

# THE VIATORIAN.

PAC ET SPERA.

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NO. 7

## ST. THOMAS.

As the golden bee when of the rose it tires  
To quench its thirst stops by the bubbling  
spring,  
So the "Angelic Doctor," when of knowl-  
edge's flowers  
The honey he had sipped, winged once his  
Flight to heaven's fountain. In vain the  
genii  
With borrowed youth, from stores of an-  
cient wisdom  
Poured in his heart the sweets of Attic  
lore  
His thirst remained. In vain he plied the  
Draught; the wish to know had but in-  
creased.  
Then turned he in impatience keen  
To Thee, O Christ, center of all light.  
With loving eyes bent on the crucifix  
Which as often as he read he began to read  
again.  
Behold the book, where God Himself hath  
written  
With His blood, all conquering truth,  
The never-ending price of human woe,  
And of immortal hope, the true foundation.  
In vain his eyes and mind solution sought  
Of the mysterious import of the shameful  
cross  
The Divine Victim instantly reanimated  
Seemed to move before him, as pendant  
leaves  
Stirred by the balmy breath of morning's  
breeze.  
And from those parched lips, lit by a smile  
Fell, music-like, this heavenly, blissful  
word,  
Which human wisdom never heard nor  
shall,  
"Thomas, my son, of Me you've written  
well;  
Say what you would that I should do for  
thee."

Then silently all waited in that solitary  
spot  
And Thomas understanding that of worldly  
wealth  
There would be left him but a shroud  
This answer made: "My God I desire but  
Thee alone."  
Immediately he felt his prayer was heard  
For never such a light lit up his thought,  
Never had happiness so pure, so complete  
Filled to the brim the abyss of his heart.  
Partly then was removed the heavy veil  
which  
All things covers, and in the opened glory  
He believed that Him he saw, whose im-  
mensity  
The expanse of shoreless ocean doth em-  
brace  
And who hides behind the purple twilight  
The splendor of His beauty, majestic and  
supreme.  
Oh immeasurable reward! That to a mor-  
tal gives  
Of God-like power as much as heaven can  
bestow  
And for which, though shadow vain, man  
craves,  
For his heart, though but an atom of the  
universe,  
Can be filled but by a Being Infinite  
When from the final sleep he shall awake  
in God.

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## LETTER FROM ROME.

COLLEGIO CANADESE,  
VIA QUATTRO FONTANE 117.  
ROMA, ITALIA, Feb. 26, '95. }

DEAR VIATORIAN:—I owe you a  
great deal for the pleasure which your  
angel visits afford me; for, though few



and far between, your messages from the very heart of my affections, from that loved spot which we call home, from my Bourbonnais, from my Alma Mater, are always tidings of great joy. One could scarcely imagine how people and events grow in interest and importance with long distances. Your personal and local columns, and the merest details of your society doings, are like cablegrams. Having noticed the patience which you, on your side, have displayed in culling bits (or, rather, pretty large chunks,) of news from the various letters I occasionally write, I thought of sparing you pains and alike pleasing you by writing these few lines to you personally.

Shall we speak about the weather to begin with, that handy old traditional way of "falling in?" Well, we are not getting much weather by this time, *i. e.*, not *Italian* weather, which has the reputation of being so fair and warm and balmy, clear, sunny, delightful, and pure. Oh, no! The weather we use here in winter is the most nondescript and unclassifiable sort of weather you ever saw. I can't name it. It will assuredly need a good deal of repair when spring opens up; the sky will need to be swept, and the wheels of old Sol's chariot oiled. In a word, it has been unusually cold and wet here for the last two months. The Romans put their hands in their pants pockets, and with a shrug of the shoulders, a shake of the head, and several other significant gestures, exclaim, "*Que Tempo bruto!*" the mildest translation of which is, "What

brutal weather!" Stoves? Furnaces? The Canadian college, "*Il nobile Palazzio Canadese,*" as the Romans call it, being a modern building has a heating apparatus; but the universities, churches, and private dwellings are not provided against the cold. How do we manage? We freeze it out. People suffer less from cold in the snow fields of Canada than the Romans do a winter like this one.

But why should one complain of, or even mention this, after all, but temporary discomfort, when he is in Rome—the great, warm heart of the Christian world? In Rome, too, where every monument, every hill, every stone speaks of the endurance, the fortitude, the heroism of millions of martyrs, and tells through what deluges of blood and through what long agonies of pain the saving faith in the Man of Sorrows has floated down to us—taming and civilizing the nations as it flowed along the centuries. What do all these silent ruins say? They relate the prodigies of that wonderful power we call faith; how that power sustained the martyrs while they were being eaten alive in the amphitheater, or while their palpitating flesh was sizzling over the slow fires that lighted the gardens of Nero; while their bodies were harrowed with hooks of iron, their wounds filled with gall, their ears and mouths filled with boiling lead, their mangled bodies smeared with hot pitch, and their fair fame blackened, and their property, honor, life, and all pitilessly wrenched from them. We would scarcely believe that such atrocities



were possible unless we saw with our own eyes the monuments which attest alike the barbarous cruelty in which the persecutors gloried and the constancy and fortitude in which these athletes of Christ hoped for and won their crowns. How lovely these young martyrs in their gentle heroism! How well inspired are Cardinal Wiseman's praises of St. Pancratius, a boy of 14; and of St. Agnes, a mere child! How admirable the dauntless courage of that noble young Roman soldier, Sebastian, who was shot with arrows because he professed Christ, the then execrable name! These weak hands have broken the scepter of imperial Cæsars whose names humanity is ashamed to own, while it blessed the name of Christ and honors those who have proved to what sublime summits of virtue man can rise. The altars of the deified Cæsars have long crumbled into dust, and over the relics of the Christian heroes have risen shrines venerated by pilgrims in every age, who reverently invoke their names and piously kiss the places they consecrated by their martyrdom. Of these consecrated spots there are none more unique and teeming with more august souvenirs than the catacombs, where the bodies of the Christians were buried and where not a few even were put to death. Now, all the bodies have been taken out; but these sepulchres, so long the repositories of the bodies of martyrs, are still in great and most edifying veneration. My first visit to the catacombs was on St. Cecilia's day, at the cemetery of St. Callixtus. I shall not soon forget the

impressions of that day. Imagine a long, subterranean labyrinth some, fifty or more feet deep, which you reach through a tortuous and more or less abrupt and dark stairway.

