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LITERARY STYLE AND HOW TO ACQUIRE IT.

Whosoever would win laurels in the literary race should seriously consider the claims of mere æsthetic utterance. Style may be defined as the manner in which a person expresses his thoughts and feelings by means of language. There is a method in everything, and consequently in literature and oratory. Yet, neither the method nor manner should become entirely the objective matter. The end of style is to render æsthetic the communication of that which we feel in our hearts. One's style is marked by the presence or the absence of that peculiar charm by which his speech attracts, entices, and moves men. The power of style is indeed always very wonderful.

As the sun is the source of light and heat, revealing the many-sided beauties of color, figure, and motion in the visible world, so in the realm of letters—ideas are the faithful parent of all the graces and powers of style. The French Horace has aptly said:

"Avant donc d'écrire apprenez à penser."

The pronounced tendency of many of our modern writers, both in prose and poetry, is to put forth a whole array of words having no inward soul. Those who aspire to perfection in literary culture must be mindful that, no mat-

ter how they labor, or how valiantly they struggle, all the power of the universe cannot make them great writers unless they are inwardly great. Style depends on conception as well as on language. If the mind and soul of the writer, where the seeds of literature should find root and nurture, are overgrown with the weeds of evil, what a poor harvest there will be! The perfect writer, then, must possess the instinct of all that is true, good, and beautiful; he must have a high moral conception, and he must lead a blameless life; in a word, he must be a perfect man; for style, like a true mirror, reveals the inward self.

Another of the secrets of style, is not to exhaust oneself; in other words, the writer must keep a certain amount of reserve force. Here again we may refer to many of the modern productions. On first reading them we are attracted by the exalted thought and striking expression; but we soon lose that interest. What, then, is lacking? The defect is, that the writer has prodigally expended all his power in the beginning. The same defect is noticeable in a large number of our nowadays speakers; their introductions are begun in a high key, containing the highest emotions, while the remainder of the oration is dry

and uninteresting. Horace advises us not to begin by a great boast.

"Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus?"

On the other hand, nothing is so attractive and captivating for the audience as the consciousness of an orator's exhaustless supply of knowledge revealing itself by degrees. Let every speaker remember to begin quietly. Let the introduction be given in the natural order, and then when the passages demand, and his judgment dictates, let him apply that live, kindling power with all the intensities of his being; yet, let him chain his passions, make them serve his purpose, and this care will undoubtedly conduce to the highest success.

One of the most effective ways of acquiring a good style is the reading of the best authors. But in reading them we profit more by perusing a few select passages carefully and frequently than by merely looking over entire works cursorily. Read not one, but read all the best authors. A great fault of modern schools of oratory and of many colleges and academies, has been to teach habits of detestable servile imitation, and the result is that the graduates, instead of having a style of their own, have a borrowed one, and a very poor one at that. In looking over the various periods of literature we find that never in the history of the world have two styles exactly resembled each other; the styles of writers invariably remain as different as their faces.

No man is great enough to be imitated. No matter how much we

read, we should always preserve our own individuality. God has given each of us a different taste, and the reading of the best productions is not to form a new style in us, but rather to perfect our own natural manner. All writings are characteristic of the writer. In the history of the Hebrew prophets we find that, though inspired by God, they were individual. Solomon, with all his knowledge of the soul, of the world, and of facts, retained his pure, natural style. The same is true of the ancient masters, Plato, Sophocles, Demosthenes, and Homer among the Greeks, and among the Romans, Cicero, Salust, Horace, and Virgil. In Dante, Goethe, Carlisle, Byron, and Newman, and other great writers we find no trace of, nor attempts at, imitation. In our own country and in our times the fact of individual style is more strikingly presented to our minds. What a contrast between the calm, beautiful, and philosophical style of Cardinal Gibbons and the clear, elegant, and eloquent manner of Archbishop Ryan! So it is with hundreds of other writers; they vary in their expression as much as they do in all that makes up the man. If a writer wishes to be successful, let him not be imitative, but rather form out of his reading a style that will be distinctively expressive of his own character, of his daily life; in a word, of his inmost self.

The practice of writing, joined to select reading, will always be helpful in acquiring a good literary style. Prof. M. F. Egan was once asked by

a young lady what she should do to acquire a good style. She had, she said, given considerable time to miscellaneous reading. Among the many useful hints given in reply, the distinguished author advised her to write five minutes every day for five years; this being an application of the axiom, "*Fabricando fit faber.*" A good writer has many difficulties to overcome. Language is like the block of marble. And as the sculptor, the writer must struggle with his block. I would then say, "give yourselves to the reading of all the best writers and to the practice of writing." Horace says:

"Vos exemplaria Graeca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna."

