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CLASS POEM.

There is no joy in life but has its pain;
There is no grief but warrants hope again.
The gloom of parting casts a sombre cloud
Upon the Visage, else so radiant-browed.
The smile of joy can scarce restrain the tear
That comes, unbidden, from the bosom's mere.
The crown of laurel cannot soothe the ache,
Nor blushing honors all the sadness take
That fills the soul. 'Tis Nature's bane, to part,
And in our bones long we feel the smart.
Adieu! It is a meaning word; so soft—
So hard to say, and yet 'tis said how oft!
'Tis when the heart has learned to dote upon,
To understand an object as its own;
And like the tender vines that clasp the tree,
The heart-strings cling in warmest sympathy,
Then parting tears the tendrils of the soul,
And calls the tears that man would fain control.

And we whose youth was spent within these walls,
In quiet groves, in large and cheerful halls,
For whom each nook and corner bears a tale
Or fond remembrance, tell me, do we hail
This day, this long-expected day, with joy?
Does not a touch of sadness half destroy
The gladness that now would fill the heart?
Ah, his must be a craven soul, to part
From all the scenes of youth without regret!
Does e'en the beast, of sightless mind, forget
The hand that fed it? No. And when the years
Have marked us with their ever-staying sears,

Shall we forget what now we leave behind?
Ah, no! The ties, the memories that bind
A man unto the friends of early days,
Unto the ripeness of his manhood's ways,
Are sundered not by merely lapse of time;
True love is conquered not by age or clime.
Our best affections cannot die for those
Who led us through that bounteous field where grows
The tree of Knowledge; filled our hungry minds
With truth and images of noblest kinds;
Who told us of the shining realm of God,
And urged us upwards in the path *they* trod;
Who calmed our petty sorrows—thunder show'rs
That kiss the grass and brighten up the flow'rs.
All through the struggling pilgrimage of life
Their forms and faces will exalt the strife,
Our love for them will pass the bounds of Earth
And in Eternity retake its birth.

What hallowed mem'ries linger round these scenes,
 Around the College and its shady greens,
 Whereon our friends, the loved ones of our youth
 Were wont to laugh and sport with us. In sooth,
 We need not wait till we have felt the breath,
 The blast of worldly life, and seen the death
 It deals to many, e'er we dare proclaim
 That on Life's vast and billowy main
 Our college days are as an island fair,
 A gem set in the mighty ocean, where
 The smiling sun is rarely hid from sight,
 And twinkling stars illumine the blackest night.

Although the world may hold for artist's eye
 Far grander views than those that round us lie,
 For *me* there are no scenes more grand than those
 That fringe the Kankakee, which slowly flows
 Midst banks of Nature's fashions, yet more grand
 Than can be sung in words or sketched by hand.
 There is a subtle *something* in these haunts
 Which e'en the gently flowing Hudson wants—
 'Tis mem'ry—recollection's kindly power
 Which makes each old resort, each tender flower
 Thrice beautiful, and thus these spots appear,
 Of all terrestrial scenery, the peer.

Ah, true! 'Tis hard to leave these haunts of youth,
 These loving friends and monitors of Truth;
 To face the world, to enter in the fray
 Where strife and conflict occupy the day.
 And yet there sounds a note of gladness now,
 E'en tho' the battle's smoke conceals the brow
 Of Heaven. The warrior comes to test his steel,
 To use his power for his country's weal.
 And so with us. We do not fear the fight.
 Ambitious, young, and in the cause of Right,
 We glory in the fray. How can we fail
 E'en tho' our paths diversely cross the vale
 Of Life, when such examples stand before
 Our vision as the sons of Viator
 Already near unto the topmost height
 Of glory's mountain chain? And in the bright
 And fulsome glow of Honor, all revere
 The home, the hands that molded their career,—
 Their *alma mater*:—nor has one brought shame
 Upon her fair, untarnished, spotless name.

So let it be with us. Our paths of life
 May seldom meet again. Each joins the strife
 Then soon is lost to view; to meet no more.
 Perhaps, his early friends. For some who bore
 The Master's mark while yet at school, will take
 His cross, and in His holy service, make
 The Earth a little happier. And love
 Will be their weapons—their reward, above.
 The rest will join the active strife of men,
 Commingle with the surging denizen,
 The Mammon worshipers. And yet, e'en they
 Can do their part against the strong array
 Of fraud and avarice that stalks abroad
 Upon the byway of the world, the loud
 Applause of honest people will be theirs:





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But he who lives in God alone, who bears
 Upon his back the burdens of the weak,
 Will gain a recompense which those who seek
 The fleeting fame of Earth, will never hold
 For God will write his name in letters gold
 On his eternal scroll. To him, the priest,
 I need not speak these words. But ye, O, list
 Ye others who would gain that bauble Fame!
 I charge ye to preserve the spotless name
 Of *alma mater*. Keep her honor free
 From blot or stain. Let this your motto be,
 "For Country, God and Truth." And now, farewell
 St. Viateur, thy glories I would tell
 In sweeter strain, had I the pow'r; my theme
 Would longer be, but something stops the stream
 Of words that I would utter. 'Tis the heart—
 A pain of anguish fills my soul to part;
 I fain would linger here forevermore—
 But, no! Adieu! My voice would hover o'er
 That word fore'er, could it but keep the spell.
 To Youth, familiar scenes, and friends, farewell.

—P. W. Hansl, '99.

GRECIAN ELOQUENCE.

Many influences have contributed to achieve national independence, to preserve the liberty of peoples and to promote moral and intellectual improvement, but perhaps nothing has been more efficient in advancing the general welfare of mankind than the art of speaking. This art is so beneficial to society that the world has ever regarded with highest esteem, the discourses, invented by genius, arranged with skill and spoken with impressiveness.

