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1885-1910



FATHER QUERBES

Founder of the Community of St. Viateur

Born 1793

Died 1859



Viatorian Community Archives

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FATHER QUERBES



FATHER Querbes was the pastor of Vourles, near Lyons, France and the founder of the Community of St. Viateur. It is but fifty years ago that he closed his laborious and successful career in the midst of the flock which he had reclaimed from its religious indifference, and in the mother house of the society of Christian educators which he had just established. The fiftieth anniversary of his demise was piously commemorated in all the houses of his now widespread institute Sept. 1, 1909.

The personality of Father Querbes is, it is needless to say, an object of filial veneration for the clerics of St. Viateur and for all the youth whom they educate. But, as a man who has wrought valiantly in parish and school and has through his apostolic activities projected his influence far beyond the narrow confines of his country and times, he can not fail to become an object of ever increasing interest for the religious and educational world. If all men the world over spontaneously bow in reverence and gratitude before the venerable Cure d'Ars and St. Jean Baptiste de la Salle, we must consistently applaud the life of any one who has walked closely in the footsteps of these spiritual heroes.

PASTOR OF VOURLES.

Born in Lyons during the Reign of Terror, 1793, when minds upheaved, like hot lava, imprecations and blasphemies against the holiest institutions, and when the sky was lurid with exploding bombs, from one of which he had narrowly escaped death in his infancy, the young Jean Louis Querbes had been injured both by the circumstances of the times and by parental

and school training to the art of meeting difficult situations. His early success in school, his solid piety as a youth, his brilliant achievements in philosophy under private tutors and his remarkable record as a model seminarist in the grand seminary of St. Irenaeus are all matters upon which both his comrades and his superiors have borne abundant and eloquent testimony. Ordained priest December 17, 1816 he had not served long as assistant in the parish of St. Nizier, when the diocese of Tours well nigh succeeded in securing the distinguished services of the young Lyonese priest for the presidency of its Missionary House. Providence had ordained otherwise and shortly after, Father Querbes was appointed pastor of Vourles, a village of 1,200 inhabitants, about 9 miles from Lyons.

This beautiful hamlet, like many other country villages in France, bore evident traces of the religious havoc wrought by the revolution. With the usual exception of a few fervent souls, indifferentism held undisputed sway. Religion had passed out of fashion. Sunday rest was ignored by many who worked because it was Sunday, while others filled this weekly surcease from toil with such worldly pastimes as prevented their attendance at any church service. The chase, the dance, the excursion invariably dispersed this volatile flock on Sundays. The church like a sorrowful mother uselessly bewailed the waywardness of her children; her bells in vain pealed forth their ever unheeded calls into most unwilling ears; Sunday after Sunday her aisles and naves remained untenanted save by a faithful few. Finally even the material edifice of the church, through long disuse had assumed the dilapidated appearance of some abandoned fane, which pleasure seeking folk passed by rapidly or avoided carefully as a place of ill omen.

The parish schools for boys and for girls were in an equally lamentable condition. In well nigh every case children were in charge of teachers tainted with irreligion.

Fortunately for these spiritually somnolent Vourlesians their new pastor, the young Father Querbes, in coming among them brought to their service not only his rare gift of eloquence, his profound knowledge of sacred books, his priestly piety, but also a rich fund of youthful energy, a religious gravity illumed by a sprightly sunniness of temper, a ready power of genuine human sympathy, an unshakable trust in God and an abiding confidence in human nature, an all embracing and all conquering love of the

people, rich and poor, high and low, good and bad, old and young. As an eminent spiritual strategist he had the precious gift of tact which taught him a skillful adaptation of his other gifts to the needs of the situation at the proper time and place. Thus he accomplished really great work in a parish where the efforts of his devoted predecessors had failed and where success appeared hopeless.

It is a far call from October 1822, when Father Querbes arriving at Vourles was looked upon as a man to guard against—to May 1909 when, in spite of the spiritual reverses coincident with the late religious persecution, officials of church and state in presence of a large gathering of the faithful of Vourles, piously exhumed the remains of Father Querbes, to certify them and preserve them in a new tomb in the hope that this proceeding may be the first step toward his ultimate canonization. This recent incident indicates clearly enough that the man who was once considered a menace and is now accounted the chief glory of the locality where he spent his life must have wrought excellently. Still it may be asked what precisely did he do? He went out among the people and induced them to come to church, he instructed them, he corrected their erroneous notions, gently yet firmly he condemned their worldliness. The people came to church to see the beauty of religious truth revealed to them and to hear their own failings vigorously denounced. They went away spiritually fed—they grew strong enough to come again. Then he urged the restoration of religious practices, prayer and the reception of the sacraments, and they heeded his advice, surprised at their own docility.

Further he told them that their poor old church was an unpleasant reminder and symbol of their former neglect, and requested them to build a new one. A handsome new church was built without delay in 1826.

The poor, the sick, the afflicted, the erring were the loved objects of his constant solicitude. Among them did he make his daily rounds, dispensing aid, comfort, advice, correction and encouragement. Thus did he through the exercise of his indefatigable zeal rouse his people from their spiritual torpor and infuse into them the quickening pulse of a vigorous practical Christianity. Thus did he likewise resurrect from its material decay the parish church which became an attractive and well frequented house of prayer. It was in order to prosecute and complete his

apostolic work at Vourles that several times during his pastorate of thirty-seven years he declined offers of positions, which, as they proved for others, would have been for him stepping stones to high ecclesiastical dignity. It is not surprising that on their side his people were as ready now to stand by the priest as they had been in the past to mistrust him, misguided as they were by false prophets and blown like thistle-down by every wind of doctrine. They became so much attached to him that more than once they expressed their fears of losing him and would have protested against his removal from the pastorate of Vourles by any other agency than death. The voice of the people was apparently the voice of God, for Father Querbes remained pastor of his beloved Vourles until his death which occurred September 1, 1859.

Founder of the Community of St. Viateur.

We have already intimated that the schools of the parish were in a deplorable condition when Father Querbes arrived at Vourles. The education of the young was really the work which was closest to the heart of this man of God, in which he was eager to spend his splendid energies. Of all those in need of help none appealed to him half as persuasively as the poor children in their ignorance and helplessness. He had made his own by frequent meditation the beautiful words of the Master: "Suffer the little children to come to me;" these he took from the beginning as the inspiration of his educational efforts and later as the devise of the company of educators which he formed.

Through the intelligent and generous co-operation of the wealthy Misses Comte he was enabled soon after his arrival to install the Sisters of St. Charles in the girls' school. But he was at a loss where to obtain religious teachers for the boys' school. Although several great teaching brotherhoods existed, their membership was wholly inadequate for the needs of the country. Father Querbes, like many other clear-sighted, public-spirited and practical pastors of his day, was not slow to recognize the urgent need of other organized bodies of Christian educators. Committing his school temporarily to a pious layman, he meanwhile opened in his own house a free normal school for the training of young Christian teachers, young laymen whom he equipped with secular learning that would enable them to obtain their state diplomas, while at the same time he thoroughly im-

bued them with Christian principles that would make them safe guides of the young. These well trained teachers he employed in the schools of his parish and also dispatched them to the aid of the pastors of the vicinity. Throughout the entire country many other zealous priests had proceeded in this manner and their initiative was the origin of a number of religious communities of teachers. Such also was to be the ultimate result in the case of the indefatigable Father Querbes.

