen. Whether the will chooses this or that, rejects both and elects a third, or makes no election at all, God has eternally foreknown, and has accordingly decreed from the first. Such are a few of the most salient characteristics of the Molinists' system.

The Thomists, on the other hand, hold that God has eternally decreed all that ever was or shall be and that His pre-science is involved in His own decrees.

Whatever may be our end, to whatever act we determine ourselves, we are but fulfilling the inevitable decrees of God. When the will, with two or more choices before it, however long it may deliberate, finally makes its selection, it just does what God eternally decreed it to do. Although but a moment before it remained in indifference and could elect as it would, yet when once the will has willed, it has but corresponded with the divine decree.

Premotion, then, according to the Thomists, is "a quality placed by God and received by itself, into the will, which the will could not give to itself, but which, when given, it cannot reject, and which is so connected with its act that with this quality it is impossible that the will act not, but without such quality it be incompatible that the will should act."

God, then, must previously move the will to action. The action of a being is its perfection and since by its perfection it obtains an increase, be-

comes, so to say, richer, or acquires wealth, it follows that such perfection comes from some higher nature than its own; hence the will must be removed by God who contains all perfection that is. The will, of itself, is indifferent to act or not act; but from mere indifference, as such, nothing results. Suspended, therefore, in the balance of indifference, the will must from some extrinsic cause be inclined to one side or the other. This extrinsic cause, determining the will, is, according to the Thomists, God.

Against the Thomists' system the Molinists urge that if the will but infallibly and inevitably fulfills the eternal decrees, it cannot possibly do otherwise; it is, therefore, not actively and positively free, but has only an active negative indifference, which is equivalent to saying that it is a mere passive instrument and performs such acts only as God wills; hence, God is made the author of sin, all of which is absurd. If God has decreed from eternity and foreknown what shall happen; if He gives, as has been said, a quality to the will which fits it for performing a pre-ordained order of acts, then men should not be held responsible, since their acts are inevitable. In such a case laws, trials, punishments, rewards, etc., would be but a farce. And therefore the Molinists say that God's foreknowledge is not involved in His decrees, but that His decrees are consequent on His foreknowledge.

But here the Thomists retort that God would then be dependent on creatures for His decrees, since He must

first foresee how they shall act and then decree the act foreseen. They furthermore argue that unless God foreknows from His own decrees, we would be led to the sacreligious conclusion that he does not at all foreknow the acts of the will. Because, as the will is in a state of indifference up to the very instant of putting its act, it does not contain any entity previous to that instant; and although God can foresee all things, He cannot foresee a nonentity; but there is nothing or nonentity in the will before it determines itself; hence, logically, though sacreligiously, follows the conclusion that God does not foresee our acts. Therefore, say the Thomists, God must foresee in His decrees and not in the will, and His decrees are eternal.

Another system, more recent than the two we have outlined, rejects the theory of physical premotion. According to this system no quality is placed in the will by God determining it to act, but it receives its determining impulse by the simple action of God. He is the only pure act, and therefore He is the vital principle of all activities that are, those of free will included. He does not pre-dispose the will to its determination, but he so comes in contact with it, and it, in such a way, receives from Him its impulse that the determination follows by his simple influence. St. Thomas says that "Even sin may be considered as a being and as an act, and as both it has from God what it is. For all being, however it exists, is good, inasmuch as it is a being and

ought to be derived from the first being. But all being, in act, is reduced to the first act or to God as its cause. Whence it follows that God is the cause of all action inasmuch as it is an action." Yet, although even sin may be referred to God as a being, it is caused by man, inasmuch as it is a defective being and containing evil, being a transgression of the law. We can then give to God His right as the necessary cause of all secondary causes without destroying liberty.

The foreknowledge of the Creator does not restrict the liberty of his creatures in their acts. The will, for instance, chooses A, whilst it has the power of choosing B or C; but if God foresaw that it would choose A, He likewise foresaw that it would have the power to choose B or C, and might do so if it willed. Hence His foreknowledge does not at all take away our liberty.

The manner of God's action is not sufficiently known to us to understand how He can influence the will. The action of God, or His intellectual operation, so to speak, is His essence itself; and although our intellect is made for the knowledge of truth, it can only know that truth inasmuch as it is proportionate to our present state; although, then, it is beyond our reach to understand how a conditionally future free action can be foreseen and how a free agent can be led to its proper end, we cannot conclude from this that God by His super-comprehension is not enabled to know such, nor that He cannot by His omnipotence do all things which are possible.

We ourselves can prevail upon others by counsel, precept, argument and persuasion. An orator can sometimes, by the force of his eloquence and reasoning, win over even his most opposed enemies to adopt his views. And who shall say that he destroys their liberty? If such, then, is the power of creatures over their fellows, how much more may we not expect can be done by God?

Whatever may be the true theory on this great question, we may repose in the assurance that God is infinitely loving and wise, and that whatever He has ordained has been wisely ordained. Enough for us to know this, to walk faithfully in the law which He has given to guide us in security to our end. The Holy Ghost, by the mouth of St. Paul, has said: "It is God who worketh in you, both to will and to accomplish." Obedience to the law, therefore, is our duty, and for the rest we may feel secure that the Lord will work all things together unto good.