Reading expands the faculties, writing perfects the memory, and mathematics improve the judgment, but oratory affects the passions, influences the will and controls the mind. By oratory, the meanest and most illiterate, as well as the most learned and distinguished are enabled to know without expense, without study, whatever concerns their social, moral, and religious obligations.

Public speakers being as natural to nations as mountains are to regions, it is not surprising to find that as one region surpasses all others in the height of its mountains, one nation likewise excels all others in the dignity of its eloquence. And such a nation pre-eminently is Greece—Greece, the mother and nurse of orators—sublime orators, who turned their abilities in search of truth, goodness, and beauty—things that are immortal; while many orators of other nations have devoted their energies to schemes of conquest, devastation, and wealth—things that are as fleeting as the joys of the wicked.

Greece is to eloquence what seed is to vegetable life; for it is there eloquence had its origin; it is there it first yielded fruit a hundred fold;—fruit that formed a wholesome and ever de-

lightful intellectual banquet for Cicero, Bossuet, Burke and other world-famed orators,—fruit that animated, nourished and civilized man, and is to this day animating, humanizing and civilizing society.

History furnishes exquisite specimens of eloquence: Roman is brilliant, French is magnificent, and English is correct; but Grecian eloquence alone possesses that masculine power, efficiency and animation that not only arouse the passions and please the imagination, but also persuade the will and overpower the mind.

What nation fallen from the greatness which once was hers, has a more enduring and magnificent monument to her glory than has Greece in her matchless eloquence? Her civic splendor fell before the enemy's stroke like flower-petals before a raging storm; her wealth disappeared like smoke before a sweeping wind; time exhausted the fertility of her soil as drainage exhausts the moisture of a watery plain; the immense capital she accumulated in spoils has vanished like snow before a beaming sun; even the names of her battles are gradually losing interest, but the splendor of her eloquence is lasting as the brightness of the stars; the power thereof will continue as long as the force of the crystal waters that rush against her shores; the fame of her oratorical genius lives like the grass that grows over the graves of her orators; the literary merit of her eloquence is as permanent as the intellect that can appreciate excellence; and the names of her orators are as imperishable as the grand language that expresses them. Hers are the possessions that make nations famous, memorable, immortal. Her eloquence is the inestimable legacy that she bequeaths to posterity.

So highly did this enlightened and noble souled people regard oratory that they willingly accepted as rulers those who were highly esteemed for eloquence. No statesman was distinguished, who could not by speech move the hearts of the assembly. No general might be followed if he could not, by words, arouse the enthusiasm of his gallant troops. No public man was worthy of the name unless he was consummate in address.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of attaining distinction in eloquence and the marked preeminence that was expected in the public speaker, we find many unexampled and world-influencing orators in Greece. Among the stars that shine brilliantly in her galaxy we see with delight the history-extolled Pericles. This able leader, sagacious statesman, and sublime orator governed Athens prosperously for forty years not more by his political talents than his will-controlling eloquence. So powerful was his influence over the multitude that the nation gave him the sur-name Olympias; for say they, like Jupiter, he thundered when he spoke, and transferred his sentiments to the breasts of the audience, as easily as air transmits itself into the heart of the forest. After the voice of Pericles had ceased to echo throughout the nation, and sophistry seemed to stem the tide of

eloquence, we behold Gorgias coming majestically forth, as sunshine after darkness, and infusing new energy into every Grecian heart from Athens to the seas. His appearance was conviction, his actions were eloquence, his words were persuasion. So great was the veneration for him that the people coined money with his name upon it.

Posterior to Gorgias we hear the voice of Isocrates, rising gently and magnificently from the temple of eloquence, as sweet music from the soul-soothing choir. He knelt with devotion at the altar steps of Calliope's temple; and that goddess looked not to see what dust of other shrines was upon his knees, but smiled upon him, inspired him, and made him an out-shining herald of her glory.

As the divisions of heavenly luminaries are composed of individual stars that vary in degree of brilliancy, until one out-shines them all, so the firmament of Grecian eloquence is adorned with public speakers that vary in degree of excellence, until one stands foremost and is denominated the prince of orators—the unrivaled Demosthenes. If Pericles was sublime, Gorgias animated, and Isocrates magnificent, it was reserved for Demosthenes to blend them all in one, and, like the master-piece of an ideal artist, exhibit in one glowing figure of associated beauty, the pride of Greece, the perfection of eloquence, the wonder of all times and the admiration of all men.

What voice has echoed throughout the ages with more power to convince, or more grandeur to lift minds into realms of glowing enthusiasm and heroic sentiment than that of Demosthenes? Which shall we admire more, his noble character or the literary worth of his orations? His influence upon us rises almost to inspiration. So high is his literary merit that the eloquence and judicious Cicero calls him a river flowing with gold. His eloquence is forcible, masterly, and admirable. His orations are like a rapid torrent that bears down everything before it. They are so animated that the sound produced in uttering them gives an increase of life to everything against which it vibrates. They are so full of impetuosity that they send a thrill to the very citadel of the soul and impel the hearer to action. His consequences are so clearly and logically drawn that they force themselves upon the hearer. His inductions are powerful levers resting so firmly on the fulcrum of the uniformity of principles that they are unshaken to both the elegance of the flowery rhetorician and the logic of the comprehensive philosopher. His demonstrations are so consonant with reason that they are as convincing as axioms. His figures rise as naturally from the subject as heat from combustion. His sentiments are spirit, strength, life. They seem gifted with a voice to speak to us from the printed pages. So forcible are his words that they overthrow his antagonist as the flaming sword strikes down the gallant soldier. Nothing can resist him, for he thinks like a philosopher, draws his characters like a painter and describes his object like a poet. He speaks with the spirit of a true defender, the devot-

edness of a patriot and the dignity of a national exemplar. His arrangement is methodical and effective; it is that of a general who so disposes his troops that victory is inevitable.