Pursuing the story of the genesis of Father Querbes' association of teachers as we find it recorded in the archives of Vourles we observe that the beginnings of this society were attended by the intermittent hardships and blessings which mark the works of God done by men. To carry out his expensive project Father Querbes lacked pecuniary resources; undaunted by obstacles and trusting ever in Providence he addressed himself valiantly to the task of creating the needful resources out of the charity of the pious people whose interest his zeal had enlisted in this great and good work. Again the Misses Comte became the visible providence of this organization, giving almost their entire fortune to supply the necessary funds for the functioning of the normal institute of Vourles.

Father Querbes made his undertaking known to his brother priests, petitioning them to send him well qualified young men to carry on the work of education. Pastors answered favorably and the membership of the young society increased rapidly. Next, after considerable parleying, he obtained official approbation from both church and state for his diocesan society of lay Christian teachers which was known as the "Charitable Society of the Schools of St. Viateur." The reason why St. Viateur was chosen as the patron of this society is because this young saint, one of the early glories of the diocese of Lyons, was himself a Christian teacher and in this capacity the chief aid of the illustrious Bishop St. Just in the 4th century. St. Viateur was a cleric and had received the order of Lector in the exercise of which his duties consisted in reading the sacred scriptures to the people and in teaching Christian doctrine to the children. It was in the fulfilling of these holy offices that this young saint began his holy life which ended in the solitude of Thebaide whither he had gone with his bishop in quest of sanctification through penitential practices.

Father Querbes provided for the development of his normal

institute by organizing throughout the diocese committees of promoters and a bureau of directors with headquarters in Lyons under the presidency of the vicar general of the diocese. The work progressed steadily, but not without trials and sufferings, real discomforts and well grounded apprehensions. Yet the courage of the founder grew apace with the difficulties which seemed only to enflame his ardor the more. His own well whetted firmness of spirit he had the talent of communicating to others. For the needful material means to carry on an undertaking of such importance he knocked at the hearts of men and at the door of the tabernacle, and was often rewarded by the timely arrival of succor. By means of the aid thus received he purchased a house near the church and adapted it to the purpose of the society. Until recently this house still existed in Vourles just as it was in the days of Father Querbes.

After his association had taken expansion under legal and ecclesiastical sanction the founder thought of further insuring its stability by converting it into a religious community. Having prayed fervently for light in so grave a matter he finally made known his intentions to the members of the association, exhorting them to pray also in view of ascertaining the will of God in a question so important and personal.

During the vacation reunion of 1835 he instructed the young teachers upon the nature of religious engagements, upon the virtues and duties of the religious life, and the obligations, the advantages and rewards of religious vows. At the end of the retreat of that year, on October 21, the feast of St. Viator, Father Querbes finally declared that henceforth the association of lay teachers of St. Viator would be a religious congregation of priests and brothers, and that the members would bind themselves to the institute by the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. Nearly all the members present pronounced the vows, and from that moment the association began to rank among religious communities.

His next care was the foundation of a novitiate; this he established in the ancient castle of Payet and placed it under the direction of Father Faure. In May 1838, he went to Rome in order to submit the constitution of his community to the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars and to obtain from the Holy Father approbation and blessing. Through the good offices of the Jesuit Fathers in Rome, and in answer to the fervent

prayers of the brethren in France he, after several months of perplexing delays, at length obtained the Sacred Congregation's approbation of the Statutes of the Congregation of St. Viateur. On the 21st of September 1838 His Holiness Pope Gregory XVI confirmed the decision of the Sacred Congregation, and imparting his special blessing to the new religious family which was just formed, he said to the venerable founder: "May your young community increase and multiply." With joyous gratitude Father Querbes speedily dispatched the glad tidings to those at home enjoining them to sing the Te Deum for the great favor which had just been obtained. "Let us, he wrote, be ever worthier of our vocation."

The transfer of the novitiate from Payet castle to the mother house in Vourles, the opening of a juniorate, the rapid growth of the society in membership and in popularity, the menacing necessity of closing the novitiate on account of a suspension of charity which temporarily diverted its offerings to other channels in the Rhone disasters of 1840, the rescue of his community from peril at this trying juncture by some unknown benefactor, the subsequent spread of the parochial clerics through a number of dioceses in France, the sending of missionaries to St. Louis, Mo., the founding of a new province in the diocese of Montreal upon the urgent request of the saintly bishop Bourget, the fusion of the teaching brotherhoods of St. Odilon and of St. Jean into the community of St. Viateur between the years 1847 and 1854 at the request of the bishops of St. Flours and of Rodez who had founded these brotherhoods of Christian teachers—all these events crowded in the last years of Father Querbes' career and called forth from this athlete of Christ the unceasing display of his splendid executive powers. But he spent his vigor so unsparingly that even his robust health gave way under the strain of such ceaseless toil. After a brief illness, this saintly priest, this great pastor and educator, died September 1, 1859. The memory of his holy life, the power of his example, the quickening influence of his written works are still alive and active in inspiring his brotherhood with a love of their great work. They strive to imitate his genuine humility, his untiring perseverance, his clinging trust in God, his zeal for the betterment of fellowmen and especially for the Christian education of the young.

Before the suppression of the religious orders in France the

Community of St. Viateur had a membership of over one thousand religious in Europe and America. There are still nearly three hundred members of the Community in France who, as laicised brothers, are conducting free schools i. e. Christian schools. They are very successful and popular in spite of the harrassments of the government. People now noticing the great difference between the demeanor and intelligence of children of Christian and state schools demand more brothers. The day may soon dawn when awakened France will recall her dispersed sons and daughters and welcome them back to their saving work, and then the communities whose infancy was cradled in France and fed at the breast of the eldest daughter of the church will return to do good at home as well as abroad. May the pious intercession of the saintly founders before the Great White Throne hasten the day.

A CLERIC.

THE MAGNETISM OF THE CHURCH

A. T. K.



IT IS with great surprise that we behold the crowds of followers that flock around the leader of some new religion. Luther in days gone by sets up a new doctrine and immediately he attracts a host of followers. Calvin, Zwinglius, and Smith no sooner announce their novel creed than thousands range themselves beneath their standards. In our day Dowie preaching a new cult gathers hordes who beg admittance into his fold. And when these leaders die the multitude raise fanes to their name and honor.

Our surprise at such a numerous band of adherents is short lived when we consider the kind of religion dealt out to these poor deluded persons. Our inspection into the facts reveals in such an assemblage nothing startling or phenomenal. Is it at all surprising that a religion which offers to men unbridled liberties, a free indulgence of passion, a religion which places no restraint upon men, should be embraced willingly by men? Who is so blind, who so ignorant of the facts of history as to fail to discern this as the real cause why millions adhere to false religions? Can there be aught astonishing or even strange in such adherence?

