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DUTY'S POWER.

How oft' upon the darkest night
Within the pale blue scroll on high,
The twinkling stars shine clear and bright,
While man alone is prone to sigh.

And though across the azure dome
The silver disc wends slowly by,
Shedding its lambent flame below,
Those brilliant stars still glow on high.

Oft' times black threatening clouds sail o'er
The grand and vast, mysterious height,
But when they pass those glittering orbs
Still flood the sky with quenchless light.

Could not the same of man be true,
Who, while upon his duty bent,
Though all to him looks cold and blue,
Yet may not he still be content.

For while the world is dark and drear
Man's thoughts should turn to Him above,
And though the way be spread with fear
The heart will fill with rapturous love.

And when the clouds of sin arise,
And lo! man's joys and hopes decline,
His soul, if filled with grace of God,
Just as a twinkling star, shall shine.

—J. M. KANGLEY, 1900.

THE IMAGINATIVE POWER OF DANTE.

(Continued from January.)

Towards the close of the "Inferno" is a description which rivals this in pathos. It is the scene in which the unfortunate Count Ugolino relates how he and his three sons came to their death in the tower of famine. Ugolino appears in the icy region of hell and is furiously rending with his fangs the head, and gnawing out the brains of the one who had condemned him to

such dire punishment on earth. Being promised favorable mention in the upper world the spirit of the Count proceeds to tell the pathetic drama of the Tower of Famine: "In my disturbed sleep the spectre of hunger I saw attacking first the children. Methought I saw the sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke before the dawn, amid their sleep, I heard my sons weep and ask for bread.

"Right cruel wouldst thou be if thou feel no pang at the mere thought of what awaited us,—the children wept at seeing their father's miserable plight, the youngest child, Anselm, exclaimed in tears, 'Thou lookest so! Father what ails thee?' When at morn a faint beam allowed me to see the pale, emaciated countenances of my children, in sheer agony of grief I bit at both my hands, but they thinking I did it through desire of feeding, rose up suddenly and cried out: 'Father eat of us! Thou gavest these weeds of miserable flesh we wear; and do thou strip them off again.' Quite shaken was I by this filial offer yet I kept down my spirit in stillness."

* * *

"When we came
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
Outstretched did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help
For me, my father!' There he died and e'en
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three
Fall one by one, 'twixt the fifth day and the sixth;
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
Over them all, and for three days aloud
Called on them who were dead. Then fasting got
The mastery of grief."

The short descriptions throughout the "Inferno," though simple, are all model word pictures. Limbo is "the lamentable vale, the dread abyss, that joins a thundrous sound of complaints innumerable." Of the City of Dis, Carlyle says, "You remember the first view he gets of the Hall of Dite; red pinnacle, red-hot cone of iron glowing through the dim immensity of gloom—so vivid, so distinct, visible at once and forever. It is an emblem of the whole genius of Dante." When in the forest wherein were punished the suicides, he plucks a branch from a tree and to describe the sufferings of the imprisoned soul, he says:

* * *

"As a brand yet green
That burning at one end from the other sends
A groaning sound, and hisses with the wind
That forces out its way, so burst at once
Forth from the broken splinter words and blood."

Can these eyes, feasted so long on hideous forms "black as Gehenna and the pit of hell," be lifted upwards towards the light? Can this imagination on which has been burned the spectral images of the land of misery and gloom, yet reflect pictures of a brighter hue? Undoubtedly it can. Read his Purgatory and Paradise and see the exhaustless power of Dante's creative imagination; see him soar aloft into the realm of light refulgent. In the former we see him, who has wandered through the trackless forest, who has trodden the dreary coasts and explored the weird caverns of hell, climbing with patient step the sunlit slopes of Purgatory, becoming lighter and lighter as he passes through the different stages of purification. What a noble conception is this "mountain of purification,"—a mountain flanked with granite, with terrace rising above terrace, with crystal streams, "which with rippling waters bend the grass that issues from their brinks," coursing down its verdant sides from the terrestrial Paradise that crowns its summit. Up its steep ascent the spirits toil breathing penitence as they mount higher and higher until they reach the throne of mercy. When one spirit has gained the summit the whole mount with joy doth shake, as if the spirits, through the gates ajar, had caught a glimpse of that for which they strive, and with the angels join their voices, singing, "Glory in the highest be to God." As we contemplate the beauties with which this mount is clad, the imagination becomes enraptured as it passes from fair to yet fairer scenes, until in the ethereal realms of light, exhausted and dazzled with splendor, it cries enough! enough! Thus the powerful fancy of Dante which holds the soul spellbound in the terrifying caves of woe, gives the soul wings to soar aloft through realms of light until in ecstasy it forgets self in the splendor of the divine effulgence.

From the summit of the mount he sees a car coming towards him "in a cloud of flowers that from hands angelic rose." In it he sees Beatrice "beneath green mantle robed in hue of living flame, veiled in that festive shower angelical."

This scene alone is sufficient to place the laurel on the poet's brow. It is unmatched for its rich variety of personages, its splendor of coloring, its wealth of symbolism. It is a masterful creation of the imagination, beside which the imaginary pageants of ancient bards and modern poets appear like novice efforts. After viewing the procession of the church triumphant, Beatrice transports him "through the vast sea of being"—through the heavens—with a rapidity which knows not time

"For lightning, 'scaped from its proper place,
Ne'er ran, as thou hast hither now returned."

After viewing mirrored in eternal truths, the answer to many doubts which filled his mind, the poet witnesses many things which "to relate surpasses power."

"For that, so near approaching its desire,
Our intellect is to such depth absorb'd,
That memory cannot follow."