Since virtue is the passport to the temple of fame, is it astonishing to find admirable qualities in the great genius who stands foremost among the inhabitants of that mystic edifice? His character has placed him on a pinnacle of honor, where shadow never rests, where the morning dawn smiles so early and the setting sun plays so late that his days have twice as many golden hours as those of other men. His was that integrity which preserves the golden mean between excess and defect, both as regards the object and the act. How eloquently does his life proclaim that the moral grandeur of uprightness is the sublimest thing in nature, before which the pomp of eastern magnificence and western brilliancy is but a faint shadow compared to the indestructible substance that produces it. His was that incorruptness of spirit, which yielded not to circumstances, but, like the rock, becomes firmer with years. His unshaken patriotism shone forth in every stage of his perilous career. Behold how his public spirit is awakened by the dangers threatening his native land. The other Grecian orators are bribed by Philip. The old Grecian spirit is dead. Marathon, Leuctra and Thermopylæ are forgotten. Greece is about to open her gates for Philip, as helpless inmates would be obliged to open their doors for a fearless and menacing robber. But Demosthenes comes forth like a savior; addresses a corrupt and degenerate people; censures them for their venality, indolence and indifference in the public cause; vividly tabulates the glory, the spirit and the courage of their ancestors; graphically pictures the sacredness of family circles, the overwhelming yoke of oppression, and the immeasurable advantages of liberty; shows them that they are still powerful, still the protectors of Greece. Nay, more, after pointing out the measures of execution and prompting to vigorous conduct, he reproaches them as the betrayers of their country if they forbear to oppose the Macedonian conqueror.

Rome and Greece have insulted, decried and forced orators from the speaker's platform for words a thousand times less painful to natural sentiment than these; but so eloquently did this consummate orator pour forth his words, that, like thunder bolts, they made Greece rock from center to surface, caused hearts to stir and courage to rise, eyes to burn and spirits to glow, pride to swell and passions to inflame, will to sit upon the throne and order warriors into the battle field where they defended their honor, their homes, their friends and their fatherland as did their forefathers on the Salmian waters.

In no other nation had the sun of eloquence such splendid rising, such glorious course and such golden setting.

P. J. GERAGHTY, '01.

FRENCH ELOQUENCE.

No eulogy is necessary to convince you of the great power which an eloquent voice exercises over the minds and will of men.

What student of Grecian history and literature has not felt a thrill of delight when he pored over the eloquent orations of the immortal Demosthenes. As standing before the people of Athens, "determined and invincible," he persuaded them by his mighty voice to wield their weapons in defense of their country; mightier even than the swords of Grecian warriors was the voice of this sublime orator, for the defense of Grecian liberty. Hearts that before quailed with fear, now throbbed with the fire of unquenchable courage to expel from their borders the invading foes, that threatened their independence and their republic; when they felt the magic influence of over-powering eloquence, no longer could they be restrained from the pursuing of that path pointed out by the soul compelling voice of this distinguished orator, who stands upon the pedestal of fame and glory preeminent in the annals of Grecian history. "He who re-kindled the love of country in a degenerate people." From him who was so great we turn our gaze to that part of the world illumined by the shining light of Cicero, with that powerful voice, commanding justice to be served his fellow countrymen; infusing into their hearts an intense love of country. Arrayed in all the glory of a nation's champion, his brow is crowned with the tiara of fame. Noble and great do his sentiments appear to the mental gaze of preceding generations. Commendable and admirable indeed are such feelings of patriotism.

But there remains a nobler, a sublimer flight of eloquence than the love of one's country can call forth. The sublimity of speech, that ascends the throne of the eternal, the forcible expression of thought that arouses us to peer through the veil of time and discover how trivial are earthly things compared to the grandeur and happiness that appear beyond. Such were the orators of France. The eloquence of the pulpit has sought its themes in higher regions than the love of the things of this world. By opposing the movements of the soul, she ever longs to persuade it, by pacifying all the passions, she makes them listen to her voice. God and charity such is her creed. Incapable of fear and of injustice, she gives lessons to kings and monarchs without offense. "She comforts the indignant without flattering their voices, like an eagle on the summit of a mountain looking down into the gloomy region of earth." These doctrines of the Holy Church have made the orators of France preeminent. Where in all history is there an orator to compare with the prince of orators Bossuet? Who at one time peers into the awful chaos of death and draws from thence lessons that strike terror even into the hearts of kings, again soaring beyond the vistas