Now, this sounds very much like the old advice given in all text books of composition, "If you wish to acquire a good style, give your *days* and *nights* to the study of Addison." Time is evidently a very important factor in literary success. Precipitation is detrimental to the style of the writer. Would that all those who write ever kept in mind the old adage, "*Vingt fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage.*" Twenty times let your work be placed in the form. And how strongly does Horace advise deliberation! He writes:

"Nonumque prematur annum
Membranis intus positus."

Correction is often an irksome and a neglected task. But when a composition is written for the eye of the public it should, if possible, be laid by for awhile and then carefully re-touched. The *limae labor*, the finish-

ing touch, is indispensable to perfection in any art. Good style should be characterized by elegance, clearness, purity, and extensive scope of thought. The prevailing defect of modern literature is crudity, worldliness, and scarcity of thought. But this can be overcome in time by the cultivation of habits of deeper study and reflection. Let the writer be enamored of his subject, and, spurred on by the courage of his convictions, then his utterances will be worthy of himself and a splendid gift to world literature. C. E. McCABE.

ABOUT CHURCH MUSIC.

Church music has recently become a topic of generally absorbing interest, owing to the fact that our Holy Father, Leo XIII, is making it the subject of his next encyclical. At the regular meeting of the oratory class April 3, the members, as a matter of class practice, constituted themselves a convention of American musicians for the purpose of discussing the subject with a view of arriving at some conclusion as to what should be the character of church music here in America. They considered the suppression of operatic singing in churches, the restoration of Gregorian chant, and the exclusion of women from church choirs. We here submit the principal points advanced by the two representative speakers pro and con.

The affirmative side urging radical changes was upheld by Mr. Thos. Small, and the negative, which de-

fended the present order of things, was handled by Mr. M. Flaherty. Opinions were expressed and explanations given by other members, and the interesting discussion closed with a vote of fifteen to three in favor of the negative. The following is a brief synopsis of the chief arguments advanced on both sides:

AFFIRMATIVE.

1. Americans are especially fond of amusement, and they flock to the lecture hall, the opera, the theater, the circus; hence, even to the church they look for amusement; hence, our operatic singing and sensational sermons. Necessity of reaction.

2. Mission of the church the highest: to instruct and guide men to higher and more God-like life. The too florid music of the day an impediment rather than a real help to the church's work.

3. The operatic singing is out of keeping with the sacredness and solemnity of divine service.

4. It distracts the worshipers, who think little of the supreme sacrifice enacted or of the sublime truths propounded to them, but concentrate their attention on what seems and is an operatic performance. Returning from such a service, people will only remark how cleverly Miss Adelina Patti Murphy rounded her high C, etc.

5. The unwarranted omission of certain necessary parts of the wording of the ritual and the senseless and wearisome repetitions of amens, etc., occurring in the operatic chant such as now managed are no light reasons for its suppression.

6. This sort of singing is a comparatively recent innovation and one not in a safe direction. It is against the rulings of church councils, and is merely tolerated.

7. It is contrary to the practice of the church in thoroughly Catholic countries, such as Canada, Belgium, etc.

8. Cardinal Manning's testimony is against it; so is that of the most expert European judges of church music; Leo XIII is about to ask for its suppression and the adoption of the Gregorian chant.

9. If we suppress operatic music something else must be supplied in its stead, and that is plain chant, which is solemn and impressive and leads man to commune with God and not with man.

10. Plain chant is more suitable because it interprets so admirably the ritual of the church. Many plain chant hymns, notably the *Adeste Fideles*, the *Pange Lingua*, and the *Dies Iræ* have a soul-reaching impressiveness and solemnity which none of the hundreds of arias to which these words have been put, have been able to successfully imitate. Dumont's harmonized plain chant masses are the ideal of church music. Plain chant is prescribed by the church.

11. Women should be excluded from church choirs. According to the constant practice of the church, women have been denied all direct participation in sacred offices of church. As singing is a part of divine service, it is consistent with the spirit and practice of the church that women be pro-

hibited singing as they are prohibited preaching and other important functions.

12. It is often to satisfy the vanity of the parish prima donna and her admirers that the music of the church is allowed to become so operatic. Let the prima donnas go and music will return to its senses.

13. Women are often, through envy and jealousy, etc., the cause of animosities and disturbances in the choirs. Suppress them as an unnecessary annoyance.

14. They are expensive, often requiring, as in New York and Chicago, large salaries, which the church could apply to much worthier purposes.

15. They will not be necessary when plain chant is restored, for men and boys can do ample justice to that.

CONCLUSION.—Recapitulation of arguments with special insistence upon the intrusive character of music; its position as merely tolerated emphasized; glories of Gregorian chant admitted by even unbelievers. Appeal to downright Christian sense of those to whom is entrusted decision.

NEGATIVE.

