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THE VIATORAN.

FAC ET SPERA.

VOL. XVIII.

OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 1.

TO VERY REV. M. J. MARSILE C. S. V. ON THE OCCASION OF HIS
SILVER JUBILEE.

Bind his noble brow with laurel;
Songs of triumph freely sing;
Forth from out the heart's deep fountains
Homage, love and honor bring.
Gather round him, kindred spirits,
Molded by his skillful hand,
With your chief in glory's pathway,
Loyally you ever stand.

Five and twenty years he labored,
With a purpose high and pure,
Striving with unwearied patience,
Young hearts sweetly to allure,
Forward in the path of virtue,
Ever upward to the light
Where new splendors e'er unrolling,
Break upon th' enraptured sight.

Type of manhood's proudest virtues,
Noble, kindly, grand and strong;
Round thee with resistless impulse,
High-souled youth's delight to throng;
Not more gladly leap the rivers,
Rushing to the boundless sea,
Nor the eagle soaring sunward,
E'er exulting to be free.

Hail great priest! thou art a model,
Formed in nature's largest mold,
Destined by Eternal Wisdom
Truth's fair beauty to unfold.
May thy life be long and happy,
Filled with triumphs, honors, joys
And may fifty golden autumns,
Find thee still among thy boys.

—B. '99.

THE JUBILEE CELEBRATION.

Crowds of alumni and admiring friends gathered at St. Viateur's College on Sept. 26, to do honor to our respected and universally loved President, Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V. The occasion was the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. We venture to say that a more brilliant or enthusiastic gathering has never assembled within the college halls. Everyone, from the gray-haired alumnus to the youngest student, seemed to feel the inspiration of the grand purpose which called forth the celebration and to be striving to make it an event not likely to be forgotten in the history of the college. If the joy which illumined the countenances of all, if the enthusiasm which found expression in countless ways, be an indication of the impression made by this grand event, then indeed we have the strongest proof that the silver jubilee of our worthy president will be remembered with feelings of the keenest pleasure.

At 11 A. M. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Jubilarian, assisted by Rev. A. Mainville, Brimfield, Ill., as deacon, Rev. J. Shannon, Peoria, Ill. as sub-deacon, and Rev. J. P. Suerth, Chicago, Ill. as master of ceremonies. Rev. F. O'Reilly, of Peoria, delivered the sermon. It was an eloquent tribute of praise to Father Marsile. After showing clearly that it is not necessary to know all the details of a man's life to judge of his greatness, the distinguished orator pointed out in what Father Marsile agreed with the great educators of youth. Among other things he remarked very aptly that Father Marsile united the poetry of St. Benedict with the learning of St. Dominic and the practical sense of St. Ignatius.

The choir sang Farmer's "Kyrie" and "Gloria," Gounod's "Sanctus" and "Agnus Dei"; at the Offertory, Verdi's "Jesu Dei Vivi;" after the elevation, Donizetti's "Ecce Panis," and before the sermon LaHache's "Veni Creator." The faultless rendition of these difficult pieces was a new triumph for the college choir. This grand success clearly manifests that the musical talent of this year will find little difficulty in maintaining the high standard set by the former choirs of St. Viateur's. All the members of the choir deserve unstinted praise, but, as we think that a general mention is not sufficient, we can not refrain from mentioning some in particular. Mr. Kelley, whose ability as choirmaster contributed largely to the success of the past year, should be proud of the high degree of proficiency to which he has brought the present choir in the short time at his disposal. No doubt the success is due not less to his patient and constant efforts than to

his high musical attainments. We must also congratulate the choir on its acquisition of such a splendid soloist as Mr. D. Feeley. His rich, musical voice was a pleasant surprise for those who heard him for the first time.

The banquet was served in the large recreation hall which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The national colors of our own great republic and those of France, Ireland and Germany adorned the walls. The college colors, purple and gold, festooned the ceiling. While the different courses were being served, the college orchestra enlivened the festivity by the rendition of various selections suited to the occasion.

Not only was the body feasted, but the mind was afforded a rare treat. Men of acknowledged oratorical ability rose in response to the various toasts. The toastmaster, Rev. J. A. Bollman of Sag Bridge, Ill., acquitted himself of his part with great eclat. His eloquent remarks were interspersed with sparkling gems of wit which won the hearty applause of all. The Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D. was named for the first toast, "Leo XIII;" but owing to pressing affairs which demanded his presence elsewhere, this distinguished prelate was unable to attend the celebration. The Bishop's letter, read at the banquet, explained his absence and conveyed his congratulations to Father Marsile. After reading this letter, the toastmaster voiced the sentiments of all present, when he said that the absence of the Bishop of Peoria, whose life has been so zealously devoted to the cause of education, was to be sincerely regretted. Then with a few remarks he introduced Rev. M. J. Dorney, of St. Gabriel's church, Chicago, who responded to the toast mentioned above. Before Father Dorney resumed his seat he fully convinced his audience that the toastmaster had made a wise choice. His speech was an eloquent eulogium of our venerable pontiff Leo XIII. The next toast was "Our Jubilarian," which was well handled by Father Bollman. He mentioned briefly the many qualities which so admirably fitted Father Marsile for his exalted position among the educators of our country. He related many pleasant incidents of his college days. These well illustrated the sympathy of heart and affability of manners which endears the president to all who know him. The Rev. Jubilarian, then arose and gave expression to the pent up feelings of his heart. He greeted once more his dear *boys* with the kind and loving words of a father. His graceful delivery and the beauty of expression in which he couched his noble thoughts, showed plainly that he is a master in the art of oratory. The Rev. C. P. Foster, Joliet, Ill., in words that came forth