of time, he fixes his clear gaze on the infinite, the eternal. "There is gold, and a multitude of jewels; but the lips of knowledge is a precious vessel." Diadems of kings and monarchs, the costly jewels that adorn fair princesses, appear as nothing to this preacher of God's holy doctrines. The poor are elevated to be his equals, the powerful rulers of kingdoms claim no more reverence than the pauper. Words are amiss to praise the eloquence of this peerless orator. Whilst pointing to the coffin of the Duchess of Orleans he uttered these words—words that still resound with their force of truthfulness: "There you see her, notwithstanding her great heart,—that princess so beloved and so adorned; there you behold her, such as death has made her." Oh, what a feeling of horror courses through our veins as we thus stand in the presence of death, as if it were personified. What a feeling of anguish must come over the darkened conscience of a sinner at the thought of meeting the Almighty, seated on His throne of justice. What a day of reckoning, when that ruler of the universe shall say: "Depart from me, thou who hast forsaken thy Lord." Bossuet no longer touches the chorded lyre, but still his eloquence and sublimity of speech linger throughout all ages. Soothing the sorrowing, cheering the despondent, appalling the wicked, bringing hope and trust in God, inciting to the practice of those virtues which dignify and ennoble. Behold a peerless orator! In support of my argument, I will not adduce Fenelon, so sweet in expression; Bourdaloue, a tower of strength and victory to the doctrines of the gospel; nor Poulle, the exquisite master of the language of the imagination; but Massillon, whose solemn and penetrating voice depicted the death scene of a sinner—a gem of oratory that deserves particular mention. The great preacher thus describes: "At length, amid all these painful struggles, his eyes become fixed, his features altered, his face distorted, his livid lips involuntarily open. A shivering seizes his whole frame, and by a last effort his soul is reluctantly disengaged from the body of clay, and finds itself alone at the foot of the awful throne. Terrible was such a recognition; shameful must he be who casts such a burden at the foot of the awful tribunal." Thus, with death ever before this orator's eyes, he touches the hardened hearts of sinners by his earnest supplications, and opens up the springs of sorrow for evil deeds. Thus for Massillon.

After such a glorious triumph of orators, France passes for a time out of consideration, till that awful tempest of infidelity swept over its interior, causing the bright and shining lights to be darkened by the gloomy veil of materialism. Voltaire appears upon the arena, and by his sophistry, cant and hypocrisy dries up the very fountain of eloquence. But Lacordaire soon followed and pierced the hearts with the burning words of unconquerable truth. It was a battle of materialism against spiritualism, the darkened and gloomy shade of infidelity against the bright and glittering light, Christianity. But after such a tempest all grows calm, and Lacordaire appears, bearing the

victor's spoils, his voice, which rang out so clear, so strong, and so sympathetic against the teachings of Voltaire, the echoes are still to be heard, and well may we exclaim with a sorrowing subject, "We had a king; we have lost him!"

How insignificant do the themes of party strife and political dominion appear when compared with the momentous subjects that engaged the attention and fired the genius of these orators. How unimportant is the conquest of a nation or the preservation of a throne when weighed in the balance of everlasting interests! As much, then, as the eternal surpasses the temporal, as infinite surpasses the finite, as the soul is superior to the body, so, I may say, French oratory transcends in its aims that of any other nation.

France, whose halls of art and science resound with the name of a Lacordaire; France, the mother of the golden-tongued Bossuet; fair France, who boasts of a Massillon; France, the home of chivalry and princely courtesy, has the proud right to acknowledge no superior in splendid, forceful eloquence.

JAMES ST. CERNY, '01.

ENGLISH ELOQUENCE.

Of all the powers within the reach of man, none has exercised a more far-reaching and ennobling influence upon the destiny of peoples and of nations than eloquence.

From the earliest records of history we find multitudes impelled to noble efforts and heroic deeds by the eloquent voice of some mighty genius who could sway the hearts and move the wills of his fellow-men.

Would Greece boldly bid defiance to the Macedonian usurper, had not every Grecian heart thrilled at the eloquence of Demosthenes? Would Rome have extended her sway over the world had not the eloquence of her orators found a responsive echo in the hearts of Romans? Would religion have taken such deep root in the soil of France without a Bossuet, a Fenelon, a Bourdalour, a Lacordaire?

But nowhere has eloquence found a more congenial atmosphere; nowhere has she had such a large number of illustrious disciples; nowhere has she achieved more magnificent results or more splendid triumphs; nowhere has she been more practical in her aims; nowhere has she better vindicated the rights or contributed more to procure the liberty of a people than in the parliament and courts of England.

We have but to mention the name of Chatham, to call to mind one of the most powerful orators of modern times. For although in the British senate there have been abler reasoners, stronger minds, and profounder statesmen, no one has ever con-

trolled it or borne down opposition with the resistless might of his eloquent voice as did this impassioned speaker.

Being gifted by nature with an imposing appearance, a full, clear voice, and all the other requisites of an orator, he held complete control of his audience. Filled with a spirit of liberty he loved honor above all things and when England impressed her seamen and began hostilities in America, it was the mighty voice of Chatham, that warned her of her mistake.

Chatham's style differs very much from that of most orators, for since all of his orations were governed by intense feeling, he did not divide them into many parts as is generally done, but united them so closely that they could not be separated. His arguments were brief but clear and to the point. He was in reality an extemporaneous speaker, for his mind was fully developed on all subjects and having a lofty imagination and keen wit he was always ready for any form of speech.

His speeches against Horace Walpole, those concerning the government of England, and those in defense of the American people are numbered among the finest of our language, and should be taken as models by those who aspire to be orators.

In no country, as far as I know, has forensic oratory had a more worthy exponent than Thomas Erskine. This eminent man by his great genius and most powerful eloquence was the able advocate of the persecuted and saved many innocent persons, whose cases seemed hopeless, from a felon's death. And many noble families and honest citizens were rescued from the ruthless grasp of pitiless usurers, who sought to entangle them in the meshes of the law.

In many cases by means of a single sentence he was able to clear his client and compel his opponents to withdraw. He controlled a jury by the magnetic power of his eloquence and faced a judge with such boldness and energy that he carried everything before him. Erskine did not make a success as a Parliamentary orator, but his forensic orations will live forever in English history and now stand without an equal.

As the courts of England resounded with the eloquence of Erskine so the whole land, and especially Ireland, was filled with the voice of that mighty genius and patriot, Daniel O'Connell.