After an introductory appeal to the sense of fairness and responsibility of musicians assembled to defend the rights and honor of music as an art, the speaker proceeded to give the following reasons why the music of the American church should not be radically changed:

1. Wide distinction between plain chant and music clearly indicated. Plain chant, as represented by Fr.

Pustet's versions, is a simple, oftentimes dull, slow, and unartistic melody, which usually fails to impress, attract, elevate, or inspire the listener, unless its general lack of heart-moving features be supplemented by the masterly rendition of mighty choruses, rarely to be found anywhere. Music, being a fine art, unites melody and harmony, and, taking its inspiration from the beautiful words of the ritual, creates a song that stirs the soul; makes man now humble himself before the awfulness and majesty of God; now lift up his eyes in hopefulness and love before the mercy and goodness of the Redeemer.

2. Thus it appears that music interprets our ritual better than does plain chant. Witness, in Gounod or Hayden, the solemnity of the *Et homo factus est*; the plaintiveness of the *Et sepultus est*; the joy and ecstasy of the *Gloria, in excelsis* the *Hosannas*, the *Resurrexit*, the *Alleluias*. Plain chant can claim a few impressive pieces such as the *Dies Irae*; yet even such were surpassed by Mozart's *Requiem Mass*, which is one of the glories of church music.

3. In early ages the primitive catacomb sketches sufficed. As painting perfected itself, the church did not refuse to deck herself in the best productions of Raphael, Murillo, etc. Progress in these accidentals is her law.

4. Now, if the church rightly avails herself of the helpfulness of painting, sculpture, architecture, and eloquence, how can she consistently reject the aid of the art of music in its most perfect form?

5. Again, shall we condemn the impassioned denunciation of vice from the pulpit, because the eloquence of the divine resembles what we have seen at the theater?

6. The taste of church-goers should be consulted in matters of mere taste. American Catholics may not be suited by music which Europeans would listen to.

7. The almost entire American hierarchy is strongly averse to a radical change of system.

8. One of the reasons for this opinion is that music should be an attraction, not a repellant. Good music is found to have drawing power and is instrumental in securing the regular attendance of lukewarm Catholics, and in sometimes so impressing non-Catholics as to lead them to finally enter the church.

9. Is plain chant sung in Rome?

10. It does not appear desirable, necessary, useful, or possible to introduce plain chant here.

11. Should the Holy Father advise it, we should certainly be excused from making the change here, especially in view of the manifold and almost insuperable difficulties attendant thereupon.

12. It would be very impolitic to discharge lady singers, the vast majority of whom are volunteers, and could not be replaced by men, who are always busy. Men have not only no time, but very often no aptitude.

13. Should men or boys be found, they could not sing the ladies' parts, and the singing would become comparatively poor. It is a known fact

that the best vocal music is obtainable only in mixed choirs.

14. It is objected that the presence of ladies in choirs is what renders music too operatic. Now, if the abuse of a thing is to debar us of its use, then name one thing that erring man may use.

(Objections answered; points of affirmative refuted singly.)

CONCLUSION.

It cannot be denied that certain reforms are necessary; but these can and should be made. Let such church music be selected as is most in harmony with the spirit of religious ceremony and worship; let it be understood that music in church ceases to be an art where it begins to be mere music for music's sake alone; that art for art's sake is as unsound a principle here as elsewhere; and that, as the re-establishment of plain chant would be attended with many difficulties and no small prejudice, both to church and members, we think it expedient to suggest that, for the present, music be retained in its actual form, and that as soon as possible such alterations or corrections be made as prudence and mature consideration may dictate. Evidently there is offered at this juncture an opportunity for a genius to immortalize himself by the creation of such strains as will possess all requirements: being marked by dignity and winning grace—musically artistic in all that the words imply. This task awaits one who understands thoroughly both the sacredness of religion and the art of musical composition,

and who is conscious of the close relationship there is between music and religion. In the meanwhile let music be allowed to do the best it can.

LA MALEDICTION.

This famous drama, arranged for the amateur stage from one of Calderon's plays, and an old-time favorite, was again presented to the public by our Circle Motiere. The actors were trained by Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., and they did full justice to their able teacher, to the splendid old play, and to themselves. The play abounds with beautiful poetical, noble, religious, and patriotic sentiments and lessons; it presents many thrilling incidents and tragic situations, in the midst of which it introduces the never-to-be-forgotten Pedrillo, who is always a mirth-provoking surprise. The plot is simple and interesting to the very denouement.

