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THE NEW CENTURY.

A glorious age has flown, with genius fraught
In every walk of life. But chief its name
Must echo through long centuries of fame,
As being the age wherein ennobling thought
Was held 'neath matter and th' ignoble groat
That was its glory, this its only shame.
What title shall this new born era claim
To high renown? A gifted Leo taught
With voice unerring generations past:
Spared this yet infant age, its guiding star,
His ringing words direct it to this end:
Neglect of God and Christ be from thee far;
In search for truth by none be thou surpassed;
To error's death and virtue's love e'er tend.

F. S. C

THE BEAUTIFUL.

When we look at the sky all studded with stars, or behold the glowing brightness of the dawn or the gorgeous splendors of a summer sunset; or again when we look upon the human countenance as it reflects the peace and innocence of the inward soul, we are charmed by all these sights and we call them beautiful.

Beauty is a very true, yet a mysterious attribute of being. Philosophers have sought to define it, and painters have tried to grasp it and to fix it upon their canvas. What then is beauty and where does it reside? Let me try to answer these simple questions.

Now if we consider beauty in its effects, is it not that which has the power to please us, to charm us, to delight us, to cause in us love and admiration of the object beautiful? Thus at least St. Thomas, the Angel of the schools, and many before and after him have thought of defining beauty. Must not then the beautiful object have some intrinsic property, attribute or quality, some excellence, some perfection that addresses itself both to the intellect as it contemplates the true and to the will as it yearns for, desires, loves and delights in the pos-

session of the good? Yet it is possible to seek even a more philosophical definition of beauty than this one. A definition that would reveal to us the essential constituents of beauty.

Now, if we listen to the philosophers, we will find that beauty must be in itself something luminous, bright, effulgent, nay dazzling. Thus Plato calls beauty the splendor of truth, the brightness of reality. But this description of beauty must give way before a more perfect one, and it is this: "Beauty is the splendor of order." This definition, more complete, embraces all the elements of beauty; it means first that an object, in order to be beautiful, that is, in order to have the power of pleasing, must have integrity or perfection in its parts; that is, it must be whole, not crippled or maimed, for then it would rather displease and excite pity. Secondly, and this is important, there must be order among these parts, that is, due harmony, fitness, suitableness, consistency or proportion; for if the parts are not duly proportioned to one another, there results a lack of harmony, a lack of order, that is disorder, a deformity, a monstrosity, which again displeases. Evidently then there must be order or harmony between the parts of the objects; and not only this, but this order must be splendid, that is bright, clear, effulgent, easily perceivable.

What does splendor mean, when we speak of beauty, if not this sweet and easy perceptibility of the order in an object, so that the perceiving of this order costs us no unpleasant effort, no straining of the physical or mental eye. An object thus luminous in its order simply floods the soul with its beauty and captivates that soul; it compels it to fix its steady gaze upon its beauty and to revel in an endless delight of contemplation and love.

Now where is beauty to be found? I say that beauty is to be found in the objects themselves, be these material objects or spiritual beings. I don't agree, nor will you I am sure, with those who say that beauty is merely subjective, entirely relative, that is, that every eye and every mind creates its own beauty, or invests objects with those characteristics of beauty that give it the power to please. No, by no means is this true; nor is beauty merely relative, such that it may please this one and displease that one. And why now? Simply because there are numberless objects which are absolutely and always beautiful in themselves and which please all men. Now why do these objects please all men. Certainly not because of any peculiar inward and transitory disposition or caprice or prejudice of the beholder for these are neither universal nor permanent. It must be then because there is in these objects themselves a stable and luminous order; thus all men admire the beauty of full blown flowers, the beauty

of graceful landscapes, the serenity of the sky, the majestic grandeur of the ocean, and all the varying beauties of musical symphonies, poetical compositions and masterpieces of architecture. And why again do all men admire these objects? Because, as St. Augustine says, all men discover in these objects an evident harmony of parts with a certain polish of coloring.

Moreover is it not true that there are rules of art accepted by all men as objectively necessary for beauty? That if one denies what all affirm is beautiful, he is declared to be devoid of the sense of the beautiful? Again, supposing that the notion of beauty were merely subjective, relative and suitable, how could such men as Homer, Virgil, Dante, Michael Angelo, Raphael and all the great world artists have achieved immortal fame? It is clear therefore that beauty resides in the objects themselves and is not a mere arbitrary creation of the beholder.

Now I have said that beauty is found in material objects and also in spiritual beings. That beauty can be found in material objects, which have entitative or essential and integral parts which can be co-ordinated, is quite evident and needs no proof. It is easy in such objects to find unity in the multiplicity and variety of their parts, but how can we find in spiritual objects, having no parts, any room for this unity in multiplicity and variety? In the human soul for instance, which is simple and spiritual we have certainly the desired unity and in this unity we find a multiplicity of properties and accidents, as for instance the acts and habits of the intellect and of the will, which can be co-ordinated into one pleasing whole, and the due subordination of the passions to the sway of reason. Thus we can speak of a beautiful soul, that is, of a soul in whose numberless acts there ever shines forth the splendor of moral order. Again what prevents us from considering the soul as essentially one and as virtually manifold, that is as objectively equivalent to many souls? For does it not, as a universal cause, produce many specifically diverse effects? Undoubtedly it does; it produces growth which is the distinctive effect of vegetative soul; it produces sensation which is the distinctive effect of the brute soul; it produces thought and volition which are its own specific effects. Now in man, vegetation helps sensation, sensation helps intellection. Is it not evident, then, that this one human soul with its multiplicity of most wonderfully co-ordinated powers and operations contains within itself all the elements of beauty? There is no doubt then that the human soul is both spiritually and physically beautiful and can also be morally beautiful.