Though England has not the glory of having produced this great orator, yet, it was on the floor of her parliament that his splendid genius found a theatre for its display. The heart thrills with delight and admiration when we behold this intellectual giant standing almost alone in the English Parliament and struggling for the freedom of his oppressed country.

When the Catholics of Ireland were persecuted and forbidden to practice their religion, O'Connell stood above them as a protector, and by his eloquence, caused England to pass the act of emancipation which gave almost religious freedom to the people.

And, when a second time England tried to over-tax the people, the emancipator of Ireland again stood up as the father



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of his country, and, as a reward for his efforts was thrown into prison. But he won the emancipation of his country and this is one of the grandest triumphs of human eloquence in any age.

But far different from the career of Chatham, Erskine, O'Connell, and the other famous orators, was that of Edmund Burke.

This illustrious man, although not gifted by nature as most of his contemporaries, he is the greatest statesman England ever had, and as a debater he has no equal either in ancient or modern times.

For no other man ever expressed so many beautiful thoughts; showed such a knowledge of man or had so many lofty and generous sentiments. When England declared war against the American Colonies, Burke stood in parliament and showed the world that England was making a mistake which could never be corrected. He, like Chatham, loved honor, and was always the exponent and aid of religion and his people.

Burke was not only an orator for his own time, who produced a ripple on the surface of political life and then disappeared forever, but an orator of all time whose speeches will continue to live as long as sublime thought, brilliant imagery, and lofty and chaste language continue to be of interest to men.

But why need I multiply examples? If England has escaped the destructive revolutions which have convulsed almost every state in Europe; if she is great and powerful today and has one of the most stable governments in Europe, or perhaps in the world, she owes it to her great orators who have shaped her policy and withheld from rushing to destruction on the dangerous shoals of despotism and tyranny.

If there are stains on the banner of England which may never be effaced; if the tears of widows and orphans have cried to heaven for vengeance on her deeds of cruelty and oppression; if the mention of her name excites fierce hate in the hearts of a brave and generous people for the wrongs she has inflicted upon them, it is a source of pride and pleasure to know that her great orators have ever raised their voices in opposition to her iniquitous measures.

O! Well for England would it have been had she ever lent an attentive ear to the voices of her eloquent statesmen who have ever opposed themselves to injustice and oppression. What greater tribute can be paid to their memory, what greater glory could attach to their names than this?

Justly, therefore, may we conclude, that English eloquence is worthy of comparison with that of those mighty geniuses whose voices have gone forth unto the ends of the earth.

When nobility of purpose, strength of mind, beauty of diction, elevation and grandeur of thought shall have ceased to excite the love and admiration of mankind, then, and not 'till then, will the eloquence of England fade from the remembrance of men.

W. T. HANLON, '01.

NOT FORGOTTEN.

There's a quaint old village church-yard
 Close by our College home,
 Where the marble shafts are scanty
 And the fragrant roses bloom.
 Where the robin and the blue-jay,
 Build high in leafy shade
 Of a double row of maples,
 That there make pleasant glade.

How oft I strolled there musing
 On ways of quick and dead.
 The struggles, heartbreaks, yearnings,
 The sleep in silent bed,
 The hopes of life now soaring,
 Then dashed as on a stone
 The freedom from such anguish
 Of spirits that have flown.

One day I mused, "'tis better
 To rest in flowered beds,"
 The roses seemed to think so,
 And waved their crimson heads.
 "Tell, roses," thus I muttered,
 "If they who's bones lie here,
 Are ever thought or dreamt of
 By friends they once held dear.
 For the stones are now in ruins,
 The brier trailing wild
 Midst yon struggling crimson beauties,
 O'er bed of sire and child?"

E'er such thoughts had yet escaped me,
 I heard a mournful sound,
 And I saw an old man sobbing
 Near what was once a mound.
 As I turned and softly left him
 To commune with his dead,
 "Three and forty years, dear mother,
 But I've come back," he said.

Then he knelt and prayed in silence,
 In the chapel's shadow gray,
 And I also prayed a prayer
 Which I repeat today.
 Such love as this in my friends,
 O God, I beg of Thee,
 That when from earth I've long fled,
 They still remember me.

—J. H. N.

LEIBNITZ.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

When we stand in the presence of one of those colossal geniuses, whose all-embracing intellect is the repository of every human science, we feel our hearts glow with love and reverence and our minds expand with admiration. When we sit at the feet of these world-teachers and listen to the truths their mighty voices utter, we forget our own littleness and feel ourselves impelled to noble effort.

Such a man was Leibnitz, the greatest philosopher, the greatest mathematician, the greatest genius that Germany has yet produced.

To get a satisfactory knowledge of the working of any great mind, we must necessarily confine ourselves to some particular point of view. I will therefore content myself with outlining the philosophic system of Leibnitz.

His great soul turned with loathing from the base materialism of Locke and the pantheistic mummary of Spinoza. Not yet sufficiently acquainted with the grand scholastic system of St. Thomas, he sought to build up a philosophic theory of his own which would harmonize with Christianity. The result was "Monadology and Pre-established Harmony."

Briefly then his whole system may be reduced to this—the ultimate elements of the universe are small centers of force called monads. "Monads," says Leibnitz, "are the very atoms of nature, in a word, the elements of things. But since these monads are mere force centers, they have neither extension, figure, nor form. And again, since each monad by its very nature mirrors in itself the whole universe, it follows that there must be absolute accord among all the monads." This is his famous "Pre-established Harmony."