It is the same one which the early Christians traveled over going to martyrdom or returning with the precious remains gathered from the bloody arena. On this day, the festival of this catacomb, this path is strewn with holly and fresh flowers, and tiny lights burn here and there. You think you are going to see a grave, a place of death and of silent dissolution. But what is your surprise and your delight mingled with reverence when, after turning a sudden angle near the crypt of the popes, you behold before you a vision all of light and life and song and climbing wreaths of flowers intermingling with graceful, fragrant wreaths of incense, and around, amid, and in this all a great kneeling, praying and singing assembly. This looks more like resurrection and glory than death and the gloom of a sepulchre. You are in the chapel of St. Cecilia, where High Mass is being sung in honor of that noble maiden who died for Christ, the spouse of her soul, and had been interred here. Instinctively we, too, kneel and pray and sing—and perhaps better here than we have ever done elsewhere. After the service we visit the chapel and see and venerate the *arcosolium*, or vault where the body of the saint had been deposited and note the ancient paintings on the walls. Thence we pass into innumerable underground streets intersecting



each other at irregular intervals. On both sides of these avenues are the *loculi*, or small places which received the bodies of the dead. They are arranged in shelves. The stones which closed the openings of these small tombs bore inscriptions and symbols which told the life and death and hopes of the ones buried there. Were there no theology, no catechism, or no scriptures, one could reconstruct the entire Christian faith such as we profess it today by means of these inscriptions and symbols and vessels and various relics found in the tombs. They all speak of the future life, of resurrection, of hope in Christ, of the sacraments He instituted, the virtues He taught, and the good works He practiced. In the afternoon Prof. Marucchi, the famous archeologist, gave a learned conference on the history of this catacomb, paying a glowing tribute of praise to the saint whose festival had called us there. He spoke in Italian, which is so much akin to the Latin and French that one who is acquainted with these languages can, with some attention, follow and understand the professor.

My Italian is hardly strong enough yet to walk alone; it has to be held up by friendly foreign hands. Still, I have accomplished buying stamps and a package of tobacco the same day in such an unbroken flow of Italian words as made the dark little merchant smile. Italians like to hear their language spoken by foreigners; a speck of vanity, I suppose.

I heard the Professor in another lecture given on the feast of St. Agnes

at St. Agnes' church on the Piazza Navone. We met the Professor some time before his conference and he accompanied us down in the crypt and showed us the places and explained the various modes of her martyrdom, and unfolded the meaning of the old frescoes which adorn the walls. In his speech of over an hour, interesting and at times eloquent, (it was in Italian) he spoke of the celebrity and early universality of the feast of St. Agnes, this he proved from the Greek and Roman Martyrologies. Then he spoke of her nobility, of the time, place and manner of her death, and of the place of her burial on the Via Nomentana. He explained the reason of the second feast: The octave of this particular saint was retained on account of the great fame which her child martyrdom, had won and the love which the Christians have always had for this feast. I did not assist at the blessing of the lambs at St. Agnes on the Nomentana—because I had three hours' duty at the university that day. I'll go next year.

The last time I heard Mr. Marucchi was on St. Valentine's day at this saint's catacomb. This time he lectured in French after the solemn high mass at which we had the happiness to assist. St. Valentine, who was a physician and priest, was accused of practicing magic arts—because, without doubt, he anointed the sick, and in this behold the early practice of extreme unction. He was condemned under Claudius II., called the Goth, to be decapitated at the first mile stone on the Flaminian Way in the year



269. It was not, as some claim, under Claudius I., for then the Christians were still mixed with the Jews and were not persecuted; but under Claudius II., the Christians, who had become numerous, were persecuted because they were held responsible for the incursions of the Goths, who then attacked the Empire, etc., etc. A pious woman named Sabinilla buried the body of the martyr in the side of a rising knoll on her property. This spot became a large cemetery. The early Christians liked to be buried near the martyrs. In a small chapel raised over the sepulcher of St. Valentine there are still visible the traces of one of the most ancient images of the crucifixion. It is supposed to date as far back as the seventh century. Before that time the Christians had not yet gotten accustomed to consider the cross as the sign of redemption and they shrank from representing the crucifix. The first ones were draped, and in this image the body of our Lord is almost entirely veiled. Hence it is supposed to belong to a very early period. On one side is the Madonna, on the other St. John. At the foot of the picture are names of pilgrims who visited this shrine in the thirteenth century.

I wanted to tell you about a distinguished visitor who addressed us some time ago at the Minerva, but I have already consumed enough space. Shortly, then, this gentleman was Prof. Ollé Lapruné, of the Sarbonne, Paris, a philosopher and a good Catholic. He spoke French without any lah-di-dah Parisian affectation, and

especially pronounced his *l's* and *d's* very much the same as the French Canadians do. But he had the Parisian tone and shrug of the shoulders (what Frenchman hasn't that?) and all that sincere earnestness which makes any man eloquent. His address lasted half an hour, and was delightful throughout. The drift of his remarks was on the dignity and the office of true philosophy. He emphasized the necessity of a return to, and an acceptance of, the first principles. These will lend stability and solidity to our science; sebjectivists, as those whom Aristotle called *mundi fabricatores*, world makers, build upon shifting sands. Beware of philosophical mysticism and agnosticism. God has called us to the dignity of secondary causes, and has given us reason that we may look for, find, and embrace the truth. The truth exists, and we can find it. Great word of Pasteur, "The proper attitude of man in this universe is to kneel."