Vasco de Gomez, a venerable old Spanish nobleman, in vain pleads with his son, Don Alonzo, who, yielding to the importunities and logic of the traitorous Lopez, agrees to disown his faith, his country, and his God, and pass over to the Moslem camp. The two don the livery of the Mohammedans and offer their services to Tarik, chief of the Moorish invaders. After a successful battle in which Vasco de Lopez is taken prisoner, Tarik makes Don Alonzo king of Murcia, but before Don Alonzo ascends his illgotten throne it is discovered that his father is among the Christian captives, and according to the inflexible Moslem rule, must

either abjure the Christian faith or die. Here occurs the great scene of the play. Don Alonzo, clad in oriental splendor, calls in his father and seeks to persuade him to abjure. The noble old Spaniard, upon recognizing his son in the garb of the infidels, curses him for his unspeakable recreancy and chooses death. Don Alonzo becomes insane, sees crosses and crescents, and the word "accursed" everywhere. The stern but knowing Tarik despises Lopez and refuses him the kingdom of Murcia. Don Alonzo leaves the Turkish premises and wanders aimlessly about, begging bread of the Spanish peasants. The Spanish captives, with Gomez, effect their escape, and on the eve of an encounter with the revengeful Turks, Gomez and his raving Alonzo meet by chance. Upon mutual recognition, Alonzo regains his reason and leads the Spanish forces to victory. He is mortally wounded by Tarik, who is captured and receives his liberty at the hands of the Christian Gomez, even while Don Alonzo is dying in his father's arms, a redeemed man.

Thus ends the drama. In the presentation of the play here, Vasco de Gomez was excellently interpreted by Mr. A. Chasse, who fully brought out the noble firmness of the Christian faith and the uncompromising patriotism of the Spanish hero, which contrasted so vividly with the pitiable vacillations and manifold treasons of Don Alonzo, equally well represented by Mr. J. B. Suprenant.

The scene of the curse was really terrible.

Mr. T. Pelletier makes a splendid Tarik. His sublime warning to the traitorous Alonzo, "*Qui peut renier son Dieu peut manquer à sa foi*," is still ringing in our ears, while he fairly overwhelmed the perfidious Lopez by emphatically refusing him the kingdom of Murcia, in these significant words: "*Lopez, ton Dieu c'est l'ambition, ta foi c'est le néant. Traître à ton Dieu, traître à ton Roi, tu n'es qu'un lâche qui peut vendre sa foi.*"

Mr. Armand Granger as Lopez, was very effective. His impersonation was specially characterized by naturalness and downright earnestness.

Mr. Fred St. Aubin, as Pedrillo, seemed quite at home in his comical garb and rôle. The frequent applause that greeted him, and the constant laughter his jests excited, was proof of his success.

The minor rôles were all well rendered, and with perhaps a few venial sins of mere omission here and there, the presentation of "La Malediction" was as perfect as it can be made by amateurs.

Our French actors did not forget Demosthenes' precept, viz: that action is, first and last, the ever necessary requisite for success in public speaking. Their acting is a good lesson in all that pertains to graceful and effective declamation. We heartily congratulate the members of the Cercle Molière upon their brilliant dramatic success.

The goodly sum realized by the entertainment will go towards buying books for the St. Jean Baptiste library. The costumes were of Father

Marsile's selection, and were made by the Sisters, who deserve great credit for their artistic work.

A PHILOSOPHICAL CURIOSITY.

It is not only not uninteresting, but positively amusing, to note where modern transcendentalism has landed some of its most logical followers. To see them wrestling with their own subjectivity and the unconquerable objectivities around them is, to say the least, as amusing as to be told of the faith cures of the nowadays Christian Scientists. Germany and all Europe, variously represented, had heard Kant with his *idealism*, Fichte with his *egoism*, Schelling with his *evolutionism*, and Hegel with his *humanism*; then came the expounders of *materialism*, Moleschott and Buchner, and finally the unspeakable Schopenhauer with his *pessimism*, or the philosophy of despair. He commenced philosophizing where his predecessors had left off. The world had just been told by Buchner that nature begets man as she begets the ant, that nothingness awaits him, that all attempts to progress toward any other destiny are illusory, that there is no real difference between virtue and vice, and that St. Paul and Cartouch are equally admirable characters. This *apôtre*, like our own doughty colonel, must have made people laugh, and thereby for a time, perhaps, silenced the questionings of their souls. But the voice of conscience soon was heard again asking

"Whither are we drifting; and if nowhere, how are we to rule our lives?" It was to calm these troubled hearts that Schopenhauer, the last and most logical exponent of German transcendentalism, threw out his philosophical crumbs of comfort.

Having imbibed the principles of Kant, of Averrhoes, and of Buddha, this modern Moses came down from the foggy heights of transcendentalism and in substance proclaimed that the destiny of man is self-annihilation, misery, despair. Life is a tissue of disappointments, of tears and groans. Man should consider himself happy when he is miserable. But these harmless beatitudes, so to speak, are only the foregleams of coming outbursts from the luminous head of this new leader of Israel. To Herr Schopenhauer it actually seems that the world is not getting better fast. With the progress of democracy especially, he claims, injustice takes more refined forms, and theft is considered a light fault; thus will human perversity, under the ægis of democracy, ever go on increasing, success crowning the professional sharpers and the conscienceless tricksters, while useless groanings and hungry poverty is the portion of those who are mistakenly honest.