In justice to Leibnitz, however, it must be said that he afterwards saw the absurdities to which this system lead and abandoned it to follow the scholastic theory of matter and form. He says himself—"I had relegated to the garret of useless notions the substantial forms of the scholastics. But despite my profound meditations on the theories of modern philosophers and my own experiments in the physical laboratory and countless geometrical calculations, I was constrained to re-accept the substantial forms, without which it is impossible to explain things philosophically. Modern philosophers are not disposed to do justice to St. Thomas and other great scholastic teachers in whose writings there is more truth and solidity than we dream of." After this full and complete avowal of scholasticism and the consequent rejection of monadology, it would be doing injus-

tice to the memory of this great man, who was misled for a time into adopting it, to attempt a refutation.

But Leibnitz's optimistic theory of the world was never recalled by him. "If," says Leibnitz, "God creates a world, he is necessitated by his perfections to create the best world possible. Therefore this world, which he has created, is the best possible." To support this position he reasons thus—"to act with less perfection than one is capable of, is to act imperfectly; but God cannot act imperfectly, therefore when he created the world he created the best possible." I cannot do better than to quote Bossuet's masterly refutation of this optimism: "Relatively to the omnipotence of God," says the eloquent Bishop of Meaux, "there is and can be no best world, that is, a world than which God cannot create a better, for being infinite in capability to design and execute, he can never exhaust his omnipotence on any created object."

But even in his very error Leibnitz reveals the lofty character of his mind. What a grand concept is that of "Pre-established Harmony"—and how true in a sense, though not in the sense Leibnitz asserted it. It makes the universe a magnificent musical instrument on which the Divine Artist plays the harmony of the spheres. Every monad throughout creation is athrill with life and responsive to the slightest touch. Man presses his foot upon the earth and the monads of all the spheres echo in harmonious unison throughout the ages. A little child playing on the seashore, casts a pebble into the surging waves and all the monads of the world readjust themselves in rhythmic order.

But Leibnitz was not only a theorist, he was a practical man. The great aim of his life; the ideal towards which all his hopes and aspirations converged; the master passion of his soul was the union of Protestantism with the mother church—with Rome. For this he labored. To this subject his mighty pen directed the attention of listening Europe. At one time the plan seemed to be all but realized. The two greatest intellects of their age, Leibnitz and Bossuet, commenced a correspondence on the subject, which for some unknown cause was discontinued. Political and other causes conspired to defeat this grand project of Leibnitz, and the harmony in the religious world which he so ardently desired was never realized. In passing I may notice that this has also been one of the great life aims of Leo XIII.

The greatest work of Leibnitz, the last product of his mature and fertile genius, was his "Systema Theologicum," in which with a few exceptions, he accepts all the dogmas of Catholicism in theology, and the scholastic theory in philosophy. This great work is an imperishable monument to the genius of Leibnitz, and shows clearly that his later years were devoted to a profound study of St. Thomas, for he not only holds the same doctrines as St. Thomas, but he substantially

accepts and repeats the arguments by which the angelic doctor supports them. This monumental work was not published until after the death of Leibnitz, and like its great author is unfortunately too little known.

By the side of this grand, Christian scholar, how paltry, how insignificant, do not the scoffing infidels of France and the dreamy, sentimental pantheists of Germany appear. Beneath the crushing weight of his powerful arguments, the sophistry, cant and hypocrisy of Voltaire, Spinoza and Locke crumble into hopeless ruin. Before the full blaze of this intellectual sun, their dim light pales into insignificance until it disappears from the mental horizon.

Leibnitz was truly a born genius. At an age when the light of reason is just beginning to dawn in the minds of most children, his was already aglow with a thirst for knowledge. When he was only nine years old, he knew Latin, at thirteen he had mastered Greek and before he was fifteen he was familiar with philosophy.

It is men like this that make us feel the worth, the dignity, the grandeur and unmeasured capabilities of our human nature. They are the greatest benefactors of the human race, for they lift the aspirations of men to the sublime, the eternal, the immutable. They are the bright luminaries that dispell the darkness of human ignorance and spread around them the life-giving light of truth. They are like other Christs, for they also in their lives and personalities reach to these sublime words of Christ, "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

States may fall, arts may fade, kings and emperors may pass from the remembrance of men and be buried in the oblivion of forgetfulness, but these God-appointed teachers of mankind can never die. What has death to do with a Thomas Aquinas, a Leibnitz, a Shakespeare, a Milton? Their bodies may perish and crumble into decay, but the voice of their mighty genius will continue to resound throughout the ages. These immortal geniuses stand and must forever stand as beacon lights on the summit of a mountain, to which the thoughtful minds and earnest souls of all times may turn their eyes for genial light and lofty inspiration, until time shall be lost in eternity. Their great lives, no less than their profound writings, teach us this all-important lesson—to follow truth whithersoever she leads us, though death and the powers of hell should rise up to bid us stay. Let truth, then, be the guiding star by which we shall steer our course through life, and let all else be to us as though it were not.

W. J. SOMAS, '99.

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EDITORIAL.

The college grounds and halls which but a while ago were so full of life, activity, hurry, and bustle, are now deserted and hardly a sound breaks the stillness that has invaded the editorial sanctum. We cast our eye over the quiet campus which witnessed so much excitement and good-natured rivalry in athletics and none of the familiar forms which were wont to reign there greet our gaze.