Here he sees souls in their original brightness—splendors as he calls them—move towards him by the thousand sending forth rays in all directions, which blend and form an indescribable sea of brightness. In the heaven of the contemplative souls.

"Reared up
In color like to sun-illumined gold,
A ladder which my ken pursued in vain,
So lofty was its summit; down whose steps
I saw the splendors in such multitude
Descending; every light in heaven
Was shed thence."

After growing somewhat accustomed to the brightness, and his sight being strengthened by Beatrice, the poet looks upwards and beholds

"Seated in state, the queen, that of this realm
Is sovereign."

On this mount of light are clustered more than a million thrones occupied by the greatest of the saints,

"And in that midst their sportive pennons waved
Thousands of angels; in resplendence each
Distinct, and quaint adornment. At their glee
And carol, smiled the Lovely One of heaven,
That joy was in the eyes of all the blest."

Here the vision is beyond the poetic grasp, and in despair the poet cries:

"Had I a tongue in eloquence as rich,
As is the coloring in fancy's loom
'Twere all too poor to utter the least part
Of that enchantment."

In the closing canto of Paradise Mary's power is well portrayed.

"Here kneeleth one
Who of all spirits hath review'd the state,
From the world's lowest gap unto this height
Suppliant to thee he kneels, imploring grace
For virtue yet more high, to lift his ken
Towards the bliss supreme."

In answer to this prayer "a flash darted athwart *his* mind, and, in the spleen unfolded what he sought."

"And in the depth
Saw in one volume clasp'd of love whate'er
The universe unfolds; all properties
Of substance and of accident, beheld,
Compounded, yet one individual light
The whole."

It is clear from these few extracts that Dante's lively imagination towers above that of all other poets and that he stands unrivaled in his appeals to human sentiment. He has reared a monument which mocks the changes of time, "a thing of beauty which is a joy forever." Before this varied panorama the generations of ages have passed with the upturned gaze of rapturous admiration. In this beauteous garden have they all culled flowers of every hue and fragrance, nor yet is it exhausted. Some men have chiseled their thoughts in marble, others have embodied theirs in magnificent cathedrals, but Dante has woven his into a fairy fabric which shall last as long as the mind of man is capable of appreciating beauty. J. P. O'MAHONEY '01.

FORGOTTEN.

When you too soon have reached your goal
And upward flies your weary soul,
From this bleak wicked sinful earth
Composed of sorrow, pain and mirth,
And oer' your grave the briars grow
While you in death sleep far below,
On! On! shall go the worldly race
While other men shall take your place.

Loved ones who at your grave have wept
When you were laid with those who slept,
Too soon shall wipe those tears away
Too soon for you forget to pray,
And they to whom you were a joy
Who loved you as a youthful boy,
Shall in their hearts be found no trace
Some other one shall take your place.

J. M. Kangley '00

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

There have been few great moral teachers to whom the world has acknowledged its debt of gratitude. In this, all men, believers as well as unbelievers, are unanimous in placing Christ as preeminently first. For Christians, who consider him a God, He is the incarnation of divine wisdom, and is for this reason the most excellent moral guide the world has ever known. For others, like Paine and Ingersoll, who view Christ as a wise man, a good man, He is the embodiment of all those qualities that constitute a great teacher, knowledge that enlightens, and a magnetic love that draws disciples and makes them faithful unto death. But they fail to see anything supernatural in Christ, any gift or prerogative that was not equally possessed by the other great philosophers and moral leaders. For the same reasons Moses is variously estimated by various people according as they acknowledge revelation or deny it altogether. Ingersoll calls him a blundering ignoramus, while by far the best portion of humanity recognize in Moses a deeply scientific writer, a prudent governor, and a safe moral guide, because he received from on high the fixed, stone-engraved points of the law of human conduct.

Other moral teachers, less eminent, yet of world-wide fame, have appeared, and among these are Pythagoras and Socrates.

It may appear venturesome, aye and perhaps at first to some blasphemous, to institute a comparison between these several moral torch bearers who have enlightened the world and shown men the path of righteousness—venturesome because it is not an easy task; blasphemous because it is seemingly an attempt in which one must bring Christ down to the level of mere men. Is this quite true? Let us see.

No, it is not irreverent to compare Christ as *man* with other sages; and it can only be most profitable to show how, as God, Christ infinitely surpasses all the sages that preceded or followed Him.

In discoursing upon the relative merits of philosophy and religion as factors in moral life, it has often occurred to moralists to compare Christ and Socrates—who best represent the claims of religion and philosophy in ethical matters. Though hazardous perhaps, yet the last may prove not uninteresting, and fruitful, if it lead us to the conclusion of J. J. Rosseau, who

after looking at the two, exclaimed: "If the life and death of Socrates are those of a sage, the life and death of Christ are those of a God."

Voltaire, who said that if there were no God man would have to invent one to account for the world, admires Christ because he was a Jewish theist, as Socrates was an Athenian theist. "I would call Him," he says, speaking of Christ, "a rustic Socrates; both preached morality, both had followers and enemies; both had quarrels with priests; both were put to death, and both were divinized afterwards." Such were the points of resemblance the infidel Voltaire saw between Socrates and Christ. And indeed, it is astonishing upon close inspection, how much the life careers of these two champions of philosophy and religion have in common. Much of what we can say of Socrates can be said of Christ. Was not Socrates born of humble parents? Did he not live in an humble and ordinary condition? How bold and fearless he was in his ironical war and merciless onslaughts against the would-be wise? Was he not consumed with a desire to instruct and ennoble youth?

Did not he seize every opportunity of meeting young and old and teaching them on the highways, in public squares, in the shops, in their homes or in the country places? He writes no books, he resists tyrants. He ridicules the superstitious practices taught by pagan priests, while he teaches a purer, yet a pagan worship of one God.