In vain do we look for happiness. Life is a servitude, and we may not hope for deliverance except through the destruction of our being, the positive repression of the old-fashioned instincts of self-preservation. Suicide logically becomes a virtue. We must with all our energies tend toward

annihilation, the state without pain, the *summum bonum* of the Epicurean, and thus shall we become godlike, having put on the *modus Deorum essendi*.

However, continues our serene sage, to die is not the most important consideration, but to live in gradually extinguishing within ourselves the love of life, persuading the principle of being which we carry within ourselves to renounce itself. Here the German philosopher proves to his hearers how much he borrowed from the East. This last declaration bears a striking resemblance to the preachings of the Indian Cakya Mouni, who says that the wise man is he who seeks to persuade himself that life is an evil, and thereby becomes worthy of the happiness to exist no longer. This is the basic idea of Buddhism, the doctrine of immobility, which resumes itself in these words: "Leave yourself die—seek the nirvana."

But Schopenhauer goes further. Having started out on a Quixotic tour of extermination, he insists not only that man should negatively let himself die but that the whole human race should, by a universal vow of perpetual celibacy, cease perpetuating itself. Thus would this philosophic dreamer summarily cure the ills humanity is heir to, by plunging into nothingness at one *coup de grace*, future centuries of future generations.

And will this be all? No, the ambition and hope of this teacher are without limit. He proceeds to the destruction of the now useless cosmic edifice. All phenomenal manifestations of the will, he says, are con-

nected together. Now, if humanity, which is the highest manifestation of will, disappears, then will the disappearance of all animal species follow in due succession, and also the final cessation of all those kingdoms in nature which are inferior manifestations of will. Thus, in the full light of day, all phenomena will gradually vanish, until the golden age has come when the earth shall roll through space like a vast tomb. This, it will easily be seen, is not mere nihilism, it is destructivism. Although this graceless doctrine has had, and still can boast of, many proselytes, it does not seriously threaten the existence of the world. In spite of it men will cling to life and family. It is the least dangerous of our latter day philosophic reveries, because it is the most palpably absurd. However, its effects are not to be ignored, and it cannot be denied that this teaching has developed gloomy temperaments, pessimistic views of life, and a relish for self-destruction. The increasing frequency of suicide is largely traceable to the assimilation of such principles as are taught by Schopenhauer and his disciple, Hartman. The influence of these men upon the literature of the age is unmistakable. Byron, who was a personal friend of Schopenhauer, imbibed his pessimism and reflected it in his poetical musings. He is, for good reasons, styled the poet of despair, for that has been the most frequent song of his muse. It is claimed that Chateaubriand and Lamartine show here and there evident touches of German pessimism.

Schopenhauer was, in some respects, practically consistent with himself; he remained a bachelor, and finally, in 1860, when he died, he merged his individual will and personality into the universal will and lost himself in the sweet *nirvana* of unconsciousness. But, as Mr. Valbert remarks in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, he was not always, nor in all respects, consistent with his own principles. Whereas he ought to have committed suicide, in order to carry out his own theories, as his followers declared, this man was extremely careful of himself. He fled from Naples on account of small-pox, from Berlin on account of cholera, and from Verona because he heard the tobacco was poisoned; he was so afraid of thieves and malefactors generally, that for years he never slept without a revolver under his pillow; and for fear of fire, would always take lodgings on the first floor. He was so afraid of a contaminated drinking glass, that he carried about with him a small leaden cup in his pocket. This Mr. Valbert gives significant information on the genealogy of this curious man. It would appear, according to the most trustworthy testimony, that Schopenhauer's grandmother was crazy, two of his uncles were lunatics, and his own father had been exceedingly strange. Thus it would seem the poor man had inherited much of the foolish extravaganza which he inflicted upon the world.

—Don't hit that leg, boys; I've just been vaccinated.

JOAN OF ARC.

Pure was that heart, whose burning love for France
 Was second but to that of God. Her zeal
 Throbb'd like a bell, whose war-resounding peals,
 Echoing far, unsheathed sword and lance
 Of peasant and of peer to strike a blow
 For home and hearth, for land and liberty!
 Joan at their head wrought triumph o'er the foe
 And France once more stood disenthralled and free!

—Eugene Davis.

The poor shepherd girl who, from the quiet hills and forests of Lorraine, went forth in answer to the call of those mysterious voices, to command armies, to rescue the drooping lilies of France, to crown Charles at Rheims, and finally to be burned at the stake on the market place of Rouen, is at last vindicated and duly honored by the title which the church confers upon her. Nothing is a more striking proof of the fickleness of the ages than the admirable testimony of the *Times*, one of the representative papers of Protestant England: "In taking steps to beatify Joan of Arc," says the *Times*, "the Roman Church is honoring a type to which not one nation only, but all the world will gladly pay homage—the type of pure and tender womanhood in a sensual and merciless age."