But there is a phenomenon taking place every day; it is before our very eyes, many centuries have seen it; every country has witnessed it; it appeals to the most casual observer; it has influenced the deepest minds; it has transformed entire nations; in a word, it has been felt from pole to pole: the Magnetism of the Catholic Church, that is, her power to draw into her pale the greatest number of greatest minds notwithstanding the severity of her moral and mental discipline. There exists then unquestionably this great attractive force in the church which has at all times drawn multitudes of men to her bosom. Not only men in great numbers are drawn over to her fold but men representative of the highest scholarship, men eminent for profound learning, men of rare wisdom and highest culture are found among those whom the church has counted among her loyal sons. Now were this drawing power of the church peculiar to one age, or were it a property recently developed we might attempt to offer some natural explanation; but when the overwhelming fact is before us that this power has been operating continually and increasingly since the very infancy of the church all our attempts to account for it as human skill must prove entirely inadequate.

Upon beholding great geniuses of opposite tastes and dispositions sitting side by side in the large family circle of the great church receiving all alike joyfully and contentedly her sublime doctrine, yielding a willing obedience to her behests and allowing themselves to be persuaded to unity in faith by her benign influence, when we see them perfectly amenable to the strict discipline which the church enforces can we ascribe such a fact to anything merely earthly or human? Certainly not.

Great philosophers and illustrious poets have always been looked upon and recognized as men of genius, they have been saluted as guides, the former lead men through the intricate mazes of reason and help them to discover truth, the latter are chosen to show men the beauties and sublimities of the imaginative world. It is a common occurrence that among geniuses great differences of temperament and thought have existed still it is a fact warranted by history that men of genius although of wide difference in disposition have ever sat in perfect submission to the church's doctrine.

Those who would deny to the church great talents, lofty genius have but to turn their eye to the brilliant galaxy of talent em-

bodied in the Fathers of the church. Chrysostom, Jerome, Basil the learned Gregories present a group with Augustine as central figure which would grace and adorn the most magnificent assemblage of intellectuality. Later on the whole array of medieval scholastics a body of men of vast erudition and universal knowledge all claim the church as their mother. In our present day we find illustrious men within her pale. A Newman, Brownson, Spalding shed the brilliancy of their sterling minds about the sacred precincts of the church and diffuse an atmosphere of learning that is felt the world over. In poetry the church is productive of many favored sons of the Muses who have written with brilliant success. Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, Calderon all most gifted Epic and Dramatic writers stand forth as most convincing proofs of the assertion. And so in every walk of science and art in every department of literature the church is widely represented by intelligence of the first order.

Not only in the intellectual order is the church remarkable and unique there is still another body of men found within her sacred circle that places the church on heights peculiarly her own which never have, nor never will be attained by the sects. These men have won the admiration of centuries, have been worshipped by Catholics, have been revered by non-Catholics and have been recognized throughout all ages as sources of edification, stimuli to virtue, quickeners of effort, shining examples of all that is noble and best in man in them was found every quality that makes them truly great—The Saints. And saints are truly great men for does not self restraint, abnegation heroic sacrifice of mind and body argue something more than what is merely ordinary and commonly human? Moreover the church boasts that she alone has been able to satisfy the cravings of great minds, that she alone has been able to quell the storms that often arise in master minds while in search of a true religion. Behold the years of unrest and impatience in Augustine's mind, note how he turns from sect to sect to find quietude and see finally where his longings ceased, where tranquility reigned for him—in the fond embrace of the Catholic Church.

In contemplating this extraordinary fact in the church, her undeniable magnetism, a more inquisitive mind is not satisfied with the bare fact, but seeks its cause and hence he casts about for the solution of this problem. Among the most searching minds seeking to find the cause is Guizot who in all respects is most en-

thusiastic over the phenomenon. The mental keenness of this writer and his great talent have placed him among the foremost writers of Europe. Possessing as he did a clear and logical mind we would expect him when speaking of this phenomenon, to designate an adequate cause, still we are shocked to find him attempting to solve the fact by attributing it to human skill and power, and we at once lay his solution aside as wholly unsatisfactory, either by reason of a blind prejudice or of his short sightedness in dealing with the Catholic church. Leaving aside then the testimony of Guizot as entirely insufficient, we have to consider other reasons suggested by other men. Some have assigned the talent of the popes as an explanation of the church's magnetism. This assertion, however, cannot bear the test; for although there has been illustrious talent at the helm of the church, yet there have been men of very ordinary ability upon the chair of Peter, while encircling them in, and out of the church great minds existed. Now if this phenomenon were due to extraordinary talent why is it not found in the sects for assuredly they have had leaders of no mean repute in the world of mind and thought. It appears at once that talent contributed nothing to influence great minds to flock around the church as a mother.

Some have striven to untie the Gordian knot by mentioning the temporal power of the popes as the cause. A glance at history reveals in an instant the comparative weakness of the pope's martial forces. In fact there is no comparison to be made between the Pope's arms and those of any fair sized nation. We find a last though best solution presented which nevertheless must be cast aside. The very organism of the church exclaim our adversaries, her efficiency in obtaining submission to authority, which is most essential in a society admirably and sufficiently explain the wonder of which the church boasts. An argument this, plausible and at first sight incontestable. It is the last stage to which Protestants resort it is their final struggle and it dies hard. In saying this our enemies prove nothing, but take for granted what should be demonstrated. We put them in an inextricable difficulty by simply asking how the church has obtained this organism? How she obtained perfect submission to authority?

It is in strict conformity with right reason to assign a cause proportionate with an effect. When we see in the church something recorded of no other institution, a fact which has existed through eighteen centuries of storm and calm and which still con-

tinues in all its first freshness and vigor; when we still see the church attracting men of every clime to her shrine can we say this is a result of human work, would we not better say truly the finger of God is here?

After searching about this terrestrial sphere for a solution of our problem prying into every corner of the globe to find perchance the magic Sesame that may open the door of this difficulty we are entirely disappointed for our search has been fruitless. One place have we left unexplored, one place that perhaps holds the secret. We are resolved to turn there, and so armed with reason and faith we turn to the Divine mind, and there at once the hidden secret flashes in upon us in a flood of light. In attributing the phenomenon to the Divine power we at last come to a certain adequate cause. For in showing that such a stupendous fact is in no way capable of being accomplished merely by human means we are forced to admit Divine interference. He who can do all things whom the winds and sea obey, to Whom nothing is hard or impossible can surely, and does account for the extraordinary magnetism of the Catholic church.

Favored by a Divine protagonist all Catholics should exult and rejoice in their membership to this church. When on every side we see about them sects tossed by every wind of doctrine open to the attacks of error and fanaticism blindly following the doctrine of some ill guided leader an orison of thanks should ascend to acknowledge our gratefulness for the privilege of being sons of a true creed. What consolation ought not Catholics take in thinking that even though the storms of hell are unchained against the church, and even though hosts of misguided men array their strong powers to destroy her, they need not be dismayed for He who has said, "Behold I am with you all days to the consummation of time" will continue to raise up men of talent and holiness who will honor and defend her until time is lost in eternity.