Now I refrain from speaking at length of the beauty of angels, and of God. For, since the beauty of a being depends upon the per-

fection of its essence, it is clear that the higher we rise in the scale of beings, the more must superior beings be clothed in beauty or enwrapped in the splendor of order. In God's admirably simple essence there shines forth that objective multiplicity of possible essence which is necessarily rooted in his omniscience, that multiplicity of actual created things which act and move under the supervision and guidance of his allwise Providence. To every eye that looks on God must there also appear that objective eminence by which his infinite perfection must contain abundantly all the multitude of perfections, he has lavishly bestowed upon created things. And finally no christian believer fails to find a new element of most surpassing beauty in the adorable mystery of their distinct persons in the one divine substance.

Let me conclude then that all the beauty which we find in the universe, be it physical, moral or spiritual is but the stamp of clear order which God has imprinted upon every being and upon the universe; that beauty is in the things themselves; that the Creator has clothed the visible world and even invisible souls in beauty, so that the contemplation thereof may please, recreate, delight, uplift and ennoble all men and make them so love order, that they may by their own orderly lives fit themselves to enter into and to grace that higher and still more beautiful order which is heaven's first law. F. F.

THE MONK'S VINDICATION.

Owing to a severe sickness from which I had recently recovered, it was thought that it would be imprudent for me to undertake the long journey to my home. This happened at the opening of the Christmas vacation which I was obliged consequently to spend at St. Viateur's College. The Fathers and Brothers inconvenienced themselves in many ways to make things as pleasant as possible for me and succeeded so well that this vacation has always left a pleasant memory behind it. I remember especially the outlines of a story which our prefect, Father R— related to us. I will endeavor to narrate it as nearly as possible as it now recurs to my memory.

Several centuries ago there lived in a famous monastery in the south of France, a young monk no less remarkable for the gentleness, amiability and candor of his character than for his rare sanctity. Notwithstanding his youth and lack of experience he already possessed such prudence; discretion and tact that he was selected by the abbot for his secretary and employed in several matters of considerable difficulty and delicacy. He was, as it were, the right hand of his abbot and loved by all his fellow monks who marvelled to find so much wis-

dom in so young a man.

It is difficult for a young man placed in such circumstances not to feel occasionally in his breast the swellings of pride and self-esteem, and it happened that almost insensibly the young monk began to entertain thoughts of vanity and self-approbation. The average man would not only have found nothing wrong in all this but would have easily persuaded himself that all the esteem shown him was fully due to his undoubted talents and blameless life. Not so this holy monk. He was fully convinced that "pride goeth before a fall" and consequently he did not at all feel that quiet of mind he was wont to experience when he began to reflect upon the direction his thoughts were taking.

One day, as he passed before a large crucifix in the chapter room, he prostrated himself at the foot of the cross, and with tears in his eyes, implored his crucified Lord to send him some trial that would cure him of his evil thoughts. After his prayer he experienced an internal joy and tranquility of mind that seemed to give him an assurance that his prayer was heard. At all events the cloud passed from his brow and he went about his duties with his accustomed cheerfulness and purity of intention.

Not long after this he was engaged in the abbot's room with the large correspondence of the monastery, when a young soldier, the nephew of the abbot, entered, accompanied by the abbot. The young man had brought a large sum of money due from his father to the monastery. The officer was quite familiar with the religious and often expressed his admiration to his uncle of the young monk's sanctity and beauty of character. Before long they were engaged in pleasant conversation. Various subjects engaged their attention. They spoke of court life, of life in the camp and on the battlefield, all of which the young officer praised very highly. Finally he expressed his surprise at the quiet and contentment of the monks in what appeared to him a very monotonous kind of life. The young monk assured him that he certainly would not exchange conditions with him. "Now," said the young officer, laughing and pouring the shining heap of gold on the table, "do you mean to tell me seriously that you would not like to be the personal possessor of this princely sum, and that you would not be willing to leave the monastery, where you have nothing but the necessaries of life and a routine existence if Father Abbot should consent to turn it over to you?" This he said merely in jest, for he entertained not the slightest doubts on the subject. He enjoyed, however, the slight embarrassment which he noticed in the young religious and kept up the pleasant bantering until the monastery

bell summoned them to dinner. Brother J— left at once and was soon followed by the abbot but the young officer remained for a few moments to arrange his toilet. He gathered up the gold he had spread upon the table, slipped into the cell of Brother J—, which opened on the abbot's, and placed the bag of money under the mattress of Bro. J—'s bed. He knew that the Brother would find the money and he expected to enjoy his surprise and confusion when he returned it to the abbot. He had already framed several pleasant jests at the Brother's expense when he should hear him explaining to the abbot how he had found the money.

While they were at dinner a messenger rode up to the monastery gate and handed the porter a message for the young officer. It was an order from the king to assemble his father's forces with all possible haste and meet him at an appointed place inside a week. During these troubled times such a sudden call to arms excited no surprise. The young man bade his uncle a hasty farewell, mounted his horse and soon galloping towards his father's castle to carry out his sovereign's command.

Dinner being ended the monks marched to the chapel to recite vespers and afterwards each one went about the occupation assigned him. The abbot retired to his room intending to take the money to the treasurer of the monastery. He was somewhat surprised at not finding it on the table as he expected. He called Brother J— and asked him if he had removed the money. "No, Father, I have not seen it since before dinner when, as you know, it was there on the table." He then inquired from the porter whether any one had entered during or immediately after dinner and was informed that he had seen no one. He could get no information from any of the monks. "Well," said the abbot, "it is a very strange occurrence; no one could enter or leave the monastery without the knowledge of the porter. I believe the money must still be in the house." He selected four venerable religious to accompany him in a very thorough search of the whole monastery, including the cells of the monk. They spent the greater part of the afternoon in searching every conceivable part of the house without discovering the slightest trace of the missing gold. They finally came to the cell of Brother J. when one of the Fathers remarked: "It is useless to search here." "No," said the abbot, "we will make no exceptions, not even of my own cell. I do not suspect any of the religious in particular more than Brother J." One of the monks raised the mattress of the little cot and drew out a bag in which to his surprise and consternation he found the lost money.