Fr. Hodnett arrived here last week. I was delighted to meet him and have a chat about Chicago. He leaves next week for the holy land.

We'll see the holy father next Sunday, the anniversary of his coronation.

I climbed up to the dome and into the lantern of St. Peter's last Saturday. It is like climbing Mount Blanc—in reality, St. Peter's is the Mount Blanc of edifices.

This is *mardi-gras*, and the Roman carnival, which, they say, commenced over a week ago, ended today. Carnival is a big name for a small thing. A few gamins wearing masks and



sticks run through the streets cutting all sorts of idiotic shins, and that is carnival. Before the Piedmontese invasion the carnival on the Corso used to be a gay spectacle. But now, with the fine soldiers and the new taxes, the Italians have gotten very poor, and as it is no fun to wear a mask on an empty stomach we cannot blame them for not celebrating so joyously the day on which they should bid good-bye to flesh. Wishing you all a happy St. Patrick's day, and success in your literary labors and in your athletic contests, I beg to sign myself, yours truly,

E. L. RIVARD, C.S.V.

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#### LIBERTY OF THE WILL.

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The above is a question not unfrequently entered upon as a point of controversy among various philosophers. We shall here prove that the will of man in its present state really possesses liberty. However, it may not be deemed entirely inexpedient to insert here, that we do not intend to determine the limits or extension of liberty, and before proceeding to state the proofs upholding this fact, a word or two concerning the importance of this momentous doctrine will not be out of place.

This liberty, or freedom of the will, is a fundamental and far reaching truth. It branches out into all departments of metaphysics, and the view adopted on this subject should logically determine the theory of life and morality, which is, in fact, its

practical outcome. If man does not possess free will, if he cannot, of his own personal energies, oppose himself to the current of influences to which he is exposed, whether in the form of an inherited character, of an early training, or of present motives, then he is really nothing more than an irresponsible machine. If his conduct is always the resultant of those forces playing upon him, then there is no essential difference between acts deliberately willed by him and the movements of the madman, the brute, or the passing raincloud.

Suffice this to say, that the thesis before us is one of indisputable importance. It remains now to adduce some arguments to establish more unmistakably the freedom of the will in man. These arguments usually proceed on two different lines, viz., the psychological and the ethical. In as far as the psychological argument is concerned, we have recourse to experience. A more lucid and convincing argument than this we cannot bring forth. We all know and have experienced that we are free; in the first place, generally speaking; secondly, before performing an action; thirdly, whilst performing it, and lastly, after having performed it.

We are free, generally speaking. The love of the right of choosing between two objects is something inherent in all men, just as, on the other hand, the repugnance we feel for anything that binds us, is likewise common to all, the immediate consequence of which is, that we find the law of obedience so difficult to follow. If a



man asserts that he is aware of no internal desire of free choice, then argument with him is useless; but if internal observation assures him of the reality of this fact, which we know to exist in our own case and which is something universal to all rational men, then he may rest convinced by the highest evidence which can be presented to his intellect that he is endowed with free will, for this love of freedom is a disposition natural to each and every one of us, to which natural disposition there must be a correspondent reality.

Furthermore, we experience that we are endowed with liberty before acting. We know full well what takes place in us before the performance of an action, especially in one of great importance. We weigh well the expediency or in expediency of such an act; we view with scrutinizing eye the good or evil results that may accrue to us from the performance of the act, and having thus carefully deliberated then only will we act; but what entitles us to deliberate? Is it not that we have liberty, without which deliberation is impossible?

Again, liberty is experienced when acting. We choose freely; and we determine what act is to be the object of our determination. In the very moment of choice we feel the most complete assurance that the volition is an entirely free, unrestrained act on our part. We can not, for a moment, by any effort doubt that the act of consent is within our power; for in doing that particular act we sought what was most pleasing to us,

since self-satisfaction is inseparable from our free acts.

Whilst performing the act, we act as one fully aware of his freedom, especially when reasons for or against are of equal weight. Hence it follows that in the very performance of our actions we enjoy freedom.

Finally, we experience liberty after having acted. After our choice is made, we are conscious that we have done morally well or ill; that we have reasons for self-reproach or self-approbation; we fully realize that we are liable to punishment or reward. Now this consciousness is an infallible motive of certainty, as we have learned from logic, but if consciousness is an infallible motive of certainty, it naturally follows here that liberty is likewise a certainty, and therefore exists.

The second proof advanced to establish the freedom of will is founded, as we have said, upon ethics. It is taken from the common belief of all men that we are free, and this belief, so universal among men, can not be false. Although there might have been found men not agreeing with this truth, it does not, by any means follow that all mankind errs on their account. Again it has been found that those who theoretically deny the freedom of will practically admit it, as is proved by the manner they retort an insult which they considered highly offensive to their liberty. Liberty is, moreover, the foundation of morality and social order. In fact duty, obligation, responsibility, merit, all imply liberty. Kant, widely as he deviated in other respects from ancient modes of



thought, recognized that free will lies at the root of ethics, that it is an absolutely essential condition of morality. Consequently he appeals to the existence of moral obligation as an incontrovertible proof of liberty. The inference is perfectly just. If we ought to abstain from a forbidden gratification, no matter how pleasant it would be to us; if we are to be held responsible for our deliberate consent to it; if it be meritorious and deserving of approval for resisting it, then, assuredly we must be possessed of free will, we must be capable of yielding, just as well as of refusing to yield, and our act must not be the mere inevitable outcome of our circumstances, internal and external.

All men look upon laws as safeguards against the sudden and violent outbursts of anarchy or any other social disorder. They know that without laws there are no obligations to keep, no duties to perform, and in consequence, no order. But how could they establish laws, exact obedience to them and, on the other hand, punish the offenders, if these latter had no freedom of will? For this reason also, a person devoid of reason, is not considered accountable for his actions, because he is not in a condition fit to exercise the freedom of will.