WHEN THE EMBERS LIE SMOULDERING.

Last night in a dream the last rays were fading
From out the blue home of the bright setting sun,
A time when the flame of life was decaying
I parted to rest, for my life's work was done.

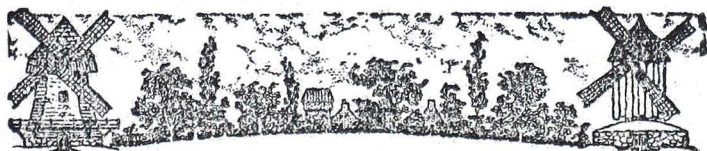
I thought it was eve, with camp fires dying
The tide of my life's stream was now ebbing low.
And yet e'en this morning I basked in the sunbeams
I saw but this morning the camp fire's glow.

But Oh, for me now the night was fast robbing
The glimmering light of the once brilliant day,
The hopes of my life were blasted and blighted
I thought youth's ambitions were stealing away.

For then did it seem that fond aspirations,
Were hopes of a morning, despairs of a night
The seeds in the springtime that never would blossom
The wishes of childhood killed by the blight.

I woke from this trance when morning was shining,
When nature with joy and with life was a-thrill
Then I sought to prepare for the glorious sunset
When the embers of life lie smouldering and still.

J. C. J.



JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

B. O. T.

"And melancholy marked him for her own."



THE literature of the nineteenth century was ushered in with much intellectual activity, and was characterized by its spirit of research, freedom, and a certain eagerness to unravel all mysteries or lay aside what human reason could not readily elucidate. The artificial restraint of the previous century was ignored and "poetry sought inspiration in the freedom of nature." Wordsworth and Coleridge were the first to inaugurate this movement in their "Lyrical Ballads" and were followed by Byron, Shelley, Keats, Moore and Campbell. While we give due praise to the poets of this period we find one living in their midst who is not known so well to the American world. I allude to the genial but ill-fated poet James Clarence Mangan.

Born in Dublin in 1803 Mangan had the misfortune of having a reckless and extravagant father who cared little for the home and its surroundings, so that the heritage of the child was that of perpetual adversity. Moreover the poet first saw the light of day when his country was in its deepest sorrow, having lost its independence the year before his birth by the so-called act of Union. These incidents as well as many other unhappy events tinged the song of the poet with that melancholy peculiar to many of our Irish poets. Yet the songs of Mangan have always touched the heart of the reader by their sweet pathos imagery and beauty. At the age of seven Mangan attended a school conducted by a Jesuit, named Father Austin. The Jesuit soon discovered in the youthful mind of the child, the genius of the poet and readily afforded him all the possible advantages suited to his age and ability. After three years thus spent, Mangan went to a private school of languages opened by Father Graham, who had just returned from the Universities of Salamanca and Palermo. It was at this school the poet first discovered, in the foreign languages, the delights and mysteries of European literature, for he acquired a good knowledge of French, Spanish, Italian and Latin. Here also he must have studied German, though his biographers have

not mentioned when or where he acquired his knowledge of this language. But Mangan like many a needy man of letters had to leave school at an early age and work in a Scrivener's office to support his mother, brother and sister. In this office he found nothing but disappointment and rebuffs both from his fellow employes, who were uncultured and immoral, and his employer who treated him with contempt and scorn. To make his lot more unhappy still the room in which he worked was small, dark and badly ventilated so that his physical as well as moral nature suffered. This treatment so uncongenial to the refined tastes of his sensitive nature was one of the bitterest recollections of his life.

Seven years were thus spent in the Scrivener's office and the three following in that of a lawyer's, after which Mangan began his career as a poet and translator of Irish and German. His early productions were distinctly Irish in sentiment and were read only by those who sympathised with their policy. As a result his poems had so small a circulation when first published that the poet could scarcely make out a decent livelihood. At this time, however, a vacancy was open for an assistant librarian to Dr. Todd of Trinity College and Mangan gladly availed himself of this opportunity, both to improve his knowledge of literature and secure a better financial position temporarily. Here he had the good fortune of making the acquaintance of the eminent scholar and antiquarian Dr. Petrie and the historian John Mitchell. His time at the college library was spent profitably in studying the old Oriental manuscripts and acquiring knowledge of many Eastern dialects. How long he remained at this work we are unable to ascertain from his biographers, but when he left it the saddest part of his life began. He became a slave of drink and even, some say, of a more pernicious drug which soon impaired his splendid faculties and lessened the work he was now so successfully giving to the public. He continued working however, and even in 1845 contributed soul-stirring verses on "Leading Irishmen," to the "Dublin Nation" and other high class periodicals. Two years later the fatal symptoms were apparent, his mind and body grew feeble, his once robust frame lost its wonted activity and the remaining years of the poet's life were as sad as human nature can endure. Poor Mangan was born a child of adversity and sorrow seemed to grow with his years or as he expressed it in one of his poems,

"My soul was born for love and grief, these both were blended at my birth."

Early in June, 1849 he was seized with cholera and on the 20th of that month he died, at the early age of 46, probably realizing the wish he expressed in his poem the "Nameless One"; "A grave in the bosom of the pitying."

The praise accorded to the poetical works of Mangan would do honor to many an English poet-laureate. Charles Gavan Duffey says of him. "He has not and perhaps never had any rival in mastery of the metrical and rhythmical resources of the English tongue, his power over it is something wholly wonderful"; and "few poets, says Lionel Johnson, more imperatively demand to have their lives considered in an estimate of their poems." Indeed the hopelessness and unhappiness of his life find expression in all his verses. His whole life was somewhat aimless and without any real ambition. He lost sight of his beacon star and drifted through life, and through the poetic world with its curious love, without finding anchorage in any safe harbor. His muse was full of delightful harmony and roamed through many lands with varying success. His translations from the German and Irish were wrought with such exquisite vividness and beauty that his critics are unanimous in stating that they are unsurpassed and perhaps unequaled by any other translator. Those from the Spanish and Italian are equally meritorious, while his translations of the oriental poets have been admired by all true lovers of metrical composition for their grand imagery.

How Mangan in his short unhappy life could have mastered so many languages has never been satisfactorily answered by his many biographers, and still all his works have been applauded for their originality and finish. His Oriental translations compare favorably with "Lalla Rookh."

To pass criticism on his many poetical works would extend this essay beyond its intended limits, so I shall confine myself to mentioning a few only of his principal poems. "Lament for the Irish Princes" which is a translation from the Irish of Wordsworth is one of Mangan's best short poems and shows "the poet at his best" in literal translations. "Gone with the Wind" is perhaps the most widely read of his German versions, it is a short poem and is superior even to his "Anthology." But perhaps Mangan's fame rests on his beautiful apostrophe to Ireland in his poem "My Dark Rosaleen." The true patriotic spirit of the "Child of Adversity" is here expressed in clear, terse language, and his firm conviction of Ireland's need for and claim to freedom is undeni-

able, which if once possessed she shall never lose.

"The Judgment hour must first be nigh, ere you can fade
ere you can die, My Dark Rosaleen."