The large monastery bell soon summoned all the religious to the

chapter room and in the presence of the assembled monks the abbot called Brother J—, again asked him if he knew anything of the money and again received the same answer. "Well," said the abbot, "here is the gold which we found in your cell. Will you solemnly deny before your fellow religious that you knew of its presence there?" A denial trembled on the lips of Brother J—, and a denial from him would have been sufficient. But he suddenly remembered his prayer. Here was the cross he had asked for; would he reject the answer to his own earnest request? The struggle was intense but momentary. He cast himself at the feet of his abbot and covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears without saying a word. The astonished abbot and religious took this action as a tacit confession of guilt. Bewilderment reigned in every face and sorrow in every heart. Could this be the religious whom all had looked upon as a saint and believed strong against every temptation? Here was a striking proof of a man's innate weakness. The abbot, thinking that the young Brother had yielded to a momentary temptation, raised him from his kneeling posture and assured him of his pardon. "But," said he, "in reparation for the offense you must perform an exemplary penance. I cannot subject you to a similar danger by continuing you in your present occupation. Henceforth you shall be employed in some menial office where you will meet with no danger." The young monk said not a word but bowed his head in silence.

Ten years have passed and Brother J— has led a most edifying life in his lowly capacity of assistant gardener. In a thousand unintentional ways the memory of his fall is recalled to him. Although he never mentioned the subject himself nor did any of his fellow monks speak of the matter in his presence, yet he frequently heard them speak of the strange case when they were not aware of his presence, and often upon his approach, the conversation was broken off and he noticed the evident uneasiness his unexpected companionship caused. Not a word of complaint ever escaped his lips and if he seemed less bouyant of spirit and light-hearted than formerly, it was only the greater gravity of more mature years.

Shortly after the opening of the new year, just ten years after the event I have narrated, Brother J— was an inmate of the infirmary and was rapidly becoming the victim of an insidious enemy, hereditary consumption. Everything possible was done for him but all knew that his hours were numbered. The abbot had just come from the sick room, when the porter announced a visitor who wished to see him. It was our friend, the abbot's nephew, now a man in the full prime of life. After conversing for some time, the officer turned to his uncle

saying: 'By the way, where is Brother J? I have not seen him since my arrival.' 'He is very sick,' said the abbot, 'and you are not likely to meet him when you come again. I do not think he will live through the night.' 'I am indeed grieved to hear that,' said the officer, 'he was always one of my dearest friends. But I have no doubt but that death is a welcome visitor to a saint like him. What did he say when he discovered the money after my last visit?' 'What do you mean,' the abbot asked him, becoming suddenly much excited. The officer told him how he had put the money under the mattress in Brother J.'s cell for a joke and how his sudden departure had prevented him from telling of it. I will not attempt to describe the deep emotion the old Father felt upon hearing the news.

'We must go at once and make what reparation we can,' he said, as soon as he had mastered himself a little. He then ordered all the monks to assemble in the infirmary. When all had entered, in a voice choked with sobs, he publicly proclaimed the innocence of Brother J. and implored his pardon for the unjust thoughts he had entertained of him. The officer was inconsolable and casting himself upon his knees at the bedside of the dying religious, he kissed his brow already moistened with the sweat of death. He told him amidst his tears what he had done and begged him not to lay the foolish act to his charge. Brother J. smiled and in a feeble voice assured them that he had nothing to forgive since they had done him no wrong. That night his pure soul was beyond the trials and vexations of life.

D.



ODE TO LICINIUS.

(HORACE, ODE 10, BOOK II.)

Licinius, more safely shalt thou live
 By neither always tempting the profound,
 Nor while thou, cautious, storms dost shun, by hugging
 Too close the hostile shore.

Whoever loves the golden mean, secure,
 Will from the meanness of a roof decayed
 Be free, and continent will feel no need
 Of palace coveted.

The mighty pine more often is convulsed
 By evil winds, and lofty battlements,
 With graver ruin fall, and thunderbolts
 The mountains' summits smite.

The well trained spirit in adversity
 Expects, in welfare fears the other lot,
 The scathing winter Jupiter inducts,
 And also them withdraws.

And now, if evil be, in future time,
 It will not thus exist, for with his lyre
 Apollo sometimes wakes the silent Muse,
 Nor ever bends his bow.

In circumstances straitened show thyself
 Both resolute and brave, moreover thou
 Shalt furl thy sails judiciously when swollen
 By too propitious wind.

C.

PHILOSOPHY AND THE EXISTENCE OF A DIETY.

Philosophy has told us many true and beautiful things about man and the visible world in which man dwells. In the words of Aristotle Philosophy has described man as the being whose face is turned upward, whose gaze is directed towards the skies and whose eye peers into and away beyond the deep blue azure of the heavens.

Thus is the anthropos, literally this being whose forehead turns ever up, distinguished from all other living things which move about on this earth or in the air. Man alone is described as a being whose yearnings seem to be for other worlds. His whole attitude bespeaks his contempt of that which is merely earthly: erect he stands and with his feet he spurns the ground and, though the earth is clad in verdure and teems with fruits, yet man finds in the rainbows, the sunsets and the starry nights infinitely more inviting beauties and charming spectacles.

His vision soon traverses the vast and turbulent ocean and rests upon the serene blue horizon beyond, where the heavens begin; so too his ken soon scales the snow-capped Alpine heights and thence again it bounds into the sublime attitudes of etherial space.