England, which four centuries ago called her a witch, now universally proclaims that she was one of the grandest, one of the most sublime types that ever adorned a country.

And, indeed, the life of this heroine is in itself the most dramatic, the most epic, that France could boast of.

Joan was born in 1411, in Lorraine, of humble but deeply religious parents, who early taught her to love and re-

vere God. She soon had to keep the herd of sheep, and here it is that Joan's life really begins, she being then in her thirteenth year. France at that time was invaded by English troops which, aided by the treacherous Burgundians, were on the very verge of overthrowing and capturing the kingdom of Charles VII. The French had already lost all hope, and the madness of Charles falling in at such a crisis, rendered all the more threatening the downfall of the kingdom.

HER COMMUNINGS WITH THE VOICES.

But God had decreed otherwise, and He providently sent His messengers, commanding Joan to take up the sword for her country. It was when amidst the dark forests, listening to the murmuring brooks, her eyes oft dreamingly fixed upon the sun-bathed and glorious sky above her, that Joan heard the whisperings of those voices which strangely bade her leave parents and home, and all her favorite haunts—the shade of those stately oaks, beneath which she loved to dream of that other land, where the rays of the sun never faded; those favorite nooks, where as in a rural chapel she conversed with Him who makes days seem hours, and hours

seconds. Although she at first felt her own incompetency to execute these orders, and inwardly questioned their source, she did not let these warnings go unheeded. Again and again they came and answered her questionings.

Now, she was ready to sacrifice everything, and many times, was she found pleading the cause of France before her father, who, naturally incredulous as to her mission, refused, until Joan had at length reached her eighteenth year.

Orleans, the only city of any importance left to Charles, was on the eve of surrendering. The heavenly voices called still more insistently upon Joan, and she, having finally succeeded in obtaining the consent of her father, was led to Charles's court.

Here she made her debut by unmissakenly pointing out the king, who, to test her, had mingled in the throng of the court room. It is useless to note all she further suffered before the king was convinced that she alone, that poor, untaught peasant girl, was to roll back the whole tide of those English warriors, now sweeping everything before them.

FULFILLS HER MISSION—ORLEANS, PATAY, RHEIMS.

France had seen her sons mown down by that terrible avalanche from the peaks of perfidious Albion; she had seen her proud cities one by one open their gates to the victorious army of the Boy King. Orleans alone had stood firm, but she too must yield her keys, her power, fair honor, and

all, to those irrepressible invaders unless Charles sends immediate and efficient help. But help and victory did come. One day both the besiegers and the besieged descried a mighty host of warriors sweeping down the distant plains and approaching like an all destroying storm-cloud. Hope and fear at the same time seized the warriors of both camps; every eye was strained to catch sight of the flying colors; but soon the white lilies of France appeared unfurled to the winds, and Joan of Arc had begun her career of deliverance.

The English, who had for some time carried terror into the very heart of the French nation, now fled before the French maid as evil spirits vanish at the arrival of some heavenly messenger. Orleans is gloriously freed. A few days later Joan was gaining the decisive battle of Patay; wherever she goes the English are beaten; she wields the sword with wonderful skill, and leads her troops with surpassing sagacity. In vain do the English dispatch host after host to oppose her; in vain do they, to their eternal shame, cry "Witch." They are not dealing with a mere woman. It is not before the woman they fly. Oh, no! it is before a supernatural power. On she pushes, on to Rheims, for there she accomplishes the end of her mission; the steeples slowly rise ahead. Oh! how glad she is; the Dauphin will at last be king!

A few days later Charles is crowned king of France, and Joan, she who had restored him that crown, rested at last, glory-crowned. But she,

who, a mere child, had wrought such wonders for France, perhaps became elated? Perhaps she lost, as men so often do, all sobriety of mind when thus standing upon the dizzy heights of success? "Let her enemies answer," says DeQuincey. "No, the victor of Patay and the bestower of a kingdom at Rheims ever remained the same gentle, chaste, and humble maid of Domremy. Her heart during all the horrors of war never lost that goodness which had always characterized her. Although as brave as the bravest, she wept as she beheld stretched on the battle-field so many brave enemies, who had died without confession. She forwarded to the English leaders a touching invitation to unite with the French as brothers in a common crusade against infidels, thus opening the road for a soldierly retreat. She interposed to protect the captive or the wounded; she mourned over the excesses of her countrymen; she threw herself off her horse to kneel by the side of a dying soldier, and to comfort him with such ministrations, physical or spiritual, as her situation allowed." "*Nolebat*," says the evidence in her trial, "*ut in se suo, aut quemquam interficere*"

HER TRIAL AND CONDEMNATION.

France and England which had been mortal enemies, now unite to make Joan suffer. Through the treachery of the French she falls into the hands of the Burgundians at a sortie from Campiègne; she is sold to the English by the French; she is condemned by the French; she is abandoned by the French. The English, beaten by Joan,

burn her at the stake, less through hatred than the fear which she inspires them.