"St. Patrick's Hymn before Tara" is also very well known to readers of Irish literature. "The Nameless One" is undoubtedly the most pathetic of Mangan's poems and reveals in every line the unhappy lot of the writer, for the "Nameless One" is none other than the poet himself. The other poems of merit are "Twenty Golden Years Ago," "My Women of three Cows," "Kin-kora," "The time of the Barmecides" and "Kathleen-Ny-Houlihan."

The poetry of Mangan displays the master hand though sometimes executed without the finish of the master's art. "He wrote as the humor took him" and often squandered his power and mastery over verse upon matter unworthy of the dignity of true poetry. His works have the faults inseparable from the conditions and circumstances in which they were written, yet his poetry will ever be remembered for its graceful, elegant, transparent style, sweet pathos, flights of imagery and beauty.

❖

TO A VIOLET.

Pretty little violet

That in my garden grows,
Why art thou so modest
Thy beauty to disclose?

Why hidest thou thy purple hues
With gold so finely wrought?
The work of the great Artist
To mortal never taught.

Why not hold thy head on high,
To meet the smiling gaze
Of such as passing by thy way
Who would thy beauty praise?

Ah no, I fully understand
For thou art called to be
Though fairest of the garden's fair
Emblem of Humility. F. K.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

F. GAVIN, '10



AS WE slowly turn over the pages of the world's history and study carefully the course of human events among many nations we find here and there illuminated in bold type the names and deeds of those whose lives are held in reverence because of some great achievement or act of sacrifice in their country's cause. Their lives stand as monuments of their country's greatness and their praises are sung and gloried in by succeeding generations. Here are portrayed warriors mighty and powerful, rulers and statesmen, men whose lives form an epoch in their country's making.

But the subject of my eulogy is not a mighty conqueror or a potent law-giver, I sing not the praises of the great master mind's world knowledge, or statecraft, I choose for my subject a weak innocent peasant girl, one whose name and deeds, nevertheless stand out in history as the most unique and remarkable of all ages—Joan of Arc—the Maid of Orleans and the savior of France. In her career we see the mighty forces of a nation directed by a little child, but who directed the child? We have need but look at her life and her work and the question is answered.

It was during that distressing period in French history known as the hundred years war that the heroic maid appeared. The fair kingdom of France lay crushed and bleeding under the mailed feet of English warriors. All her principal towns were held by the enemy and the day of her passing freedom seemed near at hand when France must lie forever at the feet of England. But such was not to be her unhappy end. Though the sun of a once powerful nation seemed to be setting on the blackened death-strewn fields of a righteous people and the victorious arms of the invader were now ringing out the death knell of a vanquished foe, still the end was not in view. The time was ripe for a change. The mighty arm of the conqueror was soon to be struck by an unseen foe. France was to be given a redeemer who would lift her up and restore her to her place among the nations.

And now we come to a strange and most striking example of the omnipotence of God in His manner of choosing as the instrument of His divine justice a weak peasant girl. There is nothing in the annals of history more remarkable and yet truer than the story of the life of the maiden through whose labors France was to regain a place among the nations of the world. No poet has spun from out his imagination a glorious tale or pictured in glowing words an epic of heroic love and transcendent valor, that can compare with the actual reality of the career of this simple maid of old France.

Born in the little village of Domremy in the province of Lorraine of poor and lowly parents Joan gave little promise during her early years of the great work which she was to accomplish. Her childhood was passed in innocence and simplicity. She was ever dutiful to her parents and delighted to be always active. She loved to help her mother in the household work and tend the sheep. She loved to outstrip her companions in the race. Thus we can see that the child from her earliest years was inured to toil and exertion. Later on if we wonder at the immense fatigue which the girl underwent during her eventful career, we must call to mind the physical training of her early childhood, she was not the pampered child of a mansion whose every whim is satisfied by indulging parents. She the daughter of the working class of people whilst tending her flock had been bronzed by the sun and drenched by the rain, her hands were hardened by toil, and when the season's harvest was poor and the decimated flock had made the family purse low she had often felt the pangs of hunger. From her earliest years Joan was a very religious girl, and often when at play she would steal away from her companions and enter a nearby chapel or church where she placed her garlands of flowers around the statues of her beloved saints, while her constant prayer was that God might alleviate the sufferings of poor France.

Thus passed away the early years of the maiden's gentle life among her native fields. A great change however was near at hand. At length when Joan had reached her thirteenth year as she was working in the garden during the heat of the day, she beheld a wonderful vision in which God revealed to her that she was to save France from the English. The poor child was sorely perplexed at this strange mission from heaven that she a weak

girl should be chosen to drive out the enemy from the country, to lead an army, and fight battles.

The war at this period was at a serious crisis for the French. Their last stronghold, Orleans was besieged by the enemy and its fall meant the end of the struggle for liberty and the absolute dominion of France by the English.

Charles the Seventh, sorely realized his almost hopeless position, and regarded his chances of being able to hold out in the disrupted kingdom as highly doubtful. Now that Orleans was in daily peril of falling into the hands of the English, and with Paris and Rouen already in their hold the wretched sovereign had serious thoughts of leaving his ever narrowing domain and seeking refuge either in Spain or Scotland.

But the news of this shepherd girl risen from the marshes of Lorraine and hailed as the savior of France spread throughout the stricken land and reached the ears of the people, who saw in it a gleam of hope for a scattered kingdom. He would test the powers of the maid. Joan soon convinced Charles of her divinely appointed mission to rescue France from the English and asked for troops to lead against the enemy at Orleans.

He fitted out the maiden in a suit of mail and placed her at the head of a small dishearted French army. Picture this fair young girl in pure white armor seated on a powerful war horse leading the army. Her presence among the troops was really magical. From weak and conquered men expecting defeat in conflict with the English, they became strong and determined soldiers. They looked with awe and reverence on this heavenly sent child who was come to lead them to victory. The story of Orleans never grows old. How the heroic maid led her now inspired soldiers against the hitherto invincible English army, sweeping it before her like a toy in the raging breakers, herself dashing forward unmindful of the clashing steel and pressing her lily banner to the very ramparts of her enemies works is always read with renewed interest. Her courage was prodigious. The tale of that charge and retreat, the great victory of the maid over a victorious host stands without a parallel in the pages of history. Her memorable victory at Patay further attests her divine commission and vouches for a genius of strategy that is unsurpassed in the annals of military history.

In the few short days of her command the victories of the maid over the English changed the whole tide of the war. And

now indeed were Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt avenged. France was saved and the task of the maiden was done and she prayed that God would allow her to return home. But this was not to be. A gracious king would grant her any boon she desired, wealth, title, and position, but he would not listen to her simple request of being allowed to return to her parents and friends, to forsake a life at court and again tend the sheep at her own humble village.

And even though Joan shrank from fame and honor and was happy only at the thought of having done God's will in restoring France to the people, yet the renowned French generals who saw their own military reputation lost by the wonderful tactics of the maid only longed for her downfall.