The year just closed was, on the whole, a most successful one in every respect. On the diamond, whether at home or abroad, our ball team never experienced defeat, although we played some strong nines, whilst in the intellectual field we think the standard of excellence has certainly not been lowered. But what we admired most this year was the splendid spirit of loyalty to *alma mater* and enthusiasm for her glory, manifested on every suitable occasion. Grumblers were at a discount, whilst patient endurance of unavoidable annoyances and generous appreciation of every opportunity presented were the rule. This spirit produces a delightful atmosphere which brings joy and happiness to those who live in it. The scholastic year of 1898-99 will therefore occupy a pleasant place in our memory.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The oratorical contest brought four speakers on the stage, who gave no uncertain evidence, not only of a thorough theoretic knowledge of oratorical composition, but also the ability to clothe their thoughts in choice language and to deliver them with effect. We congratulate the young men on the splendid orations they delivered.

The first speaker, Mr. P. J. Geraghty, who spoke on "Grecian Eloquence," scored the greatest number of points for thought and composition, but he lacked the grace and power of delivery of his more successful competitor, Mr. John St. Cerny.

The second speaker, Mr. W. Hanlon, had a well written and thoughtful oration. Mr. Hanlon received the heartiest applause of any speaker on the program. There were in his oration many passages of more than ordinary power and eloquence, but it was not uniform.

The next speaker, Mr. M. J. Morrissey, was very happy in his introduction, but in the body of the oration the style would have been much more appropriate for a critical essay than for an oration. He gave a very good criticism of Roman eloquence in general and that of Cicero in particular, but he lacked the oratorical style.

Mr. James St. Cerny, the winner of the contest, closed the programme. Mr. St. Cerny has in him the elements of a finished orator. Gifted with a lively imagination, a pleasing appearance and a clear and well modulated voice, all of which have been greatly improved by careful cultivation, he is besides a good composer. The contest was very close, there being but a few points between the winner and the two first speakers.

The judges of the contest were Judge Mahoney, Hon. J. McGoorty, and assistant city attorney, J. Condon, all of Chicago. In reviewing the orations Mr. McGoorty paid a warm tribute to each of the speakers. Mr. McGoorty is an orator with a reputation, which he certainly maintained in the short address he delivered. The following are the names of the speakers, the subjects of their orations and the order of their standing in the contest:

Mr. James St. Cerny.....	French Eloquence
Mr. P. J. Geraghty.....	Grecian Eloquence
Mr. W. Hanlon.....	English Eloquence
Mr. M. J. Morrissey.....	Roman Eloquence

ELOCUTION CONTEST.

In reviewing the elocution contest, we are sorry that facts do not warrant us in speaking of it with the same praise as we did of the oratorical contest. With the exception of three, we think the speakers gave the poorest exhibition of elocutionary ability we have ever heard on the college stage. Perhaps we expected too much, but our expectations were certainly far from being realized. We must, however, do justice to the winners, who certainly rendered their pieces well and were up to the standard of former years.

Mr. J. O'Brien, the winner of the Hagan medal, spoke "Eugene Aram's Dream." Mr. O'Brien rendered this difficult piece with grace and power. He is certainly possessed of more than ordinary talent for elocution. Master Paul Legris, the winner of the Quille Junior medal, delivered "The Son of Louis XVI." He also rendered his piece well and received well merited ap-

plause. Master Raymond Daly won the Minim Elocution medal. Considering his age, Master Daly is one of the most promising speakers we have heard for some time. Mr. W. Rooney was awarded the Senior medal. Mr. Rooney has often shown on the college stage that he is a gifted speaker. He gave his selection, "The Unknown Speaker," a good rendition, but yet we think he was not equal to himself on the occasion. We have certainly heard him on former occasions to far better advantage. The following are the names of the contestants and the pieces they rendered:

SENIORS.

J. O'Brien.....	Eugene Aram's Dream
W. Rooney.....	The Unknown Speaker
J. Carey.....	Catiline's Discourse
P. O'Connor.....	The Modern Cain
R. Gahn.....	The Poor-House
F. Butler.....	The Spanish Mother
W. Cosgrove.....	The Face Upon the Floor

JUNIORS.

P. Legris.....	The Son of Louis XVI
D. Maher.....	The Polish Boy
H. Cyr.....	Collins Grove's Ride

MINIMS.

R. Daly.....	Poor Little Joe
F. Shippy.....	Our Lord's Caress
J. Legris.....	The Smack in School

 DRILL CONTEST.

The annual competitive drill was held on June 16. A finer exhibition in the manual of arms than that given by the companies taking part in the contest this year has not been seen on the college grounds for several years. So close was the competition between Companies A and B that the judges were obliged to take into the count every detail and even to examine the uniforms of the privates in each company. Notwithstanding the strict marking both companies gained high averages. Co. A, commanded by Capt. J. Patterson, 1st Lieut. Adolph Caron, 2d Lieut. P. O'Connor, was finally awarded the pennant, a real gem, presented by Col. P. W. Hansl. Co. B, commanded by Capt. Arthur Caron, was a close second, losing by only one and one-half points. Co. C, commanded by Capt. C. Flanagan, although it put up a good drill, was out-classed by the two crack companies. Co. A had an average of 97 points to its credit out of a possible 100. Co. B's average was $95\frac{1}{2}$ out of a possible 100. Co. C had a credit of only 80 points, although none but an expert could have detected flaws in their drill.



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THE SHAMROCKS.

We congratulate Captain Patterson on his success. He won because he deserved to win. He is a skillful driller himself and he labored conscientiously to perfect his company. The high average it gained in the competitive drill is sufficient to show his success. Although Captain Caron did not succeed in winning the pennant, yet he deserves praise for the splendid degree of perfection to which he brought his company. Defeat is no disgrace under such circumstances. In acknowledgment of the appreciation they had for his ability as a commander, his company presented Captain Caron with a box of cigars immediately after the drill.

The company drill was followed by a competitive drill of the officers of the S.V.C. Battalion for a gold medal. Here again the contest was close. Aide-de-Camp James St. Cerny was finally declared the victor. The gold medal for the best drilled private was won by Mr. John O'Brien.

Last but not least came the Columbian Guards, composed of minims. The skill with which the little fellows handle a sword has called forth the hearty applause of visitors at the college and won the admiration of those who saw them drill in Kankakee and several other towns in the neighborhood. Not before the manual had been gone through three times could the winner be declared. The ranks were thinned out slowly until at the end of about half an hour Master George Cartan stood alone, the winner of the gold medal. Captain Ford, of the Chicago Zouaves, complimented the little fellows on their excellent showing and declared that it was the prettiest contest in swordsmanship he had seen at the college.

Our thanks are due to Captain Ford and his efficient officers who came down from Chicago to judge the contest. Captain Ford and his assistants have had the kindness to perform this service for us for several years, and never during that time has there been the least dissatisfaction as to the decisions or doubt as to their justice and correctness.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The exercises of the thirty-first commencement were held June 19 in the presence of a vast concourse of people and clergy from neighboring cities and states. The brilliancy of the exhibition held its numerous audience spellbound in spite of the oppressive heat of the day. The first number on the program was an oration by Mr. P. Daniher, one of the graduates, in which he ably showed the attitude of modern governments toward Christianity and its ideals. The young orator was frequently applauded. Mr. Philip Dube delivered a short address in French upon "Peace," the desired of all nations. Mr. Dube's speech was well received, as also was the valedictory poem of Mr.

Proctor Hansl. "The Children's Crusade," an original composition of the president, Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., and set to music of the most popular operas, was applauded to the echo. In the first act, the preaching of Peter the Hermit in presence of the Pope and the assembled powers of Europe, was a striking success; and the grand chorus, "God Wills It," adapted from Faust, was really stirring. No wonder the very children caught the enthusiasm of their sires and planned a crusade of their own. The second part of the operetta shows the young Christian crusaders fallen into the power of the Turks. The dance of the Turkish children to an original air, composed by Mr. Dube, was very graceful. The choruses of the Christian children, in which they prefer death to the allurements of apostasy, were full of fine spirit. The final chorus, with angels presenting palms of victory to the young martyrs of faith, was a scene full of the beauty of music, of grace and of lofty religious thought.

Seven students received the degree of Bachelor of Arts; twelve received commercial diplomas; several gold medals were awarded.

Degrees of Bachelor of Arts were conferred upon:

W. J. Bergin, Bourbonnais, Ill.; A. L. O'Sullivan, Lemont, Ill.; P. W. Hansl, Chicago; P. F. Daniher, Chicago; P. Dube, Salem, Mass.; A. Kubiak, Calumet, Mich., and J. D. Granger, Bourbonnais.

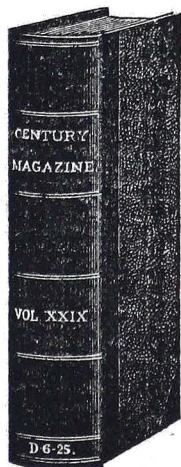
Graduates of the commercial course were as follows:

Edward Carroll, Flanagan, Ill.; Raymond Fay, St. Louis; Charles Flanagan, Flanagan; John Fitzgerald, Indianapolis; Arthur Hansl, Chicago; James Monahan, Chicago; Daniel Maher, Kankakee, Ill.; Charles Moran, Chicago; Francis Reilly, Reddick, Ill., and Ernest Graveline, Bourbonnais.

Those who received medals were:

Oratory, James St. Cerny, Pekin, Ill.; English essays, Arthur Hansl, Chicago; Latin and Greek, P. J. Geraghty, Chicago; classical excellence, P. J. Geraghty, Chicago; Belles-lettres, Evariste Marcotte, Bourbonnais; French, P. J. Geraghty, Chicago; German, Francis Reilly, Reddick, Ill.; officer's military medal, James St. Cerny, Pekin, Ill.; private's military medal, J. P. O'Brien, Chicago; Hagan elocutionary medal, J. P. O'Brien, Chicago; minim elocutionary medal, Raymond Daly; junior elocutionary medal, Paul Legris, Bourbonnais; Y.M.I. elocutionary medal, Walter Rooney, Chicago; swordsmanship medal, George Cartan, Chicago; spelling medal, William Breault, Bourbonnais; conduct medals, Joseph Granger, seniors; Leon Boisvert, juniors; Joseph Legris, minim; United States history medal, Francis Reilly, Reddick; general history, Michael Morrissey, Lemont; junior excellence, Hector Cyr, Chicago; commercial excellence, Francis Reilly, Reddick; mental philosophy, W. J. Bergin, Bourbonnais; Christian doctrine, Anthon Stanfel, Joliet; piano medal, Louis Finnegan, Lemont; penmanship, Raymond Nugent.

The graduates and the winners of medals having taken their places on the stage the reverend president came forward and in his usual happy way introduced the orator of the occasion, the Rev. M. Dorney, LL.D., pastor of St. Gabriel's Church, Chicago. Father Dorney gracefully complimented the students on the exercises just witnessed, praised highly the musical drama for the thought there was in it, the beauty of expression in which it was couched and the splendid excellence given it. The children he said seemed to have caught the very conception of the author of the play, and their natural grace of movement would do credit to trained actors. After congratulating the graduates, he urged them to enter into the struggle of life with fervor, and with even ambition, and to sustain it with manliness and courage, and thus win ultimate success, the crown of a better life than this. Dr. Dorney's words were warmly greeted.



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