from the depth of his heart, spoke of the lasting debt of gratitude that bound the Alumni of St. Viator's to their Alma Mater. He spoke with his wonted eloquence of their success in the battle of life and attributed it all to the moral influence of the lessons they received in their college home. Before concluding he presented Father Marsile with a check for \$2,500.00 as a token of affection from the alumni. Mr. M. J. McGuire spoke on "Our Seminarians;" Mr. L. J. Finnegan, on "Our Students." We are pleased to be able to publish both speeches in this issue of the Viatorian. Lawyer A. L. Granger, of Kankakee, responded to the toast "Our Country." His full command of the language, his faultless delivery and his humorous remarks won the frequent applause of those present. The Very Rev. Dean Beaudoin C. S. V., one of the three founders of the college, related in his own pleasant way, the different events of the Jubilarian's life as a brother. The Rev. P. Conway, of Chicago, was called for the toast, "Conge." His subject was an interesting one especially for the students, who anxiously anticipated an extra holiday. After eloquently pleading the cause of the boys, he paid a glowing tribute to the loving kindness which Father Marsile always manifests to those under his charge. The sincerity and practical sense of Father Conway's thoughts add to his eloquence a charm which makes his hearers ponder long on what he says. The Very Rev. Dr. Corcoran, C. S. V., provincial of the Clerics of St. Viator in United States, in a few apt remarks pointed out the virtues which should characterize the Cleric to render him capable of co-operation with the priest for the salvation of souls. The presence of Very Rev. A. Morrissey, president of Notre Dame University, Very Rev. Vincent Huber of Peru, Ill., and other distinguished representatives of Catholic colleges, gave evidence of the close union which exists between Catholic institutions in this country. In response to a unanimous call Father Morrissey arose and proved himself well qualified to meet the demands of the occasion. After congratulating his co-laborer in the work of Christian education, on the success which has crowned his patient efforts, he showed clearly that the education of the intellect without a corresponding education of the heart, is a great mistake. His eloquence, masterful delivery, and the other qualities of an orator, all of which Father Morrissey possesses in an eminent degree, are too well known to need comment. The Very Rev. Vincent Huber, president of St. Bede's College, Peru, Ill., in a few choice remarks conveyed the kind wishes of his college to the honored Jubilarian. The Rev. Father Hodnett, of Chicago, spoke of Father Marsile's mission to his former parish of

Dixon, Ill. He told how affectionately Father Marsile is remembered by the members of that parish. Lawyer Maher, of Chicago, in a short address showed that his reputation as an orator is well founded. Lawyer Condon, also of Chicago, expressed his grateful feelings towards his Alma Mater, in a speech remarkable for its beauty of thought and expression. He attributed the success which has attended his efforts, to the moral lessons which he imbibed in his boyhood days at St. Viateur's.

We feel sorry for not being able to procure the different speeches for publication in the Viatorian. We feel sure that our readers would be delighted with such finished oratorical productions. They would not only be models for the student, but the gems of thought which they contain would be an inspiration to every reader. We must, however, be content with the meager account given.

A SKETCH OF FATHER MARSILE.

When a man has devoted exceptional gifts of mind and heart to a noble cause for a quarter of a century and has shaped the character of thousands in the mold of high Christian manhood, what wonder if the hearts of his fellow men go out to him in reverence and love! And when such a man is the very type and exemplar of what he teaches and his life an inspiration to noble living, we can easily understand the enthusiastic admiration in which he will be held by the thousands who come under the influence of his personality.

Such a man is Father Marsile. A great educator, an accomplished gentleman, and above all, a large-minded, great-souled, devoted priest. In an intensely practical age, when men are only too much inclined to measure the worth of everything by the tangible results it produces, it is both refreshing and inspiring to come in contact with a man of high ideals, lofty purposes and grand thoughts. Around such a man young men naturally gather, and the impressions he makes upon them endure forever. They receive from him more comprehensive and exalted views of life and its purposes. They learn to know the worth of true manhood by having ever before their eyes a true man.

But this is by no means all that Father Marsile has been to those who, as students of St. Viateur's College, have come under his magnetic influence. As a priest, he has announced to them the great truths of the gospel with a power possible only to great orators and to those for whose pure souls a moral stain is more intolerable than a physical wound. When his voice is raised, in the cause of God, to

proclaim the unspeakable beauty of a perfect Christian life, there are few who can listen unmoved. As a result of Father Marsile's effective preaching we may with justice point out the many religious and ecclesiastical vocations which are developed at the college; the fervent and practical piety of the entire student body from which have gone forth scores of priests and hundreds of laymen who are today a glory to our religion and country. Nor has his priestly zeal been confined within the college walls. He has frequently been invited by pastors in different parts of the country to conduct missions and retreats and to preach on important occasions. In fact, as a missionary, he has been no less eminently successful than as an educator. The missions he conducted at Alpina, Manistee, Butte City, Mont., Lake Linden, etc., were so well attended and the people so enthusiastic as to remind one of the triumphs of the great pulpit orators.