Liberty is, finally, something indispensably necessary in our present condition, since without it, all our good actions would be deprived of merit. They would no longer be actions which require exertion and sacrifice on our part, hence we would no longer enjoy the privilege of claiming them

as our own. In short, the greatest achievements of illustrious characters gone by, would all sink into insignificance, for they would all become nothing more than mere acts of necessity and as such, would have no value.

From these proofs of the existence of liberty in man, it is certainly difficult to entertain any doubts concerning it. We can not well suppose that the allwise and beneficent Being, the Creator of all, had so constituted man, that the high intellectual faculties with which He has been pleased to endow him, lay lulled and sleeping, instead of awake and at work controlling the great agents of a material world.

M. A. W.

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#### NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

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"Human strength and human greatness  
Spring not from life's sunny side;  
Heroes must be more than driftwood,  
Floating on a waveless tide."

Joys and sorrows, crosses and crowns, make up the sum of our life here on earth. From the cradle to the grave life is but a struggle, and he who considers it in this light is best prepared for its duties. Since the dreadful fiat of God was uttered in Paradise against man, sorrow has been the inseparable handmaid of joy. Even as the ivy twines around the oak, so does misery and misfortune encompass the happiness of man, for felicity, pure and unalloyed, is not a plant of earthly growth, her gardens are in the sky. Nature herself bears the impress of this truth, if we but tarry



awhile to read her ever open book. With every line of beauty written on earth's face there is a line of gloom running parallel with it, and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one and seek not to decipher the other, obtain but half the lesson that earth has to give—that joy and sorrow, lights and shadows, walk hand in hand through this vale of tears.

After winter's bitter winds and gloomy days come summer's balmy breezes and gladsome hours. Side by side stand the parched and sandy desert and the green meadow dotted with fairest flowers. At the foot of the lofty mountain, with its peak clad in a snowy shroud, reposes the lowly valley, bright with summer's exuberant vegetation. The still and solemn night gives way to the glorious and happy day, and the moon's pale and mystic beams fade in the golden and effulgent rays of the sun. The dark and threatening clouds that at times hide heaven's azure dome have their silvery lining, and all is fair above.

Storms wild and fierce seem about to despoil fair earth, when, behold! a ray of brightness flashes through the gloom and nature smiles through her tears. Such is the lesson of nature—*ad tenebris ad lucem.*

The past brings home to us the very same lesson. Sorrows and trials have given birth to some of the grandest thoughts and noblest deeds. Many of our greatest songs are but the outpouring of a grief-laden heart. The sweetest poetry has its low wail of sorrow. Those very works that will live as long as language exists are in-

separably connected with tribulation and suffering. Milton, the author of our grand epic, "Paradise Lost," was blind. Fr. Southwell wrote his poems while in prison awaiting the sentence of death. Pope was an invalid all his life. From the sorrows and disappointments of Young originated his sublime "Night Thoughts." Collins wrote his famous "Ode to the Passions" to procure means of sustenance. Goldsmith, of whom it is said,

"Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit,"

was the unhappiest of men. The sorrows of Ireland gave the world Moore's beautiful melodies. Paine, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," was a wanderer all his life and died alone in a foreign land. Joy is beautiful, but fleeting; sorrow consecrates a spot for a nation and renders it immortal. Bethlehem, Gethsemane, and Calvary lie deepest in the human heart. The Coliseum and the catacombs will be pointed to with veneration when the very site of Nero's golden palace shall be forgotten. Lines of sovereigns, on whom the bright sun of prosperity shone and seemed to promise durability, have passed away; while the papacy, around whose cradle was gathered for its destruction all the power of mighty Rome, still lives, strong and world wide.

After seven centuries of suffering, Ireland wears today a noble crown—a crown won through terrible crosses. Her sanctuaries were despoiled and her children martyred, decimated, and exiled, until her fair bosom became a land of wrecks and tombs. But these



became her glory, as the poet so truthfully has said:

"Give me the lands of the wreck and the tomb,

There is grandeur in graves, there is glory in gloom;

For out the gloom future brightness is born,  
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn."

And the dawn has come, for Ireland's people form today a grand unstoled order of the church—a nation of missionaries upon whose labors the sun never sets.

Thus the lesson taught by all about us is that there is no crown without its cross; no pleasure without its pain; there is no triumph without its pang of bitterness. This is a law of human life, and the more fully we realize this the better we are prepared. The every-day cares and trials which come to us and by some are called drudgery, are but the weights of the clock of time, giving to its pendulum a true vibration and to its hands a regular motion.

Without effort nothing can be gained. We cannot dream ourselves into a noble character; we must achieve it by diligent effort. Emotion poured out over the hero of fiction, no matter how noble he may be, will not elevate us or improve our lives, unless we acquire for ourselves strength of will, self-denial, and persevering effort.

After all, our trials are not insupportable; their sharpest sting comes from our impatience, and hence the great secret of success is contained in these three words, "Learn to wait."

"Learn to wait—hope's slow fruition;

Faint not, though the way seems long;

There's a joy in each condition,

Hearts though suffering may grow strong."

H.

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*The Kankakee Times* has just issued what it terms an "industrial edition," containing sketches of Kankakee's foremost business men, with pictures of themselves and their places of business. The paper is gotten up in the highest style of the printer's art; the sketches are well written, saying good words of the subject without that flattery that borders on vulgarity. The illustrations are half-tone cuts, remarkably clear and distinct, a quality that this style of work does not always possess. This souvenir edition was arranged by Mr. Charles S. Daulton, a young man of more than ordinary ability. The publishers, Messrs. Dunlap & Livingston, are to be congratulated on the enterprise and ability shown in their industrial edition of the *Times*, and the citizens of Kankakee on having prepared for them a paper that will do so much to further the best interests of the city.