What does he seek? Why does man look up in the infinite spaces? Is not this physical attitude of man but an expression of his mental attitude and spiritual destiny? Here again the philosopher answers us, yes. Man has been made to contemplate the beautiful and the true and to revel in the love of the perfect good. This, says the Stagyrte is the end of man.

Where then is this embodiment of perfect truth, beauty and goodness which man's mind and heart tend to and look for? Who is this perfect one, in whom man will find all that can satisfy the cravings of his heart and of his intellect? I have all but mentioned his name. It is God. So says philosophy which grows beautifully eloquent in the mouth of Plato and Aristotle when they discourse upon this exalted subject. Plato becomes indignant at those who demand proofs of God's existence, and with a series of most unanswerable questions absolutely silences all questionings on this point. Aristotle brings into play all the mighty forces of his genius and employs all the batteries of logic and metaphysics to demonstrate the existence of God, and unfold some of his chief attributes. Plato's indignation is but an echo of the voice of the inspired writer, who says: "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." But there are such fools in every age, and the same scripture tells us that the number of these and other fools is infinite. It is not therefore useless to consider the reasons which establish firmly the fundamental truth of all human life, that is the existence of God, so that we may grasp it so firmly and hold it so fast that no amount of false philosophy or whirlwind of passion shall ever avail to rob us of the all important and vital truth.

As to the demonstrative value of the proofs which human reason has discovered in order to sustain this truth, I am ready to leave this question to the unbiased judgment of any fair-minded man. These reasons have satisfied sages and saints greater than I or you may ever hope to be. I say then with the universal voice of untaught human kind and likewise the universal and constant voice of the most enlightened amongst men, that God exists. God has written his name so plainly on his works that through these he can be easily and surely known. He has so manifested Himself in the works of nature that every nation and people, even the most savage, have ever and always acknowledged a divinity to whom they owed worship. This statement of itself, if it is true, is sufficient to prove the existence of God. For a demonstration of this proposition we have only to examine the his-

tories, the writings and the works of art of the people of the different nations. All bear testimony to a belief in God. Cicero in his writings tells us that in every town there is a temple. The obelisks and pyramids of Egypt, those mighty monuments of antiquity have been inscribed with innumerable designs which give testimony to a belief in God. And now why is this fact of the universal consent of mankind to a truth which does not flatter the passions, but is a mighty check to every evil inclination and selfish indulgence, why I say, is this fact conclusive as to the existence of God? Simply because such consent could be caused only by the blinding evidence of the truth.

However, since the universal consent of mankind is but an indirect proof of the existence of God, and as we like something more tangible than the mere saying of others, we will examine some of the things in the universe and see for ourselves why all men have come to the conclusion that there is a God. In glancing over the things which are around us we find that there are effects. In fact everything which we behold is in some way an effect and everything in so far as it is an effect owes its existence to some other being. Either the cause of these effects is a self-existing one or else we must admit an infinite series of dependent beings; but it is absurd to say there is an infinite series of dependent beings for if they are dependent, what do they depend upon? It therefore must be that there is a self existing being, and this uncaused first cause of all things we call God. Again, proceeding, as we have done in the preceding argument, from things we know in order to find out things we do not know, we arrive at the notion of a primal, immovable motor from the fact of the motion of bodies; for is not everything that is moved, moved by another and this again by another, until you must come finally to one being which moves all and is yet itself not moved by any? This primal motor we call God. Therefore as surely as the heart beats, as the soul thinks, as leaves rustle, as the earth quakes, and the winds blow and the stars roll in their orbits, I say as surely, there is a God. Let him deny it who would renounce human reason.

Follow me still through another consideration and this on the various degrees of perfection and goodness which we find in things. Things you will admit, are called more or less perfect, true and good inasmuch as they approach more or less nearly to that which is supremely good, true and perfect. Why? Because that which is supremely such in any genus is the cause of all that pertains to genus. Now as being is convertible with truth, goodness and perfection, and as we find in the beings around us various degrees of goodness and perfection, we must conclude that there is a supremely perfect being in whom is the plenitude of all perfection and of all being, and this being

is God. Just as surely as the sun is, of all bodies, the most perfect in giving light and heat, so is God the most perfect of all beings that are conceivable.

Furthermore, it is easy to observe that the things about us are contingent; that is, they do not in themselves contain a sufficient reason of their existence. They are indifferent to existence or non-existence. They begin to exist and soon cease existing. These contingent beings then are potential beings, undetermined and dependent, and unless we would admit an unreasonable, infinite series of such merely potential, dependent and undetermined beings, we must come to a being which is necessarily actual, independent and determined and this necessary being is God. Therefore God exists. We now come to an argument which ought to appeal to us strongly and one which very few men have tried to refute. The origin of this argument is from the order, the harmony, the beauty and the intelligence which is displayed in the world. The astronomer, in his observatory, watching the heavens by the aid of his telescope, sees there the mighty bodies, almost infinite in number, journeying in their own distinctive orbits, sometimes crossing and recrossing the paths of others and yet there never comes a clash. The naturalist strolls forth, seeking the things in nature which interest him. He passes by a hive of bees and is attracted by the beauty and harmony which exists in their work. Some are carrying wax and building those cells which are mathematically correct; more correct perhaps than even an architect could make them. Others making long journeys to the haunts of the wild flower, seek here for the honey spring, and having found it they return with their precious burden to store it away in the newly made vaults. Although the Naturalist has seen these things many times, today he is in a thoughtful mood and he asks himself where is that intelligent being who is the author of this order, harmony, beauty and intelligence? He passes on to an ant hill and here he sees the ants working with the same order and harmony. He now comes to the sea shore and there again he sees order and harmony, each little grain of sand is adding its mite of strength to the barrier which keeps the ocean within its bounds. The Naturalist might have gone farther in his observations and found that there is order or relation between everything in the universe, but he is satisfied and now he puts himself to the task of answering the questions, who is the author of these orderly things? Who is the artist who has shown so much wisdom in arranging the different parts of the universe in order to produce such a beautiful and harmonious effect? Who is the one who is able to look into the future and see the almost infinite number of positions which the different things in the universe will occupy?