Notwithstanding these varied labors, enough to fill up the life of an average man, Father Marsile has found time to cultivate the muses, so successfully, both in lyric and dramatic poetry, that he has now the commendation of the best French critics. Two volumes of poetry, entitled "*Epines et Fleurs*" and "*Lionel et Liola*," have met with no small financial encouragement both in France and in Canada, whilst some of his dramatic poems deserve to take rank with the best French productions of recent years. "*Les Fils de Clodomir*," first produced on the college stage, has since found favor in some of the best theaters of Canada. Father Marsile has also written several operettas which were most favorably received when presented on the college stage. In fact, so large was the number of people who came to witness the second presentation of the operetta "*St. Patrick*," that the college hall was unable to accommodate them. The other operettas he has written are: "*The Young Crusaders*," "*The Young Martyrs*" and "*St. Viateur*."

When a man, possessing all these splendid natural endowments, is at the same time the very personification of gentleness, amiability and courtesy, we can readily imagine in what enthusiastic admiration he will be held by those who know him intimately. No wonderf then, if on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination, hundreds of alumni and admiring friends gather around him to testify their respect and reverence and to offer him their hearty congratulations.

The life story of such a man can be neither uninteresting nor un-instructive to his fellow men. Indeed such a subject might well furnish a fitting theme for the most gifted pen. A brief sketch of his career will therefore, we feel confident, be acceptable to our readers.

Father Marsile was born at Longueuil, Canada, Nov. 17, 1847. At an early age he began to attend an academy, conducted by the Clerics of St. Viateur in his native town, where he is still remembered as one of the most brilliant students who ever passed through the school.

Being a young man of high ideals and generous impulses, he soon manifested a strong inclination for the religious life. Accordingly after finishing the course of studies at this school, he entered the novitiate of the Clerics of St. Viateur in 1863 when only sixteen years old. Here for two years he devoted himself with all the energy of his ardent nature to study and to the practice of the religious life.

Of course a young man of such high promises soon drew upon himself the attention of superiors, and at the end of his novitiate he was sent to Bourget College where every facility was afforded him for developing the magnificent talents with which nature had so liberally endowed him. The young Marsile eagerly availed himself of the opportunity thus offered him and before the end of his classical course he had acquired such a mastery of the French language and its grand literature that he was appointed to the professorship of Belles Letters although he was still quite a young man.

A few years later when the rapidly failing health of Very Rev. Father Roy rendered him physically unable to bear alone the burden of President of St. Viateur's College, the young Brother Marsile was deemed the best fitted for that important and responsible position. He came to Bourbonnais in 1871 and has ever since remained most intimately connected with the growth and development of this institution, and if today the College occupies an honorable place among the Catholic colleges of the west, it is due in no small measure to the untiring efforts and grand qualities of Father Marsile.

After pursuing successfully his theological studies, he was ordained priest Sept. 29, 1875. Four years later, when Father Roy, owing to ill health, was obliged to withdraw from the direction of the college, Father Marsile was appointed to succeed him as president, in which capacity he is still connected with the college. How well he has fulfilled the duties of this great trust, and how completely he has realized the high expectations entertained of him, is known only to those who have watched his work closely during the last twenty-five years.

No better demonstration of the hold he has upon the affections of the thousands of students who have come under his magnetic influence could be offered than the enthusiasm with which these students gathered around him to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination.

AN ALUMNUS.

THE VIATORIAN.

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EDITORIAL.

WE gladly devote this issue of the VIATORIAN to our beloved president. Although we may thereby give the journal a coloring largely local, yet it will have much more than local interest. There are hundreds of our alumni scattered throughout the country to whom this number will be a precious souvenir, on account of him whose noble life it records.

* * *

THE NECESSITY OF EFFORT.

Effort is both the measure and condition of progress. Without it no talent will profit anything. For if it be true that genius is nothing but "a prodigious capacity for sustained mental labor and an intense conviction of its necessity" with how much great truth may it be said that talent is largely dependent upon effort? How many students, who pass for dullards and never attain proficiency in any branch of knowledge, owe their little success in developing their minds to the lack of an energetic will? We are willing to admit that there is considerable diversity of talent, but each one has only to consult his own experience to be convinced that talent does not always occupy the front rank. So long as a man enjoys the use of reason he is capable of learning, and he has, consequently, only to exercise this capability to acquire knowledge. What may be learned by a student of quick parts in half an hour, may require an hour's labor from his less gifted classmate, but if the duller student employs the whole hour he will attain the same result. There is, therefore, question of time only and even this may be counterbalanced by intensity of application. A student who concentrates his whole attention upon the subject which he is studying, may crowd more mental activity into a few hours than another employs in a whole day and of course he will accomplish as much or more than the other, although his talents be far less. Besides talent is developed by exercise. Suppose two students of equal ability and equal opportunities. The one from the start labors dili-

gently for the development of his faculties whilst the other makes little or no effort; in the course of a few years there will be an immense difference in their capacity for acquiring knowledge. The one will be able to grasp with facility what is wholly unintelligible to the other. Yet nature has been equally kind to both.