The English enraged at their ignominious defeats at the hands of a woman, yea, a mere child, cursed and swore vengeance against her. They chose to attribute her achievements to the powers of darkness and sought to undo the effects of her victories by denouncing her as a witch and a sorceress. They longed for an opportunity to capture and destroy her. And even while Joan was yet with the army her enemies were plotting her end. It was while she was relieving the town of Compeigne that their treachery at length triumphed. The French commander of the town was bribed by the English for a base sum of money to betray the maiden into their hands. On an assault upon the English by a ruse her troops were cut off from her and the gates of the city were closed in the retreat while Joan was left outside with but a few followers who were soon overtaken and made prisoners by the English. Such was the unhappy fate of the heroic maid sold by her countrymen to her enemies.

And now we come to one of the blackest pages in all history. The crime of calvary is to be repeated. She who had been sent by God to redeem a fallen nation was to seal her mission by her martyrdom, to pay for its deliverance by a ransom of blood. In the hands of the English the glorious maid could expect no mercy. She was forthwith thrown into a dungeon to await the mock trial which would pronounce sentence of death upon her.

Before a tribunal presided over by an apostate French bishop devoted to the English cause, Joan was denounced a witch and heretic and sentenced to be burned at the stake. She a witch? She a heretic, that pure child who followed God's instructions and did God's work whose heart had known only God's love? And

to this insidious charge the saintly maid had nothing to oppose but the simplicity and purity of her heart. "I am sent by God, she said, I have nothing more to do here, send me back to God from whom I came."

Let us retrace the sorrowful journey of the innocent Joan to the stake of Rouen. Consider this spotless child, this fairest flower of the age whose soul was as pure as crystal waters, going forth to a felon's death to be burned alive at the stake. I shall not dwell on the horror of that scene, on that flame and smoke wreathed face, lifted to heaven and the terrible agony of her torture, on the dastardly mob of English soldiers who applied the burning fagots to her funeral pyre and mocked her in her cries of appeal to heaven. But even as the flames consumed her quivering body, she extended pardon to her enemies and recommended her soul to God. All that remained of the noble peasant maid was a handful of ashes scattered on the wind.

The stain of this fearful murder rests equally on France and England, the one should have ransomed her the other should have honored her though an enemy. Alas too late did the wretched Charles realize the awful crime, and as if to make what amends he could for his cowardly neglect and selfishness he annulled the iniquitous sentence made against the angelic martyr and declared her work sacred as performed under the guidance of God. But what words can be offered in excuse for her shameful death and what words can we now add in justice to her sacred memory.

Every honor that this world can give its immortal dead has been bestowed in bountiful profusion on the maid of Orleans. Surely the human mind can conceive of no character more glorious in patriotism and more sublime in devotion than this simple maid of France. But it remained for our own day to see the crowning act of honor paid to her sacred memory. Although for ages the angelic maid had been declared blessed by the church and her name held in reverence it was but recently that Holy Mother Church, ever solicitous but cautious in rewarding her divinely favored children has at length placed the crown of sanctity on the spotless brow of Joan. This momentous event as you are aware took place in the octave of last Easter when the Holy Father Pius X passed the solemn decree of canonization on the maid of Orleans and added a new name to the calendar of God's holy elect, Joan of Arc, the patroness of France.

And while France stands today as a monument of her labors when it might have been a British dependency, how sad is its condition resulting from an abuse of freedom. Faith has been supplanted by reason and God is denied a place in the nation's catalogue.

But we can hope for the day in the not far distant future when France will gain another greater victory over herself and the false goddess of reason who now sits enthroned in the land shall be cast down and the cross of true faith again exalted together with that other emblem of dying faith, the state of Rouen. Then will the Works of the maid be complete then Joan will be the patroness of a new France.

A DISTINCTION.

We claim to have great will power,
But what we oft possess,
Is not great strength of principle
But common stubbornness.



THE VIATORIAN

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EDITORIALS.

Rome has displayed its usual wisdom and foresight in the selection of a successor to the illustrious and scholarly John Lancaster Spalding, and the Viatorian congratulates Peoria upon its new bishop, the Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne. Bishop Dunne is a product of Chicago. As Archbishop Quigley remarked at the banquet given on the occasion of his consecration, "he is a typical Chicago boy," for he was born and reared in Chicago and is characterized by that aggressiveness and tireless energy which are distinguishing marks of Chicago's sons.

Peoria's New Bishop.

He enters upon the administration of the Diocese of Peoria thoroughly equipped for the work. The years spent in Europe in completing his ecclesiastical studies have given him a broad and deep knowledge of the customs and habits of the diverse people who have settled into his diocese. During his stay abroad he acquired considerable fluency in speaking the more prominent of the European languages. His linguistic attainments will be of in-

calculable benefit to him and to his people in the practical administration of the diocese.

Bishop Dunne acquired an intimate knowledge of the workings of Catholic church, whilst a student at Rome which will be of inestimable value to him in his new work. His career as chancellor of the archdiocese of Chicago with its manifold interests has given him a keen insight into the business workings of a diocese.

We refrain from speaking of his learning and his deep love and reverence for the Church; for these are too well-known to require our mention. That Rome placed the episcopal mantle worn so long and with such distinction and honor by the venerable and erudite Spalding is a sufficient guarantee of this.

The new bishop is in the prime of life, strong and robust physically as well as in mind and will. He is admirably fitted for the exalted position to which he is called. We are sure that he will earn and obtain the respect and esteem of the clergy and laity of Peoria as he has of Catholics and non-Catholics alike, in Chicago.

The Viatorian wishes Bishop Dunne success and happiness in his new mission and trusts the Diocese of Peoria may long enjoy the able yet mild direction of the new bishop.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

It is seasonable just now to indicate to the students what attitude they should assume towards those who advertise in the Viatorian. A glance shows that most of the advertisements are of stores and firms in Kankakee. Now these men do not advertise merely to see their name in print nor simply to tell what they are selling. They advertise because they want patronage, and they want the students especially, to trade at their stores. Now plainly if you cannot aid the paper directly at least aid it indirectly, by calling on the advertisers and buying of them. Thus you will show that their advertisement is worth while and they in turn will always be glad to insert an "ad." When buying in Kankakee therefore be partial, and patronize those stores that are helping our paper by their advertisements.

INTER ALIA.

The Rev. Provincial J. A. Charlebois C. S. V., Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., Rev. J. D. Laplante, C. S. V., Rev. J. J. Cregan, C. S. V., and Rev. T. Dugas, C. S. V., have returned after an absence of two months in Europe attending a general chapter of the Order.

Rev. P. E. Brown has been sent to Kalamazoo, Michigan, to open and take charge of a High School. Bro. J. Perdsock will be stationed there for the coming year, as assistant.

Rev. J. D. Laplante, C. S. V., for five years connected with St. Viateurs Normal Institute, Chicago, will take up duties as professor at the college.

Rev. T. J. McCormick, C. S. V., pastor of St. Viateur's Church, Chicago, has recently broken ground for a new school church building and parish house. The building will be located a mile or so north of the present site.

Work is progressing rapidly on Father Cregan's new school in St. Edward's parish. Within a month the school will be ready to receive its anxious pupils.