How calm and patient we find him in his domestic trials and difficulties? What power he has to win and to retain disciples, such as Plato? He preaches a purer morality than had yet been taught by mere human sage. He clothes it in language that common people can understand. He is falsely accused of corrupting youth, he who has spent his life in teaching virtue. He is truly accused of teaching the unity of God. He pleads his cause. He is unjustly condemned, condemned by iniquitous judges to drink hemlock.

Resignedly, with the calm that broods over the conscience of the just man he accepts his fate. See the tears of wife, children and friends and hears their cries of despair. Yet he is firm. He speaks to them of immortality of hope, bids them cultivate strength of soul, courage and the other virtues, and takes the fatal draught. His disciples proclaim to posterity, and posterity repeats the sentence, "He was the best and the most just of all men."

Truly it would be hard to find among men a more admirable combination of virtues—one more worthy of comparison with that still more marvelous union of human and divine excellencies which God was to present us in Christ.

Christ has all that makes Socrates a great man, a great moral teacher—he also is practical and knows how to show the beautiful in the good—but in Christ there is, besides this poetry, sublimity, enthusiasm, love; the marvelous, the supernatural hovering over him as over a perfect one, the philosopher God.

But it is in his death that Socrates more resembles Christ. So too, 'tis in his death that Christ shows his divinity without ceasing to be a man. Open we then the gospels of these two teachers, let their evangelists speak for them. And first let Plato and Xenophon, the apologists of Socrates, be heard. What have they to tell us of the death of Socrates?

Though he knew full well what dire condemnation awaited, failure to prove his innocence before the tribunal that was to judge him, Socrates refuses to prepare a set plea; he goes to judgment with the assurance of his own innocence, challenging the world to prove him guilty of a single injustice. So has Christ exclaimed: "Who among ye will convince me of sin?" He is resigned to his fate if his countrymen and the gods judge his death necessary for the common good. Far from him the thought of selfish supplications for a life which would but irritate men and gods alike. Christ also accepts the bitter chalice, that the will of his father may be done. The interrogatory begins. The law compels him to answer to accusations. Being accused of searching the mysteries of nature and advancing worthless reasons for his theses he is satisfied with merely saying that in this matter the only advantage he has over his accusers is that he never believed he knew what in reality he knew not; that human reason was weak, human wisdom shortsighted; that God alone is wise. Almost identical are the words of Christ: "God alone is good!"

Socrates is accused of impiety, so was Christ accused of blasphemy against the God of Moses. Socrates is accused of corrupting youth. Christ is accused of perverting the people by his teachings.

Socrates so eloquently, so triumphantly vindicates himself, and from the standpoint of logic so clearly establishes the reasonableness of his teachings on the divinity that his judges, prejudiced as they are, become exasperated. "Think ye,"

proudly exclaims the sage, to compel me by threat of death, to abandon a fort assigned me by God? Were not this a cowardly desertion of duty? The act of a bad man? No! Give me death rather than such disgrace; better obey God than men! If I live, it will be to teach men. And you say I corrupt youth! Show me one who was pious, moderate and reserved whom I have rendered irreligious violent and prodigal. Point me out a youth who from association with me has become dissolute, intemperate, or slothful. What black cloud of perversity blinds your minds to the import of my lessons! Have I not taught ye all, young and old, that to do the will of God is sovereign devotion, that the supreme concern of this life is not the care of the body, but the care of the soul, and its advancement in virtue. Are these teachings calculated to corrupt morals? And shall I be compelled to desist from proclaiming them to live ignobly? Never! Examine my life. Has it not been disinterested, has it not been an effort after wisdom, have I not spurned riches and lived in poverty? Where have I found my delight if not in the goods of the soul and in the pleasures of the mind? Where, show me, in all this have I offended?"

Assuredly it is not hard to see in the philosopher's sublime contempt of all earthly goods the anticipation of Christ's own heaven—inspired doctrine that it profits a man nothing to gain the whole world, if he suffers the loss of his soul. Christ also proclaimed his own destitution when he said that he had not even a stone whereon to lay his head.

But let us yet again hear Socrates before his accusers. After spurning death, exile, confiscation, disfranchisement and other punishments which he considered no evils when endured in the cause of justice, he reminds his prosecutors of his noble services on the battlefield in the sacredest of causes. When maliciously accused of secretly misleading the young, he warmly answers in words that resemble those of Christ. "I have ever spoken publicly never in secret. Interrogate those who have heard me. No! Whoever affirms that I have taught evil or taught it secretly most injuriously offends truth, and me." "But thou art a downright atheist! thou dost deny us our national gods," thus speak his accusers. "Most astounding essence of human perversity!" exclaims Socrates. "Have I not proclaimed it often and from every street and square in our city, that there is a God who rules the world? that he is a spirit? that he is supremely intelligent? Is it not clear that he

must be all these since everywhere we see unmistakable evidences of design, of things made for an end. Call ye this atheism? Verily I fail to see what import ye lend your own words: Moreover, I have taught morals. Sorry task would it be, foolish undertaking and most unrealizable utopia to attempt building up a system of moral teaching without belief in God. Here then do I avow in your face that there breathes no man that stands more firmly convinced of the existence of God, than I." "Then art thou a theist, a monotheist? And the Gods? our Gods? our popular gods, what hast thou done with them?"