* * *

THE mind is the most finely attuned, the most intricate, the most delicate and complex instrument of which man has any knowledge. How then can anyone hope to attain even a slight proficiency in using this magnificent instrument unless, day by day, with tireless labor, he familiarizes himself with its divinely ordered laws? It would be far less irrational to expect to become a great musician without ever having studied the laws of harmony, or a great painter without a careful study of the art of painting, than to expect to acquire solid scholarship and profound originality of thought without developing those faculties which alone render deep thinking possible. This is, we think, the sense of Longfellow's oft quoted words: "Learn to labor and to wait." In this sense they contain a deep and important truth. It is only by long and patient labor that a man can hope to bring his highest faculties to any degree of perfection, and it is, we think, to a lack of persevering effort and not to a want of talent, that so many fail to acquire any valuable knowledge. They are not in earnest. The grand work of self-culture can be accomplished by but one means—persevering effort. Intellectual and moral excellence are not inherited; they must be acquired by long and patient toil. Short methods are of no avail and mechanical devices are powerless. To possess a large, comprehensive, versatile mind is surely worth striving for, and since it is to be had at the price of effort only, every student should carefully employ the time of his college days. For if this be once lost, it is an opportunity gone forever.



VIATORIANA.

—Gym.

—Banquet.

—Hot air.

—Sozodont.

—White Claret.

—Jim, alias Rufus.

—Natural gas of Kewanee.

—What do you tink o dat.

—The no collar and nectie brigade.

—Did you ever eat any fried ice cream.

—Ah! will you pay your debts now.

—“Dear” and all you hear is “my dear”.

—Oh Eug! What will become of you? Eug, (with a slight swelling of the chest) I will be a future Demosthenes.

—New comer, Saturday night—Now have we conge the rest of the week?

—The automobile man is back but he left his valet behind.

—Of the two J. K's the smaller one has the more innocent look.

—I went to buy a pair of shoes and had to take two boxes because the shoes were too small.

—I tried a drop-kick and broke the handle of my left knee.

—I smoke the pipe because I want to be one of the boys don't cher know.

—The gymnasium is going at a rapid rate per hour.

—I intended to go home but I played football this afternoon and I liked it so well that I guess I'll stay.

—Foot Ball Game—B. Y. N. S. Spectator—What does it mean? Stu. Break your neck sure.

—M—You took my pictures away from me but let us shake hands and forget about your past misdeeds.

—D—McKinley is the best man. F—Prove it. D—Well Bryan is the worst man.

—Teacher—What is your name? Stu.—Tim O'Houlehan. Teacher. How do you spell it? Stu. I don't know.

—Billiard Crank—I took lessons from Schaeffer at \$5. a lesson. Old Stu. Why you cant make two points in succession, B. C.—I cant play unless I have ivory balls and gold mounted tips.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY M. J. MCGUIRE.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—

We, the members of the Seminary department, of this College, desire to greet you on this auspicious occasion, the twenty-fifth anniversary of your elevation to the holy priesthood; to offer you our heartfelt congratulations, and to express the great love, reverence and gratitude we all feel towards you; for the faithful care and guidance which you have exercised over us in the past.

During the years we have been entrusted to your paternal care we have learned to admire your splendid talents, to love your bright smile, your kindly words and amiable disposition, but above all have we admired in you the true and model priest of God.

You have been to us not only a kind and tender father, ever ready to grant our reasonable requests and to help us in our difficulties, but also a wise and prudent director. Your earnest and eloquent sermons and instructions have assuredly been the means, under God, of leading thousands of those, who have passed under your guidance for the last twenty-five years, to the practice of virtue and religion and thereby to become good citizens and worthy members of society. And the countless number of enlightened and zealous young priests whom you have sent out from among our ranks to do God's work in the ministry are the brightest jewel in the crown that now adorns your brow.

Dear Father, we know your modesty would blush to hear all that we would like to say in your praise on this occasion, but to you we may very appropriately apply the words of the poet—

“He tried each art reproved each dull delay;
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.”

In the paternal kindness which you have always, and in a special manner, shown to the little ones placed in your charge you have faithfully adhered to the spirit of your institute and proved yourself a true disciple of the Divine Master, who has said: “Suffer the little ones to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.” May we learn from you the beautiful art of winning the little ones of the flock to the love of knowledge and virtue. We are glad to see you in our midst once more after your sojourn in distant lands and we rejoice to know that your trip has been a pleasant and enjoyable one. While thanking you for past favors we respectfully ask your acceptance of our warmest congratulations and the accompanying gift as a sincere, yet inadequate expression of our esteem and affection.

We earnestly pray God to bless you and to give you health and strength to carry on successfully the noble work of Christian education to which you have consecrated your life and eminent talents with such unremitting zeal and devotedness—ad multos annos.

The Seminarians of 1900.

JUBILEE HYMN.

The following song, set to the music of the opera—"L'Esclavage Africain," was sung at the Silver Jubilee of the Rev. President by a chorus of fifty-six voices.

CHORUS.

Let music tune her lofty lyre
 And sing with gladsome strains our father's praise;
 A thousand voices let us raise
 To honor him this day.

SOLO.

Let college halls reecho glad refrains,
 And Student's hearts their lasting love declare;
 May glory's wreath entwine thy noble brow,
 Great priest of God whose life has been so fair.

CHORUS.

Let music tune her lofty lyre etc.

SOLO.

O noble priest thy life has ever been
 An inspiration to thy youthful charge;
 Thou art the type of Christlike, stainless men
 Who draw the soul to honor, truth and worth

CHORUS.

Let music etc.



ADDRESS DELIVERED BY L. J. FINNEGAN.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER MARSILE:—

We also the youngest ones of your large flock, the Benjamins of your numerous family, crave the favor of laying at your feet our tribute of respect and love. We know that like the venerated patriarch, you, even now in the midst of this glorious feast, love the youngest best; and hence do we delight in acknowledging our greater debt of love and gratitude toward you.