Some will tell us that this order, this harmony, is a result of the laws of nature. True, but who is the law-giver? Who sees that the laws are kept? Every law supposes some intelligent being to establish that law and after a law is established there must be some one to enforce it. We maintain that this artist, this law, giver is none other than the intelligent, self existing, first cause of all things, God.

I refrain from quoting several other valid arguments. I have already detained you long enough. I likewise pass over in silence the famous argument of St. Anslem which is acknowledged by many to be one of the triumphs of human thought. I withhold from knocking for proofs at the door of the human heart. I have let but human reason speak. But were I to ask of the heart what it is it so intensely yearns for when it desires perfect happiness, it would answer like the intellect, the perfect good; God. The great heart strings of all humanity are as closely entwined around the idea of God as is the ivy about the oak. Is there a great human concern at stake, is a nation going to war? It calls upon God. Are sailors threatened by the mad waves? Their sole hope is in God. Is a mother in affliction? Her sole comfort is in God. Is a man tried in the crucible of every adversity? His strength, his trust is in God. And this would be all illusion? Impossible! Human nature's best instinct cannot be wrong. Voltaire, who knew men, said if there were no God men would invent one in order to satisfy the infinite cravings of their hearts.

But I have said enough to show how, and how well reason proves the existence of God, and I cannot help in concluding paying my tribute of respect and gratitude to philosophy, to that science whose kindly light leads us through the beautiful realms of natural science and through the higher realms of metaphysical speculation until it leaves us in the radiant effulgence of God's own being.

J. W. A. '01.



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EDITORIAL.

The semi annual examination will take place in the course of a few weeks. This is the *DIES IRAE* for the indolent student. He will be obliged to face the shame and confusion, his miserable conduct has so richly deserved. No doubt it is now too late to make up by industry for the time squandered during the past five months, but it is not too late to begin anew and thereby to atone for the past, at least partially. It is not to be expected that those who are now settling back in their indolence for a comfortable nap of five more months, will suddenly arouse themselves from their stupid idleness and set about the affair of learning seriously and manfully. It is useless to make any appeal to this class of students; they are dead to all sense of honor, to every generous and manly impulse. Happily their number is comparatively small and they may, therefore, be passed over. But there are others who are perhaps just beginning to give heed to the alluring voice of idleness and to taste the imagined sweetness of inactivity. To these we wish to address ourselves and to present to them some of the motives which should have power to arouse them.

Of all despicable characters the lazy student is one of the most contemptible, because he unites in himself many of the most detestable vices. He is a hypocrite, a thief, utterly devoid of honor and a selfish ingrate. It would seem that if any one of these charges could be established, no student would suffer himself to be classed in the genus, lazy, and yet every one of them can easily be proved.

A hypocrite is one who pretends to have certain qualities which he has not. There may be more monstrous vices than hypocrisy, but there is none which is so universally despised. Now an indolent student is a hypocrite because he answers perfectly to this definition. His very name convicts him. A student is, or should be, one whose chief aim, at present, is to acquire knowledge and who consequently devotes most of his time to study. But the young man of whom we

are speaking is occupied, for the most part, in doing nothing unless we except mischief. Yet by the very fact that he attends college, he is palming himself off as a student, or in other words, claiming to be what he is not, and since we have seen that it is precisely in this that hypocrisy consists, must we not conclude that such a young man is a downright hypocrite? Were we so inclined we might pursue the investigation further and make the point still clearer, but we think it unnecessary because the point is already sufficiently established.

We said in the second place that the indolent student is a thief. This becomes apparent as soon as the terms are compared. A thief is one who appropriates the property of another contrary to the will of the owner. But is this not what the indolent student is doing with the money of his parents? Is it not the intention of parents that the money they expend for this young man's education should bring some return? Certainly it is, and they cannot reasonably be supposed to be willing to expend the money, which in many cases they can ill spare, without receiving some equivalent. Since, therefore, the idle student applies the money to his own use contrary to the will of his parents, he certainly deserves to be branded as a thief. Neither does it avail to say that in this case the parents are willing, because they are willing only on condition that they get that for which they make the expenditure. They are certainly not willing to give their money for nothing. But in the present case they get absolutely nothing. In fact, indirectly they are positively injured since the habit of idleness is contracted and this is permanently injurious to the young man himself and thereby indirectly to them. This is certainly expending their money contrary to the will of parents which constitutes real theft.

The third accusation we bring against the student who deliberately wastes his time—a lack of honor—needs no separate proof. It follows necessarily once the other two charges are established. Certainly a young man who is both a hypocrite and a thief must be devoid of every principle of honor. When the indolent student has freed himself from the first two indictments it will be time enough to offer him proofs for this third charge.

Finally the indolent student is guilty of selfishness and ingratitude. There is nothing which gives parents so much joy and satisfaction in this life as the advancement and perfection of their children. But the idle student prefers his own shameful ease to the happiness of parents and since he is unwilling to sacrifice his own comfort, as he conceives it, to please those who are most dear to him, we can hardly believe that there is anyone on earth for whom he would incommode himself.

This is surely supreme selfishness. It is weighing oneself in one balance and the whole world besides in the other and tipping the scales in favor of self. Greater selfishness than this is not easily conceived, much less can it be found.