"One God, I have said I think exists. Inferior deities also I have admitted as the ministers of the one supreme and spiritual ruler of the universe. But I have sought to strip these lower divinities of the unworthy human passions popularly attributed to them. I have sought to make them noble and more divine, less human and ignoble. If that be a crime then shall I suffer justly." After this elequent plea a vote is taken and Socrates is declared guilty. He is offered the choice of his own punishment. Socrates spurns the offer; "punishment!" he exclaims, in the full consciousness of his innocence. "Punishment! Why, Athenians, it is a reward I should demand at your hands, if anything. You know my utter want of even the necessities of life. Let the Attic state vote me a pension for the remainder of my days! this were but justice done me for the lessons of honesty I have constantly inculcated to you all." The simplicity and spontaneity and withall the reasonableness of this proposition are all remarkable.

Thereafter he magnanimously refuses the offer of his friends to pay what fine the state might impose upon him should he at their suggestion go into exile. "There's no stronghold where death does not penetrate," he says. Finally a second vote is taken and the death penalty is decreed and announced to Socrates. Calmly he addresses his judges. "Oh how it has galled ye to have among ye one who had dared censure your actions! How more honorable it had been for you to have made efforts to be virtuous? Sorely do I regret the infamy that truth will brand ye with. What I regret is the reproach that Athens brings upon herself for causing the death of Socrates. Weep not any of ye for me! No! I am convicted for no crime. Naught does my life reveal that calls for the violent death you mean to inflict me with. By submitting to an unjust death I cannot think

less of myself; and full well do I know that the future as well as the past will bear testimony in my favor."

Turning to his friends among the audience and the judges, he continued: "And as for you, why should you be saddened at my death? Death hath no terrors for the just man, whom providence never abandons. It is the gateway to a happy immortality. Naught of resentment do I foster against my accusers, whom I forgive, as they know not what they do. It grieves me only to know they have erred in thinking they injured me. Athenians, I commend you my children; should they ever become attached to riches or vainglorious of their knowledge, treat them as I have treated you and then you shall be just toward them and me. And now go, ye to live and I to die."

A few friends follow him weeping. He comforts them, telling them the decree of death is passed upon all men at their cradles, and that as for the particular manner of his own death, well and rightly might they lament and weep were it justly deserved. * * * The most careless observer will have noticed that this trial failed to prove Socrates guilty of impiety or injustice or immoral teaching, and that the noble pride displayed by Socrates throughout his own defense served but to exasperate his judges, and to induce them to pass the unjust sentence of death upon one who had been acknowledged the most excellent man of Athens and the wisest man of his times.

While in prison Socrates evinces most admirable submission to the divine will. He does not, as a modern would-be-paragon of rationality would, profess a cold resignation to *fate*. No! such language were unworthy of the real sage, who in the face of death, finds comfort in thinking of the righteous God who awaits him. It never enters his mind that to submit to the blind necessity of fatality is even a rational act.

Particularly worthy of all wise men is his answer to Crito's proposal to escape. Crito, his pupil, his friend, and admirer, comes in the name of many others, and beseeches Socrates for the sake of friendship, of his family, of the state, to flee from his prison. "Would this action be right in itself, would it be just and in no way blameworthy?" asks the philosopher. "Would we not have to bribe the jailer with gold, to corrupt him who is doing his duty? Can we ever do an evil act? No; nor may we ever return evil for evil. This much you must grant. The republic, it is certain, treats me wrongfully. Must I retaliate? resist the state, destroy by my example respect for law and

authority? No. I must die that the state may live, though the state makes a mistake in condemning me. And should I, after refusing to choose my own punishment, now elect dishonorable exile? an exile that would proscribe and practically banish you, all, my friends and my family? an exile that would mean an abdication of my right to preach unanimity and wisdom? an exile that would expose me to the severe chastisement of Pluto? No, Crito, spend not your zeal to such unworthy purpose. I will not flee. I will walk only whither God guides me." Crito, vanquished by his old master whom he cannot save withdraws, tearful and dejected—yet convinced that Socrates has reasoned well. His reason admires what his sentiment condemns, viz Wisdom.

The next day shortly before the hour of his execution, Socrates is visited by his wife and youngest child. Another struggle of reason against natural sentiments ensues. Again Socrates triumphs. A few faithful friends come to say their last farewell to the man who now more than ever compels their admiration. It was during these last moments of his life that the philosopher, entertaining himself with his friends, uttered what we might rightly term the last words of human wisdom. They constitute a masterpiece of calm reasoning upon life, suffering, death, the immortality of the soul, happiness, heaven and hope. Nothing more solid and oft repeated than his belief in the future life, the life of felicity that waits him. Nothing more trustful than the hope of obtaining the reward which he has coveted all his life. Nothing more beautiful than his description of the abodes of the pure and their delights in the company of God. In all these there are clear foreshadowings of the more ardent and more positive St. Paul. Earnestly does he engage his friends, in view of this future life and larger hopes, to fit themselves for this after life, by adorning their souls with virtues that make them fair, with temperance, justice strength, liberty and truth. He tells them, "If you love me and your own highest good, you will observe my maxims. Thus shall you prove that you are all my friends."

Thus spoke this man to his friends until his attendant, to whom he had endeared himself, came and regretfully handed him the fatal cup. With calm and mildness he receives it, and without fear, in presence of his weeping friends whom even then he soothes, he drinks the deadly hemlock, commending

himself to the care of the gods. A few moments after he had passed away to that better world.