If it is true that the voice of the young proclaims the truth, then let us be allowed to extol the paternal kindness which you have ever exercised over us, to praise the enlightened direction you have ever given us, the enthusiastic eloquence with which you have moved us to the love and practice of every Christian virtue.

We thank you for so often setting before us these highest and most inspiring ideals of knowledge and virtue, the great scholars and saints of whose lives and works, your own is a true reflection.

In you we not only love a Father, reverence a model priest, delight in following a wise director, in listening to an enlightened teacher, a great educator, an eloquent exhorter to all that is noble and ennobling, we also admire the model of the gentleman courteous as a Prince, and amiable as a friend.

What inestimable blessings your consecrated life has showered upon the students you have directed, we can see in the brilliant assemblage of still young men who surround you today and who but a few years ago went forth from these halls with your blessing to adorn the various professions which they have embraced. A blessing upon you Rev. Father for all these capable and zealous priests whom you have given to the American church. A blessing upon you for all these patriotic and God fearing citizens, whom you have given to our great country.

May we also one day go forth from St. Viateur's College only to act out the grand lessons you are teaching us, and like our elders, cast lustre upon the institution that has reared us. May you, dear Father, for many years rule with your gentle sway over this institution, that it may be the privilege of many generations of students yet to come, to say they were here in the years of Father Marsile. In conclusion we beg you to accept these contributions from our modest purses, as a feeble expression of the affectionate esteem in which we all hold you.

The Students of 1900.

DELIVERED BY VERY REV. M. J. MARSILE, C.S.V., AT HIS SILVER JUBILEE.

That I have seen this day, I thank God; I thank God, the dispenser of all gifts. And then I thank you all here present, who have made it what it is, a day of blessed memory; radiant with your smiling faces; resounding with your enthusiastic cheers; one of the happiest, and, I would dare say, the most glorious day in my life.

The rising sun, which is not hailed by the singing of birds, the incense of flowers and the sparkling of dewdrops looks sad, and so this festival day would be incomplete without the honor and charm of your presence.

I thank the high dignitaries of the church, whose kind message of encouragement and congratulation fill me with new zeal and vigor to carry on the grand work of Christian education. I thank you, Very Reverend Father Morrissey, as generous and noble as Notre Dame is great. I thank you, Very Reverend Father Vincent Huber, the representative of that grand old religious order, which, under the guidance of the church, carried on so successfully the grand work of civilizing Europe for more than a thousand years. I thank you, Reverend Fathers of the different dioceses, who have given me today such marks of distinguished consideration. After the heavenly delight of ascending the altar and holding God in my hands, there is no greater happiness for me than to stand once more amongst you and to hold you so near to my heart. And now you, the last but not the least, I thank you, my former and actual students, my dear boys. I thank you for having thought of me on this sacred anniversary, which your presence has made so merry and never to be forgotten.

In spite of all that has been said by the toast-master, who can address compliments as adroitly as he could formerly pitch base ball on our college diamond, I know that I did little for you, owing to my many deficiencies, I deserve very little credit for what I have done, because my line of conduct had been traced by Father Roy, first president of the college and by good Brother Bernard; and since I took the presidency I have been assisted by such efficient men as my gentle and indefatigable vice president, Father Ryan; my able perfect of studies, Father Rivard and my shrewd treasurer, Bro. Senecal, not to mention so many others, who, like Father Mainville, my co-jubilarian, Father Foster, Father Dooling, Father Cregan and Father McCormick, have rendered my task easy, and the influence of whose zealous labor is still felt at the college and lastly there are those two grand pillars of the college, Doctors Laberge and Legris, whose noble lives

and profound learning would shed glory on any institution with which they might be connected. I deserve very little merit for my work before God and men, because I did it out of love for youth. It has truly been to me a labor of love.

The motto of our community, "Suffer little children to come unto me," is written not only on our seal and on the very buttons of my religious garb, but also in the very bottom of my heart and I hope that it came to my lips whenever I spoke to my students and has bound us with links which death itself cannot break asunder. The education of children is my ambition, my pride. Is there a greater or a nobler work than to make a man a good citizen, a virtuous christian? To mold a soul is better than to chisel the marble. Could I discover new worlds or confer empires, I would leave it to others. A school is my kingdom; a child's heart my domain; his intellect my sphere.

How happy I am today to see you around me the older ones crowned with the laurels of success and the younger ones filled with the hope of winning victories! I feel a mother's pride and when I compare you to others, (my distinguished co-laborers will pardon the expression) I say, mine are the best. Your presence here is not only an homage of filial gratitude, but an approbation of our work. This gives me new strength to carry on the plans for future development of your Alma Mater, which I would like to see greater and worthy of the noble sons of St. Viateur's.

I therefore accept this purse with the deepest gratitude and assure you that it will be devoted to the last cent to the erection of the building now in course of construction. There is not much money in teaching and consequently we have but little of it to give, but we will devote ourselves to the noble cause to the last breath of our life. But I value the warm feeling of your heart which prompted the gift more than your gold. How sweet is the perfume of the flower of gratitude! There is in it something of what is most exquisite in the soul. It makes one feel that he has found a heart that can understand him. I know that you are as generous as you are loving.



WEBSTER

There have been in the history of the world, many men who exercised a far-reaching and ennobling influence on the life and destiny of nations and of people, but there are none who exercised an influence more worthy of our admiration, than those who have succeeded in impressing certain necessary laws on the minds of their countrymen.