Lack of space prevents us from developing this subject at greater length, but we think a strong case has been made out against the indolent student. We have not touched upon the last point, ingratitude, which we think self-evident. It follows from what we have said that nothing is more shameful and degrading in a student than idleness and the despicable character of his conduct should fill him with salutary confusion and induce him to make a thorough change. C.

OBITUARY.

A lamb of the flock has fallen. Towards the end of vacation, when all were preparing to celebrate the happy feast of New Year, the "Angel of Death" crossed the threshold of our college home and claimed for his victim Master George Whittlesey, who had entered the minim department last September.

Despite the unwearied attention of his devoted mother, who watched day and night at his bedside during the last ten days of his sickness, and the skill of able physicians, the ravages of the dread disease could not be checked.

Little George was of a quiet, studious disposition and gave promise of a brilliant career at college. In fact he had been the bearer of the general excellence medal in the minim department every month since September. His gentleness, innocence, innate nobility of character and rare intelligence had endeared him to every one at the college. We tender our heartfelt sympathy to his afflicted mother in this her sad hour of trial.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE, (ADOPTED BY THE COLUMBIAN GUARDS.)

Whereas, It has pleased the heavenly Father to take from earth our beloved class-mate and esteemed fellow cadet, George Whittlesey, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That whilst it is best to humbly submit to the rulings of an All-wise Providence, we tender our sincere sympathy to his grief-stricken mother, and be it further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be inserted in THE VIATORIAN and a copy thereof be sent to the mother of the deceased.

L. HURD, Capt.,
R. CARTAN, First Lieut.,
J. LEGRIS, Second Lieut.,
Committee.

EXCHANGES.

It does not seem to occur to some exchange editors that their criticisms stand in need of any reasons for their support. They have a sublime faith in their own opinion even when it is based on nothing more substantial than a bare assertion. Criticism in of no earthly use unless it is based on reason and then its value depends upon the strength of the reasons assigned.

The ex-man of *The Sacred Heart Collegian* falls into this childish blunder. He quotes a few sentences from an essay on Byron which appeared in the November number of THE VIATORIAN and then proceeds to demolish the writer of the essay. His whole criticism is contained in this singularly convincing and carefully reasoned sentence: "All which goes to show how much the writer of the essay on Lord Byron knows about modern English literature." This kind of thing is simply childish and any young man entrusted with the exchange column of a respectable college journal should blush to be guilty of such trifling. We are not at all concerned to defend the writer of the essay on Byron, but we are not disposed to let such conceit and unfairness pass unnoticed. The essay may have been, and no doubt, was faulty in some respects. The critic should have made it his business to show this clearly so that the writer might see his defects and correct them. Thus a real service would have been rendered him. But your *ego dixi* is good for nothing.

The claim that Byron is one of the most original poets of modern times is not quite so extravagant or unfounded as our friend seems to imagine. Jeffrey and Brownson are, we believe, tolerably good authorities in matters of literary criticism and both of them look upon Byron as entitled to this distinction.

But perhaps all this time we are merely fighting windmills. The ex-man of the Sacred Heart Collegian has not told us what the premises are from which he draws his conclusion and we may possibly have mistaken his meaning. When he makes his meaning clear and makes good his assertion we hold ourselves bound to make the "amende honorable," if we have misrepresented him.

On the score of variety the Christmas number of *The Tamarack* will certainly delight the heart of those exchange editors who consider that journal the most excellent which has the greatest diversity of matter. We find here poetry, fiction, didactic essays and historical sketches. The editors of *The Tamarack* may well feel grateful to the contributor of the sketch entitled, "Pastimes, etc., of Detroit's Early

Settlers." The feelings of the writer are evidently in perfect sympathy with the customs and manners of the people whom he describes and his style is no less appropriate to the subject. The result is a charming paper which makes us envy and at the same time love and admire the simple and beautiful lives of the early French settlers at Detroit. "The Necessity of Education" is a sensible, carefully written paper, but in our opinion it lacks force and point. The essay is much too short to do justice to the subject and hence the author merely throws out ideas without giving them any development. The poetry in this number of *The Tamarack* is excellent both in tone, thought and versification. *The Tamarack* evidently has on its staff several contributors who are favorites of the muses. The fiction in the December issue hardly merits to be called commonplace. It must have cost the editors several qualms of conscience to admit to their pages "A West Virginia Fact" and "Not Death Could Sever Them." We felt like saying some harsh things about the latter story but the naive apology at the end caused us to change our purpose. The writer had, at least, the good sense to perceive that his tale needed some apology and he had the good taste to give it. This evidence of sense and taste makes us believe that the writer will improve with time. We suppose this is his first attempt.

In our opinion the January number of *The Fordham Monthly* is not so good as some of the former issues during this scholastic year. "One Out of Many" is a well written story as to language and style but it is wholly lacking in plot and probability. It seems to us that the writer too often interrupts the flow of his narration to moralize. Whenever he finds any class of people enjoying themselves he pauses to lecture them on their lack of sympathy for the poor and suffering who have not even the necessaries of life. If it were a sign of hard-heartedness to enjoy oneself whilst others are suffering, then all kinds of amusements and festivities would be at an end, since there never can be found a time when some of our fellow men are not in want and misery. We may be mistaken, but it seems to us that the author of "One Out of Many" censures the inhabitants of stately mansions for reasons which would condemn all amusement. "The Holy House of Nazareth" is interesting, instructive and edifying. The writer relates the beautiful legend connected with this sacred shrine and presents in a pleasing manner the strong evidence on which the legend is based. We congratulate *The Fordham Monthly* on having among its contributors such an able dramatic critic as "Spectator." We have read several criticisms by this same writer all of which give evidence that

he is a man of taste and judgment and well qualified for the role he assumes. "Spectator" is certainly no novice in the criticism of dramatic production. We would not be surprised to hear that he is engaged in the capacity of critic on the staff of some far more pretentious publication than a college journal.