Knowing, as we do, the corruption to which human nature was exposed in pagan times, knowing with how great difficulty reason wins and retains empire over the sensitive appetites and degrading passions, we cannot but regard the life and especially the death of Socrates as the most admirable outside of Christianity. His was a martyrdom far different from that of patriots, friends or lovers whom a beautiful enthusiasm, a sort of lyric folly, has driven to the height of exaltation that makes them spurn death. The death of Socrates is not the result of a momentary enthusiasm; it is the martyrdom of cold reason, his offering to the essentially true, good, beautiful and just *i.e.* to God. All his life had been a preparation for such a death, and he needed no special effort to embrace it. Hence, we find him calm, we find him beautiful, this silvery-haired, old sage, we find him grand, noble, generous, magnanimous, sublime, in death as in life. Deservedly then does humanity acclaim him, for he has honored humanity; deservedly does philosophy venerate him, for he was her first parent. Still Socrates, the grandest of grand old men, is but a man. Purely human is his teaching; purely human and natural the virtues he practices in life and in death. He has shown us how grand these could be. But as heaven is above earth and God above man, so Christ the man God excels in his teachings and in his life and death the best, the wisest and the most just mere man with whom God adorned the world.

C. W. RAYMOND, '01.

TRUE MEN.

'Tis men whose honor's free from stain
 We need in every sphere of life
 Who'll from all schemes and plots refrain
 While battling in the worldly strife.

Who'll stand before the world as men
 Of virtue pure, of sportless name
 W'ther they wield the sword or pen
 To win the prize they wish to gain.

Who'll fight for right and not for might
 Protect the weak against the strong,
 Deal out to all what's just and right,
 Upholding truth, rejecting wrong.

Who'll not be bought by gold or gain
 Of those that reek with sin and crime
 But seek to place on high their name
 Where manly deeds of honor shine.

Who'll not uphold the robbing trust
 Which drains the stream of labor dry,
 Deprives the working man the crust
 On which his starving babes rely?

Who'll love their God and country too
 And pay the homage due to both
 And keep in view the precepts few
 Which He on marble tablets wrote.

'Tis such a class of men we need
 Who'll by the laws of justice stand
 And use them rightly as decreed
 To rule the people of the land.

For then we'll have just what we need
 True peace; the will and love of all
 And justice shall be in the lead
 For wrong shall have no place at all.

—J. M. Kangley, 1900.

ST. LUCY.

There flash across the heavens, at times, brilliant sheets of fire, dazzling alike to the astronomer and the simple admirer of the works of nature. To each this spectacle presents a mystery, insolvable either by science or experience. These lurid gleams are short-lived, burning in their intensity, and unaccountable in their development. So too in the world, at times, spring forth persons, whose coming is not to be accounted for by any

law and whose drift is not to be marked by any guiding influences.

Thus in the world of letters have appeared the meteoric lights of Dante and Shakespeare; in the realms of pure reason have shone the wonderful minds of St. Thomas and Aristotle; upon the arena of politics have sprung such world-fighters and pacifiers as Alexander and Napoleon. So too in the moral world, on the battle-field of virtue against vice, there appears heroes in whom weak mortality is blended with such super-human strength that as they pass before us crowned with the laurels of many victories we stand transfixed in mute admiration of their glorious deeds.

There are the Saints. What tongue of the most eloquent prelate could fittingly tell the story of a Saint's life and sound the praise of a Saint's virtue? Surely one, who is neither ecclesiastic nor elequent, needs the most kindly indulgence for attempting to write of a Holy Virgin and martyr, whose praises have been sung by the great Catholic poet, Dante.

Towards the end of the third century there was ushered into light one whose brilliancy was to surpass the brightest of lights, and whose indomitable courage was to be the wonder alike of friend and foe. This person was St. Lucy.

This glorious virgin and martyr is one of the brightest lights of the church. She was born in Sicily of honorable and wealthy parents in the city of Syracuse, and educated from her cradle in the faith of Christ. Lucy lost her father in her infancy, but her mother, Eutychia, took a singular care to furnish her with tender and sublime sentiments of piety and religion. By the early impressions which Lucy received, and a strong influence of divine grace, she had no other disposition but towards virtue, and while still very young offered to God the flower of her virginity. This vow, however, she kept a secret, and her mother pressed her to marry a young gentleman who was a pagan. The saint eagerly sought for an occasion to prevent this design from being carried out. At this time her mother was visited with a troublesome flux of blood. After spending many years in vain search of a remedy from the neighboring physicians, she was finally persuaded by her daughter to go to Catana and offer up her prayers for relief at the tomb of St. Agatha. Lucy accompanied her thither and their prayers were successful.

Then it was that our saint made known to her mother the

desire of devoting herself to God in the state of perpetual virginity and of bestowing her property and fortune upon the poor. Eutychia granted her full permission to follow her pious inclinations. In due time the young nobleman who sought her hand came to the knowledge of her intentions by the sale of her property and jewels and the distribution of the price among the poor. This young girl had not yet reached her fifteenth year. How strong and effacious must the grace of Christ have been in her virginal soul! How nobly heroic appears her virtue in the trials which awaited her! Enraged by the rejection of his proffered love, her pagan suitor seeks a cowardly revenge, hastens before Governor Paschasius and exclaims: "Lucy is a hateful Christian, abominable Christians! they know not even the name of love; their breath, like the icy winds of the north, blights the fairest flowers of human affection; their presence is a plague, a pestilence, a danger. Lucy is one of these, your honor, she must die. Humanity and the safety of the republic cry out for her death." This was during the fierce persecution of Dioclitian. Paschasius, the governor of Syracuse, calls the youthful maiden into his hated presence and submits her to a long interrogation, during which, with fearless courage and unflinching constancy she ever confesses. "Yes I am a Christian and will die for my faith." "Not yet," exclaims the hell-inspired judge, "but go, I bid thee consort with the shameless profligates that fill the haunts of carnal pleasure, there thy virtue prove." Rough soldiers, ignoble slaves, lay their violent hands upon her to lead her away to the dens of shame. But God baffles their efforts and to their amazement and despair. Lucy is rendered as immovable as the marble pillars of the proudest temple, as intangible as a ray of sunshine. "Then," say they, "she must be some accursed witch, burn this damned offspring of hell." They apply fire, but the flames touched her not.