E. H., '96.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The name of Nathaniel Hawthorne stands out prominently among those of distinguished and successful American authors. He was born July 4, 1804, at Salem, Massachusetts, and at an early age entered Bowdoin college from which he graduated with Longfellow, in 1825. After completing his college studies Hawthorne went to Salem where he resided for some years, taking great delight in

writing wild tales, most of which he burned. He was early in the field as a contributor to periodicals; two volumes of these were afterwards collected and published under the title of *Twice-Told Tales*. In 1854 appeared from his pen *The Scarlet Letter* which work is said to have given its author a reputation even in Europe and which is considered by many as his best work.

In 1851 Mr. Hawthorne published *The House of Seven Gables*; this was followed in 1852 by *The Blithedale Romance*; he also published a life of Gen. Pierce, and a *Wonder Book*; a second series of the latter called *The Tanglewood Tales* was published in 1853. In the latter part of 1853 Hawthorne was appointed United States consul at Liverpool which office he held for about five years. After returning from a visit to Italy he published a novel called *The Transformation* which gives us a fair view of Roman life, antiquities and great arts. In 1863 Hawthorne returned to America and published *Our Old Home*, a work of two volumes, giving an account of England, but written in a querimonious style and in such a spirit of unfairness, that it caused much pain to his friends on both sides of the Atlantic. The writers chief fame rests upon the three works: *The Marble Faun*, *The House of Seven Gables*, and *The Scarlet Letter*.

Mr. Hawthorne did not always enjoy the blessings of good health during the latter part of his life and to this his discontented style and the noticeable-ness of melancholy often amount-

ing to hopelessness in his writings may be traced; however, his style is that of a master and his thoughts are highly finished, pure, delicate, and forcible. In quaint description and love for strange places, Hawthorne, in his short pieces, reminds us of Charles Lamb. He is a humorist with the feelings and imaginations of a poet. In his romances he uses greater force—an energy full of passion and earnestness with a love for the supernatural—but in none of his writings does he lose that simplicity and beauty which are the characteristics of his style.

The style of Hawthorne is classical. He was a lover of nature and here and there spring up the most exquisite gems of description. In his *Mosses from an Old Manse* his description of the old manse, the garden, the river, and his reflections and moralizing on his surroundings make most charming and healthy reading. But in his analysis of character he seemed to grow pessimistic and while not wishing, perhaps, to exaggerate man's weakness in downward tendencies, he did so.

Steadman compares Hawthorne to Poe in power of invention, but with the odds in favor of Hawthorne; who possesses a great power of continuity which Poe lacked. Hawthorne is no doubt the most romantic and original of our prose writers, and, if not as agreeable to the average reader, is and will remain a source of pleasure to the lover of good literature.

A. M. L.

THE CITY.

Man's social tendencies draw him to the city. Besides the pleasures of companionship, he there enjoys other advantages. He has his designs in life, he seeks wealth, political preferment or educational advancement. Any of these, supposing ability in the subject, is more easily attained in the city. As every man of normal mind has some desire to succeed in life, or to better his condition, he feels the prompting of ambition, urging him to pursue fame, in either of these paths, so if he be not a dweller of the city, he determines to go there and seek fortune when she holds court.

Every year sees large numbers come to the city—in fact the crowd increases steadily and to an alarming extent. The cities are overrun, all the professions overcrowded, trades and occupations of lesser importance are more than filled. The consequence is that compensation is lessened, opportunities for promotion are fewer and proportional suffering and disappointment ensue. While wages decrease from an overstocked market, cost of living also, regulated by the laws of supply and demand, is lighter in the larger centers of population. Thus where there is less chance of earning higher wages there may be greater expense of living, and these are serious difficulties to be met by the young man or woman whose capital consists in a sanguine nature and robust health.

Certainly the city offers more flat-

tering inducements than the rustic village. There are so many sources of pleasure, the lodestone of the young; Social intercourse with refined people, taking form in balls, parties, the theater, one gay round of joyous excitement. What if these consume the most precious moments of the young man's time, or, if continued, beget a distaste for the serious work necessary to fit him for the high place he had destined himself to fill? Life presents one great overpowering *now*, the future, for him drops out of being. Many are the strong, innocent, hopeful youths that have left their father's house to seek their fortunes in the city, and being led to the top of pleasure's mountain, whence viewing the smiling valley below, have descended into alluring plains, rambling here and there amid its tempting sights and have returned at evening's shades without the fruit they hoped to pluck, without wealth or form, even without hope.

Talent is not confined to the natives of civic or rustic habitations. Nature strews liberally and where she will. But it is quite certain, experience will bear out the statement, that the best men have spent some portion of their lives amid the peaceful surroundings, in the companionship of nature, whose refining influence changed the blossoms of talent into the powers of fruitful manhood. Then she was content to trust her favored children in any company, whether at home in their peaceful abodes or amid the clamor of the city's seething mob.

The sweet, simple face of nature

ever smiles in the country. There the great painters and poets of every age have received their most divine inspirations. While we make due allowance for that great gift, which enables them to see a thousand beauties lost to ordinary individuals, we cannot but think that nature exerts a most powerful influence and whispers loving words to every child who dwells amid her charms—which make endurable their modest and less inviting life. Why should it be otherwise? There are unfolded all the grandeurs of abounding nature, beauties of color in the myriads of flowers and blossoms and fruits whose hues are blended by a hand of infinite delicacy; of movement in trees swayed by heaven's cooling breath, or the ripening grain, kissed by evening's gentle zephyrs; in the modest violet that first peeps out from the awakening earth, in the lily that comes as if to pay homage to the simplicity and innocence of the husbandman; in the verdant fields that sparkle daily in their dewy freshness, in the variety and harmony of the landscape; above, the azure blue that covers all. Yonder that snow-capped mountain lifts its gigantic head heavenward, here at our feet winds the smooth flowing river, laving the green banks of fruit laden fields.

Are these beauties lost on the rough appearing rustic, or are they not rather the soothing influences that have left traces of contentment, making sweet the life so dear to him?

How many have left such charming scenes for the inducements of the city, which promised them greater ease,

more abundant opportunities, educational advancement, better clothes, more polite companions, and while they found most of these did not find that serene peace and happiness they had in country life.

Success under any circumstances depends principally on the strength of character we bring with us and the motives that guide us as we pursue life's journey. The good man and strong will succeed anywhere—not only that he will be a material help to others—but his strength must be first tried before he launch his craft on a sea so wild, and though often explored, never well understood. That ocean is the city.

M.

FATHER RYAN'S POEMS.

The object of all poetry is to bring sustenance to the feelings, to that part of our nature which lies between the intellect and the will; which is open to every pleasing influence and responds to every impression. There is not a thing on earth but has a poetic side, which would touch the feelings could we but perceive its hidden beauty. To the true poet is this grand power given. His, is a sensitive nature. His eyes detect a beauty and a meaning in things—a beauty and a meaning which escapes ordinary vision. His object is to put this meaning or beauty into a picture, using words as his colors. Nothing is too high for the poet's reach and nothing is so insignificant that it may not furnish a subject for his verse. He

catches glimpses of outward and inward beauty; and by the aid of his fancy he works them into pictures which hang on the walls of our memories, reflect their pleasing influence on our feelings, and become in our dark hours a never failing source of delight and consolation. These two elements, delight and consolation, are especially characteristic of the poetry of Father Ryan. The musical flow of his verse, clear as the chimes of silver bells; the beautiful and striking figures scattered throughout his poetry, like flowers on the meadow, are the sources of never failing delight to the reader. Aside from this there is in many of his poems that element of consolation, which constitutes one of their chief merits. No one can tell how sweet those songs have sounded to hearts that were laden with care and sorrow; no pen can describe the consolation they have brought to those on whose brows life's thorns have sharply pressed. This is why his songs are so much in unison with the feelings of our hearts. They are as he himself so modestly said—true in tone. They are the silent friends whose unlooked for sympathy stirs every fibre of our being, because they are songs that:

“Gushed from the heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer
Or tears from the eyelids start.”

There is, however, a low wail of grief running through these poems. It seems like the shadow of some great sorrow. In one of his songs he asks: “Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?” But he does not give the

answer. Yet his poems in general give us the solution. If, after reading them, you seek the reason of their prevailing undercurrent of sadness the cause immediately strikes you. It is their truth. They strike the keynote of human life, for life is made up of smiles and tears, or as he terms it, "a laugh and a moan." Yet, though he gives us a true picture of human misery and woe, there is never wanting in this picture the background of consolation. By comparing two stanzas of the poem entitled, "A Thought," we may better comprehend this:

'For no eyes have there been ever without
a weary tear,
And those lips cannot be human which
have never heaved a sigh;
For without the dreary winter there has
never been a year,
And the tempests hide their terrors in the
calmest summer sky."
And our dim eyes ask a beacon, and our
weary feet a guide,
And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek
the meaning and the key;
And a cross gleams o'er our pathway, on
it hangs the crucified,
And He answers all our yearnings by the
whisper, "Follow Me."

Here we have certainly a true picture of human life, while in the background looms up the fountain of all consolation and happiness. Further comment is unnecessary, but we may add that there is more truth and solace in this poem than in all that Byron and Poe ever wrote.

Some one has said, "Let me make the songs of the people and I care not who shall make their laws." There is a deep germ of truth in this saying,

for by song you reach the hearts of the people. What enthusiasm does not the "Marseillaise" kindle in the heart of a son of sunny France, while the "Wacht Aun Rhein" raises the German to the highest pitch of excitement. The Englishman loves his "Rule Britannia," and nothing is sweeter to an American than the "Star Spangled Banner." Scattered here and there throughout Fr. Ryan's poems are songs that are worthy of becoming the battle strains of nations. Cold indeed must be the heart and shallow the patriotism that does not thrill and burn at the recital of these poems. Nevertheless, among these patriotic lays it seems to me that "Erin's Flag" is the grandest. In the majestic swell of the verse you seem to hear the tramp of the exiled millions, gathered around "Erin's sunburst," drenched in tears and in blood, "By the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years." From the east and the west, from the north and the south they come, summoned by the prophetic song; and as they cluster around the banner of green and of gold, so famous on the battle-fields of the world, you seem to hear the exiled multitude rejoicing at the dawn of hope, and resolving to bear that flag to its old home,

"Where its fetterless folds o'er each mountain and plain,
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane."

There is, however, another phase of Fr. Ryan's poetry which merits consideration. This is its Christian spirit. In our days a combination of poetical

genius and of Christian spirit is very rare. Yet, what colors are to an exquisite drawing, religion is to the poem. It gives to the poem its true tone, graces it with befitting beauty, and makes it a vivid impression of the true and good. Among the poems of the poet priest of the South there are many of this kind. In the "Song of the Mystic" we are told of a soul, which, seeking in vain for perfection and happiness amidst the "mazes of men," finds rest at last in the Valley of Silence, the vale of meditation, and then seals its vocation with the words, "I will be thine." The holy life led in this valley is graphically pictured, and its site described as lying between two mountains,

"And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer."

One never tires of reading such a poem, for it is only after repeated readings that we catch the deep and strong undercurrent of thought, and even then we do not exhaust the significance. In the poem entitled, "The Last of May," we are carried back to the days of our childhood, when with wandering eyes we beheld the solemn closing of Mary's month. Before us rises the church of our childhood, and we recognize its loved shrine from the description:

"The tapers were lit on the altar,
With garlands of lilies between;
And the steps leading up the statue,
Flashed bright with the roses' red
sheen."

To hearts that are harrowed by the cares and troubles of the world, this poem will bring a ray of consolation,

a beam of hope, a glimpse of childhood's innocence. It will recall early and happy scenes, when at a mother's knee they learned the beauty, holiness, and goodness of their Virgin Mother, whom they promised to honor during their lives. Happy for them if they have kept that promise. If, however, they have wavered and forgotten that early vow, this simple poem will bring back to them their childhood faith and that long forgotten May scene, when

"The singers, their hearts in their voices,
Had chanted the anthems of old,
And the last trembling wave of the vespers
On the far shores of silence had rolled;
And there, at the Queen Virgin's altar,
The sun wore the mantle of gold,
While the hands of the twilight were weaving
A fringe for the flash of each fold."

Who does not love to linger over such a poem as this? Its fragrance is always as fresh as the roses of spring. This is but one of the many in which religion is entwined with the bright flowers of fancy, and which once read their mystical rhythm will ever keep time with our heart throbs. To sum up the beauties of Fr. Ryan's poems we cannot do better than quote the words of one who appreciated their many merits. He says: "These poems have moved multitudes. They have thrilled the soldier on the eve of battle and quickened the martial impulses of a chivalric race; they have soothed the soul wounds of the suffering, and they have raised the hearts of men in adoration and benediction to the great Father of all."

H.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Those who know London by hearsay, are apt to think of it only as a place of bustle, smoke, and squalor. Traveling over its crowded thoroughfares with Dickens is almost sure to confirm the notion, for there seems to have been none of the less presentable or desirable places through which he has not brought us. We have often stood by the black and threatening rivers with him; we have many times stood on the great London bridge, but we have found it so crowded that its grandeur or even its utility has been lost to us.

But though Dickens was in for romance he chose that of a certain order, for reasons best known to himself, and however many examples he gave, he seldom brought us to the greatest of that great city, one of the most remarkable of the world—Westminster Abbey.

Not alone interesting from a historical point of view, Westminster is a most inspiring sight, architecturally considered. A long row of imposing edifices of the early English and Gothic types, they seem to hail from another world, with their expressive stone ornaments, high arched windows, and sky-piercing towers.

This was once the home of the Benedictine Monks, and received its present name as far back as A.D. 616. It was erected by the Anglo-Saxon King Sebert. It was to be the "minster" of the West, *i. e.*, the church attached to the monastery, and was dedicated to the Apostle St. Peter. Westminster

now includes all the buildings since added to the original structure.

Westminster Palace, the great legislative hall of England, is the grandest of the present buildings, and is indeed a noble, as well as a gigantic, pile. It has eleven courts, one hundred stairs, and eleven hundred rooms and halls. We can easily understand that more than \$20,000,000 were spent in its construction.

Westminster Hall was built by Richard II, and all coronations and great trials were held within its precincts. At present it is merely an entrance to the parliament building. There are also Westminster School and Hospital. The former, built by Queen Elizabeth, sheltered such famous men as Ben Jonson, Locke, Warren Hastings, and the Earl of Russell.

None of the world's great structures have been lauded as this one. Every writer sees in it that which appeals to his particular fancy. The poet, painter, sculptor, theologian, can each see a world to admire within its sacred precincts. To quote Canon Farrar: "To write the story of one of these great churches would practically amount to writing England's history from before the Norman conquest to the reformation. * * * * It would involve a survey of the development and progress of architecture from an antiquity almost mythical down to the close of the fifteenth century."

Wordsworth says:

They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine in hours of
fear

Or groveling thought to seek a refuge here,
Or through the aisles of Westminster to
 roam;

Where bubbles burst and folly's dancing
 foam

Melts if it cross the threshold; where the
 wreath of awe-struck wisdom droops.

If this shrine be interesting to all the world, it must be doubly dear to the Englishman, containing as it does the remains of so many great men and women of England. For centuries the distinction of being buried in Westminster has been the greatest honor accorded to worthy Britons. True it is that the remains of many rest there who could lay claim to no great deed, but the group making up the list of silent sleepers gives the place a distinction that few of its kind possess.

A visit to the Abbey is one ever to be remembered. While it is not pleasant to be in the home of the dead, the illustrious ones whose names appear here are such as to awaken only the happiest memories. They are dead, but their works live on and standing at the tomb of the greatest lights of the world goes far to prove, when we so easily recall their noble achievements, that there is a something in man that always lives and that what we are wont to call death is merely absence.

If there are names that can awaken no emotion—and if we know, too, that these have been left and those who well deserved a place, the souvenirs of such giants of literature as Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Burns, Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay, Oliver Goldsmith, must arouse the dullest imagination and carry one through

the greatest periods of letters, adorned by such glowing genius, as these names recall. Many famous kings and princes have here found a resting place. Here repose, Elizabeth and the victim of her unnatural hatred, the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots.

But the grandeur of Westminster Abbey rests on illustrious dead who achieved greatness by force of a heaven-born genius—not on those who had it thrust upon them; here the gifted subject is sought when the pompous ruler is unknown.

The antiquity of the place as well as the grandeur of the architecture will always be a source of pleasure to the visitor, and these of themselves are calculated to draw large numbers thither, but there can be no doubt that the great attraction and that which gives Westminster its most magnetic charm is the fact that its hallowed walls contain so many of the world's great men; so many whose noble deeds have marked them as the benefactors of their own and future times. Though true greatness need not the polished marble or the gilded dome to attest its merit, still the gratitude, that seeks thus to remember and perpetuate the names of noble sons, deserves the highest praise; and Westminster speaks no less eloquently of the great ones whose ashes it contains than of the generosity of those who sought to commemorate the illustrious dead.

M.

Heart-joyance doth sometimes keep
From slumber, like heart-aching.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

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EDITORIAL.

The Easter vacation was brief but an exceedingly pleasant one. There is hardly any one who can compress so large a celebration into so short a time as the student, and if the holidays are few, he would like to know it in time; he does the rest.

There is none of the great feasts which touches such a happy chord in the Christian breast as Easter. It comes when nature is awakening from its long slumber; the earth is alive with beauty; forest, hill, and stream each picturesque, and all combining to make a fascinating panorama, typical of the new physical life, as Easter is of the spiritual.

Easter works a change in college life. After this day the recreation or *congè* days are longer; society work ceases; outdoor games receive more attention. No pleasanter days come to the pupils than those following this period, when to the happy thought of

soon going home, there is joined the pleasure of delightful days on the campus and the excitement of the contests for honors in the classroom. These thoughts will take up some of the student's time and make the few remaining weeks pass quickly.

THE VIATORIAN has added several pages of advertisements to this number, and will continue to insert them in order to meet the cost of publication. Our friends have been very liberal in answering our call for *ads*. We can recommend each firm as deserving of the patronage of our readers. As the firms represent nearly all the lines of business reached in ordinary trading, they shall soon find the advantages of THE VIATORIAN as an advertising medium, if students are alive to their duty. Patronize our advertisers.

In a lecture given in Chicago recently, Bishop Keane, of the Catholic University, referred to the tendency of the average young man to enter politics. The forming of political clubs in some colleges goes to prove the truth of the Bishop's words. The question arises as to the propriety of this. Is not the time spent at college too precious to waste in the wrangles and disturbances of political meetings. Beginning early may make one a more cunning politician, a better wire-puller, a more efficient machine man, but it will not make him a better patriot. We do not need more politicians, we need better ones, men of good, solid

judgment, sound morals, honest, upright, sympathetic Christian men. Education, proper education, will make them such. The wrangles of political clubs will tend to hinder, if not destroy the effects of education. Besides, in the hands of wily politicians, the young man has small chance of choosing. He will be wheedled into doing just what his advisor wants him to do. A study of the practical questions of the day may be good, but the active work of campaigning seems to be entirely out of the line of the college student.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

The Shamrocks, our representative ball tossers, are now in good trim and ready for the season's work. The players have been practicing for the last month. At first there were several candidates for each position, and it was a difficult matter for Captain O'Reilly to pick the men he wanted, but now the team has been chosen and the regular suits distributed to them by the captain. Those who had the good fortune to receive places on this team are congratulating themselves, and no doubt will keep up the present title of champions of Kankakee and Will counties, held by our nine. The following is the personnel of the nine:

Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., Pres't.
 Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., Manager.
 M. P. Sammon, Catcher.
 F. O'Reilly, Pitcher.
 F. Marcotte, Pitcher.
 T. Legris, 1st Base.

J. V. Lamarre, 2d Base.

Wm. Corcoran, 3d Base.

C. J. Quille, S.S.

Wm. Doody, L.F. ✓

H. Ruel, R.F.

Charles O'Reilly, C.F. and Captain.

C. Roy and Joseph Kearney, Substitutes.

Our manager has arranged several games with some very strong Chicago nines, among them being the St. Ignatius College team, whom we meet on our grounds May 1, and on theirs May 12. The clubs from Manteno, Kankakee, and Momence have also asked for games and will be accommodated as far as our unfilled schedule will permit. From all appearances the season of '95 here bids fair to surpass in exciting games that of any preceding season in our annals of base ball, and although we expect to have to battle for supremacy with some very strong nines, we hope to retain our position at the head of the championship list of our surrounding counties, and shall do all we possibly can to succeed.