In an eloquent appreciation of an essay on Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" the Ex-man has this sentence—"In the fifth verse is introduced that grand, almost divine idea of a previous existence, which is the centre piece of the ode." The Ex-man must have been indulging in a quiet nap when he penned this line. What there is, grand or divine in this false and groundless theory, is not easy to see. According to Wordsworth's presentation of the theory, the infant retains some very vivid memories of that higher state from which it fell; in the child these memories are tolerably clear, though not so vivid as in infancy; in youth they become dim and obscure and disappear entirely in mature manhood. It would follow from this that the best and highest wisdom is to be had at the cradle and that the older a man grows the less wise he becomes, since no knowledge he may afterwards acquire can compensate for the loss of that higher and better knowledge he had concerning the glorious state from which he is now an outcast. This theory was actually advocated by certain ardent admirers of Wordsworth. It would follow from this of course that the young are the best educators. What there is "grand and almost divine" in this tissue of absurdities is not immediately evident.

The Georgetown College Journal for January presents a table of contents to its readers which, for variety and excellence combined, surpasses anything we have seen this year. The poetry especially merits warm praise. It is good not only as college verse but would be creditable to the more exacting magazines. The story, "Love and the Ghost," is simple in plot but the incidents are so well told that interest never flags from beginning to end. We are not, as a rule, very ardent admirers of college fiction but we would certainly enjoy it were it such as we find in this issue of *The Georgetown College Journal*. "On the King's Highway" is another well told story, the scene of which is laid in the stormy days of the penal laws. To do justice to the excellent articles found in the January issue, would require far more space than we have at our disposal. We will therefore not attempt a criticism of individual articles. The editors may well feel proud of their first issue in the new century.

PERSONAL.

Rev. F. J. O'Connor, for the past few years professor of rhetoric and modern history at the college, made his first visit, as a priest, to his ALMA MATER, a few days before the holidays. While here Father O'Connor celebrated the community mass, at the close of which he addressed the students and paid a glowing tribute to St. Viateur's and its kind-hearted president. He is now stationed at the church of St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Louis, Mo. Whilst we regret to lose such an efficient teacher and a man of such pleasing personality as Father O'Connor, yet we congratulate our old professor on his promotion to a sphere of influence for which his rare qualities of mind and heart have well fitted him. Father O'Connor may feel confident that his memory will be ever kindly cherished by all at the college who had the happiness of making his acquaintance and especially by those who had the good fortune to have him as a teacher.

Rev. J. H. Nawn, a member of last year's theology class and for several years professor of elocution at the college, celebrated mass in the college chapel a few days after his ordination. The professors and students approached the altar in a body to receive the blessing of the young priest who by his winning ways has made many lasting friends at St. Viateur's. Father Nawn made his course in the classic and philosophy and also in theology here. He has been appointed to St. Mary's church, Chicago. We hope our old alumnus will be as successful in his priestly labors as he has been in his studies and as teacher at St. Viateur's.

The Rev. Father Hackett, of Kankakee, paid the college a pleasant visit while the bazar was on hand. Needless to say the bazar profited by his flying trip.

The Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., preached at St. John's church, Clinton, Ill., on Christmas day.

Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., D. D., assisted Rev. Father Hackett, Kankakee, Ill., at the Christmas service.

The Rev. Dr. Laberge assisted the Rev. Father Tynan, Pullman, Ill., on Christmas day.

Rev. J. J. Cregan, C. S. V., director of the Holy Name School, Chicago, Ill., was present at the last reading of the notes. After the short program of the evening was over, Father Cregan, at the kind invitation of the President, addressed the students. He complimented them on their averages which, he said, were exceptionally good. He

also exhorted the students to embrace the opportunity which is being presented to them and to profit by the lessons of morality which they daily receive by word and example. It goes without saying that Father Cregan possesses a warm corner in the hearts of the students and professors at St. Viateur's.

We have at hand a neat little booklet which gives the history of the church of the Immaculate Conception, Ohio, Ill., from its dedication in November 1875 to November of last year, when the Silver Jubilee of the parish was celebrated. Rev. R. Flynn, a former member of the college faculty, is pastor of this church. We congratulate our former professor on the success of his efforts among his parishioners.

Mr. T. F. Hoban, one of our old alumni, has established a bank at Bunker Hill, Ind. We wish him every success in his business.

Mr. Frank A. Moody, '95, former colonel of the S. V. C. battalion, was united in marriage to Miss Mabel Moxely, on January 9th. The union of the young couple was blessed by the Rt. Rev. Archbishop Feehan in his private chapel. Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V., was present at the ceremony. The young couple have our best wishes for a long life in the enjoyment of their mutual love.

We were grieved to hear that our former professor of music, Rev. P. Desjardins, C. S. V., was stricken with paralysis, at Outremont, Canada, a short time ago.

Rev. S. Boisvert, C. S. V., is taking a vacation in Canada. For the past six months Bro. Boisvert had been busy superintending the work on the new gymnasium. The work is now at a standstill till spring.

Rev. J. O'Callaghan, formerly of Butte City, Montana, has been appointed chaplain to one of the U. S. regiments in the Philippines. We hope that Father O'Callaghan's success in this new field of labor will be equal to that which crowned his efforts among his former parishioners.

Rev. J. Devane, '97, has been appointed to the Holy Family church, Omaha, Neb. His many friends at the college wish him success in all his undertakings.

Rev. J. Casey, an old student, is exercising the ministry in the diocese of Omaha. We wish our former student success in his labors.

Mr. and Mrs. Lister, of Chicago, visited their son, Edwin, of the minim department one day last month.