Furious and ever baffled, her tormenters, blind to the evident intervention of God, cast her into a loathesome prison. God who had made his power shine through her would not deny her the glory of martyrdom. By dint of ill treatment and cruel wounds, her jailers finally succeed in quenching the pure fire of her earthly life and her bright and sinless soul winged its flight heavenward to dwell among the luminous angels that encircle God's Throne.

Such a one was not likely soon to pass from the memory and veneration of men who love virtue. Was she not a luminous

example of every maidenly virtue? Could she not, as her name indicated she, Lucy, the illuminating virgin, light up those whose passions obscure their vision and make darksome and uninviting the path of virtue? Certainly she must pity and gently assist all who are in need of light.

In the fervor of their piety, Christians, along the course of centuries, weave about her name various kinds of wonderful legends. She was even thought to have plucked out her eyes and sent them in a golden cup to her persecutor. Having then suffered in her eyes she was invoked by all who were afflicted with any distemper of the eyes. In the days of Dante she had become an object of wide-spread veneration. Everywhere her shrines were thronged with eager devotees who sought at her hands spiritual and physical light.

And was not Dante himself at one time among those who sought her aid? Very certain it is that after the death of Beatrice, the poet sought consolation in philosophy with such intensity that his sight became impaired. In his affliction he sought and obtained relief from St. Lucy. No wonder, then, that knowing the life she had lead and conscious of a personal debt of gratitude towards her, Dante has accorded her such an exalted station among the blessed and assigned her the performance of such gracious offices throughout his own journeyings in the invisible land.

Certain it is that Lucy is given frequent and honorable mention in the Divine Comedy and is assigned a role quite befitting an illuminating maiden. It is even she "of ill cruelty—the foe" who, at the requests of Mary, directs Beatrice to hasten from high Heaven to the assistance of Dante, lost in the dark forest of error and sin. And is it not upon the joint assistance of these three heavenly maidens rests the whole action of the poem? Again, when Dante had fallen asleep in the valley below the Mount of Purgatory, St. Lucy appears and says to Virgil: "I am Lucy, suffer me to take this man easier, so his way may speed." She bears him up and as the day dawns and Dante awakens she vanishes, leaving him with Virgil at the gate of Purgatory. Thus you see here again she fulfills kindly offices and is ever attended by light and shows the way.

But a torch bearer not only lights up the smooth path, but also must point out the obstacles. In this role St. Lucy appears as: "a Dame of resemblance holy," revealing to Dante the loathsome character of vice.

Finally when the poet has reached the highest realm where

dwell nearest to God the most luminous of His Saints. There he sees Luscia at whose behest Beatrice, his lady, had sped when he had closed his eyes on the edge of ruin. By introducing her in his deathless song the immortal bard of Florence has done more to perpetuate her fame than if he had built to her honor a monument of stone, strong as a pyramid, beautiful as a Gothic Cathedral. In the swift flowing words of his magic epic he has sent her name coursing down the stream of ages to the end of time. Magnificent tribute of gratitude. Splendid offering to the ever winsome loveliness of virtue. Great poet, thou dost make us admire her, but the eloquent Chrysoston bids us not to praise the Saints unless we are ready to imitate them.

Then must we since we have praised her, like her and through her become shining examples of integrity, of moral soundness, examples of that mutual helpfulness which makes men bear one another's burden, and lead Christian souls to the sun-lit gates of Heavenly Jerusalem. Fain would I to this illuminating maiden thus address my petition:

“Lead kindly light; amid the encircling gloom
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet. I do not ask to see
The distant scene,
One step's enough for me.”

D. B. HAYDEN, '00.



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EDITORIAL.

MOB RULE.

One of the most deplorable evils of college life—and this is, perhaps, still more true of universities—is the prevalence of mob rule, extending itself to the most minute details of every day life. There are a comparatively large number of students in our higher institutions of learning, who belong to some clique or secret organization according to whose dictates they regulate all their actions. How else shall we explain the prevalence of *hazing* and other equally disgraceful pranks? Can we believe that these young men are so naturally depraved as to feel delight in inflicting suffering upon a fellow student, merely for the sake of the pleasure they find in seeing their victim tremble with fear or writhe under the torture? This is hardly to be supposed and furthermore, it is not sustained by facts. These same students taken individually are for the most part well bred gentlemen, who naturally sympathize with the suffering and would feel loath to inflict pain on the meanest human being. Usually they cannot even endure the wanton torture of brute animals.

It must not be imagined that we speak of innocent outbursts of good spirits, but of brutal acts which are nearly always dangerous, often result in the death of the victim on whom they are practiced, or at least in his permanent injury. We see no possible explanation of this state of affairs, except that those who take part in this shameful and disgusting rowdyism, have made themselves the instruments of an irresponsible mob, and have thereby lost their sense of honor and manhood.

But even when the mob-spirit does not hurry its votaries to such frightful excesses, how often do students feel compelled to degrade themselves at its imperious dictates. An editorial com-

ment from one of our exchanges will best illustrate our point, and at the same time show clearly that there is no exaggeration in our contention. "Special cause of congratulation and thankfulness to the faculty and friends, and a matter of pride to the student body, is the gentlemanly behavior of the students on the occasion of our recent foot ball games. It is really a remarkable thing that out of a body of one hundred and twenty-five young men, with all the temptations of the city open to them, there should be no rowdyism, no conduct that a southern gentleman should be ashamed of."