Here it is necessary to say a few words about her trial. It was conducted under English influence by the Bishop of Bauvais, P. Cauchon. He was a Frenchman by name, but English whenever his interests required the change; having been made bishop by the English, he was their tool and remained bound to them by his own insatiable ambition.

The trial was put under his direction, and from that moment Joan was lost. It is now recognized that the most influential among her judges were participants in the schismatic council of Bâle, and that moreover her trial was not ecclesiastical, as it was believed at the time, but political; and it is through the sentence of those judges that Joan was condemned as a sorceress, as a heretic, and as one having relapsed. In the decree introducing the beatification of Joan of Arc, it is explicitly stated that she was delivered up to be burned by virtue of the iniquitous sentence of judges who participated in the schismatic council of Bâle.

Here are the words of the text in question:

Demum, per summum, scelus, quasi haeresis labe infecta ac relapsa, iniquorum sententia judicium, qui schismatico Basilae concilio studebant, flammis addicitur.

The University of Paris, a zealous promoter of this council, was also the chief instigator of the trial of Joan. Says Quicherat: "The university dep-

uties on preliminary arrangements of the council were the first to appear at Rouen." Among these were the too famous Guillaume Erard, one of the most fanatical adversaries of Joan. Then there was Nicholas Loyseleur, who rushed from the yet smoking ruins of Rouen to join P. Cauchon at Bâle. Jean Beaupierre, the perfidious examiner of la Pucelle, was, of course, with them. Thus it appears that the men who constituted the so-called Ecclesiastical Court before which Joan appeared under protest, were not Catholics at all in any sense of the word, but *de facto* heretics, actually warring against the church, and soon after condemned and excommunicated by her. Joan at first believed that she was tried by rightly constituted ecclesiastical authority; but she was told of her mistake, and then she asked, but in vain, to be judged by the church. She would have been saved by an appeal to the Holy See, which would have overthrown the decree of that false tribunal.

The great fault of Charles VII is not to have used all the means he had to save his benefactor. The Catholic Church is not responsible for the death of Joan. The Pope would have saved her, as he has now rehabilitated her.

HER DEATH.

After having long lain in the darkest dungeons she was condemned to be burned at the stake on the market place at Rouen. She was led to the place, accompanied by a powerful escort. She, who had braved the ene-

mies' swords, could not help shedding tears on contemplating the awful manner of her death, and still more for the foul things with which she was accused and for which she was condemned.

Ah! pluer, fille infortunée
Ta jeunesse va se flétrir
Dans sa fleur trop tôt moissonnée!
Adieu, beau ciel, il faut mourir.

With the sweet name of Jesus on her lips she bade adieu to the world and heavenward her spirit flew.

AFTERGLOW OF HER LIFE.

She was still a child when she died, being only nineteen; but God was pleased to gather in so short a life all that charms and moves the heart. Wherefore it is that for four centuries her memory has been but more and more cherished. History, poetry, and the fine arts have contributed to spread her fame and to immortalize her name. Today her admirers are to be found everywhere; and even England, which, in a moment of blind rage, applied the burning torch to the pyre, now unites with the other nations in honoring the martyr of Rouen. Shakespeare, obeying his more generous instincts, could not help prophesying through the mouth of Charles:

All the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramid to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was.
In memory of her, when she is dead
Her ashes in an urn more precious
Than the rich jeweled coffer of Darius
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

But it is specially in France that

this enthusiasm manifests itself with most splendid effect. They have erected at Rouen a statute which is revered by all the people. Orleans celebrates yearly the anniversary of its miraculous deliverance, and it has been proposed to make Joan's day a national feast. Still, the homage due to her memory will not be complete until there shines on her brow the aureola of saintship. This honor the Church will no doubt confer upon her, and then will all have been done that mortals can do to fittingly consecrate the memory of her who served so well her country and her God.

J. V. LAMARRE, '95.

ENTOMOLOGY.

Rev. Fr. Levasseur's conference on Entomology, April 11, before the advanced class and members of the faculty, was highly appreciated by all. Fr. Levasseur is thoroughly conversant with that interesting subject, having made a special study of it under the famous Canadian naturalist, L'abbé Provencher. The Rev. lecturer, during the course of his remarks, used the fine collection of coleoptera which he presented to the museum two years ago. These practical illustrations and the clear and familiar style of his talk revealed many astonishing truths about the number and classification of insects, their anatomy and modes of life. One could see the visions of a whole kingdom of wonderful living things in whose delicate and ever changing organization is displayed the

wisdom of the infinitely knowing and efficient cause. We had many useful, practical lessons to learn, as students, from the submission and industry of bees and ants. The lecture lasted one hour and was most interesting throughout. We return sincere thanks to the Rev. Fr. Levasseur, and hope he will be heard again eloquently demonstrating those mysteries of nature which we often have before our eyes and fail to understand and appreciate.