Rev. Father Longlais, C. S. V., pastor at St. Mary's, Ill., celebrated the 40th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, on the 20th of last month. Father Longlais was assisted at the Solemn High Mass by the Rev. F. X. Chouinard, C. S. V., as deacon, and the Rev. C. Fournier, C. S. V., as subdeacon. Very Rev. Father Corcoran, C. S. V., D. D., provincial of the Clerics of St. Viateur in the United States, preached the sermon. Many members of the neighboring clergy and of the Order to which Father Langlais belongs, assembled to do honor to this zealous worker in the Vineyard of the Lord. Father Longlais' many years of active service for the salvation of souls, may be looked upon as a reward for the good deeds which he has done. It is the ardent wish of his many friends that God may give him life and strength to continue doing good AD MULTOS ANNOS.



VIATORIANA.

Keefe—Did you hear about the big fight which took place in the refectory yesterday?

P.—(very much interested) No; what was the cause of it? Who were the parties?

Keefe—Two buns got fresh.

Keefe is now in the infirmary undergoing a thorough course of inspection in view of complete repairs. He does not exactly know whether he fell from the sixth story or was mixed up in a Texas cyclone. He is inclined to think, however, that the cyclone theory is correct.

K— is such a lover of hot coffee that he takes a bath in it occasionally.

“You are a conglomeration of braggadocio, insufferable consequentiality and abnormal self opinionatedness.” The victim of this tirade immediately lost consciousness and some doubts are entertained as to his complete recovery. It is hoped, however, he will survive the assault.

(To New Comer)—“Why did you think V. was the president?”
“Well he looked important enough to be owner of the whole institution.”

A certain gentleman in the poop treated his friends to a splendid fruit cake shortly after his return from vacation. Of course all praised the fruit cake and a unanimous vote declared said gentleman to be a first rate fellow. The party broke up hastily without taking any formal leave of the host when it was noised abroad that an irate member of the poop was out with a six shooter looking for the man who had taken a certain fruit cake. We have not heard any one boasting of his experimental knowledge of the composition of fruit cakes. Every inhabitant of the poop has been carefully questioned at the muzzle of said six shooter but as far as we are informed, no one who lives in the poop has ever tasted a fruit cake in his life. Every one of them declares that fruit cake does not and never has agreed with his constitution and that he can show a physician's order absolutely forbidding him to indulge in the luxury. Meanwhile the owner has failed to find his cake. It was timidly suggested that the rats might have secured the prize.

Dan had just returned from his Christmas vacation and having a little spare change, he resolved to invest it in a high class dinner before settling down to the routine of college fare. With a slight swell-

ing of the chest and a consequent deepening of the voice, he called a waiter at the other end of the refectory about one hundred and fifty feet away. "Here waiter, bring me a quail on toast quick. Let it be served hot." The waiter, who had been sizing Dan up during the past three years, was not a little surprised at the evident lack of proportion between Dan's appetite and his order, not to say anything about his pocketbook. "Did I understand you to order a QUAIL on toast?" "Yes sir," said Dan, with the lordly air of a man who considered such things trifles? "Judging from the size of your appetite," said the waiter, "a whale on toast would be a far more appropriate order." Dan's furious attempt at freezing the waiter had no immediate effect and so he postponed the operation until he could make suitable arrangements with the liquid air man.

Our thanks are due to many of the merchants of Kankakee who contributed valuable articles to the bazar. We hope the students will remember those who are really our friends when making purchases in Kankakee. We have space here to mention only a few of the most important articles given: a fine plush sofa, hair stuffed, from Chabot & Co.; a beautiful side board, oak finish, from Speicher & Co.; a fine double buggy, latest make, from Bradley Mfg. Co.; one of their latest improved breaking plows, Bradley Mfg. Co.; a complete set of dishes consisting of 100 pieces from Lecour & Son. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Studebaker, South Bend, Ind., who donated one of his famous wagons. Mr. Swannell, of Kankakee, donated a beautiful large rug 20x20. Mr. Powell sent us an excellent crayon portrait of Rev. Father Fournier, in a magnificent gilt frame and Mr. Voss donated a crayon portrait of Very Rev. Father Marsile. We most sincerely thank these gentlemen for their splendid donations.

Madam J. Legris presented the Rev. President with a magnificent surplice of Irish lace and hand wrought, the labor of a year. A more exquisite piece of work would be difficult to find. It is indeed a thing of rare beauty and delicacy and hence a joy forever. We congratulate our worthy president and thank Madam Legris on his behalf.



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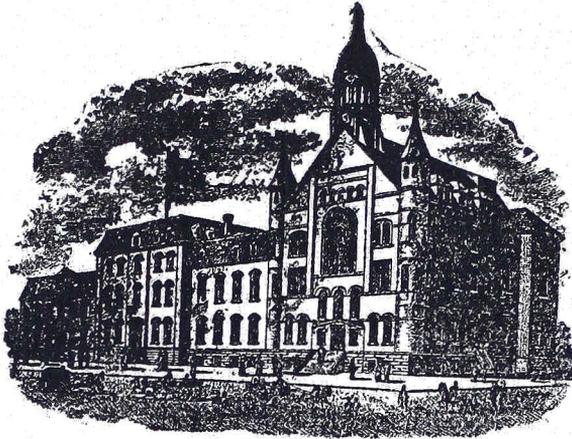
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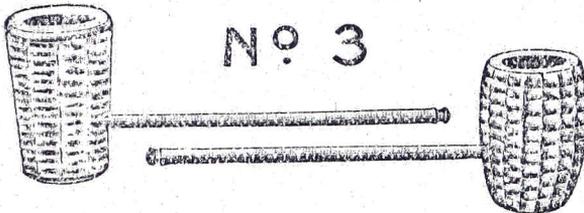
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