We by no means pretend that the fact of a large body of students going to the city and returning without any disgraceful conduct occurring, is not a legitimate cause of congratulation and thankfulness. On the contrary, we believe that there are few colleges or universities in the country which would not feel proud of such a record. But does it not indicate something radically wrong, when the mere fact that a crowd of students, left to their own direction, do not indulge in acts of rowdyism and debauchery, is a subject of almost as much rejoicing as if they had done something heroic? Individually, we are well nigh certain, these same young men would feel highly indignant if anyone should have the hardihood to congratulate them on their not having made fools or brutes of themselves, because this would be an implication that they did not usually conduct themselves as gentlemen. We do not as a rule congratulate a man, and still less an institution, on what is of ordinary occurrence, and therefore the most likely thing to happen. This, it seems to us, proves conclusively that the spirit of mob is most injurious to morals, and destructive of every feeling of honor and manhood. Eliminate the mob-spirit, let each student act in his individual capacity, and with the feeling that he is amongst gentlemen, and acts of rowdyism and savagery will at once disappear or at least become very rare among bodies of students.

But the tyranny of the mob pursues the unhappy student, who is weak enough to yield to its cowardly dictates, into the minutest details of his private life and maps out for him a complete course of action. It dictates to him who among his fellow students shall be his friends and points out others whom he must make it his business to render miserable. If one of this white-livered tribe conceives a dislike for a professor, each member of the clique must contribute his share towards making things as unpleasant as possible for the professor. Of course

the offended party has not the manhood to act alone and to assume full responsibility for his act; he prefers to merge himself in the mob.

The strangest thing of all is the thorough conviction most of these same young men have that they are men of the strongest character. What! have they not boldly violated well nigh every regulation of discipline? Is there any low-lived, dastardly act they hesitate to perform? Poor, misguided fools; they do not perceive that they are the veriest slaves, who dare not so much as speak, save at the beck of a few thick-headed leaders. With what supreme contempt they look down upon those students, who feel that upon entering a college, they have made, at least a tacit contract with the authorities, to observe strictly the most important regulations and who feel that their honor is at stake in the faithful fulfillment of this agreement.

But we do not care to examine the evil influence of mob rule further. There is no more dangerous or injurious element existing among college students. We believe it would not be difficult to prove that there is rarely a serious breach of discipline or an immoral act committed in our colleges which may not be traced to the bad influence which some clique has exercised over the guilty party.

A noble, generous, rightminded man never was and never will be the leader of any mob. The spirit of the mob is always brutal and only those who surpass it in this respect can retain its leadership. When rightly considered, this sentence from an able exchange is the saddest comment we have ever read on college students who have not the courage to act on their own responsibility. "*It is really a remarkable thing that out of a body of one hundred and twenty-five men, with all the temptations of the city open to them, there should be no rowdyism, no conduct that a gentleman should be ashamed of.*" It is all the more sad, because it is perfectly true, and yet there are men who shout themselves hoarse in praising the high degree of civilization we have reached.

—W. J. COSTIGAN.

EXCHANGES.

The Mount Angel Banner for December and January contains two very commendable articles. "Every Man an Architect of His Own Home," and "Autumn in Oregon." The first is a thoughtful, well written essay, the reading of which is both interesting and instructive. The author of the second article gives evidence of no mean ability as a descriptive writer. He is evidently a close observer of nature's changing moods.

The Holy Ghost Bulletin is always a welcome visitor to our sanctum. There is a seriousness about the *Bulletin* that commends it to us. In the January number, "The Nineteenth and the Sixteenth Centuries Compared," is an article especially worthy of notice.

In the last number of the *Fordham Monthly* there are several essays that well repay a careful perusal. "The Effect of the Progress of Physical Science on the Poetic Spirit," is a carefully prepared paper. From the manner in which the subject is treated, it is easy to perceive that the author knows whereof he speaks. He very justly contends that the true value of poetry does not consist so much in musical rhythm as in depth of thought and harmonious arrangement.

One is always sure to find something good in the *Niagara Index*, and the issue of January 15th is no exception to the rule. The essays on "Longfellow" and "Hamlet," are, in every way, worthy of the space they occupy. If we may judge by the frequency and excellence of the articles that appear in the *Niagara Index* on the characters of Shakespeare and the various aspects of his writings, we may surely conclude that the Bard of Avon is carefully and intelligently studied by the advanced students of Niagara University. This is as it should be in every institution that makes any pretence to give a solid literary training. Whilst many of our exchanges are occupied in re-hashing the criticisms that have appeared in the papers and magazines on "The White Man's Burden" and "The Man With a Hoe," the *Index* continues its studies in Shakespeare. Some of our exchanges seem to believe that they are not up-to-date if they are not chasing every bauble that appears on the current of literature. Not all the Kiplings and Markhams in creation could produce ten lines of Hamlet. Hence the follow of those who

allow themselves to be distracted from the study of the great masters by such inferior writers. When a man has perfectly familiarized himself with the masterpieces, he may perhaps, at times, give himself some liberty, but students cannot do so with security.

There is one article in the January number of the *Sacred Heart Collegian* fairly well written. The essay on "Goneril and Regan," shows that its author has a just notion of what literary criticism means and understands that before beginning to write it is necessary to be fairly well informed on your subject. But we are sorry that we are unable to say as much of several other writers in the January issue. The author of the paper on "Evangeline," as far as we were able to discover, has done nothing except to relate the story of "Evangeline" in his own words. If a young boy, who had read the poem for the first time, were asked what it contained, we imagine he would proceed in much the same manner as this writer does.