A minor league, composed of five clubs, captained by Wm. Doody, H. Ruel, Wm. Corcoran, C. T. Quille, and T. Fitzpatrick, has been formed among the seniors. These clubs play a series of five games each, and are spurred on to very great efforts and emulation by Brother Ryan, who gives to the club, holding the highest per cent at the end of the season, a strawberry and ice cream feast.

The Juniors and Minims have also formed leagues in their respective departments, under the management of Brother Leclair and Mr. Michel.

Each club will no doubt do its utmost to win the honors of the year, and from present indications we shall have some very close games to report before the end of the scholastic year.

Those among the students who are not inclined to indulge in such hardy pastime as base ball have formed lawn tennis and croquet clubs, and if we are to judge of the enjoyment and interest taken in those games from the number of students who crowd around the lawn tennis courts and croquet grounds, and from the excitement manifested by them, we are led to conclude that all interested are enjoying themselves hugely.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

The society room has in the past month been the scene of many triumphs, and all participating in the programs have made them an assured success. The essays have shown careful study and thought, and the debates also, evinced diligent preparation.

Among the essays were "Irish Melodies" by J. O'Dwyer, "John Milton" by J. Burns, "Gray's Elegy" by F. O'Reilly, and a "Sketch of Nathaniel Hawthorne" by A. Lyons.

The debates were quite as numerous. Following are the subjects and those taking part in the discussion: "Resolved, That the West is the Hope of the Republic." The affirmative, Messrs. J. Murphy and J. Fitzpatrick; and the negative, Messrs. L. Mullins and C. Quille. The former winning.

"That the Novel Should be Ideal." The affirmative was maintained by Messrs. M. Ford and A. Lyons, and the negative by Messrs. J. Casey and J. Devane. The judges were unanimously in favor of the Ideal. "Resolved, That it is Better to be Wise than Well." The affirmative was supported by Messrs. J. O. Dwyer and J. Sullivan; and the negative, Messrs. J. Mortimer and J. Marx. The affirmative was victorious. "Resolved, That Our Laborers are More Enslaved than the Negroes Were." The affirmative was defended by Messrs. C. O'Reilly and L. Mullins; and the negative, E. Kromenacker and J. Burns. The negative was defeated.

The last meeting was one of especial interest to all lovers of Shakespeare, who were indeed royally entertained. The program consisted of a number of essays on the different characters in "The Merchant of Venice," and a scene from the same.

The Play, by.....M. Ford.
Antonio, by.....J. Murphy.
Portia, by.....J. Casey.
Shylock, by.....A. Lyons.
Jessica, by.....J. Fitzpatrick.
Trial Scene, by.....J. Devane.
Scene III, Act I, Shylock.....F. O'Reilly.
Antonio.....C. Quille.
Bassanio.....J. Casey.

The society year is drawing to a close and preparations are on foot for the finale. Its character will be one to impress and revive the former meetings of the society and we may truthfully say that the past year has been a very enjoyable and successful one.

THE SEC.

PERSONAL.

—Rev. T. J. McCormick, C.S.V., assisted Rev. D. D. Hishen, of Holy Cross church, Chicago, on Easter Sunday.

—Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., president of the faculty, spent Easter with Rev. H. Maguire, St. James church, Chicago.

—Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., visited Clinton, Ill., where he lent his assistance to Rev. M. A. Dooling, pastor of St. Patrick's church.

—Rev. J. J. O'Callaghan, who has been sick for several months, has returned to duty. He is assistant at St. Patrick's church, Omaha, Neb.

—Rev. J. O'Dwyre, Merna, Ill., paid the faculty a flying visit recently. Fr. O'Dwyre expects to spend several weeks in Ireland the coming summer.

—Rev. Fr. Navoski has lately built a new school, which with his fine church are the monuments of his devoted work since he took charge of his parish.

—Rev. J. A. Hynes, recently appointed pastor, is located at 855 Grand Ave., Chicago. His new parish is making rapid progress under his devoted care.

—Rev. J. A. Lockney, accompanied by Rev. P. A. McLaughlin, of St. Ann's church, Brooklyn, N.Y., spent two days at the college recently. Fr. McLaughlin has spent some time in the West, in the hope of improving his health. He returns greatly benefited.

—Rev. L. A. Grandchamp, '90, recently ordained to the priesthood, has been stationed at Crookston, Minn., where he is ministering to the wants of the faithful.

—Letters were lately received from Rev. Bro. Senecal, C.S.V., who is now in Denver, Colo., recuperating his health. We hope the change will benefit the good brother.

—The Besse brothers, Messrs. Arcade and Arthur, have purchased a drug store, corner of Morgan and Van Buren streets, Chicago, where they will be pleased to meet their old friends.

—Rev. F. A. Dandurand was ordained a sub-deacon during Holy week. He spent Easter at Bourbonnais, where he will be shortly ordained to priesthood for the diocese of Fort Wayne. Our congratulations.

—Mr. Matt. Corcoran, '93, is at present engaged as express messenger, running between Louisville and Bloomfield, Ky. We hope none of those Missouri bandits will wander over to Kentucky to worry our messenger.

—It was gratifying to learn after the late political cyclone that some friends had survived its force. We were glad to hear that Mr. Robert Carr, '85, had been elected city attorney of Ottawa, Ill., which office we feel certain he will fill to his own credit and the satisfaction of the people.

—Fr. Rivard, C.S.V., in a recent letter tells of the pleasant surprise he

experienced in meeting Mr. Ed. Lecour, of Kankakee, in Rome, where the latter gentleman was visiting. Mr. Lecour and Fr. Rivard are old time friends and the two days spent together in that far off city were no doubt pleasant ones.

—Mr. Dennis E. Ricon, '89, was married April 25, to Miss Emily C. Triscom, of New Orleans. We wish the young couple the fullest measure of happiness.

—*Emmanual*, official monthly of the Priests Eucharistic League, is devoted to the interests of the above society. The society is destined to do much good, and its little representative, modest enough at present, will no doubt grow into a powerful journal. Fifty cents per year. Rev. F. Bede Maler, O.S.B., St. Meinrods, Ind.

—We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of fifteen volumes of the *Congressional Record*, containing reports of the fifty-third Congress; also two volumes of the *U. S. Geological Survey*; Vol. I, Geology, and Vol. II, Irrigation—1890-91. These were kindly forwarded by Hon. H. K. Wheeler, formerly representative of this congressional district, at whose hands we have received many favors for which we return our sincere thanks.

—Mr. John Kelly, father of P. J. Kelly, of the seminarian department, died at his home in Chicago, on Saturday, April 27. He had been very low for several weeks and his death was not unexpected. He passed away peacefully, fortified by the sacraments

of the church. Mr. Kelly was an old resident of Chicago, well known and highly esteemed. He leaves a widow and several children to mourn the loss of a most loving husband and father. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved family in their hour of affliction. *May he rest in peace.*

—*The Catholic School and Home Magazine* well deserves all the good things that have been said of it. There is a fresh and spicy air about it, It does not drag, The "Ideal American," by the editor, Rev. T. J. Conaty, D.D., is a stirring address delivered lately in Boston. "Chats About School," are full of fine sayings as well as fine hits at the *fads* regarding teaching and what some suppose it means. Altogether, the paper is most unique in its way, able in its management, and a credit to the cause it represents.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The "Sonnet" receives close attention and delicate handling by a writer in the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*. "Nights with Favorite Authors," takes up Goldsmith. Every article is thoughtful and well prepared.

McClure's brings its life of Napoleon Bonaparte to a close in the April number, though there is promised two other sketches by way of supplement. Conan Doyle has "A Story of an Old Offender," in his usually exaggerated style. There are also very complete papers on "Tammany" and the "Banks of England."

There can hardly be a greater affliction than the loss of sight. Only those so circumstanced can realize the pain of such deprivation. The great efforts made to assist the blind have not been known or appreciated as they deserve. A writer in the current number of the *Catholic World* exposes the good features of "A New System of Writing for the blind," and gives the credit due the grand characters who have done so much to make knowledge-getting possible for the blind. "The Apostle of the Alleghenies," traces the remarkable life of Prince Dmitri Gallitizin, afterwards Father Gallitizin, whose zeal and heroism did so much to spread the faith in western Pennsylvania.

There is no doubt of Paul Jones' sincerity toward the cause of the colonies during the Revolution, however queer his methods. He was a daring man, an able commander, and one likely to inspire a band of rovers. A writer in the *Century*, captivated by the romance that surrounds him, pays him a glowing tribute besides endeavoring to set him in a right light before the public. Jones was a sample of that hardy manhood peculiar to colonial days, and like many of the brave men of his time, took original means to attest his love of freedom and hatred of England.

The *Rosary Magazine* set itself a lively pace at the start, but it has never lessened its speed. With a lofty ideal before it, as opposed to the staid mannerisms and mediocrity of many of its contemporaries, it has gone

steadily forward to a high plane. It is decidedly a leader among Catholic periodicals. One always finds interesting reading in its pages; in fact, the very kind he would most like to see, and nothing of interest to Catholics goes unnoticed. It numbers among its contributors some of our ablest writers.

The picture given of Wendell Phillips in *Donahoe's Magazine* is a most glowing one. Possessing all those qualities of heart and mind coupled to the graces of a polished orator, he was indeed a man to attract attention. Sincerity of purpose and an absence of prejudice gave him the key to every heart. The writer dwells principally on Phillips' oration on Daniel O'Connell, delivered in Toronto. The circumstances, as most people know, were such as would test the skill of any orator, and coming off triumphant in a eulogy of one whose religion and race were so distasteful to many of his hearers is the best proof of the tact and ability of Wendell Phillips. *Donahoe's* grows more pleasing with each issue, and they are hard to please who find no interesting or instructive reading in its pages.

There have been many successful attempts of late to furnish proper and instructive reading for children, but we think that *Our Young People* has come nearer the ideal than any other periodical of its kind. The number and variety of its articles, the names of its contributors are proofs of the high aims the editors have in view, and every reader will testify to the

real pleasure to be derived from this excellent paper. (\$1.00 per year. Our Young People Co., 46-52 Oneida St., Milwaukee, Wis.)

ROLL OF HONOR.

March, 1895.

Guilfoyle medal, for average of 95 and upwards, in rhetoric classes, equally deserved by J. Casey, J. Devane, M. Ford, E. Kromenacker, A. Lyons, J. O'Dwyer, and J. Sullivan. Drawn by J. Devane.