The dedication of a beautiful stone church which is being built by Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., at St. Mary's, Ill., was held on Sunday, August 29. Rt. Rev. Bishop McGavick presided at the ceremony assisted by Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., Rev. G. P. Mulvaney, C. S. V. A host of priests and friends of Father Marsile assembled to extend their felicitations upon his successful and happy undertaking.

News comes from Rome that John Flanagan who left here to pursue higher courses, will be ordained in June. He will labor in the diocese of Rockford.

The attendance at the college at present is very large and is still increasing. Never before were the prospects of a large crowd so promising as this year.

During the summer the college chapel has been greatly improved. The altars were painted and decorated, the sanctuary enlarged and the pews renovated and painted.

Two large recreation halls one for the Juniors and one for the Seniors have been partitioned off in the large basement of Roy

Hall. These will be fitted with billiard and pool tables, and other indoor games to help render the long months of winter as cheerful as possible. The confectionery store has been moved to the basement also. The community rooms for the Brothers and Seminarians occupy the remaining space.

Revs. J. Kelly, P. Parker, J. Bennett, J. Kangley, H. Kowaleski, and J. Shea were welcome visitors at the college.

CHAMBERLAIN.

Rev. W. J. Surprenant C. S. V., for the past four years Prefect of Studies at St. Viateur's, has been appointed Director of a new college to be opened in a few days at Chamberlain, South Dakota. Bro. Mulvaney, and Bro. Burke, professors at St. Viateur's have been sent as assistant teachers. Bro. Boisvert has been stationed there temporarily to look after local improvements and changes.

NEWS FROM KALAMAZOO.

Gibbon Hall.

The college started out well. The attendance everything that could be expected. The students are delighted with the new faculty and the Professors think that the students are clever. A splendid spirit existing, which is the harbinger of great work during the year.

Reception.

The College Society tendered a reception to the Faculty of Gibbon Hall on Sunday evening at Sodality Hall. Addresses of welcome were made by Mr. McGurrin, Dr. Welsh and Father Joseph, which were responded to in a fitting manner, by the President. All who were present were privileged to meet the professors. Everything starts out bright, and there is every indication of a prosperous college year.

NEW BOOKS.

Through the generosity of Mrs. P. K. Ryan of Chicago, the library has an additional hundred volumes of select fiction to offer its readers.

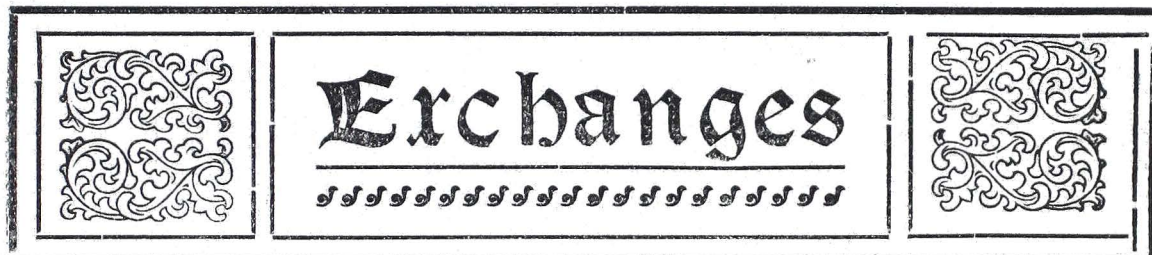
OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends."—Job xix; 21.

It was just a few days ago that we heard of the death of Arthur Pepin. Inquiring about him from his younger brother who has entered the Minim department, we were surprised to hear of his untimely death caused by brain fever. Arthur spent two years here, and besides earning the reputation of a good student he was also esteemed as a boy of irreproachable character. We tender our sympathies to his bereaved parents.

We deeply regret to chronicle the death of Mrs. Peter Surprenant which occurred suddenly at Lake Linden, Mich., Sunday, October 3rd. The news of the demise of this estimable lady was received with sorrow by her many friends at the College and in Bourbonnais. The faculty and entire student body extend their sincerest sympathy to her son Rev. W. J. Surprenant, C. S. V., and the bereaved family. Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., in the college chapel Monday, Oct. 4th and a large number of students received Holy Communion for the repose of the soul of this model Christian mother.

Requiescant in Pace.



We are pleased to have before us at the beginning of this scholastic year, so many college journals that abound with good essays, debates, orations and poetry. Indeed, we are almost prone to express the desire that the summer numbers might be "double headers," as there seems to be a freshness and flavor of originality found in the productions of June and July which seldom occur at other times. This is however not so surprising when we consider that man is influenced largely by nature. That the soft odor of the green grass, the flowers and blossoms of summer should creep like the fragrance of incense into the literary productions of the students, is not to be wondered at, but rather to be expected. For that which one feels and experiences is sure to be reflected, sometimes strongly often only slightly in what he writes or says.

In glancing back over the preceding year's work one should be able to judge whether or not it was successful. The student of literature, as of other branches of learning, should profit by his former mistakes and resolve to better things in the future by the experience and knowledge he has acquired. This we believe is the real reason why the summer "effusions" of college journalism are so superior to those at other times. Do not misunderstand us kind brothers of the ex-world and think that we would depreciate the value of the monthly contributions that find their way into our sanctum. Nothing can give a young writer more encouragement than the knowledge that he has made progress during the year and that he is capable of making still greater progress. Let us make our motto, "Onward and Upward," aiming ever at perfection and striving to capture that pennant which is only taken by patient, and hard work and on which are written in large, bold letters, "Success." Let us all keep up the good work begun by those of our friends in "ex-dom" who have already made their appearance and then when we have completed our next year's work we will be satisfied with the knowledge that we have done the best we were able in the best way possible. With this purpose in view, we wish all our friends of the sanctum a prosperous and successful new scholastic year.

Among our summer visitors is the **College Spokesman** from Dubuque, Ia. Attractiveness in appearance and a general spirit of neatness manifested throughout, makes this exchange one which any college might envy. The various departments are well supplied with material and the variety of essays, stories, and verse gives a balance and equilibrium to the Spokesman which it would be well for some of our other "ex's" to imitate. Many college papers are prone to be fond of extremes. Some are more or less given over to the idea that their paper must be entirely devoted to intellectual essays. Others present the appearance of a short story book. These two extremes are to be avoided and a "happy medium" discovered. This is evidently the object of the Spokesman and so far they have been successful in their attempts. Especial attention must be given to the story, "In the Glow of Northern Lights." The plot is exceptionally well developed and the descriptions are vivid enough even for the most unimaginative. The climax occurs in the midst of the story and the reader is led up to it gradually and gently, as is in accordance with the

laws of rhetoric, and then when the end is reached, the impression left upon the mind is one of peace and quietude rather than one of "blood and thunder." A word of appreciation on the commencement orations would not be out of place. Suffice it to say however, that all are fully up to the standard and worthy of the high reputation of St. Joseph's. Among the verse, "The Poet's Haunt," is worthy of commendation for the real, poetic, thought which is distinguishable throughout.