A WORD FROM THE SOUTH.

On Fr. John Kelly's recent visit here he allowed us the liberty of selecting the following lines from an interesting letter received by him from Mr. Dennis Ricou, of Shreveport, La.:

"My Easter was a pleasant one. I attended the high mass and benediction. I remember you in my prayers, as well as your good and kind family. The odd doings of the little altar boys vividly reminded me of when I was with you. Do you still remember of your training us in St. Viator's sacristy? Memory has its beautiful pages and its pleasant pictures, and the heart loves to dwell upon the bright scenes of the past. I know 'tis helpful to me to often look back upon these happy recollections; they renew my strength and help me prosper. The pictured scenes of happy days passed are just as dear to one's heart as is his native soil to the exile."

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EDITORIAL.

The Viatorian Athletic Association, of which Rev. J. F. Ryan is secretary and treasurer, has undertaken the work of erecting a gymnasium which will be the necessary complement of our college home. A circular has been addressed to the friends and former students of St. Viator's, and the move is sure to meet the speedy and tangible approval of all. We hope and expect to see the foundation laid early in July, so that the students of next and after years will enjoy the much-needed privileges of a fully-equipped gymnasium.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

It was April 4, St. Joseph's day. In the evening at 7 o'clock Rev. Jos. Bollman, of Sag Bridge, arrived with Rev. E. Evers, of Kankakee, and Mr. N. Bollman, and shortly afterwards faculty and students assembled in the large exhibition hall to listen to our distinguished visitor. Father Bollman began by assuring his hearers that he was not going to give them

big chunks of wisdom, but would try to entertain them with some practical lessons for students. Taking for his theme, "Is Life worth Living?" he spoke fluently and interestingly, illustrating and enlivening his discourse with amusing anecdotes, pithy sayings, and striking points. He said that the worth of life is very relative in the estimation of people; it depends on circumstances which, if they accord or not with our inclination, tastes, and whims, make life pleasurable or unbearable.

The philosopher, if asked the question pointedly, "Is life worth living?" will attempt to prove by metaphysical and moral arguments, often not understood by himself, that assuredly life is worth living. The athlete who, in splendid condition, is wending his way to the campus for a base-ball game, will answer to the same query the significant "You bet." But next morning, when tired and stiff, he hears the 5:30 bell for rising, if you were to ask him is life worth living, he would yawn, turn over and say: "I guess not." The fact of the matter is that we can always make our lives sublimely worth the living if we only look at things properly, reasonably, and not through the variously colored glasses of caprice or passion.

Some students have a knack of spreading sunshine around them and bringing out blossoms of gladness in the lives of their companions and superiors; but there are others who are eye-sores, pests, sources of constant concern and annoyance both to their fellows and to their painstaking pre-

fects. These boys, and afterwards men, make the lives of others miserable. Such boys could be engaged in no other and more profitable work than the constant repression of their joy-blighting instincts, for it must be remembered that the child is father to the man.

Here the Rev. speaker insisted upon the necessity of character-building, which he again illustrated in his own inimitable way. Fr. Bollman is a natural orator, gifted with a graceful appearance and an agreeable voice, and possessing a variety of poetical, practical, and humorous ideas which his copious, though select vocabulary, enables him always to present to the very best advantage. Rev. Fathers Marsile and Rivard paid the Rev. lecturer apt compliments in their introductory and closing remarks. The other numbers of the evening's program were two selections by the orchestra and a vocal piece by Dr. C. T. Morel. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by young and old.

PERSONAL.

—Mr. J. A. Turgeon, of Assumption, Ill., a rising young musician, paid Rev. E. L. Rivard a pleasant visit, Tuesday the 10th inst.

—Rev. Fr. Sévigny is now at Dickenson, N. D., replacing Rev. D. Dionne who is under medical treatment for pleurisy, at Fargo.

—The museum curator has placed in his collection a copy of Rev. J. J. Carroll's Gaelic sermon delivered at

St. Thomas' Church, Chicago, the 17th inst.

Rev. Fr. Brigouette was recently detailed to Bellecour, N. D., to assist, temporarily, the Rev. Fr. Malo, who is building a school in his Indian missions. It appears the good Indians took a fancy to Fr. Bigonette and petitioned the Bishop to leave him permanently in their midst.

—Fred A. Westney, formerly connected with the publication office of *St. Viateur's College Journal*, is now in Girard, Kansas, night clerk at St. James Hotel and agent for Pittsburg (Kan) Coal Co. Fred is doing well and we wish him continued success.

—We gratefully acknowledge receipt of subscriptions from Mr. Geo. W. Fairchild, \$1.00; Miss M. James, \$1.00; Mr. Chas. W. