



RIGHT REVEREND P. J. MULDOON, D. D., AUXILIARY BISHOP OF CHICAGO.

# THE VIATORIAN.

FAC ET SPERA.

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## THE SNOW STORM.

THROUGHOUT the day, throughout the night,  
The glistening snow flakes fall;  
They fill the air with fleecy white,  
And dress the pine tree tall.

Now drifting here, now drifting there,  
Along the oak-tree grove;  
They sift thro' brush and thorny hedge,  
Throughout the forest rove.

They light upon the window pane,  
And creep beneath the door;  
Upon the wind they ride along,  
From tree to tree they soar.

They press the cheek of rich and poor,  
And fall beneath their feet;  
They fly from hut to palace fair,  
Along the city street.

And thus they come, and thus they go,  
So white, so light, so quick;  
And fill the street, the wood, the lane,  
With snow drifts high and thick.

J. M. KANGLEV.



## ORATORY.

**N**O WHERE, as much as in a Democracy, is there such a universal and constant need of orators and oratory. Because the laws being made by the people, and the rulers elected by popular vote, all questions of public moment must be publicly discussed and treated by speakers whose knowledge will inspire confidence, whose art will please and whose power will sway the masses. We are living in such a country as this; in a country where there are daily and hourly demands for public speakers to teach and to amuse the multitudes.

If we would be of our day and hour, if we would be young men who will not cheat the expectations of our people and times, we must arm ourselves with all the winning graces and conquering powers of Oratory. But, as the soldier moves with elegance and celerity, and fights victoriously, only after passing through a long course of military evolution and learning the effective practice of arms, so must the young orator by the tedious perhaps, but salutary exercises of the class-room, learn to wield that most telling weapon, human speech. There must be put on the armor of fearlessness; the helmet of knowledge which will insure the brightest victories in the cause of truth, in the battle against error. But, in-as-much as the hardships of preparation are often disheartening, and the difficulties to be encountered, discouraging, it may be a source of inspiration and encouragement to us to consider briefly the beauty, excellence, nobleness, usefulness and profit of the art of Oratory.

I mention that oratory is the most noble and useful art that man has ever cultivated and developed. First, let us see how we can prove that Oratory is excellent. That art through which the human mind triumphs, must be a most noble art. But Oratory is the art through which the

human mind has attained its most excellent and most admirable achievements. Therefore Oratory is a most excellent art. For man to think and to reason is to live; but if man were to think and reason without ever speaking, he would live for himself alone, and would therefore be the veriest egotist. When man thinks great things it is to give them out to the world, to illumine the nations, and to move mankind to high and worthy endeavors. If man writes down his thoughts on dumb parchment, often they sleep for ages on the dusty shelves of a library, until they are thrown away as useless rubbish. But if the man who conceives great thoughts has the power of eloquence to burn them into the minds of the multitude, they immediately become a part and portion of the intellectual life, of even his contemporaries, and through tradition they continue to influence the life of individuals, families and states, for centuries after the golden tongue that first uttered them has been silenced by death. And is this not one of the most brilliant triumphs that mortal man can aspire to? To literally compel men to adopt his own thought, because he has known so to vest it in fairness and strength that its charm was irresistible? Is it not a glorious achievement for a mortal so loudly to have spoken the truth to his age that his voice will even after his death echo and re-echo along the corridors of time, and reach and influence the most distant generations? Is not Demosthenes still read, not only as a model of Greek elegance and masterful expression, but also for the high and patriotic messages that his orations carried to the Greeks?

Cicero in his well rounded periods still teaches our modern pleaders, and judges his forceful lessons of justice. And as to the triumph of Christ, it belongs to a higher order than the merely human. His voice has rung clearly through the ages, charged with the most momentous

messages that ever tongue uttered. But his teaching became the inspiration of a Chrysostom, of an Ambrose, of a Peter the Hermit, a Bossuet, a Father Tom Burke, whose eloquent words uplifted men from the sordid things of this earth, raised their souls to the contemplation of the higher and better things of heaven, and fired their hearts with a consuming desire to follow Christ, to practice the virtues he preached, and thus to conquer the kingdom of heaven. Such are the triumphs of the human mind, gained through the exercise of eloquence. They are glorious triumphs; they are such victories as make us think more of our humanity. Therefore I would say, if we who are now students mean to rise to our full stature and become leaders of men, we cannot afford to neglect that all important art of Oratory.

But it is not only the nobility of the art of eloquence that should induce us to cultivate it. Its usefulness also offers us powerful motives for applying ourselves with care to the study of it. For is it not through oratory we will find a royal road to success? Must not that art which insures success in the attainment of those goods most coveted by man, be considered a most useful art? But the goods most coveted by man are riches, fame, glory, power, station, influence, and the moral virtues which make for right human life. But surely eloquence is a means to these ends. Therefore oratory is a most useful art. Is there not proof of this from examples we have today? Take Ingersoll, the ranting atheist, were not his powers of oratory and elocution the magnet for attracting thousands of people to his lectures every day, and the effective means for amassing a fortune? Or Daniel Dougherty, was it not his wonderful art of speaking which won for him the admiration of the masses, and a most enviable reputation. And would I name Austin Adams? A man more recent,

who is today drawing crowds to hear his lectures, to admire his excellent gift of speech; a man that once had great honor among the Presbyterian sect; on whom was bestowed a fortune by a near kin, to devote his talents to the preaching of the Presbyterian doctrines, but who, receiving the light and grace of God, embraced the Catholic religion with his family, spurned the gold which was to buy and bind his efforts for life, and a free man, bravely ventured out into the wide world to make a living for his family and win fame for himself, and he has accomplished his aim. And through what? His gift of Oratory. In the days of the greatest orators was not the mere gift of eloquence alone the passport, as it was always the only passport into the highest offices of the state? Need I name Sheridan, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Canning, Burke, Grattan and O'Connell? Or coming closer home have we not had a Patrick Henry, a Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and an Everett? Will I forget to mention him whose wonderful powers of eloquence have been the admiration of even orators, whose name is linked to a long series of victories, and is hailed by every tongue, which acclaims his onward march to the presidential chair, William Jennings Bryan?

In recording the fame of the sacred orators we could fill a volume without going back to the days of John the Baptist, or those of Peter and Paul, whose very words were the flame breath of the Almighty, nor to the days of Chrysostom, "the golden mouthed." Nor have we forgotten the Demosthenes of the pulpit, Bossuet, or Father Tom Burke, and hundreds of others who have gained unperishable glory through the powers of oratory. We must all have an object in view; an object which we cannot attain without persistent efforts both in and outside the classroom. No doubt we all hope to be one day accomplished speakers, able to give and impress our ideas. But to gain such an

end we must keep in view the old axiom, "Practice makes perfect." And it is only by practice we can become graceful in delivery and cultivated in the art of oratory. If your aim is deliberative oratory, remember that on the statesman rests the responsibility of the welfare of the state, and you must arm yourself with those qualifications, with such oratorical resources as shall fit you for not only ordinary demands but render you equal to any emergency. Perhaps some day, amidst the turmoil of revolution or in the conflicts of the nation, it shall be your mission to call back the tide of war and like the son of Hermes

"With siren tongue and speaking eyes,  
Hush the noise and soothe to peace."

Or as Patrick Henry, the mouth-piece of the Revolution, who raised 3,000,000 people to the cry of "Liberty or Death." If as an advocate you stand before judges and jurors to vindicate the rights of fellow-man, to plead for his life perhaps, remember you hazard too much if you do not employ opportunities which will help you to rise to eminence in your profession, and thus render to humanity the most important service. But more than all you who may employ sacred oratory, you whose high vocation it may be to preach to a lost world the glad tidings of salvation and lead men to believe in Christ, that they may be saved from wrath and ruin, be mindful that you will stand between two worlds, the present and the world to come, to utter words of such tremendous import as to affect the eternal destiny of every one of your hearers.

Thus convinced of the dignity and winsome charm of eloquence, conscious of its irresistible powers to thrill, to enoble, and uplift mankind, conscious of its manifold and splendid victories, conscious of the glory and fame and countless other advantages which this art, as a generous queen, lavishes upon her subjects, let us enter into this course of training with such dispositions as will make these exercises profitable and will help us to acquire the many qualifications that go to make up the genuine orator.

J. M. KANGLEY.

COLLEGE VERSE.

THE SOUL'S DESIRE.

THE fool hath said within his heart,  
No God forever reigns;  
Beyond the bourne of space and time,  
No endless life remains;  
So let us drink sweet pleasure's cup,  
And drain it whilst we may;  
A few short years and you and I  
Shall be but formless clay.

In vain, unhappy man, you hope  
The boundless void to fill;  
The cravings of a human soul  
Creation cannot still;  
For in this mortal frame of flesh,  
A deathless spirit dwells;  
Which neither power, nor joy, nor wealth,  
Nor pleasure ever quells.

More eager than the panting hart,  
Impelled by burning thirst,  
To find the living fountains, which  
From out the mountain burst,  
Is man's immortal spirit drawn  
To seek the good and true;  
The infinite eternal God  
Unto its nature due.

W. J. B.



SING me not the warrior's glory,  
Triumphs won on bloody plains;  
Far more noble is the story  
Of the soul that's free from stain.

Purer than the splashing fountains,  
Fairer than the flowers of May,  
Grander than the soaring mountains,  
Destined never to decay.

Honor to the soul undaunted,  
Never bowed neath passion's sway;  
Naught to it the glory vaunted  
Of the battle's maddening fray.

B. W.

### THE MORAL TEACHING IN MACBETH.

**A** DRAMATIC poem is great only inasmuch as it teaches powerfully great moral truths that may be applied to everyday life, and inasmuch as it represents the vices of men in their true colors. This is one of the things in which Shakespeare excels all other dramatists. In every one of his plays, he takes some great passions, and shows us what awful results will follow if these be not promptly checked. I have said that Shakespeare teaches some of these moral lessons in every one of his plays, but this is especially true of Macbeth. Shakespeare could well have laid down this text before writing this great tragedy: "The wages of sin is death." The drama speaks most eloquently on this text and proves it in a more striking manner than any sermon could. Here he clearly shows to what degrees of degradation a man will sink if he abandons himself to some unruly passion. In the beginning of the tragedy, he represents one of those grand types of manhood that have been the delight of generations; a man who under other circumstances might have been king among his fellows, but anyway a man who has a bright future before him, a man who is a great general and even a hero:

"But all's too weak:

For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—  
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
 Which smoked with bloody execution,  
 Like valor's minion carved out his passage  
 Till he faced the slave;  
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Moreover he stands in high favor with the king, who has rewarded him for his valor by making him Thane of Cawdor, and he has pledged himself to confer upon him as much honor as it shall be possible in the future. Then the people of his country have a very good opinion of him: "I have bought golden opinions from all sorts of people." Surely such a man is by no means of the common sort and he must occupy a position of honor in his country. If this man continues to act in accordance with his own noble principles, and to be loyal to his God and to his king,

there will be much happiness for him, and he may do much good among his fellowmen. But, unhappily for Macbeth and for the poor people of his country, he is ungrateful of that grand destiny which nature had marked out for him, and he gives himself up to his unruly passion, an unbounded ambition, and this draws him deeper and deeper into the pit of everlasting infamy. It will make him as great a coward as he was hero. He will become more hateful to us than he was admirable before. All the people of his country will fear and despise him and finally he will be hurled from his ill-gained throne, overwhelmed by the hate and curses of his fellow men. Surely this is one of the most miserable fates that can befall a man, but it is only the wages of sin which he has well deserved. Let us follow him further in his mad career of passion and we will see all those things work themselves out. In order to do this it will be necessary to consider Macbeth in three lights: First, as a great and noble man; secondly, in his career of crime, and finally the terrible retribution that overtakes him. The first point we have already considered. Before the assassination, we see a great struggle going on within this man between good and evil, but urged on by his own ambition and by the awful power of his wife, evil wins. Then all his thoughts are directed toward crime. At times he has remorse of conscience and fears for the consequences of his action:

"He's here in double trust:

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath born his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off."

But all this gives way to his unbounded ambition, till we find that he has really committed the terrible deed, the crime of crimes. As soon as he has left the chamber of the dead king the avenging hand seizes him and wrings expressions of terror and despair from his affrighted soul. What awful terror do not these words indicate:

"Sleep no more!

Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

What a miserable fate! Henceforth he will no longer be the same man; he will look like the innocent flower, but he will be the serpent under it; he will have smiles on his lips for everyone, but in his heart there will be nothing but despair and a present hell. Now he plunges himself deeper and deeper into crimes, never having a moment of peace, but always tortured by remorse of conscience. Those whom he has murdered rise from their graves and confront him with their ghastly looks. Still he goes on and on in his wickedness, never thinking of returning to the path of honor and righteousness.

“ For mine own good,  
All causes shall give way: I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.”

Finally he becomes so insanely cruel that he orders his soldiers to search the country round and hang all those that talk of fear, but he goes no further in his career of crime. So far retribution has followed him from afar, but now it comes like an avenging fury to demand full and complete satisfaction in the name of outraged justice. He is abandoned by his followers; he finds that the witches have been playing with him in a double sense; he sees the wood of Burnham move towards Dunsinane to crush him, and finally he meets that man at the thought of whom he had always felt uneasy, “The man not born of woman,” and to this one Macbeth surrenders his life. Who is there that does not see the awful punishment of this man for his crimes? Is it not this power especially of distributing a terrible retribution, on the heads of those who have been guilty of great crimes, that makes Shakespeare a great moral teacher? Is there any one, not beyond the hope of redemption, who, after reading the severe punishment of this man, would follow in his footsteps? Then does not Shakespeare teach us, in this play, a great moral lesson that has more effect upon us than any sermon could possibly have?

But in this tragedy of tragedies, Shakespeare does not only take Macbeth to impress some great truths upon our minds, but also Lady Macbeth, Banquo and Macduff, whom we shall consider in succession. Lady Macbeth was a woman of wonderful intellectual

endowment, of strong mind and of a sensitive nature. A woman that was called to be good and great. She possessed none of those vices that debase womanhood, such as we find in Gertrude, Goneril and Regan, but on the contrary she is pure and unselfish. But she too, like her husband, and perhaps even more, has an unbounded ambition. This unruly passion ruins this great life, which, had it been applied to good, would have been grand and inspiring. Before the murder, she possesses a wonderful strength and power. Nothing excites her. All those remorse and gnawings of conscience that afflict Macbeth seem to be for her but a greater incentive to crime. But when the deed is committed, she no longer seems to be the same woman. Then remorse of conscience is too plainly visible in her. We may well understand the awful sufferings of this guilty woman in the terrible sleep-walking scene:

"Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!"

Finally she becomes insane and commits suicide. After reading her part in this awful tragedy we may well exclaim with the gentlewoman: "I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body."

If Shakespeare, in this great drama, shows us the awfulness of unruly passions and their terrible consequences, he likewise represents, as was necessary to make the lesson perfect, the beauty of virtue. He does this in the persons of Banquo and Macduff. These two characters are the shining lights of the play. How we delight in contemplating these noble men after having been obliged to look at such persons as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth! Banquo is the one that Shakespeare has selected to make a contrast with Macbeth. Here is a grand hero. From the moment he appears in the play to the time of his sad death, we see nothing in him but greatness of mind and nobility of soul. As a general he is scarcely inferior to Macbeth, but he is loyal to his God, to his king, and to himself. Here is a man that would not entertain an evil thought even in his sleep:

"Merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose."

What a contrast with Macbeth, who invites wicked thoughts and catches eagerly at temptation. Then he spends his time revolving in his mind how he may work these guilty suggestions into acts. Hence his terrible career of crime. I may pause here to consider the grand lesson that Shakespeare teaches us in this little passage. He shows us that the man who overcomes the smallest temptation is well prepared to resist greater ones and consequently will hardly ever commit a crime. On the other hand he proves to us that the man who cherishes small temptations, opens the way for greater ones and finally is led to commit abominable crimes.

I have already shown the difference between these men, but when we consider their fates, the lesson becomes more and more striking. Macbeth realizes that all he has done has secured no happiness for him but miseries:

“I have lived long enough : my way of life  
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf ;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.”

Banquo, on the contrary, passes a quiet and happy life, and finally dies by the hands of the tyrant. He leaves behind him a host of friends that will mourn him, and cherish his memory forever. Here again by the death of Banquo, Shakespeare reveals to us what a great moral teacher he is. He did not wish to reward such great virtue by gifts of this world, as the writers of today are wont to do, but he desired to recompense such courage in heaven, the only place where it can properly be done.

Macduff is a no less praiseworthy character. What a grand type of manhood he is also, and who ever suffered such pains and sorrows with more perfect resignation? Shakespeare has selected him as the avenger of the play. He is the one that will strike, in the heart of cruel Macbeth, more fear than all other men combined. He finally triumphs over the wickedness of Macbeth and is a terrible avenger. Now by the considerations we made on

these four leading characters, we may deduce this great moral lesson: that unruly passions will cause the ruin of any man, it matters not what his talents may be. On the other hand those that will resist those unruly passions, though they may not have so much talent, yet they will accomplish much more.

In this tragedy, the Bard teaches another great moral lesson not less worthy of notice, that is the evil that results from superstition. But as my space is limited I will reserve this subject for a future composition.

P. B. DUFAULT, 03.



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## EDITORIAL.

THAT health is one of the indispensable requisites for success in any undertaking, be it physical or mental, is so evident that its mere statement is sufficient to win the assent of every sane mind. Yet there are some students who as though there was no connection whatsoever between the mind and the body. They are sufficiently active mentally, and this is well, but they seem to be incapable of anything like physical exertion. Now health can be preserved only by plenty of out door exercise. Of course there are certain limitations beyond which sports of whatever kind become a positive nuisance. College athletics is only a means to an end—the upbuilding of the body and the full rounding out of the physical man. Even this is not the ultimate end, but only an intermediate object in the realization of higher and more enduring aims. Starting from the assumption that the mind is intimately connected with the body and largely dependent upon physical organs for its activity, it becomes apparent that when the body is unsound or sickly the action of the mind will be spiritless and feeble. From this it by no means follows that the perfect athlete will necessarily be an excellent student. In fact athletic skill has little if any relation to strength of mind. The athlete requires vigor of muscle, quickness and accuracy of eye and hand, with but little expenditure of mental force. But it does follow that sufficient exercise is necessary to keep the body in perfect condition. It is precisely those who have no taste for athletics that stand most in need of being urged to devote some time to

certain forms of exercise, not for itself but as a means of acquiring more perfect mental development. No matter how skilful or perfect the artist may be, he will attain but slight results if the instrument on which or with which he works is defective. Now, the mind is the artist and the body is the instrument through which and with which it works, and no matter how keen the mental faculties may be, their full and perfect exercise will be impossible unless they have suitable organs through which to act.



Now that the winter term is approaching when less time is given for recreation, it would be a wise provision to put in four months of solid work against the fine sunny days of enervating spring, when no student worketh. The foot ball season will be soon over and with it all outdoor sports will be abandoned. We frequently hear students complaining that the winter is a dull monotonous season at college, a time when the blues thrive and students' spirits are sorely tried. Is it not possible that more serious application to study would be a good antidote to these real or imaginary ills?

A student's first and most important concern is not to amuse himself, but to store his mind with knowledge for present and future use. When face to face with the stern realities and pressing duties of life, the remembrance of the pleasantries of college life will be of little practical benefit to him. The things of which he has made himself capable by the thorough discipline of his mental and moral faculties is all that will be of any importance.

These hours that now weigh so heavily on the hands of the listless student could be profitably, and at the same time pleasantly employed in a carefully selected, consistent, course of reading. Why not spend a few hours a week in this way? The best that man has thought, the grandest things he has done, the noblest aspirations of gifted souls, the immortal hopes and heroic achievements of saints and sages, poets and philosophers, are all living in the inspired and inspiring pages of great books, and with these for companions, how is it possible to grow weary or feel uninterested.

**ST. VIATEUR'S DAY, OCT. 21st.**

**T**HERE are certain days of our college life which will be treasured as bright pages in the book of the Past, to which we shall ever turn with pleasure. We are sure that by every student at St. Viateur's College, October 21st, 1901, will be remembered as one of these days. October 21st., the patronal feast of the College, has always been celebrated with due religious solemnity and festive joy. This year no exception was made, but on the contrary the celebration was perhaps even more magnificent than usual. Many parents of students, friends of the institution and alumni, had already arrived Sunday and by Monday morning the number had considerably increased. The weather was all that could be desired and everything was favorable for a day of perfect enjoyment. St. Viateur's Day being a religious feast, the exercises of the day appropriately began with the celebration of Pontifical High Mass. At 8.30 the beautiful chapel was filled with the swelling notes of the sweet-toned organ as the long procession came from the sacristy. Acolytes and clerks, arrayed in spotless white cassocks and surplices, came first; these were followed by the surpliced clergy and Right Rev. Monsignor Legris, D. D., of St. Viateur's College, wearing his purple robes, and finally Right Reverend P. J. Muldoon, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, as celebrant. Then began the solemn, magnificent ceremonies with which the Church deems it fit to celebrate her offices and to honor Him who is always with us. Seldom, if ever, had the "dim religious light" of the beautiful stained-glass windows shone upon a scene of more beauty and splendor. The many burning tapers, the rich vestments and ornaments worn by the celebrant and assistants, the delicate wreaths of rising incense forming halos of glory around the heads of the devout ministers, contributed to make an impressive scene that will linger long in the memory of those who beheld it.

The celebrant, Right Reverend P. J. Muldoon, D. D., was assisted by Very Rev. A. Corcoran, C. S. V. of St. Viateur's Normal Institute, as High Priest, Rev. J. Charlebois, C. S. V., President of Bourget College, Canada, and Rev. M. A. Dooling, of

Clinton, as Deacons of Honor. Rev. T. Mc. Devitt of St. Columbkil church, Chicago, was Deacon of the Mass, and Rev. P. H. Durkins, of Rantoul, was Sub-Deacon, Rev. J. E. Laberge, D. D., of St. Viateurs College, was First Master of Ceremonies, and Rev. Brother J. B. Dubé, assisted as Second Master of Ceremonies; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris, D. D., assisted officially.

The choir, composed of sixty splendidly trained voices, sang in an inspiring manner. The Kyrie, Sanctus and Agnus Dei were taken from Gounod's Male Chorus Mass; Gloria by Farmer; Credo by Bollman; Incarnatus and Veni Creator by LaHache. The soloists were: Soprano, A. Birren and J. Monahan; Alto, Rev. C. Raymond C. S. V.; Tenor, Rev. E. Rivard, C. S. V., D. D.; Bass, Rev. A. St. Aubin, C. S. V., and M. T. Morel, M. D. Further comment is unnecessary.

The sermon was delivered by Rev. E. Rivard, C. S. V., D. D., of St. Viateur's College. His text was "Be ye faithful." After a brief sketch of St. Viateur's life he spoke of his fidelity and showed him to be a true Christian educator. He then addressed the assembled Clerics of St. Viateur, charging them to be faithful to the high ideals left them by their patron and model. He also made some apt remarks on education. The whole sermon was characterized by Father Rivard's high ideals, beautiful language, and ardor and earnestness of delivery.

After mass a reception was tendered to Bishop Muldoon by the young ladies of Notre Dame Academy. At 11:15 all proceeded to the new gymnasium for the dedication. The new structure, which was built at a cost of \$40,000, faces the large campus. It is 90x140 feet, and built of limestone taken from the bed of the Kankakee River. The interior is beautifully finished with enameled brick. It contains a drill hall 80x60 feet (besides gallery and stage), barber shop, six bowling alleys, twenty-four shower baths, twenty-four modern toilet rooms, refreshment, dressing, reading and smoking rooms, armory, a large billiard and pool room, able to contain ten tables, and a movable stage. The stage scenery, which is the work of Sosman & Landis, is such as would be a credit to any theatre. Especially beautiful are the

large back curtain representing an Alpine landscape, and the drop-curtain upon which is reproduced a scene on the picturesque Kankakee river.

The building is heated by steam and lighted by five hundred incandescent electric lights and two arc lamps. It will be furnished with a complete set of gymnastic apparatus. The building was constructed under the immediate superintendence of Rev. S. Boisvert, C. S. V., Civil Engineer of the College, who also drew out the plans.

After the dedicatory prayers were said the College Battalion gave an exhibition drill. Though laboring under the disadvantage of drilling on an oiled, hard-wood floor, they did very well. But the honors of the day were carried off by the Columbian Guards. These boys, in their neat uniforms and with shining swords, executed fancy movements, formed crosses, letters, etc., with such rapidity and precision as to excite the wonder and admiration of the audience, which greeted every new movement with hearty applause. Master H. Schanze, their new captain, showed tact and presence of mind in handling his company.

After dinner, at about two o'clock, all again assembled in the gymnasium to witness the presentation of Fr. Marsile's latest Operetta: "If I were a king." It is a beautiful play and the music adapted by Prof. Kelley from the "Bohemian Girl," "Said Pasha," "Erminie," etc., was so well rendered that it called for a special compliment from Bishop Muldoon, who said that the singing was the best he had ever heard at college. Especially noticeable were Messrs. Feely, L'Ecuyer, Monahan, Birren, Cleary, Carey and DeSousa. Most of these names speak for themselves to the patrons of St. Viator's College. Great credit is due to Prof. Kelley, our musical director, whose persevering efforts were crowned with such signal success, and 'tis needless to say, to Fr. Marsile, who rehearsed the actors and succeeded in inspiring them with a great deal of his own realism and grace. The band and orchestra were also deservedly complimented by several of the visitors.

After the Operetta Mr. T. B. Cosgrove, in the name of the students, read an address to Bishop Muldoon. The Bishop then

arose and thanked all for the hospitable manner in which he had been received. He also complimented the President and Faculty upon the excellent work which they were doing, the effects of which were so visible. Then addressing himself especially to the students in an eloquent manner that was understood by the smallest Minim as well as the most dignified Senior, he granted to all two grand holidays, remarking that one of them had been especially deserved by the drilling of the Columbian Guards.

And thus the day came to a happy close. Some of those who helped us to celebrate St. Viateur's day were:

Very Rev. A. Corcoran, C. S. V. of St. Viateur's Normal Institute, Chicago.

Very Rev. J. Charlebois, C. S. V. President of Bourget College, Canada.

Rev. T. McCormick, C. S. V. of St. Edward's, Chicago.

Rev. T. M. Dugas, C. S. V. of St. Mary, Ill.

Rev. F. Choinward, C. S. V. of St. George, Ill.

Rev. J. J. Creigan, C. S. V., Chicago.

Rev. Bro. G. Gendereau, C. S. V., Canada.

Rev. Bro. Champoux, C. S. V., Chicago.

Rev. D. O'Dwyer, Chebanse.

Rev. J. Fortin, Kankakee, Ill.

Rev. A. L. Bergeron, Chicago.

Rev. J. C. Lesage, Aurora, Ill.

Rev. O. B. Bordeau, Manteno, Ill.

Rev. A. D. Granger, Kankakee, Ill.

Rev. Fr. Sixt, Kankakee, Ill.

Rev. J. Lamarre, Chicago.

Rev. T. McDevitt, Chicago.

Rev. M. A. Dooling, Clinton, Ia.

Rev. J. J. McCann, Elgin, Ill.

Rev. J. O. Hackett, Kankakee, Ill.

Rev. J. J. Jennings, Chicago.

Rev. T. M. Rielly, Chicago.

Rev. C. H. Durkins, Rantoul, Ill.

Rev. J. H. Cannon, Urbana, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sheil, Chicago.

- Mr. N. Rosseau, Chicago.  
Mr. A. J. Moody, Chicago.  
Miss A. Wahl, Lafayette, Ind.  
Mrs. M. F. Maguy, Chicago.  
Mr. Guilbault, Chicago.  
Miss K. Griffin, Chicago.  
Mr. and Mrs. E. Lister, Chicago.  
Mrs. A. Burke, Chicago.  
Mrs. M. Burke, Chicago.  
Miss A. Delaney, Chicago.  
Miss M. L. Donahue, Chicago.  
Mrs. J. Northway, Kankakee, Ill.  
W. Northway, Kankakee, Ill.  
Misses M. and F. Murphy, Chebanse, Ill.  
Miss E. O'Dwyer, Chebanse, Ill.  
Miss L. A. McCarthy, Chicago.  
Mr. T. Morel, M. D., Mr. F. J. Rielley, Radeke, Mrs. Carroll,  
Mrs. Kensella, Mrs. J. Flageole, Bourbonnais, Ill.  
Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, Symerton.  
Mrs. T. F. Jacob, Chicago.  
Miss Kelley, Kankakee, Ill.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Dolin, Kankakee, Ill.  
Miss M. Monahan, Chicago.  
Mr. H. Schanze, Chicago.  
Mrs. H. H. Dailey, Chicago.  
Miss T. J. Griffin, Chicago.  
Mrs. M. Lappin, Chicago.  
T. A. Schressow, Chicago.  
Miss E. Fortin, Kankakee, Ill.  
Miss A. Fraser, Kankakee, Ill.  
Mrs. and Miss McClure, Lafayette, Ind.  
Mrs. Tobin, Chicago.  
Mrs. McGrath, New York.  
Mr. McMahan, Chicago.  
Mrs. Moore, Chicago.  
Mrs. F. Smith, Chicago.

Mrs. Callaghan, Chicago.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Chicago.  
 Mrs. D. Cleary and daughter, Chicago.  
 Mrs. N. J. Lynch, Chicago.  
 T. B. Tinor, Chicago.  
 Miss M. Munsch, Chicago.  
 Miss K. Munsch, Chicago.  
 Mrs. K. Dailey, Chicago.  
 Mr. J. Lonergan, Chicago.  
 Mr. A. Lonergan, Chicago.  
 Mr. P. Sullivan, Chicago.  
 Mrs. A. McDonnell, Bremfield.  
 Miss S. McDonnell, Bremfield.  
 Mrs. M. Adams, Kankakee, Ill.  
 Mrs. N. Adams, Kankakee, Ill.  
 Mr. P. Devaney, Seneca, Ill.  
 And many others whose names we were unable to procure.

A. L. GIRARD.



ADDRESS READ BY MR. T. B. COSGROVE.

RIGHT REVEREND AND DEAR BISHOP MULDOON:

**N**O words of mine are necessary to tell you that you are welcome to our college home. A far less keenly observant eye than yours might have read that welcome in the kindling eyes and *radiant* countenances of both faculty and students; in the triumphant tones of melodious instruments; in the harmonious blending of young voices in songs of joyous exultation; but above all in the warm feelings of respect and gratitude which upwell from the great heart of our beloved president, Father Marsile. With him we are united today in offering to you, dear bishop, our love, our reverence and admiration.

There is nothing which so powerfully appeals to young minds, which so completely wins their admiration, fills them with enthusiasm, and arouses in them high and noble sentiments, as the record of magnificent achievements. What wonder, then, if the

students of a Catholic institution feel the blood coursing in warmer currents through their veins and their minds elevated to a higher plane of thought and feeling, when a member of that grand old institution—the hierarchy of the Catholic Church—comes into their midst. The storied page of history has no more brilliant record than that whereon the saintly lives and heroic endeavors of great bishops is imperishably emblazoned in characters which shall outlive the ages and reach onward into the eternal years. It was the truth of Christianity proclaimed by those first world-conquering bishops, the apostles, which, like a luminous sun, dispelled the gloom of superstition and ignorance that had overshadowed the human mind for more than a thousand years; it was the powerful voice of Christ's deathless hierarchy, heard at the four corners of the earth, at sound of which the poor, trembling slave felt the vigor of noble manhood in his soul and the fetters falling from his weary limbs; it was the labors of holy and fearless bishops that subdued the proud spirit of the barbarians from the North, after they had swept away the last vestiges of the Roman Empire; it was the strong hand of a bishop that wrung from the reluctant grasp of a haughty tyrant that precious Charter of Liberty. But why enumerate at greater length? These facts and hundreds of others equally striking are familiar to every student of history. It is because you are a member of that illustrious line of pontiffs, compared to which the oldest dynasties are but of yesterday; which traces its line of descent in unbroken succession for over two thousand years; around which all the hopes and fears, the aspirations and great achievements for the past twenty centuries have been centered, that we extend to you today our most devoted love and respect.

But there are other and personal titles on which you may justly claim our esteem and generous hospitality. We do not forget that it was largely through your energetic, persevering and tireless labors that the Catholic educational exhibit at the World's Fair was brought to such a splendidly successful issue. This is only one of the many examples which might be adduced of the whole-hearted zeal, unflagging devotion and singleness of purpose with which you throw yourself into the thorough accomplishment

of every duty regardless of personal sacrifice. And it is precisely for this quality that the heart of youth goes out to you. The sight of generous sacrifices fires young souls with enthusiastic admiration. They love and reverence the man who holds life itself cheap when a noble cause demands its sacrifice.

The magnificent temple in which your people assemble for divine worship, lifting the triumphant cross above the din and roar of a mighty city, is a lasting monument to your zeal in the service of Christ's holy church. That you are an enlightened and active patron of Catholic education, and not merely one who coldly approves from afar the splendidly equipped schools which owe their existence to you, sufficiently attest. And if we needed any other demonstration we would have it in your very presence here today. For we know full well you have left other pressing engagements that you might lend dignity and splendor to this occasion when this new edifice devoted solely to educational purposes will be dedicated. Receive, dear bishop, our heart-felt expression of gratitude for your kindly interest in us.

But after all the highest tribute man may hope to win here below is the love, esteem and reverence of the countless thousands, whose minds he has fed with the vivifying bread of eternal truth. That you have thus laid hold of the minds and hearts of those with whom you have had intimate relations is amply demonstrated by the vast concourse of people from every walk of life who assembled to do you honor on the occasion of your recent consecration. Therefore because you are a member of the grandest body of men the world has ever seen; because your whole life record proclaims you to be in every way worthy of the exalted honor conferred upon you, we bid you welcome and Godspeed. May many years of active service be yet vouchsafed you to guide the progress and shape the ever onward course of this great metropolitan sea of the west, with which you are now so intimately connected; may you ever be the consolation, the support and the solace of that venerable patriarch, Arch Bishop Feehan, who has so well directed this great archdiocese for well nigh a quarter of a century, whom no right thinking man knows but to love or names but to praise, and when the supreme

summons of the master comes, may that brilliant line of pontiffs whose associate and brother you are look down upon you from the highest heavens with smiles of approval and commendation.



### EXCHANGES.

IN the *Buff and Blue* we find a good biographical sketch of the late Samuel Porter. Being the work of an alumnus we reasonably expect a certain neatness and competency of style, nor are we entirely disappointed, for we find it written with an ease and grace appropriate to memoirs. The author, however, commits a ridiculous blunder when he says: "He (Porter) has left no literary or other tangible memorials commensurate with his genius and power. Two reasons may lie at the root of this fact. One is that he never married. No one was dependent on him. He thus missed one of the strongest incentives to action." This is, to say the least, absurd. Now either the deceased had not a literary turn of mind, and therefore could not write, in which case no manner of "strong incentives" could make of him a writer; or he had this literary ability, but did not choose or had no leisure to write; but there is nothing more preposterous than to assert as a general principle that one is stimulated to literary action because of some one's dependence on him. Especially in this instance is its application unreasonable. Masterpieces spring from true genius, not from the accidental relations of a man with men. The articles of the actual students are very trivial. They consist of two short stories and some metrical composition. The verses entitled "Swallows" are tolerable. "The Liars' Club" and "Bunco" are of somewhat humorous vein, but of that class of tales which are without purpose or

moral of any kind. The exchange column is good but could be more thoughtful.



*The Lincolnian* is a journal of more dignified tone. Neat thought as well as appearance it evinces a careful and active management. An outline of the life of President Benjamin F. Harrison, while containing several true and commendatory observations concerning that departed statesman, is too brief; it shows a consequent lack of thoroughness in treatment. The same can be justly urged against "Hiram Jacob's Luck" and "A Renunciation," which are, however, not devoid of interest. The exchange column is very feebly handled, consisting of a few witless jokes and personals.



*The Sacred Heart Collegian* contains several articles of merit. The criticism of Percy Bysshe Shelley would carry more weight and possess greater interest if it were more thoroughgoing and that "Callida Junctura" of Horace met with more attention. The author devotes to his introduction too extended space, relatively to the length of the essay. The stories are short but entertaining. A sonnet "In Memory of John Devanney" to beauty and nobleness of thought unites choice and graceful diction. "Thoughts From My Note Book," by the same author, is very instructive and discerning. The editorial and exchange columns are well conducted.



One of the best essays we have seen for sometime is found in the *St. Mary's Sentinel*, under the title of "The Great Things of Life." The author maintains with truth

and reason that the momentous destinies of nations and of times are the results of apparently insignificant beginnings. He then aptly applies this principle to man, and shows that character, either excellent or perverse, is but the result of the generally considered trifling incidents of real life. In the treatment of his theme the writer displays a clear discernment and an accurate knowledge of the formation of character. While his diction is graceful and free from affectation, his style is characterized by a certain vigour well befitting his arguments and analogies. It would be a pleasure to find in our various exchanges more essays of so excellent a quality as this. "The Value of a Moral Education" appears to us a medley of disconnected sentences and ideas. Were it not for the title we would be at a loss to know of what the author endeavors to speak. In themselves the thoughts are good and the language correct, but the whole evinces a lack of care and of work inconsistent with the writer's pseudonym—"Opera." The exman gives evidence of an ability in his line as desirable as it is rare.



A model college journal is the *Abbey Student*, which comes to us with a wealth of excellent essays and of *poetic* poems. "Autumn Roses" is as beautiful in thought as it is elegant in the expression of its thought. A most exquisite lyric is "A Lullaby." A lengthy biographical sketch of Abraham Lincoln shows power in its diction, but the divisions of the essay are not well connected, the author being somewhat abrupt in his transitions from one topic to another. "All Wickedness is Weakness" contains an abundance of truth. The writer, however, in support of his thesis, makes use of no arguments, save one or two analogies drawn from history, but makes numerous assertions, which,

although true in themselves, and undeniable when logically defended, would of themselves fail to convince a sceptic or or agnostic. The paragraphs on "Method in Daily Life" exhibit a variety of style and treatment. For its clearness and accuracy of idea, we think the fourth is the best, while the first and third are also very good. The author of "Anarchism" treats his subject very skillfully. He rightly holds that the present system of public education, if not the cause, is at least an abettor of anarchism, because of its exclusion from the public schools of the nation of all idea of the Creator. He also reasonably maintains that, although the liberty of the press is a most excellent thing, it should be to some extent retrenched when it becomes a menace to the general welfare and prosperity. To effectually repress the growth of anarchism the author justly advocates the education of the masses, true education, which is the betterment of men mentally, physically and above all morally. There are a few other articles of indifferent value. The exchange column is in excellent hands.

F. S. CLARKE, '03.