Among such men, we may justly place Webster, the great apostle of the union. If, before the war, we had traveled through the country we would have found his orations in thousands of homes, occupying a place by the side of the family bible. At night when the family had gathered around the blazing hearth the father would read a chapter from the bible and exhort his children to follow its pure teachings and to die for their sacred belief if necessary. Then he read a part of one of Webster's speeches on the constitution and admonished his children to receive the teachings of this man, as the fundamental laws of their country and to die for these if necessary. Is it a matter of surprise then many years after Webster had crossed the portals that separate mortals from the immortals, that there should be thousands of brave men determined that the principles, which Webster had taught, should be as lasting as the country itself and that when these principles were assailed they defended them with their very lives. There is no doubt but that the teachings of Webster have done more to preserve this country than powerful armaments or immense standing armies. Surely the character of such a man is worthy of our most earnest study. Whether we consider him as a private or as a public man, we find many things in him, deserving praise. In studying Webster as a private man, our admiration for him becomes enthusiasm. All the virtues that tend to make a man, a kind brother, a diligent scholar, a beloved father and an admirable friend, shone in him in a most wonderful degree.

Webster as a brother, is one of the grandest characters found in history. He hesitated at no sacrifice whatever for the purpose of helping and pleasing his brothers and sisters. He even put aside his own interest to help his brother. These traits in a man do him more honor than if he had been a great conqueror at twenty as Alexander.

He was one of the best students of his time. He had a great passion for reading. He read everything concerning English literature he could lay his hands on, and he remembered what he read. He familiarized himself with the great Latin and Greek authors and pored over the mighty deeds of history. What marked him above all other

things, as an exemplary scholar, was his readiness in acknowledging those who were superior to him in certain branches and his humility in trying to imitate them in this superiority. A scholar with these qualities was bound to succeed in whatever path of life he might choose. Then it is no wonder that Webster became so proficient in his different occupations.

The life of Webster, as a father, was one of great sufferings. His children whom he loved most tenderly, were one after another smitten by the cold hand of death. In no circumstance of his life does Webster more clearly manifest the greatness of his mind and the nobility of his soul than by his sublime and unshaken confidence in God, when those whom he loved most in life, were taken away from him.

Webster was a sincere friend. As his fame increased his devotion toward his friends, increased likewise. He was always liberal towards them. All he had was theirs. He always wished to please them and was happy to make any sacrifice to help them.

We have now briefly studied Webster as a private man. Yet I will not try to maintain that he was perfect, because he was a man and as a man he had some faults, but he possessed so many great and noble qualities that these few faults in comparison appear insignificant.

The career of Webster as a public man, is one of the most brilliant in our history. It was a continual triumph from the time he appeared at the bar to the time he sought the presidency. We may say without fear of exaggeration that as a lawyer and a statesman he holds the first place in America, and that as an orator he stands unrivalled amongst those that our country has produced.

As a lawyer Webster possessed a thorough knowledge of the law, a marvelous insight into human nature, so that as soon as he had seen a jury he knew by what arguments he would be able to convince them. It was especially owing to this that he had such great success at the bar. In order to become more familiar with him as a lawyer, let us pause here for a moment, and examine the qualities he displayed in his speech delivered at Knapp's trials which is one of the grandest in the annals of American forensic eloquence. In this speech he showed himself to be a master in grouping circumstantial evidence, and in presenting it as a battalion under the most rigid discipline. He showed, in this speech, that he had a wonderful imagination capable of penetrating into the most hidden things and of relating them as if he had been an eye witness. What, for instance outside of poetry has ever surpassed his description of the murderer before and after the deed. If Webster had delivered no oration at the bar, except that of Knapp's

trial he could justly be placed amongst the great lawyers, but when we remember that this is only one of the magnificent forensic orations which he delivered on important occasions, surely then when we rank him as the greatest lawyer our country ever produced, we are not exaggerating.

Webster showed to the whole world that he had great abilities as a statesman. He displayed this great power of statesmanship, especially when he became secretary of state. At that time our relations with England were such as to make war almost certain. The northeastern boundary was the cause of this unfriendly feeling. He succeeded, by his great diplomacy, in settling this to the satisfaction of all who were concerned. Later on, when Polk had brought our country to the verge of war with Britain, Webster did not fail to do his duty. He saw at once how unwise it would be to engage two powerful nations in a war for such an insignificant thing as a few miles of territory. He denounced the president or ministry that should dare to shed human blood for so small a matter. He taught his countrymen that peace was the most desirable thing. Finally he succeeded in impressing on the minds of the American people, what Burke had failed to impress on the minds of the British people that it is better to make a few concessions than to undertake a war with a mighty nation. Again through his statesmanship this trouble was settled to the satisfaction of everyone, except those who had desired war. We might examine at more length the great things he performed as a statesman, but it is not necessary, enough has been said to convince us that he was a statesman of remarkable genius.

Webster, as an orator, occupies the foremost place in the history of America. He is to the Americans what Demosthenes was to the Athenians, Cicero to the Romans, and Burke to the English. There is no one, in the history of America whose name is surrounded with more enduring splendor or imperishable glory. What is more noble than a man gifted with the power of eloquence leaving aside all selfish motives and devoting himself heart and soul to his country? Such a man was Webster. He devoted his whole life to the preservation of the Union. How many years of his life did he not spend in the house of representatives and in the senate, in meeting the enemies of the Union one after another till finally he succeeded in making their doctrine of nullification or secession, so abhorrent to the American people that no human power could prevent it from tumbling into ruins? It is said that in the life of every man there is a pinnacle which he attains never to be reached afterwards. This pinnacle for Webster was when he

delivered that wonderful speech, which thundered in the senate house and re-echoed from one end of the country to the other, his reply to Hayne. On this occasion, Webster carried his eloquence to the highest point. He seemed to be above himself. He had made great speeches before that and many afterwards, but never did he reach that point again. In this speech he taught the Americans that they were a great nation and would be forever if they preserved the Union. The words, which then rang in the senate house, have come down to us through bloody and political conflicts till finally they have become a creed to our countrymen.

