



THE VIATORIAN. VOL. XXI No. 8,
MAY, 1904.

FAC ET SPERA.

LES ANGES DE L'AUTEL.

A MR. FRÉDÉRIC LEGRIS.

Eclatants de blancheur, des anges radieux
Semblent venir à nous du Ciel même des cieux:
Car, à leur front si pur, qui doucement s'incline,
Resplendit un reflet de l'extase divine.

Dans notre sanctuaire, attardant leur essor,
Ils rehaussent l'autel d'un ravissant décor;
Et là, près de Jésus, pleins d'un amour immense,
Il semble que vers Lui tout leur être s'élançe.

Anges, n'arrêtez pas les élans de vos coeurs !
Ravivez de vos feux les brûlantes ardeurs,
Pour consoler Jésus des froideurs de tant d'âmes
Dont la vertu languit sous des liens infâmes.

Demeurez avec nous, célestes messagers,
Pour nous garder toujours à l'abri des dangers;
Par vous nous apprendrons cet hosanna sublime
Que nous voulons chanter dans la sainte Solyme.

FRA LUIGI.

LEAVES FROM AN OLD BREVIARY.

During my researches in Rome for ancient literary works on behalf of a certain English college, I received permission to explore the ruins of an old castle on the outskirts of Rome. As the owner was a well-known litterateur he readily allowed me to examine the works I desired to peruse.

I found many valuable works in the main library, but I hastily marked these and put them aside, as I wished to inspect the contents of a locked vault adjoining the library, in which I felt sure some valuable manuscripts were hidden. I was not mistaken, for I came upon several large manuscripts, bound with heavy thongs and mouldy with age, packed away in a dark corner. I could scarcely wait while the thongs were cut and a candle procured. I picked up one of the volumes and hastily turned to the fly leaf, which was of thinner parchment than the rest. On it, in a bold, angular hand, were inscribed the following words: "Psalter. Cyril. Alexand. A. D. 440."

I had indeed chanced upon a valuable book, written by an early ecclesiastical writer, who was sainted. It contained a true version of the lives of many early Egyptian martyrs. As I eagerly conned its aged pages, I came upon the following legend of St. Catherine of Alexandria, a martyr who was born about 370 A. D. At first I did think it was of any more value than the rest of the biographies, though they all possessed sterling worth. When I had finished it the force, beauty, and unaffected simplicity of the story had such a powerful effect on me that it completely changed the whole course of my life, causing me to regard Christianity in its real light, and as something not of this world. There, in the dim, flickering light of the candle, and with such uncanny surroundings, is it a wonder that the following account thus affected me? It seemed to be a message from the past, pencilled by the truthful fingers of that historic instructor, old Father Time. There is not the least doubt in my mind that the narrative will not have the same beneficial effect on others, as it had on myself. Here is a truthful copy:

“The name of Catherine of Alexandria is here inscribed in the long and glorious list of our martyred saints. Long may she be loved and praised throughout the Christian world! The monument which she has left behind her, unlike any earthly substance, cannot be destroyed by the ruthless hands of time and passion. This indestructible monument which she has left to impress the minds of present and future generations is composed of nothing more or less than the two most prominent traits in her unsullied character, which were her unshakable Christian faith and her great learning. With these were blended the charms of sweet piety and heroic virginity.

This distinguished maiden lived in Alexandria, during the reign of the tyrant Maximin II. Her spotless character shone out radiantly, like the North Star, far surpassing in brilliancy the lesser lights that glowed in the same sky. Such a fervorous and intense love had she for her newly embraced religion that she has presented to us all the most admirable example of the truest Christian life.

We may reasonably wonder how she, one of the richest and noblest ladies in all Alexandria, could so gladly abandon the religion of her ancestors; her great inheritance, and all the other worldly advantages which she possessed, for a new and scarcely known religion; and with a holy reverence we look upon her, as alone she stood prominently out from among the deflowered beauties of the immoral city, and boldly resisted the shameful passions of the emperor, dying rather than be despoiled of that which is most precious in woman.

This miracle can be easily and reasonably explained. She believed so firmly in the truths of her spiritually elevating religion that she regarded all things in this world as either too trivial to be worthy of notice, or to be used only as stepping stones for mounting nearer to the great throne of the Heavenly Father. She accordingly lived for Him alone.

Her parents, who remained steadfast in the faith of their ancestors, disowned their so-called unnatural daughter, and, after clothing her in humble garments sent her out into the city with nothing but her good name, which was in itself a fortune.

People in this age of mere naturalism look upon this act as decidedly unparental; but if it is taken into consideration that the great majority of the people of her time were the obedient and willing servants of their powerful masters, i. e., their passions; and that the licentious emperor would, in all probability, have confiscated her estates, and, if not murdering Catherine, would have forced upon her a life far more degrading and shameful than death; if he once had her fully in his power, is it at all surprising that her pagan parents disowned her, thereby ingratiating themselves with the emperor, saving their property and, above all, giving Catherine the means of escaping what she considered the greatest dishonor that could befall her? Many persons, with this triple object in view, would have acted in the selfsame manner.

If a good name is a fortune, many worldlings, though having amassed much treasure, are nevertheless very poor.

Even in her girlhood Catherine displayed those characteristic traits which later on marked her as a champion of truth. Once, while in school, a warmly contested debate occurred amongst the pupils. Some of the disputants were mild and calm, others fiery and excitable. After all had expressed their opinion on the subject in question, Catherine stated her opinion in an impressive, yet modest manner. In so doing, she combined firmness of reasoning with such an eloquent manner of expressing her ideas, that, though she thoroughly convinced her youthful opponents of their errors, she gave utterance to no words that gave offence, nor did she attempt a vain display of wit. The victory in this intellectual joust was but a forerunner of the greater spiritual triumphs which she accomplished a few years later.

She had an excellent training in the liberal arts, but her knowledge of these only supplied her more reasons for practising the virtues which she had resolved to make her rule of life, and to continue in her acts of charity amongst the poor.

Her singular acumen and mental penetration enabled her to discern at once the exact truth of every argument presented to her. She looked upon a thorough education as the best and

most direct means of attaining her highest ambition, that of preserving her virginity and of enlightening the minds of others so that they, too, might see that it is possible to be clean even in the midst of filth.

In her eighteenth year she became justly angry at the cruel and barbarous treatment of her fellow Christians at the hands of the emperor, and she resolved to make a personal appeal to him.

She would have been as successful had she appealed to a block of marble, for the emperor, turning a deaf ear to all her entreaties, used all his power of persuasion to tempt her to abandon her life of self-imposed isolation, and to become one of his many hand-maidens.

She indignantly refused the base offers of the pagan demi-god; and he, surprised at her remaining firm where so many before her had fallen, listened half unwillingly to her arguments. There in his own palace, a den of iniquity, surrounded as he was by his richly attired heathen slaves, and where all but Catherine were the votaries of the vilest pleasures, this wicked emperor was finally convinced by this brave girl, to his own great astonishment and chagrin, that absolute faith in Christ and a life of irreproachable integrity are two of the most necessary means towards salvation. This is not to be wondered at, though; for any person, inspired as was Catherine with heavenly grace, can easily cope with and vanquish the legions of the devil.

Convinced, but obstinate, the emperor, unable to refute her statements, caused her to be detained in his palace, while he summoned the ablest heathen philosophers in his realm to come and argue with this obdurate girl. The emperor's brains being muddled from riotous living, he was simply stupified at her resolute bearing, and was consequently no match for her, inspired as she was with the glowing ardor of a great and true cause. He was confident that his sages could easily confound this too outspoken maiden.

In the argument with the philosophers which ensued, she, as in her school days, triumphantly convinced them of the cor-

rectness of her belief, and even succeeded in converting a large number of them; for they, unlike the emperor, when shown and made to understand the true light, gladly accepted it. The remaining few, probably from fear or habit, clung tenaciously to the worship of the Egyptian deities.

Maximin, greatly enraged at the loss of his ablest philosophers, made martyrs of them all by burning them in the same fire. On their way to the place of execution they further angered their former master by singing the glories of their new religion and by saluting Catherine with glad cries of "Salve Victrix." Their conversion and martyrdom were as flaming rubies in the already many-jeweled crown of this budding saint.

The emperor made several more vain assaults upon her virtue, and then, becoming greatly incensed at his repeated repulses, he determined to resort to force to break her untamable spirit. She was pitilessly scourged with rods as the terrible result of his savage fury. This cruel treatment, though injuring her physically, had no effect on her firm resolution. She was then thrown into a dark, damp dungeon, foul with creeping vermin, and was left without food or drink in this miserable state for eleven days.

Out of compassion the wife of the emperor, accompanied by one of his generals, visited the cell of the unfortunate young woman, with the hope of persuading her to yield to the importunities of the emperor; but in vain; Catherine arose from her miserable pallet of straw and pleaded so eloquently with her visitors, that they instead of causing her to apostatize, became Christians themselves. The tyrant could not understand with what unseen power he was coping, but unwittingly through his ungovernable fury, he added to the glory of Catherine by rewarding the two converts with martyrdom.

In his now boundless wrath he abandoned all hopes he had heretofore entertained of ever overcoming such a dauntless spirit, or of succeeding to tempt such confirmed virtue from duty; so he resolved to put an end to her annoying career by putting her to the torture of the wheel, which punishment he considered a just reward for those who thwarted his royal de-

signs. He was also alarmed lest more would be converted, through Catherine's influence, to the faith which he had refused though he knew it to be true. The Catholic faith has too many just restrictions for persons unwilling to make the least sacrifice for their God, and so it is refused and sneered at by this class of persons.

Catherine gave up all hopes of escaping with her life, and gladly resigned herself to her fate, thanking her Savior for aiding her so constantly in her struggles; but it was not for her to die in this manner, for He never deserts His children, as we shall soon see.

On the appointed day and time she was brought out and thrust into the public square, and left there for a short time, subject to the searching eyes of the curious rabble. The sight that met their astonished gaze caused many hearts to soften and go out in sympathy.

She was clad in simple white, and, as she stood there with clasped hands, the noblest of her race, of respected family, goodly fortune, her real station in life far above the majority of those surrounding her, her only resource and refuge being in her Savior, she was the very personification of triumphant humility. She was tall in stature, and, though tender in years, old in experience and wisdom. The piercing stare of the multitude caused her to shrink back, not in fear—for she welcomed the angel of death,—but in modesty.

The terrible machine was soon brought forth, and Catherine knelt in prayer, confident that these were her last moments on earth. Her face was turned heavenward, and her eyes, so full of love and humility, seemed to see the Saviour himself awaiting her coming surrounded by a troop of adoring angels, among whom she hoped soon to take her place. Her rich, evenly modulated voice broke the silence, as if in direct answer to the summons of her Master. Many in the crowd shed tears, and others gave expression to their pent up emotion by breaking out into a loud murmur of disapprobation. The sight was so touching that even they, hardened as they were by dissipation, cried

out against the cruel injustice which was about to be consummated.

Catherine meekly submitted and was bound to the wheel.

But, oh wonder of divine pity! no sooner had the death dealing machine been started than the cords which bound her were snapped asunder by an invisible power, and the wheel was shattered into innumerable fragments.

The crowd was stupefied at this miracle, and the emperor took advantage of this momentary hesitation to flee from the scene, for he feared for his personal safety. It was with great difficulty that his body-guard efficiently covered his hasty retreat, and suppressed an uprising on the part of the frenzied mob. As it was, the majority of those who witnessed the miracle there and then embraced Christianity, thereby glorifying Catherine's successful attempts to bring souls to Christ.

The emperor became fearful, that, through her powerful influence, he would be dethroned, and, resolving to take no chances, sentenced her to instant decapitation. He dared not make it a public execution; so he hired a deaf and dumb Nubian swordsman, he himself being the only other witness of her death. Catherine heroically bared her neck to the sword, knowing that her time had indeed come.

The emperor viewed her death with mingled feelings of satisfaction and resentment, the first feeling caused by the death of Catherine, and the second by her success in thwarting his evil designs and preserving the pearl of her maiden virtue, and finally by having such an easy death! In those days it was not very often that a king of the realm was subjected to a general defeat at the hands of a mere girl, and so his mortification knew no bounds.

The headsman afterwards broke his sword, one of the best in the land, and became a Christian. And why? Because, even in death, the Nubian stated in his written confession, Christ had given her the power of saving souls. Instead of the horrible expressions of anger and fear usually seen on the pallid countenances of those who meet violent death, there was such a heavenly look on her serene countenance, which always remain-

ed covered with the flush of earthly bloom, that her executioner, full of remorse, embraced the religion that could so easily inspire such heroic patience.

Her soul went to join the hosts of palm-bearing martyrs, many of whom she herself had converted, and to join that band composed of those who lived a life of unsullied purity.

The Almighty Lord Himself, who gave to mankind the command to commit no adultery, sent his angels to gather up the sanctified body of this martyred virgin and to transport it on the very mountain wherefrom He had first given this law to the world. There now that clean tabernacle of a pure soul rests, carefully guarded by devout men."

Thus ends the narrative. The pious author of it solemnly declares in a note that it is a strictly true account of the acts of St. Catherine. And below this note are seen in bold characters, the name and seal of Cyril of Alexandria.

The next several pages of this old manuscript prayer book are devoted to a rather long, but fervid homily in which the saintly Cyril pours out his soul in praise of the saint and in eloquent exhortation to imitate her virtues. Briefly summarized the chief thoughts are as follows: "Full well do we know how brief a period the tyrant Maximin lived to enjoy his dearly bought security, and how, finally defeated and dethroned, he ended his abominable career a fugitive, in utter poverty and wretchedness of mind, the victim of his own guilty conscience. Right well do we know how this scholarly Christian maiden, unlike the misguided and unfortunate Hypatia, will be the true glory of Alexandria and how prominently she is destined to stand before the entire world as the patroness of Christian philosophers. The memory of Maximin has been in execration; that of Catherine is and will be in benediction. How blessed are those who, like Catherine, use their opportunities and their great gifts of nature and of grace to assist and uplift their fellows!— Indeed we cannot contemplate this beautiful personification of faith, of grace, and of wisdom, without being forcibly struck with this truth, viz: that there are or could be no victories more glorious than the moral triumphs achieved by a saint.

May her life and example incite us to love Christ as truly as she loved Him; and may her prayers win us grace to be truly wise and ever clean of heart.—May those who read these words find in them something to nourish their moral strength and to lift their aspirations to higher planes.”

So fascinated was I with this touching story and the appealing eulogy that followed it that I could not resist the temptation of making the above translation of them in my note book. I have often since reread them and always with new pleasure and profit. May the condensed account given here prove alike interesting and helpful to my readers.

RAPHAEL THIERS,
Second Rhetoric.

GOUNOD.

Few countries have been more celebrated for art than France. She has given to the world such marvelous models in architecture, painting, sculpture, and music as could entitle her to be called the Home of Art. France has not been less distinguished for her production of musical works than in the other fine arts. But in art the most worthy child, one who was destined to exercise a vast and powerful influence on future music, one who has compelled France to be acknowledged as the temple of dramatic and religious music, and who has caused the musical world to gaze upon her with an envious glance and at the same time with a deep and sincere admiration, was a musical genius—Charles Gounod, one of the most distinguished tone poets the world has ever known and the leader and founder of the younger French School of dramatic music.

We cannot think of the name of Gounod but we associate with it two of the most remarkable art creations of the 19th century—The opera Faust and the Messe Solennelle, the brightest and most precious jewels which shine in the crown of this musical king; they are works full of the highest inspiration, dignified, noble and strong in style; masterpieces in the fullest sense of the word, works destined to live as long as music and

which have placed their author among the most renowned musical writers of the world. Few works have created more profound admiration and genuine enthusiasm than Faust. The opera is artistic to the highest degree and from the very start the composer's brilliant genius and creative ability won immediate popularity and well deserved praise. This musical production showing a very distinct and unmistakable individuality is the outpouring of an intense soul, loving and deep in its expressions. Unlike some opera writers who unfortunately set their music to a sickly or sentimental love story, Gounod chose for his libretto the great poem of Goethe. It will be remembered that Gounod was not the first musician who selected Goethe's poem Faust as a libretto; Spohr's Faust reigned supreme in Germany until the advent of Gounod who in spite of national prejudices completely dethroned him.

There has been much discussion concerning the relative merits of the Italian and Germany Schools of opera, and of late years opera composers have sought to compromise and unite the peculiar merits of these two famed schools. With the Italian school melody prevailed; the orchestral accompaniment was considered secondary. On the other hand the German school inclined to make the accompaniment predominant, sometimes detrimental to the singing. To my mind Gounod has solved that problem of marriage between the Italian and Germany schools in a more satisfactory manner than Mascagni, Puccini and others. The author of Faust has united the graceful Italian melody to the strong German harmony. The style of Faust is characterized by clearness, a keen sense of harmonic beauty and effect; Gounod's muse is always facile and above all, melodious; he combines the fluency of Verdi with the seriousness of Beethoven.

In Wagner's operas the voice is at times lost amid the violent storm of notes coming from the orchestra; Wagner would often have us realize that the orchestra and not the voice ought to predominate. No matter what the ardent admirers of Wagner advocate they must not be unmindful of the fact that after all the human voice is the greatest of all instruments and

must not be deluged in the roaring waves of sounds. Gounod has not committed this fatal mistake, although his instrumentation contains immense richness, a true knowledge of the use and effect of each instrument, a brilliancy at times well-nigh dazzling and a vivid coloring which never fails to charm, yet in no way does it weaken or obscure the strength or beauty of the human voice.

The opera Faust is an excellent proof that Gounod is a master of melody. He is proficient in a style singularly attractive, marked by decided melodies which flow in an easy, graceful manner,—melodies expressing every shade of human passion and sentiment, cannot but find ready response in the hearts of the listeners, and, as a critic aptly remarks.—Faust always was in existence, meaning thereby, that it is an universal heart hitherto unuttered, but now uttered with such marvelous knowledge of human nature, in accents so true and just, everyone says to himself: "Ah I have felt all this before." Who is not moved by the melting tenderness and refined pathos in the "Prayer" of Marguerite? Who can resist the seductive strains contained in the exquisite "Garden Scene" in Romeo and Juliet? Truly in passionate and pathetic passages Gounod has no superior. The saying that "art is the expression of life," is manifestly applicable to the music in Faust.

Gounod's reputation as a lyric composer and his success in melodic forms have in no way made us forgetful of his scholarly treatment of the harmonies. Here again the greatest French composer shows evidence of the most consummate artistic qualities in his perfect mastery of harmonic form, a knowledge of all the resources of the modern orchestra, vivid imagination, and a fine sense of harmonic color. It is readily admitted that the orchestra plays an important part in the opera; the instrument as well as the human voice has its own passionate, emotional significance; the strength and meaning of Gounod's accompaniments are always in proportion to the degree of passion on the stage. The student of Gounod knows so well his delightful handling of harmony—his bold dissonances cleverly resolved, surprising, original and fascinating modula-

tions, his climaxes, especially when worked up chromatically, so finished and satisfactory that it is not difficult to discern the masterful hand of the genius. Nor has the delicate, refined and graceful accompaniment been neglected by Gounod when the nature of the melody demands it. Witness the beauty, taste and charm in the cello accompaniment to the song of Siebel. "When all was young."

The endless and at times meaningless recitatives which occur in many operas are avoided by Gounod. It is true we find them, but of a reasonable length, accompanied by a varied and heavy instrumentation so expressive of the dramatic action and emphasizing the sentiment of the poem that we would believe both poet and musician felt the same. Not the least interesting feature of Gounod's art, was the wealth of ideas contained in the developments of his themes. It matters not how trite the theme may be, it is certain that Gounod will treat it in an original masterful manner; common place subjects become passages of real grandeur, logically developed to their fullest extent, leaving nothing to be desired.

Faust in many respects, is such an unique production that it is impossible in an article of this brevity even to hint at its manifold striking features; its transcendent qualities as a work of art has so appealed to musicians that they have placed it in a category of its own—some more enthusiastic, have thought it the greatest opera ever written. Majestic and vigorous, graceful and elegant, the opera Faust does not paint to us a trashy love story, nor scenes from nature; but as the great poet, an adept in human nature, Gounod, in language vehement, passionate and deeply expressive, depicts human passions, the soul's longings, hopes, joys and sorrows. It is a pleasing and at the same time a difficult task to estimate the ascendancy Faust has gained in art and among artists and people; the key note of its success might perhaps be found in its trueness to nature. It is an epoch making opera not unlike the gorgeous Gothic cathedral whose structural perfection and strength will mock the inroads of time, and whose grand outlines of beauty with its elaborate ornamentation will be the admiration of men as long as they can appre-

ciate sublimity and loftiness, beauty and excellency in art.

Though Gounod's dramatic works, particularly *Faust* and *Romeo and Juliet*, have placed their author in an honorable and elevated position among musicians, still if the world had never known these, his religious productions would have assured his claim to immortality; they are among the most valued bequests Gounod has left to posterity. His sacred writings are indeed a realization in tones of the deep significant meaning of the most holy truths of religion. Gounod was of a religious temperament, a man of prayer and love and this has not been without influence upon his music. This great composer was essentially a religious writer; no modern musician understood better the spirit and sentiment of the sacred text. I am satisfied that Gounod has given to the Church music suitable and adapted to the grave and holy character of those truths, which his music renders more effective and impressive.

Music, notwithstanding some musicians advocating the contrary, is not a definite and distinct language; it is vague and indefinite and conveys ideas to the mind only when associated with words. The world will never obtain the details of battles or of any other event through notes. Whether music is set to profane or sacred subjects, its mission is to be the handmaid of these; the style and sentiment of the music must correspond and be so perfectly adapted to the word that they will the more impress our minds. No one has so well succeeded in setting music to the greatest truths of religion as Gounod. In this regard Mozart and Haydn have miserably failed. They can be justly reproached for frivolity and insincerity; their music lacks that grandeur, sublimity and gravity which should above all things characterize religious music. As musical works their masses of Mozart, Haydn, LaHache and others, Gounod's do have accompanied religious themes. On the contrary the most striking feature of the Gounod masses is that exact adaption of notes to the holy theme—every note helps to bring out more clearly and unmistakably the meaning of the text. Unlike the masses of Mozart, Haydn, LaHache and others, Gounod's do not tend to send the worshipper's mind to the theatre instead of

to heaven. There is of course a similarity in Gounod's style of opera and sacred music; an author cannot be divested of his peculiar mode of presenting ideas nor his individuality. But the same masterful hand which so well portrayed human passions in the opera has also given befitting music to religion.

Some of the masses which have made the deepest and most lasting impression on musicians are the Grand Mass dedicated to the Cathedrals, the beautiful Messe Breve in C, with its superb Sanctus, the stupendous work, the mass in Honor of Joan of Arc, and the mass destined to live as long as music lasts, a mass so replete with deep religious feelings, that none but the man thoroughly imbued with Catholic belief and spirit could have penned it—the "Messe Solennelle" some times called the mass of St. Cecilia. As to its originality, perfect rhythm, clearness of melodic form, a powerful treatment of the harmonies, agreement between melody and words, there is nothing like it in the whole realm of sacred music. There is not in this mass a weak or an arid passage; in it Gounod's genius soared to the loftiest heights and never once did its powerful wings fail to sustain it in these ethereal regions. There is a constant attempt in this Mass to climb higher and higher so that it is difficult to judge what part is the superior.

What an ardent prayer is Gounod's Kyrie in the Messe Solennelle! What an intense supplication for mercy! There are other Kyries written in a broader, more difficult and complicated style, but none can equal this tender appeal for pity. Note the gradual rise of each phrase, like the sinner extending his arms higher and higher, pleading in agonizing tones for compassion. Then comes that magnificent triumphal hymn—the Gloria. It opens with a soprano solo accompanied by closed lips, perhaps in imitation of the angelic voices which first announced the birth of Christ, in the *Laudamus te*, we would fancy that every power in heaven and on earth vie with each other to herald the coming of the Saviour; nothing can restrain them and they give vent to their feelings in jubilant song. Mozart and Haydn had the pernicious habit of introducing fugues or canons in their masses, principally at the end of the Gloria; the

fugue or canon should appear in dramatic composition, and then only when they are the natural outgrowth of the situation and thought of the characters. In masses no reason can legitimize their introduction; they are useless and meaningless. Gounod understood this and in spite of the prevailing custom, had the good taste to utterly do away with them. The finale of the Gloria, with its subtle and abrupt modulations is an admirable and imposing model of a climax.

Who can listen to the majestic and forcible Credo, with its wondrous, massive, independent accompaniment, without feeling a sense of awe steal over him which irresistibly moves him to worship? Gounod in the Credo has clothed all that is vital in man's belief with the highest forms of art. The elements of intensity and power, breadth and grandeur, are contained in the Credo more than in any other part of the mass. Gounod's deep conception of the mystery of the Incarnation is by far superior to any melody ever set to the "Incarnatus Est," he desires this to be chanted as soft as possible in order the more to impress us with this awful mystery. These expressive strains come as a relief and are a vast improvement on the light and meaningless melodies we are accustomed to hear.

In the Sanctus we find a deeper inspiration and higher spirituality, than in the Credo. It is truly an angelic chorus. The most casual observer cannot but note the perfect symmetry in the Sanctus. What enchanting and heavenly beauty are the sweet and gentle waves of harmony in the "Pleni Sunt Coeli!" In this part, as well as in the other parts of the mass, it is those sudden ingenious harmonic changes which give to the mass its largeness, force and rapturous attractiveness. A more satisfactory and magnificent chorus is hardly available.

The balmy freshness, sweetness and grace contained in the Benedictus and Agnus Dei seem as breezes from heaven which come to soothe and comfort the sinner.

On a whole I think the Messe Solennelle one of the greatest masses ever written; other masses may be musically superior; but in respect to the clearness of construction and perfect setting of music to the text of the mass the Messe Solennelle has

no equal. Vast as Gounod's fame is, it is bound to grow with more careful study of his religious works, which possess such sterling merits that they are certain in time, to be classed among the most noble works of art; they have forever inseparably associated Gounod's name with sacred music. The masses as well as the splendid oratorios of Gounod, *The Redemption* and *Mors et Vita* have practically remained a sealed book to the public; it is to be hoped that his sacred music, which contains so much excellent choral work, will be given a just trial; that they will be taken up by the best conductors and sung by the best choral societies. This is due to music and to Gounod, and the public at large should not be deprived of their beauty and true musicianship:

In the Pantheon of art Gounod can be classed among those rare geniuses who, in the language of tones have ennobled the minds of men, and bettered humanity by giving to the world,

“Music, that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.”

L. J. G.

FRAUD.

I shall not ask whether or not any you have ever purchased gold bricks or dealt with a green goods merchant, whether you have ever made bargains with lightning rod agents or been inveighed into a “get-rich-quick” scheme -- no, I shall not question whether or not you have been personally the victim of the many confidence men who ply their trade on every hand. I do not wish to recall any unpleasant reminiscences; yet it is safe to say that each and every one of us has had an occasion to know what fraud is and why it is so justly called the eldest born of the father of lies.

If there are any people who ought to be practically acquainted with fraud it is we here in America, for this land is avowed to be a blooming garden of shams. Barnum, the three

ring carnival king, has styled us lovers of humbuggery and we are known the world over as the easy victims of hoax performers and unscrupulous schemers.

Yet, I do not intend to treat of the ludicrous aspect of fraud, but I am to consider it from its more serious view point. Fraud is the act of deception deliberately practiced with a view to gaining unlawful or unfair advantage, or as Blackstone defines it—a violation of public or private confidence. Whether it be practiced in business, in petty contracts, in religion or in politics, whether it be styled cheating, peculating, grafting or boodling, it is the same thing—a breach of trust. As such we are very familiar with the term and the thing today for the American people are being confronted with every sort of fraudulent dealings. We are hearing of corruption in politics, of boodling, of grafting, and every manner of scheming and contempt of law. Fraudulent methods are being used in municipal affairs, in our state legislatures, on the circuit and supreme benches, in our congressional and senatorial halls, yes even in our departments of state! Could all this have been foreseen by that grand old statesman, James Madison, who before departing from this life left as his will and testament these words of counsel: “The advice nearest to my heart and dearest to my convictions is that the union of states be cherished and perpetuated. Let the avowed enemy to it be regarded as a Pandora with her box open and the disguised one as the serpent creeping with deadly wiles into Paradise.” He feared not so much the formidable power, the strong army, the allied forces of nations, as the internal evils, the enemies to concord, those vulturous evils, like corruption and lawlessness, that gnaw silently at the very vitals of the nation.

Our national morality is becoming debased and we are branded the world over as protectors of boodlers and deceivers. What? America means fraud! It is time for our people to act and redeem the reputation we are fast losing. Is our glorious land of liberty to become the home of the plunderer and corruptionist, to foster this debasement in public life which, as our President says, brings the ruin of free institutions? Is that

flag, still damp with the blood of our martyred forefathers, that symbol which so often struck terror into the hearts of our enemies and caused them to bend in submission beneath its folds, is that glorious banner to be dragged by us in the mire of pollution? Is our fate to be that of Rome and France? Are we to be torn from the Alpine summit of glory and plunged down into the abyss of corruption? It is time for the American people to establish a higher standard of morality in public life. As Burke says: "the temple of honor ought to be seated on an eminence." When men no longer sell their votes, when employers no longer coerce their employees, when we find honor which can not be purchased by paltry gold, then we shall have clean politics, clean offices and a clean government.

But it was not my intention to dwell so long on this subject which was so ably discussed by one of our members so short a time ago. This evening I ask you to descend with me into the Infernal regions and see fraud there so personified that we may say the poet has given it a local habitation and name. So realistic is the description that you can almost touch it as you view the hideousness of the evil.

History, and in fact his own work, shows us that Dante was a man of sincerity and honesty, an intense lover of truth, an uncompromising hater of sham. Hence he was excellently qualified both by his intellectual and moral gifts to treat this subject in a masterly fashion and he thus acquitted himself of the task. In his *Inferno* he devotes several cantos to the treatment of this far reaching evil, fraud. It is the yawning gulf of Malebolge, than which there is nothing more frightful in the *Inferno*, that Dante has made the abode of the fraudulent sinner.

We must admire the ingenuity of the poet even in the device by which he descends into the pit of woe. With his guide, he is conveyed below on the back of a monster which is the very type of fraud. To form an idea of the monster, to perceive the hideousness of its appearance, it were better that you hear the poet's own graphic description of Geryon.

"Lo! the fell monster with the deadly sting

Who passes mountains, breaks through fenced walls

And firm embattled spears, and with his filth
Taints all the world. * * *

Forthwith that image vile of Fraud appeared
His head and upper part exposed on land,
But laid not on the shore his bestial train.

His face the semblance of a just man's wore,
So kind and gracious was its outward cheer;
The rest was serpent all; two shaggy claws
Reached to the arm pits: and the back and breast
And either side, were painted o'er with nodes
And orbits. Colors variegated more
Nor Turks nor Tartars e'er on cloth of state
With inter changeable embroidery wove,
Nor spread Arachne o'er her curious loom.
* * * * *

In the void,

Glancing his tail upturned its venomous fork,
With sting like scorpion's armed."

And now let us accompany the poets on that perilous ride down to Malebolge, seated on the back of this terrible monster. Like a vessel leaving port, Geryon loosed himself from land and steered in mid air. Terrified were the poets to find themselves suspended thus apart from land with a yawning abyss below. Swiftly the monster descends, but Dante was unable to tell which way he traveled save by the fact that the air arising struck him in the face, or as he states, "breathed on me from below." Down, down, they swiftly descend until arrived at the foot of the precipice, the poets alighted from the monster and found themselves in Malebolge. But before we view the scenes in this dreadful pit, let us see this Geryon once more and note the symbolism in Dante's description. With a fair, charming face, the lower parts beastly, and a venomous tail, it is a personification of real fraud with its enticing side, confidence---be-speaking like the human countenance, but it also has its vile side which is the index of its true character.

As Shakespeare said many years after Dante:

"A villain with a smiling cheek
A goodly apple rotten at the heart,
Oh what a goodly outside falsehood hath."

The many colors of the beast symbolize the numerous

species of fraud, the hundreds of ways in which it manifests itself and the thousands of individuals who are its votaries. Note also the celerity of the motion which typifies the quickness with which fraud operates on earth. Before its victims realize anything is happening it has carried out its plans.

But let us follow the poets through Malebolge and view the many kinds of religious frauds, social frauds, and political frauds. Let us look briefly on the many species of sins he has punished here and note the symbolism of the punishment.

First let us visit the circle described in Canto 23rd, wherein are punished the hypocrites. A peculiar scene greets us. We behold a multitude of shades pacing up and down bearing a look of sadness and pain on their countenances. On their heads they wear gaudy caps or hoods of shining golden tint, attractive in appearance, but which on examination we find to be lined with lead of such weight that they literally crush the poor victims. Note the symbolism here, how like these caps are to hypocrisy with its winning exterior covering a base interior.

Next we turn to the eternal abode of the barterers, public speculators and political grafters. Here perhaps we have the most gruesome scene in the Inferno, the devil's kitchen, that dark scething mass of boiling pitch over which broods a gloomy silence broken only now and then by the agonizing cry of a soul coming to the surface, expecting to find a moment's relief, but only to suffer more torture at the hands of the demons who guard the place.

“Ee'n this cook bestirs him, with his grooms
To thrust the flesh into the caldron down
With flesh hooks that it float not on the top.”

In this lake, where demons grapple their victims with hooks and sport over their misery, are immersed those who have given or accepted public bribes and here they receive a just retribution. Likewise we view the awful punishment of the counterfeiters; those who in life dared to counterfeit the features of others or falsify the current coin, now are afflicted with

hideous diseases and have their bodies distorted beyond recognition.

And so we find also the seducers condemned to run about naked and be lashed by horned demons; the flatterers who are immersed in filth, and every sort of fraudulent sinners subjected to punishment symbolic of their crimes.

Though we shudder at the awful chastisement the poet has inflicted upon those guilty of fraudulent practices, yet when we weigh the seriousness of their sins, we have no compassion for them. While we read these spectacular accounts of the punishment of the diverse species of fraud, we must not consider them altogether the effect of a wonderful imagination; but we must remember that such conditions really exist and the question of a speedy remedy for them confronts us today.

We must have men of honor, men who labor from a sense of duty, men who value their word above wealth, men whose last thought would be to violate the sacred trust placed in them. As Wagner says, "Let a flower, be a flower, a swallow be a swallow, let man be a man and not a fox, a hare, a hog or a bird of prey."

When men can be impressed with the true idea of justice, when they respect each other's rights and act according to their consciences, then and not till then shall we have strict honesty in public and private dealings and no longer shall our institutions be in danger.

G. P. M.—'06.

According to the comments of the Chicago daily press the Minim Sword Squad or Columbian Guards of St. Viateur's College were the chief attraction at the recent elaborate reception of the G. A. R., in their splendid Library Hall. Our young soldiers, so excellently drilled by Rev. A. St. Aubin, C. S. V., and so intelligently commanded by their young captain, Master Albert Birren, were the cynosure of all eyes and by their fine exhibition provoked the warm admiration and the enthusiastic applause of the veterans and their friends,

THE VIATORIAN.

Edited by the students of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Ill.

All correspondence must be addressed: THE VIATORIAN, Bourbonnais, Ill.

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

Entered at the Bourbonnais P. O. as second class matter.

All business communications should be addressed to REV P. O'MAHONEY, St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Ill.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

W. MAHER,

S. SULLIVAN,

W. MCKENNA.

A. LECUYER,

J. LONERGAN,

J. HAYDEN.

EDITORIAL.

We personally at least do not feel the irrepressible need of letting our pent-up soul gust forth in free effusions to welcome the timid Spring. We have almost come to the conclusion that there is not going to be any Spring at all this memorable year of '04, nor any Spring fever! We have so far failed to discover that "peculiar balminess and want-to-go-fishing feeling in the air," which our southern friend, the Decaturian, complains of. The twittering birds are twitted on all hands for their premature advent and for their unbirdlike persistence in fighting snow storms and enduring cold feet. But mayhap the belated Spring will come at the eleventh hour and will get busy spangling the meadows and lawns with patines of bright gold, the festive dandelions, and will take the delighted angler by the hand and show him "a good place" on the bank beneath burgeoning boughs that are actually vocal with the thrilling song of woodland quiristers. Then the hardy tiller of the soil will no longer be constrained to wear mittens and ear-muffs as he turns the sod and sows his grain; suggestions to heat the grandstand will be uncalled for, and if the poet's bosom swells with the divine afflatus we shall let him have his say.

The first competitive examination is over, and the second is already in sight. Really between these pitched battles and the base ball campus it is so diverting that one has hardly time to think what kind of cravat he will wear commencement day.

THE ORATORY CLASS.

The oratory class which has just finished its sessions may well congratulate itself upon the work accomplished during the year. One of the helpful exercises of this class is the weekly reading of a criticism by one of its members. The critic carefully weighs the arguments advanced by the speakers, judges of the arrangement of the parts of their discourses and also of the style and delivery. This work was done this year with remarkable ability and with most gratifying results. Among the subjects treated by the members of the class were the following: "The True Character of Brutus," M. Breen, C. S. V.; "The Eternity of Dante's Hell," J. Clifford, C. S. V.; "American and Irreligion," P. Kaiser; "Was St. Peter in Rome," M. Hayden; "The Lesson of 'My New Curate,'" J. O'Laughlin; "College Athletics," J. Dube, C. S. V.; "St. Athanasius," D. Drennan, "Leo XIII," G. Gannon; "Pius X." S. Sullivan; "Dante's Stygian Pool," W. Irish; "St. Francis of Assissi," J. Lonergan; "Trustworthiness of the Senses," A. Martin; "Descrates," B. Marsile; "Leibnitz," J. Munday; "Laymen's Religious Indifference," T. Rice, C. S. V.; "The Right to Govern," E. Schultz; "Fraud, as Pictured by Dante," G. Mulvaney, C. S. V.; "The Press," J. Kirk, C. S. V.; "The Dramatic in Dante," J. Flanagan; "The Rights of the Child in Educational Matters," W. Surprenant, C. S. V.; "A Plea for Religious Education," W. Maher; "Answers to Sundry objections Against Religious Schools," F. Cosgrove and P. Brown, C. S. V.

GOLDEN JUBILEE SOUVENIR, HISTORY OF ST. MARY'S PARISH.

Seldom if ever has it been our good fortune to peruse a work of local historical color so conscientiously written, with all its matters so well arranged and classified, a work of such absorbing interest, and so attractively bound, printed and illustrated as the one whose title heads this article. Indeed, if we mistake not, this work is almost entirely unique in this particular class of historical compilations. Unlike other histories of

this kind it does not simply relate the dry facts of local parish interest in a monotonous regularity, but covers a broader field and embraces a much more extensive scope.

It begins with the coming to Elgin from the historic city Vincennes, of the missionary fathers St. Palais ad Guigen, those fathers who, imbued with that truly apostolic zeal for the winning of souls, endured every hardship, surmounted every obstacle in their efforts to raise the cross in the wilderness; men to whose persevering energy and enthusiastic ardor, with that of their immediate predecessors, Marquette, Joliet and the others, is due the credit for having builded in the west the foundation of God's morning.

After the passing of the missionary priest, the book deals with the many vicissitudes the pioneer pastor had to encounter in ministering to his small but widely scattered flock, and speaks of the Elgin congregation up to the year 1850, assembling every fourth Sunday in each month to hear mass under any shelter obtainable.

The next two years however were to witness a great change in the affairs of the struggling congregation. For the replacing of the old stage coach line by a railway from Chicago to Galena gave a decided impetus to business generally; and the incoming of many Catholic workingmen, whose generous support emboldened the pastor, Father Feeley, to attempt the erection of a church.

The history then details the gradual growth of the church in Elgin under the most efficient pastorships of its many noble priests, up to that of Rev. Father Mackin's who in his untiring efforts and saintly zeal was instrumental in erecting the present splendid edifice, of St. Mary's. Which work is being ably carried to completion by his worthy successor the Rev. Father McCann. It was during the pastorship of the latter that the church was dedicated in the fall of 1901, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Muldoon, of Chicago, and at the same time was celebrated the Golden Jubilee of St. Mary's parish. The Rev. E. L. Rivard of St. Viateur's College gave the dedicatory sermon, which was a masterly effort in sacred eloquence.

In a cursory glance over the pages of this book we noted with pleasure among the numerous portraits the familiar face of one of the college students, Master Raphael Thiers, of the Rev. Fathers McCann, Gildea and Murray, and also those of the jubilee orators, Rev. Fathers T. J. Whalen, F. T. Cox, and E. L. Rivard, with the full text of their beautiful sermons.

Much credit is due Father McCann and Mr. D. Gahan and those who so unselfishly assisted them in collecting the necessary documents and material for the work, and who classified and arranged the matter so admirably. The binding is of morocco, with gilt lettering and gilt edged leaves. Its pages are printed in a clean and attractive type, and moreover embellished with many and most beautiful illustrations; it is in truth a gem of the printers art. The market edition is in press at Henneberry Co., 554 Wabash ave., Chicago.

D. P. D.

EXCHANGES.

Some time ago one of our exchanges suggested that the ex-men name some of the best magazines on their table, and here we venture our opinion of the relative merits of the journals we have been reading and reviewing for over a year: Among the mens' publications we would place the *Notre Dame Scholastic* first, which, though a weekly, is able to make any bi-monthly or monthly on our table, look to its laurels. Were it published each month instead of each week, it would unquestionably be easily in the lead as a literary magazine. The "Georgetown College Journal" would come next, with the *Davidson College Magazine* and *Holy Cross Purple* following close on its heels. Among the publications of the ladies' colleges, we would award the palm to the *Young Eagle* with the *Aloysian*, *Sibyl*, and *Alpha Pi Mu*, contending for the supremacy. Among the ex-men, the *Georgetown* man is king, while our pugnacious friend Mr. Bee, takes rank over the others. Such is our opinion of the college magazines and exmen, based on sufficient experience and more than plausible reasons (which we dare not, and would

not give); take it for what it's worth and be charitable in your judgment of our *critical powers*.

In a somewhat rambling article on the sensitive soul, appearing in a recent issue of the *S. V. C. Index*, an ambitious man rolls up his sleeves, expectorates in his hands and then undertakes to demolish with one fell blow the Scholastics' position on the brute soul. We quote the gentlemen: "The reason that scholastics give on affirming it perishes is that the sensitive soul is created in order to inform or actuate the body, and consequently it depends absolutely on the animal organism. I reply the sensitive soul does not depend upon the organism, because: First, it is a substance; second, it is absurd to affirm that a superior and more perfect being depends upon a less perfect one, as the animal body is inferior and less perfect than its *forma substantialis*; third, the sensitive soul is immaterial, and it is nonsense to say that an immaterial being depends upon a material one; fourth, the *forma substantialis* of a suppositum cannot depend upon its organism."

Your first reason, that the sensitive soul is a substance, assumes the brute soul to be a complete substance, which it is not; and every tyro in philosophy knows that it is not repugnant for an incomplete substance to depend upon an organism. In your subsequent explanation, wherein you attempt to parry a blow, you evidently lose sight of the spirituality of the human soul, which it has in addition to the function of informing the animal organism, and in which spirituality we find one of the reasons for its immortality; whereas the brute soul is endowed with the sole function or power of actuating the animal organism, and lacks spirituality.

The brute soul depends upon the animal organism for its operation as experience proves. If you say, it survives the body or animal organism, you must admit that in this after life it is absolutely in-operative. Hence, it exists and at the same time has no reason for its existence, which is a puerile contradiction.

Your argument to the effect that the demand of future existence to the sensitive soul is equivalent to an admission of its

annihilation, needs to be distinguished. The brute soul perishes and is passively annihilated, or falls into nonentity by reason of the inherent necessity of its nature, we concede; by an act of Divine omnipotence, we deny.

We admire your enthusiasm, sincerity and courage of convictions, but would advise you to leave such questions as the brute soul, essence and existence and the like, to the treatment of philosophers.

The April Transylvanian is the best issue of the K. U. Journal we have yet seen. The articles on 'American Humorists' and "Our Martyred Presidents" are scholarly, original and ably written. The eulogy of "Washington" is an oratorical gem, a credit to the author and journal.

Short on quantity and quality of literary matter is all we care to say about the College Index for April, from Kalamazoo, Mich.

The "Pacific" and "Future of American Literature," in the April *College Review* are instructive essays, the former especially impressing us as praise-worthy, both for novelty of theme and ability evinced in the treatment.

We must confess that our conduct towards the "*Dial*" has been simply scandalous. We have been forgetting or neglecting to review our worthy friend from St. Mary's, Kansas, for nearly a year, and, now we humbly say, *mea culpa*. The "*Dial*," be it known, is one of the very best of our exchanges; in fact always has been among the top-notchers in college journalism. The April number is an excellent issue of the esteemed exchange in question. All the stories, essays, and poems are good; and the exman performs his duty conscientiously and well.

W. J. MAHER, '04.

PERSONALS.

The following note was addressed to several of Rev. Father Menard's friends here at the college: "Escanaba, Mich., March 30, 04. Dear Friend: My mother died this morning, I recommended her to your pious prayers. Funeral Tuesday, April 5, at 10 a. m. Father Menard." Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris, D. D., and Rev. M. Lettellier, of the college, assisted at the funeral of Mrs. Menard. We respectfully offer our sympathies to Father Menard upon the loss of his mother.

V. Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris, D. D., and Rev. J. Ryan, C. S. V, assisted at the funeral of Rev. Father Coughlin at St. Charles' church, Chicago, April 11.

Mr. J. F. Parker writes from St. Stephens, Fremont Co., Wyo., where he is employed in the capacity of teacher and prefect in an Indian Mission school, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. Mr. Parker also attends the course of theology given in the institution. We wish our former schoolmate all success.

Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., assisted at the silver jubilee celebration of Sister Mary de Sales and Sister Mary Clara, his cousin, at St. Xavier's Academy, Chicago, April 16.

Among recent callers at the college were Rev. W. Burke, of Ashkum, Rev. W. Granger, of Brighton Park, Chicago.

Mr. Charles Johnson, of Chicago, has successfully stood examinations for admission to medical studies and intends entering medical college soon.

We likewise tender our best wishes to Mr. Joseph Granger and wife, who sent the following joyous note to their college friends: Joseph Granger, Elizabeth Chalifoux, married, Monday, April the eleventh, 1904. Rev. William Granger officiating. At home after May first, Kankakee, Ill."

Mr. Ed Platt, who attended school here as a minim in 1892 and 3 and is now successfully engaged in the bookselling business in Chicago, visited the college April 17 and was delighted to meet his former teachers.

Our popular postmaster, Mr. William Lamarre, and Miss M. L. Brosseau were married April 12 in Maternity church by V. Rev. C. Fournier, C. S. V. Our congratulations to the newly wedded pair.

Mr. Irenaeus Leduc and bride, of St. Lambert, near Montreal, Canada, paid the college a pleasant visit on their wedding tour early in April. Mr. Leduc, who is the brother of Rev. L. Leduc, C. S. V., instructor in commercial course, and graduated in the business class here, three years ago, has a remunerative employ in the Grand Trunk office at Montreal. We wish our Canadian friends happiness and prosperity.

We are happy to learn that Rev. A. D. Mainville, C. S. V., whow as recently ill at the Alexian Hospital, Chicago, has returned home to St. Viator's Normal Institute perfectly restored.

OUR GENEROUS FRIENDS.

Those beautiful angels, those white concretions of sublimated spirituality in the attitude of adoration and ecstasy, which have recently alighted in our sanctuary as though fresh from the realms of heavenly bliss, what an eloquent object lesson they are for us all how to pray, how to adore! Oh that we could be thus recollected, and thus inflamed in the presence of God in the Holy of Holies! The Italian artist whose chisel carved out of spotless marble these fairy forms must have felt stirring in his inmost soul the very spirit of prayer; he must have been charged with the spirit of faith and warmed with the fire of divine love, to make dull stone thus intensely pray, adore and love. There seems nothing lacking in the technique or in the

handling of plastic beauty to give these ideas and sentiments their perfect expression in speechless marble. These rare visitors are the welcome gifts of our generous friend, Mr. Frederick Legris, whose many other benefactions are inscribed upon the tablet of our grateful memory. The Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris, D. D., has adorned the altar of St. Joseph with an exquisitely wrought marble statute of Italian workmanship, which is the most perfect one of its kind we have had the pleasure to look upon. Nor does the altar of the Blessed Virgin now lack its proportionate adornment. A beautiful marble copy of the Virgin Immaculate of Lourdes was presented by the Rev. M. Letellier, whose zeal and taste for the beautifying of our chapel we gratefully acknowledge.

WHY NOT EARN \$300 DURING THE VACATION SEASON?

Over fifty college and seminary students will be in the field for us the coming season. They learned of the great success of Joseph Herman and others last year. Mr. Herman is a student at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, and in six weeks he earned over \$250. If you want to do profitable work that will be an education in itself write us. Give particulars as to whether you desire to do work in your home territory or to travel. We are now reserving territory for vacation workers. Send today for particulars.

Don't delay until vacation time, but write now so that all arrangements may be made beforehand. This is an especially good opportunity for seminarians, college students and teachers.

Men and Women is the great National Catholic Home Journal.

The Men and Women Publishing Co., 111 to 117 Longworth Street. Cincinnati, Ohio.

"What every student needs is the wide, general culture which can come only from the symmetrical developement of all three phases of human nature—the mental, the physical and the moral." —The Winthrop College Journal.

VIATORIANA.

Stop!

Boyle it!

Spring bonnets.

Stack up Rufus. Optics.

Buster Brown of Bourbonnais.

The Berry season has arrived.

Another house in the Village.

Pass the Cocoanut puffs or stewed figs.

Shorty says:—"I never care to ride a wheel. For I have got an automobile; with my automobile I can depend to run across a lot of friends." (How rude.)

Professor of music—Stop! stop! you mustn't sing that way sing from your diaphragm.

Shorty—(Faltering)—"I didn't bring that with me.

Charley—"That new student is remarkably brilliant."

Tom—"Oh! I don't know; it doesn't take much to dazzle you."

They're off! Play bail!

Senior—What is Edmund Lamb crying about?

Minim—One of the impudent juniors called him a mutton head.

Alex's recipe for Bath Buns—In a good size bath tub set several sponges to rise over night. In the morning remove the sponges, squeeze well and add two ounces of powdered soap and an ounce of common sense. Make up into small buns, place carefully in a sponge basket, and fry in boiling lard. When done sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar and serve with a broom to all spongers.

The Prefect was passing through the gymnasium when he heard voices in the athletic room. Opening the door softly, he beheld two seniors playing cards with two juniors. He stood quietly behind and saw two games played. When entering upon the third game one of the Seniors asked: "What's trumps?" when the kind Prefect, laying left and right with the stick, answered: "Clubs are trumps, and it's my deal."

The worlds famous Orioles opened up the season on April 18th against the Midgets. Owing to the fact that last year's manager had purchased a new hat the team were unable to appear in pink pajamas but their reception was none the less heart-rending. Promptly at 2:15 a benzine tallyho with Manager Paducah as chiffonier drew up to the club house. The Hungry five struck up Bedelia on the jews harp and the heroes descended amid a shower of pop bottles. A vast concourse of fans (composed of Sunny Jim and Petrus) cheered them to the echo. The manager at once borrowed a ball from one of the Profs. and the preliminaries were on. All showed fine form after the training jaunt to Brighton Park and the large and fashionable audience was enthusiastic. Charley Elfelt and Michael Hayes occupied (soap) boxes and the Boyles took up the remainder of the grounds. After the green and orange pennant had been run up on the corn crib the official handicapper grasped his trusty hammer and ascended the umpires' rostrum. Murphy took his position to windward, and hurled the sphere across the pancake. Crack—the ball struck Birren's bat and sailed over to the conservatory. The Village police were on hand with a search warrant however and the battered sphere was once more in action. The Manager adjusted his necktie. Pete Lynch was up and Murphy sent along a wide one. But alas, Kelly had laid aside his mask and was deep in reveries at the passing Co-eds, when the envious Murphy's twister landed on his bugle, and he went down for the full count. Hiram and Foxy rushed over to comfort the Co-eds and the umpire smiled profusely. After order had been restored the "twenty one years old" boy was awakened and went behind the bat amidst cheers from the bleachers. Pete knocked a high ball, over towards the town hall and everybody adjourned to Johnny's to look for it. Special telegram: we regret to announce that the ball has not yet been recovered. Who cares if Jap or Russian win their game- Our club will climb the steps which lead to fame.

OUR YOUNG PRIESTS.

Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., and Rev. A. Nawrocki were ordained priests Saturday, April 22, by His Grace, Archbishop J. E. Quigley, in the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago. Rev. Father O'Mahoney sang his first mass in his parish church, Utica, Ill., where a large concourse of friends and parents assisted. Rev. Father Sheedy, the pastor, was assistant priest, Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., was deacon and preached. Rev. T. J. McCormick, C. S. V., director of the Holy Name School, was sub-deacon. Mr. D. Feeley and Brother Raymond sang, Messrs. W. Keefe and F. Munsch, of the college the entire congregation after mass. The whole ceremony was a most impressive and beautiful one. Father O'Mahoney sang his first mass at the college, May the first. The editors of the Viatorian offer their warm congratulations to Father O'Mahoney, who several years so ably filled an important post on the editorial staff and is still connected with the financeering of our college paper. We wish him health and long life in the holy priest hood, whose ranks, we are assured, he will both strengthen and honor.

Rev. A. Nawrocki sang his first mass in the Polish church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, of which his brother is pastor. The ceremonies accompanying this great event were splendid and will leave a lasting and delightful impression upon the memory of the young Father Nawrocki, who will henceforth labor with his brother in their large Polish congregation. We cannot wish anything better to the new Father Nawrocki than to prove an able assistant to his brother whose excellent work is so evident in the magnificent church and school over which he has ruled now over a decade.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

BASEBALL LEAGUES.

The Senior league has opened with some brilliant contests and the race for leadership is exhibiting some surprising talent in a high grade quality of baseball. If you can steal an afternoon from the cares of free study and the monotony of the plugger's cell, go out on the grand stand and cheer for your favorites you will be most agreeably repaid and your fingers will itch to join in the sport. Official scorer Carney submits the following statistics to date:

Team—All Stars—A. Burke, Captain; Battery, Maher p., McEvoy c; Percentage, .666

Team—Cubs—W. Keefe, Captain; Battery, Stack p., Carden, c.; Percentage .666

Team—Youths—W. Burke Captain; Battery, W. Burke p., Marcotte c.; Percentage .666

Team—Kids—A. Kelley, Captain; Battery, Hickey p., McCarty c.; Percentage .333

Team—Orphans—B. Sheil, Captain; Battery Wuerst p., Sheil c.; Percentage, .250

The Junior Shamrocks have started with their accustomed vim and nothing short of professionals can hope to get a look in. The dope master says that last years aggregation are selling platers alongside of this coming bunch, whilst the confident Coach, Bro. Boudreau, smiles knowingly and waits for the flag to fall. The budding national leaguers line up as follows:

Jr. Shamrocks.

A. Marcotte	p.
W. Nourie	c.
F. Brown	1b.
J. Mulloy	2b.
A. McCarthy	ss
R. Russell	3b
C. Katzenberg	lf.
R. Cunningham	cf.
L. Finnegan	rf.

Reserves.

J. Reyers	p.
L. Dandurand	c.
W. Short	1b.
J. Robinson	2b.
R. Burke	ss.
E. Savary	3b.
A. Mudd	l. f.
J. Madden	c. f.
A. Klucher	r. f.

The Minims' league has been organized by Bro. St. Aubin and the team which wins the prize will know that they have been playing, for it is neck and neck and each game more desperate than the last. The Seniors themselves can hardly surpass the fast and heady work of these coming LaJoies and Wagners, for it is a long time since so many good ball tossers have been seen on the west grounds. It is with feverish anxiety that we await the coming games, confident that the finest points of the national sport will be thoroughly exhibited by the lively champions. Pick your choice from the line up and cheer them on to victory. :

"American Eagles"—Jos. McDevitt, captain and pitcher. A. Dandurand, catcher.

"Scratchers"—Al. Birren, captain and pitcher. L. Grogan, catcher.

"Stars"—Orion Ford, captain and pitcher. F. Legris, catcher.

"Eclipses"—John Cronin, captain and pitcher. J. Boyle, catcher.

20th CENTURY 15—COLLEGE 14.

The Indoor Baseball team completed the season by playing the 20th Century club at the Armory and it was a grand stand finish to the year's successful campaign. Both teams were tied for first place and an immense throng of fans were on hand to see the rub, expecting a good exhibition. In this they were disappointed and after the first inning scarcely a person could be found in the seats, for the game waxed from good to brilliant the rooters hearts were up where their collars belonged and everybody was on his feet or his neighbor's. The roof of the armory was in imminent danger of departure in the last inning when with the score tied the 20th Century squeezed in a run and the championship was theirs. We are forced to say that we cannot praise any of our men for their work, because we know not where to begin. It was simply a case of grand team work, the fastest kind of ball and every man doing his very best. Both sides richly merited the game and both won on form but the

huge tyrant called "base-ball luck" decided not to spoil the flag by halving it. To the following gentlemen all praise and congratulations are due: W. Burke, Capt. p.; Shiel c.; Burns, 1b; A. Burke, 2b; E. Burke, 3b; A. Kelley, r. s.; Magny, l. ss.; P. Berry, s. s.; Keefe, l. f.; J. Hayden, r. f.

REVISED SCHEDULE.

April 30, St. Cyril College.
 May 4, Chicago Clerics.
 May 5, Corby Hall.
 May 7, Morgan Park Acad.
 May 8, American Medics.
 May 14, Physicians and Surgeons.
 May 21, Chicago Freshmen.
 May 22, St. Ignatius College.
 May 28, Armour Institute.
 May 30, Illinois Scrubs.
 June 5, Lake Forest University.
 June 11, Wheaton College.
 All to be played at home.

BASE BALL.

St. Viateur's 17— —Kankakee Anchors 3.

The first game of the season was played with the Kankakee Anchors April 17th, and resulted in an easy victory for us by a score of 17 to 3. The game was uninteresting and one-sided from beginning to end as the Kankakeeans, though passable ball players, were far outclassed by our faster and more experienced men. In fact had it not been for our three errors in the seventh inning, each of which allow a score, the Anchors would have received a shut-out, while our boys made the circuit ten times in the first inning, most of which were earned runs.

Though the game on the whole was not interesting it showed to advantage the fine material of which this year's team is composed. Capt. Martin, our regular pitcher, played left field, while Stack, last year's Junior twirler, presided in the box and pitched a game worthy of a veteran, allowing but eight scatter-

ed hits and a single pass to first, while six fanned the air. Sheil who for the last two years has played a star game at short and third, proved to be an old timer behind the bat. He gathered in everything in sight and threw the bases with ease and accuracy. Jones was as much at home on first as he formerly was at short while Hickey and McDonald were better than ever at their old positions, short and second. A. Burke, last years crack left fielder, played an excellent game at third, handling nine chances—two of them difficult flies—with only one error. Kelley and W. Burke gathered in everything that entered the out-field with the ease of professionals. McDonald and Kelley led in batting closely followed by A. Burke, Hickey, Jones and W. Burke.

Drolet and Andrews were on the slab for the Anchors, but were batted at will by our superior batsmen, who straightened their benders for fifteen clean hits.

SUMMARY:

St. Viateur's	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	Anchors'	AB	R	B	PO	A	E
McDonald, 2b.....	6	3	3	1	2	0	Richard, l. f.....	5	0	0	2	0	0
Kelley, c. f.....	6	2	2	2	0	0	Seberg, r. f.....	4	0	2	1	1	2
Martin, l. f.....	6	3	1	1	0	1	Vander Grift, 3b..	4	0	1	0	2	1
A. Burke, 3b.....	5	2	2	2	6	1	Babst, 2b.....	4	0	0	4	1	1
Hickey, ss.....	5	0	2	0	1	1	Longtin, ss.....	4	0	1	1	1	2
Stack, p.....	5	1	1	0	4	0	Vade Bonker, c. f..	4	0	1	7	0	1
Shiel, c.....	5	1	0	8	4	0	Kuntz, 1b.....	4	1	0	6	0	3
Jones, 1b.....	5	3	2	1	2	0	Denean, c.....	4	1	0	5	2	1
W. Burke, r. f.....	5	2	2	1	0	0	Drolet, p.....	2	0	0	0	0	0
							Andrews, p.....	2	1	1	0	1	0
St. Viateur's.....	10	0	0	0	4	1	0	2	*—	17			
Anchors.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0—	3			

Bases stolen: St. Viateur's 16; Anchors 4. Two base hits: Jones, A. Burke, Longtin; base on balls by Stack 1, by Drolet 4, by Andrews 2, passed ball, Shiel. Umpire: Taylor of Kankakee

ST. VIATEUR'S 5— —American Medics 4.

On April 23rd was played one of the fastest and closest games every witnessed on the local diamond. The American Medical College, of Chicago, lined up against the 'varsity in a hard played eleven inning game in which our boys triumphed by the score of 4 to 5.

The honors of the day belong to Captain Martin, whose speedy twisters the Chicago boys were entirely unable to solve, receiving only five hits and one free pass to first, while twelve of them retired with three strikes.

W. Burke, though his error in the fifth inning was the cause of two men advancing and one of them scoring, more than redeemed himself by easily bagging five flies—two of them hard chances—when an error would have lost the game. Jones and A. Burke led in batting.

The 'varsity scored four runs in the second inning when A. Burke reached first on Wagner's error and stole second on the first ball pitched. Hickey followed with a hit to right field, advancing A. Burke to third, and stealing second. Thiers shot the ball to second intent on catching Burke at home but Smith threw wild and both Burke and Hickey scored. Lonergan got a hit to left field and was advanced to second on Shiel's sacrifice hit. Jones followed with a two-bagger. Lonergan scoring. Jones scored on W. Burke's sacrifice. McDonald drove out a three bagger to center, but died on third, Kelley flying out to Keller. Our boys were unable to make another score until the eleventh inning when with one out, Hickey got a safety to right field and by fast sprinting and daring base sliding, stole both second and third, scoring and winning the game on Lonergan's hit.

The doctors bunched four hits in the fifth inning getting three scores while one score was landed in the sixth by errors, during the remainder of the game they either succumbed to Martin's benders or knocked pop-ups which our boys easily handled. Osborne led in the fifth with a safety to right. Miller reached first and Osborne third on W. Burke's error. Osborne scored on a passed-ball while Keller struck out. Wagner followed with a two-bagger to left scoring on Lonergan's error, while Miller scored on the hit. Cowan flyed out to second and was advanced to third on Smith's hit, but was caught on home by Lonergan's trusty arm, Miller dying on first.

In the sixth inning Stevenson reached second by bumping into Jones who was trying to catch his pop-up on the base line.

Osborne hit to Jones who threw wild to third allowing Stevenson to reach that bag. With a man on third Osborne thought it an easy matter to steal second but Shiel's true wing lined the ball to Hickey who tagged his man and returned the ball to Shiel, while Stevenson hugged third not caring to risk himself with such accurate arms. Miller reached first on Martin's wild throw, Stevenson scoring. Miller was called safe on second where he remained, Keller flying out to W. Burke.

There were close and brilliant plays through-out the game especially in the ninth inning, when with two men out Lindberg drove far out in left field, Lonergan recovering threw to Hickey who, from left field, caught Lindberg about six inches from home plate. Also but for poor base running and coaching we should have scored in the ninth when Shiel hit safe and was followed with a two bagger by Jones.

Though our batsmen connected with his curves for twelve clean hits, Osborne pitched a good game, striking out ten of our men and allowing but one transport to first. Thiers did excellent work behind the bat, and Lindberg excelled with the stick.

SUMMARY:

Medics	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	St. Viateur	AB	R	H	PO	A	E		
Lindberg, 2b & s s.	5	0	2	2	2	0	McDonald, 2b	5	0	1	2	2	0		
Smith, 2b and s s.	5	0	1	2	3	1	Kelley, c. f.	5	0	0	0	0	0		
Theirs, c.	5	0	0	10	1	0	Martin, p.	5	0	0	0	3	1		
Stevenson, 3b	5	1	0	2	1	0	A. Burke, 3b.	5	1	2	0	0	0		
Osborne, p	5	1	1	1	3	0	Hickey, s. s.	5	2	2	1	2	0		
Miller, 1b.	5	1	0	10	0	0	Lenergan, 1: f.	5	1	2	0	1	1		
Keller, c f.	5	0	0	3	0	0	Shiel, c.	4	0	2	15	1	0		
Wagner, 1. f.	4	1	1	1	1	2	Jones, 1b.	4	1	1	10	0	3		
Cowan, r. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	W. Burke, r. f.	4	0	1	5	0	1		
St. Viateur's							0	4	0	0	0	0	0	1—5	
Medics.							0	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	0—4

Bases stolen: St. Viateur's 8, Medics 7, left on base, St. Viateur's 5, Medics 6, two base hits: A. Burke, Jones 2, Wagner three base hits: McDonald, Lindberg. Bases on balls by Martin 1. Hit by pitched ball: Corvan, struck out by Martin 12, by Osborne 10. Passed balls: Shiel, Thiers.

ST. VIATEUR'S, 24; KANKAKEE ANCHORS, 0.

On April 24 the Anchors again appeared on our diamond and for eight innings gave us slow practice. Stack was in the box for us and proved a veritable enigma to our Kankakee neighbors, holding them down to two hits.

Andrews did slab work for the Anchors but was batted out of the box in the sixth inning. He was succeeded by Pedley who was even an easier proposition.

SUMMARY-

St. Viateur's	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	Anchors	AB	R	H	PO	AE
McDonald, 2b.....	6	4	2	0	2	0	Seberg, 3b.....	3	0	0	2	0 2
Kelley, c. f.....	6	3	1	0	0	0	Fitzgerald, ss.....	3	0	1	1	1 2
Martin, c. f.....	6	3	5	2	0	0	Vade Bonker, c. f.	3	0	0	4	0 1
A. Burke, 3b.....	6	1	1	2	4	0	Kuntz, 1b.....	3	0	1	8	0 0
Hickey, ss.....	6	1	1	2	0	0	Longtin, c.....	3	0	0	2	0 1
Stack, p.....	6	4	3	1	2	0	Andrews, p.....	3	0	0	6	1 1
Shiel, c.....	6	2	2	6	1	0	Richard, l. f.....	3	0	0	1	0 1
Jones, 1b.....	6	2	1	10	0	0	Pedley, 2b.....	3	0	0	0	2 0
W. Burke, r. f....	2	1	1	1	0	0	Babst, r. f.....	2	0	0	0	0 1
Lonergan, r. f....	4	3	4	0	0	0						
St. Viateur's.....	0 0 2 1 2 11 1						7—24					
Anchors	0 0 0 0 0 0 0						0 0 0—0					

.. Bases stolen: St. Viateur's 9. Two base hits: McDonald, Martin, Hickey, Stack, Lonergan 2. Three base hits: Martin, Stack, Lonergan. Bases on balls: Andrews 4, Pedley 3. Struck out by Stack 4, Andrews 5, Pedley 1.

The batting and fielding averages at the present writing are:

BATTING.

	AE	H	BB	PER CT
Lonergan	9	6	0	666
McDonald	17	6	5	498
W. Burke	11	4	0	396
Stack	11	4	0	396
Martin	17	6	1	378
Jones	15	5	1	355
Shiel	15	4	3	332
A. Burke	16	5	0	315
Hickey	16	5	0	315
Kelly	17	3	2	201

FIELDING.

	A B	H	BB	PER C T.
McDonald 2b	3	6	0	1000
Kelley, c. f.	2	0	0	1000
Stack, p	1	6	0	1000
Shiel, c	29	6	2	965
A. Burke, 3b	4	10	1	938
Jones, 1b	32	2	3	918
Hickey, s. s.	3	6	1	900
W. Burke, r. f.	7	0	1	875
Martin, p. and l. f.	3	3	2	750
Lonergan, l. f.	0	1	1	500

Rev. Fr. Krug, of Chicago, paid a pleasant visit to the college the last week in April.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris, D. D., Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., and Rev. J. Ran, C. S. V., assisted at the funeral of Mother Genevieve St. Xavier's Academy.

The 'Varsity team beat the St. Cyril College nine 25 to 1 Saturday April 30.

Several wonderful catches have happened along the Kankakee; but several more expected ones did not happen.

Commencement Day is on the 16th of June. His Grace Archbishop Quigley will preside.

The halls will soon resound with the voluble voices of elocutionists and orators in training for the usual contests. There are lesser evils.