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My experience is that Christianity dispels more mystery than it involves. With Christianity it is twilight in the world; without it, night. Christianity does not finish the statue—that is heaven's work; but it "rough hews" all things—truth, the mind, the soul.  
—*Madame Stretchine.*



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College days, if they do not bring a young man all the knowledge he would wish to acquire, should at least decide his future, both as to the method of adding to the sum of his acquirements and the field in which he is to labor. The young man who leaves college unprepared to fill a vocation or undecided as to the one he shall follow must be put down as a shiftless fellow and as one not destined to do much good for his fellow men.

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While one may follow very seriously the lines leading to a definite calling, formally decided and accepted after mature deliberation, he may by indiscretion lose his reckoning and find himself drifting far from the course first marked out. To discover that one is going wrong and drifting into a current opposed to that formerly decided on, is generally a sufficient reason for changing. But we do not always see our own inconsistency, and too often will not allow its being pointed out. Hence the reason why the port toward which we steered on first set-

ting sail on life's ocean, is never reached, and we are forced to put in at the first harbor within reach, if indeed we are at all able to pass the breakers with which our way is filled.

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### COLLEGE CELEBRATIONS.

Every people has its national day, its day of rejoicing. In every country and during all times there have been chosen days on which people have loved to meet and in some extraordinary manner celebrate events in which they were greatly interested and on whose happening some blessing they now enjoy depended.

Colleges, which are little worlds, have their traditions to perpetuate, and on the days set apart for such festivities, Alma Mater loves to see gathered around her not only the children whose necessities keep them always close to her, but those, too, who have gone forth, so that at certain times the young and the old may gather at her feet, and there recount their experiences with the outer world and listen to the recital of deeds done at home. Thus friendship is constantly renewed. St. Patrick's day has always been a day of rejoicing at St. Viator's. Commemorating one of the great saints of the church, one to whom so many of her children owe the faith, the college has always made much of the day, placing it second only to the feast of its patron, St. Viator. The celebration this year was a happy one; it was a pleasure to see so many old students brought to



gether, thus proving their gratitude for what was given them, and their wish to recall incidents of college life in which they were once participants.

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#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

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The cheerful remarks about the delightful weather, the shining sun scattering rays of light and warmth, dispelling the usual wintery winds and overcast heavens, were typical of the sentiments aroused by the return of the day dear to an Irish Catholic heart, a day of endearing gladness, of fraternal sociability, of ennobling remembrances of a grand and benevolent man, a virtuous and learned apostle, a wonderful and ideal hero, St. Patrick. Many friends redoubled the joys of the occasion by their welcome presence and gave a zest to the merriment which was overflowing every heart. The students gave a pledge of their love and reverence to St. Patrick by receiving holy communion in a body in his honor. This is always a moment of grand thought and fullest thanksgiving on the part of parents, friends, and guests who have the time and pleasure to witness it.

The solemn High mass was celebrated by Rev. Father McCormick, C.S.V.; Rev. G. M. Legris, deacon, and Rev. Bro. Ryan, sub-deacon. The sermon delivered by Rev. Father McCormick was wondrously expressive of Ireland's joys and griefs awaiting their sure reward at the hand that planted the enduring faith in

Irish hearts and which has borne and still bears such abundant fruits.

The morning was given over to a reunion of dear old students, and to entertaining our guests.

No bell was more welcomed than the noon bell calling us to partake of a feast prepared in honor of the day. The many delicacies and good things quickly disappeared amid the lively small talk now and then punctured by a hearty laugh, which gave gusto to the meal. Our reverend president spoke a few words of welcome to our guests and touched upon the beautiful ideas that such a day must call to the mind of a poet priest, ending with customary invitation to the student who won the medal for conduct to come and partake of the large and delicious cake, which was a real cake and a great treat.

#### THE DRILL.

In the afternoon a dress parade was formed by the cadets in honor of our guests, who showed by their encouraging applause that they appreciated the masterly manner in which the young gentlemen displayed their skill with arms. The "Picked Squad," under our efficient colonel, Charles O'Reilly, splendidly executed the various and difficult manœuvres, and exhibited their ability in quickness and precision, showing that they were adepts in U.S. tactics. Hardly had they retired when the minims with flaming sashes and drawn swords entered the hall and gave a display of sword drill under command of Captain Hansl, young indeed in years, but a



veritable sage in all that pertains to tactics. A very laughable affair followed. It was our former colonel, Mr. F. A. Moody, arising and in his old time authoritative voice, giving the command:

"Awkward Squad, fall in!"

Immediately the remnants of last year's Picked Squad took the hint and laughingly formed into line, some with cassocks and a few with the gold braids and stripes, marched out and soon showed how excellently they must have formerly handled the gun. A continual laugh followed them as they marched out at "double quick," an exercise which many of the gentlemen needed.

#### THE PLAY.

In the evening we accepted the invitation of Mr. J. Nawn to attend the play, "Finnigan's Fortune." Our time could hardly have been better occupied. Every one concluded that Mrs. Finnigan was indeed a perfectly charming character. To describe her in these few lines would hardly do her justice. Let it suffice to say that her many sallies and comic poses kept the audience in laughter far into the next day.

William Doody, as Mr. Finnigan, displayed not only the abilities of a good actor and Irishman but also the happy facility of knowing how to make love. One would think that our young friend Katie (Master Pusheck) had some sugar or other like article on her face in the manner she was handled during the evening. The Dutchman (F. De St. Aubin) was above par,

one could hardly think that he was anything else than what he represented himself.

Finnigan's Fortune is a comic drama showing the awkward and amusing positions in which poor people suddenly made rich and led by passion for high society find themselves. The play is the most comical one ever presented by the Thespians, and we recall no effort in which they did themselves greater credit.

Monday was given over to *Congé*. How it was spent one can well imagine. Here and there we see groups of students amusing themselves, some in various games, or in strolling over the campus with friends. In-doors, music, vocal and instrumental—an impromptu concert, etc.