We may rest assured that as long as this Union shall stand Webster shall be honored and his manly eloquence will find a response in the hearts of his countrymen.

Peter Dufault, '03.

THE INFERNO A MORAL POEM.

What a grand, sublime lesson Dante, or rather the Christianity of the middle ages, whose mouthpiece he was, has given to mankind in his Divine Comedy! Through it voices from the depths of eternity cries of anguish and despair, that have pierced the gloomy atmosphere of Hell, speak to the soul of man and bid man not to listen to the syren voice that would lead him from the path of duty; from the vale of Purgatory, come forth gentle voices, that soothe the affrighted spirit, bidding hope to spring up in the human breast; and celestial strains descend from Heaven to cheer the weary traveller in his journey to the promised land. Nor does the poet by words alone impart his lesson. He brings up before his readers terrible pictures of Divine Justice—the more terrible because they are so real. In all his descriptions of the different kinds of sin there is no attractive feature, nothing that could give strength or color to the false, insinuating voice of passion which rises instinctively in the human heart. The soul is thrilled with horror, in viewing the vivid, awful, sublime pictures of the punishments of sin which the poet draws on the walls of Hell, to be illuminated in their proper atmosphere, by the lurid flames which Divine Justice has enkindled there. But, fear alone is not his prime motor. Fear-inspiring as is his description of infinite justice, his description of infinite mercy is equally hope-inspiring. The “Purgatorio” is God’s infinite sea of mercy. In the “Paradiso” he enraptures the soul with visions of glory, which are the reward of those who strive manfully to surmount the obstacles which form the barrier to eternal happiness. No powers of intellect beyond the ordinary are required

to learn and appreciate the moral of this mystic Christian song. Considered as a whole its moral effect cannot be denied. The three clear lessons which it teaches, namely, God's justice, mercy and goodness, cannot but move, even the most superficial reader to direct his steps in the path of virtue. But for the sake of brevity and since no one is so rash as to deny the morality of the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso" we will for the present give all our attention to the "Inferno."

It may be well in the start to define what is meant by a moral book or poem. It is one which inculcates the duties we owe to God, our neighbor, and ourselves. To know whether a book does this or not, it is well to follow Southey's rule which says: "Examine in what state of mind you lay it down. * * * Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your reverence for what is great and good? * * * Has it defiled your imagination with what is loathsome?" If it has "throw the books into the fire."

Does the "Inferno" depict God as a despot who takes a fiendish delight in the wanton sufferings which He inflicts on his creature man? What reasons does it attribute to Him for having created this "land of misery and gloom?" Before the poet leads us across the threshold of the abode of woe, he takes care to impress upon our minds that God is not an arbitrary ruler, but on the contrary, the kindest of fathers; one whose every act is prompted by justice, wisdom and love. Nay more, even Hell itself, he points out to us, not only as a device of infinite justice, but even of infinite love. This we read on the inscription that spans the portals of Hell!

"Justice the founder of my fabric moved: To rear me was a task of power divine, Supremest wisdom and primeval love."

This idea is kept prominently before our minds throughout the "Inferno." When cries of agony and despair pierce our heart; when cruel flames and fell demons loom up before the imagination, in a word, when this sea of endless misery is about to wring, from our breast compassion for the accursed souls, then the poet artfully appeals to our reason, telling us

"Here piety most doth show herself alive, when pity is dead."

Often the poet makes some spirit enumerate the crimes for which he suffers. These are so heinous that we can easily see the just connection between them and their punishment. So much so that with the bard we cry out, "abide thou then thy punishment of right is merited." Never, even in the highest flights of his imagination, is

this grand concert of justice hidden from the mind of his readers. With words of fire he burns upon the imagination, vivid pictures of agonizing pain, yet he fails not to appeal to reason to see therein, justice. When our poor weak nature is about to yield pity to those for whom divine mercy does not exist, we are deterred by such exclamations as the following:

"Wisdom supreme! how wonderful the art,
Which thou dost manifest in heaven, in earth,
And in the evil world, how just a meed
Alloting by thy virtue unto all."

Surely there can be no more powerful check to the passions than the terrible punishments inflicted on those, "in whom reason by lust is swayed." There is no greater incentive to self-restraint than to witness the dreadful consequences of unbridled passions. If the fear of temporal punishment saves society from a deluge of crime, how much more effective must be the awful visions of eternal punishment which are so realistic in the 'Inferno.' Here we see a world of disorder and misery, the dire result of unrestrained appetites; sinner crying out against sinner, upbraiding one another for the foul deeds which are here meted out so just a punishment; demons goading the tortured spirits and continually reminding them that for a few moments of pleasure they have purchased an eternity of pain. As we pass over the threshold of this abode of woe, the disorders and miseries, which sin has brought into the universe, stamps itself lastingly upon the mind. A storm raised by the agonizing throbs of woe meets the ear; sighs, groans, shrieks, mingled with exclamations of regret and despair, are the horrible language of these dismal shores. No note of pity, no soothing tone can be heard amid this universal wailing:

"Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swell'd the sound
Made up a tumult, that forever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness stained."