A far more faulty article, however, if not as to form at least as to sentiment is a story entitled,—*"The Finding of the Card."* A young man returning home from college happens to catch sight of a young lady with a pretty face and at once proceeds to fall in love with her. We know there are some such young men to be found in colleges, who fall in love with every pretty face they chance to see, but we dislike to see such intolerable blockheads made the hero of a story, for notwithstanding the thickness of their skulls, they have exceedingly light heads. We hope the writer of this story was not drawing from his personal experience and that when he gets a little older he will cease to admire such exhibitions of beastly vulgarity as his hero—Roy Goodwin—is made to give. The young lady might have been the veriest jade, but this makes no difference to Roy; he is prepared to have his heart smitten by every comer. We suppose had he seen some wax figure in a dime museum, the result would have been the same. We know of no more despicable type of character than this. They are not sufficiently idiotic to be consigned to insane asylums, although many of their betters are to be found in these institutions.

Did we wish to give anyone an unanswerable demonstration of the injurious effects of excessive novel reading, we would refer him to an article in *"Old Hughes"* under the heading—"Is

Novel Reading a Waste of Time?" It is true the writer answers this question in the negative and makes some sort of effort to prove his point, but on the principle that facts speak louder than words, we have no doubt that the hazy notions and extravagant claims of this writer, who is presumably a fervid reader of novels, would go far to establish the opposite conclusion. He has a rather amusing division of literature which certainly has the merit of originality. "Literature," he says, "may be divided into three great classes: historical and scientific works, and novels." In the next sentence he makes what he calls a restriction, which would include history in the catalogue of novels. "Novels, then, include both prose and poetry, which are other than historical or scientific; one restriction must be placed on this idea of novel; they must portray real life." Now since history is, or at least ought to be, a record, or as the writer in "*Old Hughes*" would prefer to say, a portrayal, of real life, it also must be of the *novel class* of literature. What he means when he says that "novels include both prose and poetry which are other than historical or scientific," we are unable to decide, according to the definition given by this writer, newspapers are novels, since they portray real life and they are "other than historical or scientific."

D. B. HAYDEN, '00,

VIATORIANA.

- Red.
- Block.
- William.
- Hot air.
- Black Bass.
- Sorrel Top.
- Crusty Sam.
- The Story Teller.
- Do you want a chance?
- Hark! 'Tis the dice box.
- You prove that "I does."
- Don't you got any better sense than that?

—Smart Boy—Where can I get a key for a lock of my hair?

—Red—Say, fellows, if the diamond were only dry we could have a game of base ball.

Cholly—Why don't you hand it up in the sun?

—Buck H.—Was going to Ireland to study music. A bystander, who worked himself into the conversation, remarked: "Why don't you go to Iceland to finish such a study."

—All our country friends will please step forward and listen to the speeches and songs through the phonograph.

—The young gentleman from the Hoosier state has returned home to take a position in a bank. He is very good on banking; but we have a very excellent young man from the same state to take his place.

—On Sunday evening, January 21, a very enjoyable program was rendered, in honor of the large increase in the number of students. The entertainment was certainly well prepared and skillfully executed. The ever popular band, which has reached a high degree of perfection under the able leadership of Rev. Dr. Legris, opened the program. This was followed by a piano solo by Mr. J. Kelly, who is an artist of rare power. St. Viateur's is very fortunate in numbering amongst her professors of music such an accomplished musician. Mr. J. H. Nawn gave several recitations, which, needless to say, were excellently rendered. We have frequently heard Mr. Nawn on the college stage, but far from growing accustomed to his skill as an elocutionist and an actor, we always look forward to his next appearance with lively anticipations of pleasure. A song, the words of which were composed for the occasion, was then sung. This was received with great applause by the audience. Father Bourget rendered some exquisite pieces on the piano, but it were idle to make any comments on his playing, as his ability in this direction is too well known at St. Viateur's. Revs. E. Rivard and C. Raymond sang a beautiful duet. Little Ray Daly recited "Grandpa's Spectacles" in a charming manner. Raymond bids fair to become a splendid elocutionist. Dr. and Mrs. Morel sang several splendid selections in their own artistic manner. The program was brought to a close by the college quartet. The Reverend President then arose, and in his characteristically happy manner, made some pleasant remarks on the evening's program. He then called upon Rev. Father Corcoran, who congratulated

those who had taken part in the entertainment, and concluded by declaring a grand Congé. Thus ended a most enjoyable evening, in which everyone seemed to be at his best. Much credit is due to Reverend Brother Goulette, C.S.V., our genial and efficient director of the musical department who arranged the program, and through whose painstaking endeavors it was so successfully carried out. We hope this good beginning will be followed by other entertainments of a similar kind. Such exercises help not a little to pass the time pleasantly and to break up the monotony of college life, especially during the winter term. The following is the song written for the occasion and set to a beautiful air: —W. T. HANLON, '01.

Gladly in music's soft numbers,
Tell me one message dear;
Hearts speak to rouse us from slumbers,
Gay mirth has banished fear.
Fame smiles on *Alma Mater*,
Youths throng her halls of love;
Two hundred drink of the water,
Unsullied, pure—yes and more.

Refrain: Join in the anthems ringing,
Two hundred voices singing;
Warm greetings fondly bringing,
To those who proudly boast;
This be our pledge at meeting,
Faithful as life is fleeting,
No thought of base retreating;—
Father Marsile—this name our toast!

Proud of her "boys" now as always,
Trusting in them without fear;
Saint Viateur's heart throbs and oft prays:
God's blessings ever be near.
Numbers with worth united,
Peace reigns, love binds the strand;
By sweetest friendship lighted,
One—hand in hand—they stand.

Refrain: Join in the anthems, &c.

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