Lesage medal, for French composition, equally deserved by R. Pugny, H. Ruel, and F. St. Aubin. Drawn by R. Pugny.

The Conway medal, for average of 95 and upwards, in the classical course, deserved J. Casey, J. Devane, J. Fitzpatrick, E. Kromenacker, A. Lyons, F. St. Aubin, H. Ruel, and John Sullivan. Drawn by Joseph Casey.

The gold medal, for first in greatest number of classes: Classical course—equally deserved by J. Casey, J. Devane, A. Lyons, J. Fitzpatrick, E. Kromenacker, and John Sullivan. Drawn by J. Fitzpatrick. In the commercial course—equally deserved by P. Darche, L. Elvin, and Chas. Harrison. Drawn by Chas. Harrison.

First silver medal, for second in greatest number of classes: Classical course—equally deserved by M. Breen, J. Burns, W. Caron, P. Dube, W. Ford, J. Granger, J. Marx, J. Mortimer, E. Morcotte, J. Murphy, L. Mullins, J. O'Dwyer, F. O'Rielly, R. Pugny, and W. Lemire. Drawn by J. Mortimer. In the commercial course—equally deserved by W. Fay, J. St. Cerny, L. Lesage, and C. Roy. Drawn by C. Roy.

Second silver medal for third in greatest number of classes: Classical course—equally deserved by Wm. Granger, J. Kearney, L. Kroschowitz, H. Mattei and C. Quille. Drawn by J. Kearney. In the commercial course—equally deserved by Wm. Corcoran, T. Cahil, and P. Chalifoux. Drawn by Thomas Cahil.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Conduct medal equally deserved by J. Barry, P. Hansl, F. Milholland, P. O'Toole, F. Wirth, and E. Downing. Drawn by E. Downing.

Excellence medal, equally deserved by W. Hawley, P. Hansl, and W. Krueger. Drawn by P. Hansl.

VIATORIANA.

—Polo.

—Hoss.

—Y-a-a-s.

—Travis diablo.

—Sawdust smoke.

—Spider and the fly.

—Give me your gun.

—Now you're thinking.

—Which was to be proven?

—It was a midnight smoke.

—Curriculum—What's that?

—We got the sap all right—but—

—Tell him you didn't hear the bell.

—That's not a duke; that's a duke.

—Press Charlie and hear him whistle.

—Keep still, then, ye grandmothers.

—You will go to the village, will you?

—Arbor day was practically kept by the students who spent a great part of the time planting flowers, shrubbery, and beautifying the grounds.

—He was with his companion-in-arms.

—He put the little finger on my ring.

—I'm going to have that haircut grow.

—You ought to have some creeping Chollies.

—Look over the advertising pages. You may need some of the useful or ornamental articles sold by our advertisers.

—St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society formally closed its work April 20th and celebrated the occasion by getting itself photographed. Voss did the work.

—The little town to the south of us has been rechristened, changing its name from North Kankakee to Bradley City, in honor of the head of the Bradley Implement Co. whose home will henceforth be in the new town.

—The juniors or seniors may hit a ball harder, but for a red-hot and red-headed ball game commend us to the minims, and *their backers*. In a recent game there were as many umpires as base hits—and still the wool flew. Nothing like enthusiasm, and the young ones get slightly enthused at times.

—St. John Baptiste Dramatic Association has under way "The Son of Ganelon" adapted from "Roland's Daughter" by Mr. H. Bornier. The play is well cast and its success assured. It will be presented in College Hall about May 5. The proceeds will

be devoted to the Bernard Gymnasium which will be begun this summer.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

[From the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.]

I know nothing in English or any other literature more admirable than that sentiment of Sir Thomas Browne, "Every man truly lives, so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself." I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.

I always believed in life rather than in books. I suppose every day of earth, with its hundred thousand deaths and something more of births, with its loves and hates, its triumphs and defeats, its pangs and blisses, has more of humanity in it than all the books that were ever written, put together.

There are times in which every active mind feels itself above any and all human books.

A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.

The more we study the body and the mind, the more we find both to be governed, not *by* but *according to* laws,

such as we observe in the larger universe.

Don't flatter yourselves that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them. Good breeding *never* forgets that *amour-propre* is universal. When you read the story of the Archbishop and Gil Blas, you may laugh, if you will, at the poor old man's delusion; but don't forget that the youth was the greater fool of the two, and that

his master served such a booby rightly in turning him out of doors.

Beware of rash criticisms; the rough and stringent fruit you condemn may be an autumn or winter pear, and that which you picked up beneath the same bough in August may have been only its worm-eaten windfalls.

There is no elasticity in a mathematical fact; if you bring up against it, it never yields a hair's breadth; everything must go to pieces that comes in collision with it.

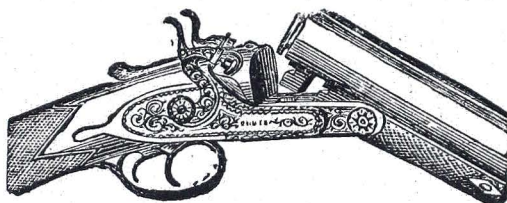
Facts always yield the place of honor, in conversation, to thoughts about facts; but if a false note is uttered, down comes the finger of the key and the man of facts asserts his true dignity.

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