As we wend our way through the labyrinths of the "Inferno" we cannot but admire the just proportion between the different crimes and their corresponding punishments. The poet with true art not only proportions the punishment to the sin but makes the nature of the suffering correspond to the nature of the crime. Throughout the work this is kept up with minute accuracy. In the environs of Hell are punished "the wretched souls of those who lived without either praise or blame." These are punished with the angels who were neither rebellious to God nor yet were true to him "but for themselves were

only." Their punishment is that "their blind life so meanly passes that all other lots they envy." Fitting recompense for those who have allowed the gifts of nature to lie dormant!

"From his bounds Heaven drove them forth
Not to impair his lustre; nor the depth
Of Hell receives them, lest the accursed tribe
Should glory thence with exultation vain."

As we descend from circle to circle the enormity of the crime and the severity of the punishment increases. The connection between each sin and its punishment is also well observed throughout the entire work. Those who have debased their nature by the sin of gluttony are immersed in a pool of mire. The avaricious and the prodigal with mutual upbraidings, roll great weights against each other. Soothsayers, who would peer into the future have their limbs wondrously reversed and are compelled to walk and look backwards. Murderers and tyrants, who have deluged the earth with blood, are swamped in a sea of their own making. Those who, by their schism and heresies, have rent society have their limbs severed. One of these cries out:

"For parting these so closely knit, my brain
Parted alas! I carry from its source,
That in this trunk inhabits. Thus the law
Of retribution fiercely works in me."

In the "Inferno" we meet with all kinds of crime yet never are we defiled by the contact. Here we see sin, not enveloped in a mantle of deception but clad in all its ugliness. Here it is proved to be "a monster of so frightful mien as to be hated needs but to be seen." Never does the poet treat of it in an attractive manner but always in such a way as to inspire disgust. As we traverse the different circles we meet with vice in all its shapes, each of which seems to exceed the other in deformity. Often the poet seems to sympathize with the sinners but if we examine closely we find that his pity is not for the damned souls, whose punishment is but too well merited. It is rather for poor, weak man who is exposed to so many snares. But if his sentiments sometimes get the better of his reason he fails not to correct them by exclamations such as this:

"What guilt exceedeth his who with Heaven's judgment in his passion strives?"

There is then no line in all the "Inferno" that could lessen our reverence for what is great and noble. On the contrary, every thought in it is a stimulus to virtue. Through it, we see into the noble soul of the bard, which has been tried in the crucible of suffering; a soul from which every element of dross has been burned away; a soul which has

imbibed the lofty inspirations of his age and embodied them in his undying song. A soul so great cannot help communicating its greatness to others.

How admirable is the manner in which he treats his subject. Sin after sin he portrays yet he leaves not upon the mind one darkening shadow. He exhibits vice in all its grossness, so repugnant, so disgusting, so horrible, that the mind, sickened at the sight, turns from it and flees to virtue. What a striking contrast between him and many writers of the present day. In him we find no sickening sentimentality. His sinners are not goaded on by an irresistible fate, but they sin freely and hence are punished justly.

But after all what matters it that Dante in his "Inferno" inculcates lessons of obedience, self-restraint and reverence for what is great, since there are not wanting those who accuse him of personal motives in writing it. He created his hell, say they, to punish therein his enemies, especially those who held political views different from his own. Oh! poor pigmy intellects that strive by their own shallow capacities to measure the immensity of this noble mind. Yes, Dante has given a warm corner in his hell to many who lived in his own age, and left a place prepared for many others who lived at the time he wrote. This he did not without reasons. Some of these men he knew personally and others he knew from history. Their crimes, according to his judgment, entitled them to be mentioned in his "Inferno." To say that he put them there because they were his enemies, betokens a mind too narrow to appreciate the magnanimity of the author. Great souls, like Dante, are above such smallness. Are there not among those personages whom he mentions, many who were his dear friends. In the second circle we find Francesca, the daughter of his faithful friend Guido da Polenta. Carlyle tells us that when she was a babe, the poet danced her upon his knee. In the fifteenth canto he makes mention of Brunetto Latini, his former teacher of whom he says:

'In my mind
Is fix'd and now strikes full upon my heart
The dear, benign, paternal image, such
As thine was * * * *

Were it necessary we could quote many other passages to refute this slander. Undoubtedly the political strife of his time caused Dante to place many persons in his hell, who deserved a better fate. Besides, the readers of the "Inferno" do not take the poet's decision as final nor does he mean that they should.

Dante was a man who had the courage of his convictions. He reformed vice wherever he saw it, whether in king or peasant, laic or

cleric. Although he loved his country he failed not to reprove her when she was wrong. His motto was not "my country right or wrong" but "my country when right to keep her right, and when wrong to make her right." With his words, as with a magic wand, Dante draws aside the veil of time from the eyes of man and bids him view eternity. The depths of hell he brings before our view, with its valleys of desolation; no vague, visionary hell but a real, eternal hell from whose depths come forth warning voices to deter us from sin. The awful truth of God's justice he brings vividly before our mind. If a book which inspires the minds of its readers to fear God's judgments, to reverence his justice, to seek his friendship and to shun what He detests, is moral, then few books can have a higher claim to that title than the "Inferno."

J. P. O'Mahoney, '01.