In the afternoon we said good-bye to the many visitors who departed, delighted with the splendid time they had and with many promises of again assisting at these happy celebrations.

The following is cast of Finnigan's Fortune:

Larry Finnigan.....	Mr. W. E. Doody
Patsy (his son).....	Mr. F. O'Reilly
Dutch Jake (his neighbor)...	F. De St. Aubin
Rafferty (his friend)....	Mr. L. E. Mullins
Count de Morney.....	Mr. A. Granger
Lord Lovejoy.....	Mr. J. B. Surprenant
(Swindlers)	
Mrs. Finnigan.....	Mr. J. H. Nawn
Katie (Jake's daughter).	Master G. Pusheck
	D.

#### THE FINALE.

As if to lighten the task of hard study, there is an increasing desire for stage and musical entertainments which, at present, pervades every de-



partment of the college. The minims, ever jealously on the watch, are determined in this, as in other matters, not to lag behind. On the evening of March 18th, they showed themselves to be bent on emulating their elders, rendering "The Siamese Twins," a farce in two scenes.

The drift of this piece was that a Mr. Skinner, being a suitor to Dr. Grabem's daughter, and the doctor being opposed to their marriage, determined to make her his wife by fair means or foul. As the doctor always had her under his supervision and never permitted her to leave his house, Mr. Skinner laid a plot to free her from her father's power.

Knowing that the doctor had a craving for curiosities of nature, he engaged "Pat Malone" and "Dan Crow," whom he fastened together by means of an artificial tube, and had them exhibited at the museum as a wonderful freak of nature which he called "The Siamese Twins." The doctor was sent to investigate the genuineness of this object of nature. While he was carrying on his examination Mr. Skinner had carried off his daughter and they were bound by a tie which no man can sever, whilst the skilful doctor cut asunder the hyphenated twins.

P. Hansl took the part of Mr. Skinner; the twins were represented by A. Gondreau and R. Rafferty; F. Wirth figured as Dr. Grabem, and I. Bergeron represented Peter, the errand boy.

Notwithstanding the shortness of the time given to the boys for prepa-

ration and the fact that some of them can yet count the number of their years on their fingers, their entertainment carried off a fair share of credit; and Mr. A. L. Michel, who trained them, shows that in this as in other respects he has a power over boys which can be attributed only to tact and painstaking work.

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Among the visitors on St. Patrick's Day were the following: Messrs. Halton, Furlong, Moody, Burnham, Carroll, Sullivan, Dillon, Patton, Griffin, Vandeventer, Hurd, Dr. P. Lesage, Corcoran, Healy. Mesdames Matthi, Krueder. Misses Barron, Bailey, Gleason, O'Reilly, Kelley.

H.

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#### BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

*The Catholic Reading Circle Review* for March abounds in good healthy reading. There is a somewhat lengthy but splendid sketch of Cardinal Newman, a most complete and interesting review of one whom the author styles: "Prince of the Church, literary lion of his country, and preacher whose influence will be felt till the end of time." Then studies in history, reviews of current topics, etc. The Outline of Required Readings is complete and original.

In the *Rosary Magazine*, Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., ably sketches some brilliant churchmen who have distinguished themselves in scientific researches. This is evidently a work of



love for the reverend writer, for in his introductory remarks he deplores the absence of a cyclopædia of Catholic biography. How serviceable it would be is best proven from the condensed life of the few great lights he has chosen to treat. If the few lives treated briefly in one short article develops so many surprises surely the long line of distinguished churchmen who have attained renown both in the sanctuary and in the schools would be a delight to Catholics and a great service to history.

*The Catholic World* prints "The Scope of Public School Education" from the pen of Bishop Spalding of Peoria. Anything coming from this deep thinker and brilliant writer has an intrinsic value sure to recommend it. But the learned bishop is never better nor more enticing than when treating education. The article is in the bishop's most happy strain.

*Records of the American Catholic Historical Society*, issued quarterly by the above society at Philadelphia, devotes nearly all the space of its last issue to "Philadelphia's First Nun, Sister Veronica, in the world, Cecilia Maria O'Conway." The life of this humble religieuse simple in itself, becomes important owing to the circumstances of Catholic development thrown around it. The article is very interesting, showing great research and care, and is a valuable chapter added to Catholic American history.

*McClure's* March issue is in some way a Gladstone memorial. Besides the very timely paper on "The Lord's

Day," by the "Grand Old Man," there are many portraits of him from infancy to old age. Gladstone is in most respects the most wonderful man of the century, and any memorial of him is most acceptable to his contemporaries; hence the interest which these portraits will no doubt excite. In the same number, "F. Marion Crawford: a Conversation," recorded by Robert Bridges, brings out many interesting points in the life of the famous novelist.

*Donahoe's Magazine* is always fresh, timely in the selection of its papers, neat in the display of its contents. Under its present management it has grown to be very popular. Leading articles of the last number are: "New Problems of Civilization," by Hon. William B. Rice; "The Present Political chaos," Mason Arnold; "Social Aspects of Religion," Rev. J. Hogan, S. S.; "Senators of Catholic Faith," A. J. Faust, Ph. D.; "Should a Priest Be a Scientist," Rev. J. Selenger, D. D.

A book resembles a friend in this, that when we like it we wish to know all about it—how written, where, what suggested the subject, under what peculiar circumstances the work developed and progressed. In *Home and Country* for March, Gen. Lew Wallace tells us how he came to write "Ben-Hur." Of its start he says: "I was not in the least degree influenced by religious motives. I neither believed nor disbelieved. Preachers had made no effect on me, and I can truthfully say that my attitude was one of in-



difference. But when my work was really begun, I began to write reverently and with awe. \* \* \* Well, I finished the serial I then proposed to write, and put it away until I should have courage to make use of it. In all this time the thought had never occurred to me to make of my notes a full grown book." The lovers of "Ben-Hur," and they are legion, will be interested in reading "How I Came to Write Ben-Hur."

The young folks always have a treat in *St. Nicholas*. In the current number. "A Boy's War," "The King's Ankers," "A Boy of the First Empire," are stirring stories. There is a good paper on "Nathaniel Hawthorne," and of course the inevitable, and shall we say, the immortal, *brownies*.

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#### PERSONAL.

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—Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., and Mr. J. Donovan spent several days in Chicago recently in the interest of the VIATORIAN.

—Mr. C. Quille, of the Senior department, spent two weeks in Chicago, where he underwent, very successfully, an operation for catarrh.

—We learn that Rev. J. Bigaouette, '93, pastor of Neche, N. D., is about to leave for Rome, with the intention, it is said, of joining the Franciscans. We are sorry to hear that he will be so far away, but we wish him success and perseverance in his purpose.

—Rev. L. R. Paquet, until recently, one of the college staff, has returned from his home in New Hampshire and will now devote himself to parish work, having been appointed assistant to Rev. A. Granger at Kankakee.

—Mr. J. Brennan left March 10th for Watertown, Wis., where he will rest for some time. Mr. Brennan's health has been poor and he feels the need of change. We sincerely hope that his restoration to health will be speedy and complete.

—Mr. Joseph Sullivan, '93, who spent St. Patrick's Day at the college, left the following day for Memphis, Tenn., where he will spend a few weeks in vacation. Mr. Sullivan is employed in his father's office at Cherokee, Iowa, his good work meriting a vacation as well as credit for gentlemanly behavior and business tact.

—Rev. M. A. Dooling, of Clinton, Ill., was a recent caller at the college. He spent some days amid the scenes of his former field of labor and returned home, accompanied by Bro. Cox, C.S.V., who will spend a few weeks with Father Dooling, resting and recuperating his health.

—Cupid has been doing some lively work among former students. We learn of the marriage of Mr. Eugene Bernier, '85, to Miss Annie Roach—Also that Mr. J. Belton, '87, of Danville, Ill., has taken to himself a better half. Mr. Ormas W. Smith, '86, has gone and done likewise, Miss Annie O'Neil being the fortunate lady. We extend our hearty congratulations



to the happy couples, hoping that life's path may be pleasant and that the joys of the present may be but the beginning of long years of happy wedded life.

—Mr. Alfred Fortin, '75, died last month. He was one of the first students of the college, a member of one of our most respected families and himself a most worthy young man. His prospects were most bright and encouraging, but fate had otherwise decreed. Mr. Fortin was sick but a very short time and no one thought his end would come so speedily. He was well prepared, and died as he lived, calmly and peacefully, fortified by the sacraments of the church. His funeral took place at Bourbonnais and was attended by his brothers Maximilian, of St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore, and Napoleón, of Albuquerque, New Mexico. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved family in the loss of a devoted son and brother. May he rest in peace.

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#### VIATORIANA.

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—Cap.

—Johnny.

—Erin go bragh!

—Put out the guy!

—A baskets of cherry.

—“Take a drink, Larry.”

—Oh! I *C* that sausage trick.

—“My face is a badge in itself.”

—“Oh, mein friendt, I seed them!”

—“I is all the ways from Cork.

—“Hear him soar; see him scream.”

—“Pulmonary means a—a *sleeping car*.”

—Is that a watermelon moving up there?

—It is only three o'clock when I went.

—Who had the six-penny bottle of *porther*?

—They had “white brandy” in a wine jug.

—“Oh, about a couple o'clock in the morning!”

—A cordial treat — passing the soothing syrup.

—“Where's me *vally-de-sham*? I want a shampoo.”

—The play was all that was expected and more, too. Messrs. Nawn and Doody quite outdid themselves. ✓

—The splendid weather that has marked the last days of March drew out the base-ball men, who are losing no time available for practice. They have strong engagements ahead and hope to be able to meet them successfully, and so defend their honor as of old.

—Easter vacation will be short, extending from Saturday to Tuesday only. There will be a retreat, as usual, during holy week, ending on Saturday morning, at the close of which vacation begins. What about going home for the Easter holidays? To be decided later.



## WHEN I HAD A SMOKE.

When I had a smoke,  
 Visions heavenly on me broke;  
 From dreams to larger efforts woke,  
 My thoughts in words ecstatic spoke,  
 When I had a smoke.

When I had a smoke,  
*Someone* through the door his head did poke,  
 Down I went with one fell stroke;  
 My heart stood still, I thought I'd croak,  
 When I had a smoke.

—Improvements go on a pace. The large combination structure lately put up, if it does not represent a great ideal in architecture, is an extremely useful one, being an ice house, laundry, and store-room. The ice house is sufficiently large to hold a two years' supply of ice.

—The young ladies of Notre Dame academy gave a fine entertainment on St. Patrick's night. Those who witnessed it were not only satisfied but highly delighted by the fine acting, beautiful singing, and general excellence shown by those who participated in the evening's exercises. Teachers and pupils are alike to be congratulated on their good work.

—The chandelier, long expected, has come, and found its resting place in the college chapel. It is a beautiful piece of work, rich and artistic. It is composed of three circles, each having several electric lights, the whole surmounted by a beautiful crown of pendants. It is suitable for either gas or electricity and will be a real ornament to the beautiful chapel.

—Anyone tragically inclined might develop something good from the following outline:

*Act I.* Cometh the joyful swain to board the car, *en route* to Kankakee.

*Act II.* Scene laid at the "Big Four" depot, where there is much weighing, and small talk galore.

*Act III.* Appearance of the vision, likewise of the train, and much, very much vanishing. Sorrows drowned in an oyster stew.

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Those who saw the military drill on St. Patrick's day have no doubt of the efficiency of the privates and officers of the college battalion. But to give opportunity to those who compete for military medals—there are two to be given—a special class of military tactics has been organized, and all the members of the different companies are required to attend. It is a good move, and leaves no chance for complaint on the part of those who are unsuccessful in the competition. The usual medals are to be given, to be competed for on the usual conditions—to which there is added a special for this year, viz., for efficiency in tactics. There is a chance for the young soldier who prefers theory to practice. There will then be three military medals, one for commissioned officers, one for privates, and non-commissioned officers, to gain either of which both the theory and practice of military drill are required; for the new medal it will be sufficient to have a good knowledge of the theory.

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It is better to suffer than to do wrong.—*Epictetus*.



## ROLL OF HONOR.

## SENIOR AND JUNIOR DEPARTMENTS.

Guilfoyle medal for composition equally deserved by Jos. Casey, A. Lyons, and John Sullivan. Drawn by A. Lyons.

The Lesage medal, for best French essay in belles-lettres class, awarded to R. Pugny.

The Conway medal, for average of 95 and upwards, classical course, deserved by Jos. Casey, J. Devane, A. Lyons, H. Ruel, F. St. Aubin, John Sullivan, and John Marx. Drawn by J. Casey.

Gold medal for first in greatest number of classes: Classical course—J. Casey, J. Devane, A. Lyons, J. Sullivan. Drawn by J. Sullivan. Commercial course—C. Roy, J. Philbin, J. Harrison, W. Griffin, E. Elvin, P. Darche, A. Changelon, T. Cahill. Drawn by J. Harrison. First silver medal, for second in greatest number of classes, equally deserved by J. Marx, E. Kurmenaker, J. Mortimer, H. Sullivan, J. Fitzpatrick, M. Ford, M. Breen, J. O'Dyer, L. Mullins, J. Burns, P. Dubé, R. Pugny. Drawn by J. Mortimer.

First silver medal, for greatest number classes: Commercial course—W. Fay, W. Corcoran, L. Lesage, P. Chalifaux. Drawn by W. Corcoran.

Second silver medal, for third in greatest number of classes: Classical course—Equally deserved by J. Granger, W. Caron, J. Kearney, W. Lemire, W. Granger, Mattie F. O'Reilly, E. Marroth. Drawn by J. Granger. Commercial course—F. Doyle, Maher, A. McNulty. Drawn by A. McNulty.

## MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Conduct medal equally deserved by A. Gondreau, L. Hurd, W. Hawley, F. Hawley, F. Werth, J. Barnes. Drawn by L. Hurd.

Excellence medal equally deserved by A. Gondreau, P. Hansl, B. Katzenbach, W. Kreugar, F. Milholland, G. Pusheck, W. Hawley. Drawn by F. Milholland.

## EXCHANGES.

—"Feasts," in the current number of the *Academia*, passes on the principal ones of March, and relates many incidents connected with some of these feasts. "Questions" are bright and spicy, and require some thought before the answer comes. There are numerous short essays, all well written and very interesting.

*The Stamp Collector* is a new visitor and we extend it a hearty welcome. Its mission is a peculiar, but a most worthy one. It is devoted to the interests of the missions, and its publishers collect old stamps, with which are effected the redemption and conversion of slaves and heathen children. The *Collector* gives much of its space to the subject of slavery, etc., in Africa. In "The Slave Trader in East Africa" are recounted some of the horrors of this nefarious work, which, in spite of the protests of the Christian world, still goes on in many places. "Home Missions" talks of the work done among the Indians in our own country.

—A writer in the *College Review* takes a rather pessimistic view of history. "The Illusions of History" treats of the many shortcomings of historians, particularly Hume, Gibbon, and Macaulay. There is certainly much to complain of. We should have liked to see the writer more kindly disposed toward history generally, and more definite as to the malicious twisting of facts by some of the fanciful writers named.



—The *Agnesian Monthly* is one of our very interesting exchanges. The February issue has many good essays, among them "Beauty—a Study," and "Imagination—a Study." Both are studies really, showing thought and careful preparation. On either subject it is hard, very hard, to say anything new; but there is always a way to treat old subjects pleasingly, and the writers have found the means.

—A writer in *St. Mary's Sentinel* makes a strong plea for "Kentucky and Kentuckians." There certainly have been some grand people raised in that state, and many of them have pushed their way into prominence both at home and in other commonwealths of the union. Both men and women come in for their share of the lavish praise the writer bestows upon the descendants or successors of Daniel Boone. We sincerely hope they are as good and noble as the writer claims. We quote a paragraph intended to show the supremacy of Kentucky over other states, for a state that has such noble characters must have its particular advantages: "California is noted for its fruits, and other states for various commodities peculiar to each of them, but their lesser lights are swallowed up in the more magnificent and blazing flame which emanates from Kentucky." We have always heard that Kentucky was able to produce enough of that *flame* to keep her own sons out of darkness, and to send cheery and illuminating beams into nearly every state in the union.

The past two numbers of the *Portfolio* contain incidents of a trip from "Hamilton to Quebec," and a more delightful one could hardly be made on this continent. The writer recalls the principal points of interest and the history connected with them. These articles are very interesting, are well arranged; the writer seems to have neglected none of the famous places *en route*. But what particularly pleased us was the fairness and absence of anything like prejudice on the part of the writer. A glowing tribute is paid the early missionaries—the places sacred to the thousands who worship at their altars are spoken of very feelingly and reverently. We might have thought the writer a pilgrim to one of the famous shrines spoken of but for one interrogation point thrown in. Nearly every place along the way was the scene of some striking incident or has been made famous by some of the distinguished personages who first settled those parts. Still we could have wished that more space had been given to descriptions of those beautiful places—so worthy of a poet's pen.

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There is nothing so strong or so safe in an emergency in life as the simple truth.

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The spirit of poverty is the root of obedience, the mother of renunciation, the death of plain complacency, the ruin of vanity and cupidity.—*St. Francis*.