The **St. Ignatius Collegian** is, as usual replete with short stories and verse. Most of which are as readable and poetic as any found in the leading magazines of the day; but is woefully deplete in essays and orations. It appears to us, that the Senior Number of a college like St. Ignatius should certainly be able to gather some intellectual matter for publication instead of an imitation of the *Argosy* or something of the same style. Of course we understand that, "A little nonsense now and then is relished etc.," but unless the object is to make the college paper a huge joke, we fail to see the purpose of its existence. Please do not mistake our intentions in saying this, *Collegian*, for there is much in you that we esteem and admire. But take it in the "spirit in which it is given." Merely as a fraternal suggestion for improvement.

We are in receipt this month of a new exchange from San Francisco, Cal., which comes under the euphonious name of **The School Echo**. It is a typical convent paper and is a good representative of its class. Welcome to our table!

We gratefully appreciate all exchanges received during the summer months.





Athletic Notes



Now that baseball has retired to his winter quarters, football is becoming the center of interest with Coach Eckersall's men in the limelight. Thirty-five candidates turned out for the first practice under the coach, and although we will not have as "beefy" a team as last year, we will try to make up for it in speed. Graduation and other reasons have robbed us of Berry, the fleet footed end of last year's team, Legris the stellar full back, and the model of the Western College pig skin booters, Carroll the daring end, McClure and Shafer the powerful linemen, Williams the giant tackle, Shannon the plucky guard, Munson the clever end, Welsh the demon half back, and Morgan the daring tackle. With all the vacancies last year's freshmen, and scrubs, together with the new men, must help the regulars who remain to do the brunt of the work. The remaining regulars are A. Quille, T. O'Brien, J. O'Donnell, M. Mugan, H. Karpen, W. Nourie, while the new faces which will be seen in the scrimmages are E. J. Quille, H. Darche, R. Warner, F. Legris, W. Davenport, F. Cleary, J. Phelan, W. Sammon, L. Sherman, J. Kennedy, L. Dougherty, G. Lynch, F. Mang, W. Clifford, R. Heffernan, C. Sheehan, J. Ryan, F. Brown, G. Moulton, L. Dillon, G. Welch, L. Jones, F. Hill, L. Regan, Ryerson, G. Wenig, A. McKenna, J. Ernst, and F. Kelly. With these men the coach will spend most of his time, and the assistant coach will drill the old men.

The schedule is not complete as yet but the management hopes to have it ready for an early publication. Games are being arranged with Culver, St. Ignatius, DePaul, Carroll College, Racine College, Illinois Wesleyan, Onarga Seminary, Illinois Normal, Sacred Heart, and possibly a couple of Chicago high schools.

Baseball.

On September 21st the old students of the college lined up against the new arrivals in a past season game and what started out to be a pitcher's battle ended up in a slaughter for the late to arrive. In the first five innings neither side scored, but in the sixth inning the old timers put ten over on the novices, driving Regan, and Ernst under cover, the seventh was almost a duplicate but the

old ones were satisfied with seven runs. The final score was 22 to 2, thus convincing the late arrivals that they were mastered.

Batteries: Moran-Stevens. (Regan, Ernst, Reitley, Smith.)

Juniors.

The Juniors have been the big attraction for the last two Sunday afternoons. Great crowds assembled to see them battle with an unusually fast team from Kankakee. So far the Juniors have lost and won to the Paramounts and will continue to play till the cold weather calls for football. Though many of last year's stars are missing from the baseball team yet there are good recruits from the Minim team besides fine timber among the new students. A husky crowd of new lads with the remains of last year, presage a winning football team.

Minims.

The teams in the Minim department will be light this year. All the larger boys have entered the Juniors and not a regular player on last year's baseball team is left. With the light material on hand Coach McDonald expects to train a fast and snappy little nine. Football is receiving much attention, here too the Minims are handicapped in size but instead speed will be developed and special practice given to trick plays.

The military squad has been selected and practice has begun for the St. Viator's Day exhibition.

PERSONALS.

—Mr. Frank Moody recently spent a few pleasant days with his many friends at the college.

—Dr. Phillip Lesage while visiting his father in Bourbonnais called on the faculty and friends at the college.

—Mr. P. C. Haley ex-mayor of Joliet, passed a pleasant day at the college with his son Paul of the Senior department.

—Eddie Stack and "Bert" O'Connell were welcome visitors at the college. They spent a few days here and one might have discerned a longing look in their eye as they left to re-enter the "cruel world."

—We heard a familiar refrain "Hail to Naught Eight" and sure

enough looking out of the window we saw James Dougherty, Wm. McGuire and Con Mahoney. The trio enjoyed a couple of days amidst old scenes and faces..

—John Walsh of '09 has entered the Seminary at Rochester, New York.

—Fred Shippy of the same class has also donned the cassock and biretta at Niagara.

—John Cosgrove, leader of the sturdy '09 Freshies is studying Philosophy at Rochester, New York.

—Al McCarthy, the brilliant third sacker will most probably get a monogram at Notre Dame next year.

—Troy Munson can be seen wielding huge law books at Michigan U. this year.

—Imas Rice has elected to devote his talents to relieve suffering humanity. He is studying medicine at St. Louis U.

—Adehmar Savary who carried the philosophy medal last year is pursuing legal studies at Northwestern.

—Still another aspiring Blackstone, Frank Welch has taken up law at Kent College, Chicago.

—Joseph Legris of the class of '08 after mature deliberation has decided to follow the life of a religious. He has entered the Novitiate of the Redemptorists in Montreal upon finishing which he will pursue his theological studies.

LOCALS.

—Oh joy! We're back again.

—Student. Have you joined the Arctic circle?

New Arrival. Yes and they gave me a cold reception.

—I love my warm weather,
But oh you north pole.

—I were it were tea, Yes-Sir Thomas.

—B'Gosh you hain't Charlie's brother be you?

—Could you tell me where the refreshing store is?

—Bill—Have you met with many ivories?

Jim—No, but I've found several blocks.

- Don't call me kid, call me kiddo.
- You aint got nothin' in the barn I can't ride.
- Nig's Colts have reported for a fall workout.
- Pedro—Tom, what's your first name?
- The October train is nearly due.
- When baseball is on the hummer
And football's too rough a game
Just becken the Junior Prefect
And cricket he'll answer, by name.
- New Boy. I thought you said our teacher had a kind face.
Old Timer. I didn't say what kind, did I?
- The homesick new student's first letter home.
I don't think that I like college,
The boys are awfully rude
They say that I'm a baby
And call me a little dude.
Please take me home. Don't think me silly
But send at once for your loving Willie.
- The old student's first letter home after arriving.
Dear Dad: I'm back again
Also broke. Please send me ten
With love to all. From your dear son Ben.
- With pipes ablaze and scornful gaze
They proudly walk along
Their heads held high, nor stoop to eye
The lowly Junior throng.
At last into their own they've come
No prefects do they fear
For now they smoke before them all
Those Juniors of last year.
- Two new representatives of Piper City, the Kelly twins. No relation to Pop, however.
- Have you joined the fire brigade?
- Mattoon complains that the cow bells awaken him every morning. Will some one kindly serve an injunction on the cows?
- Some one played "Home Sweet Home" on the mouth organ and the new fellow suddenly got something in his eye.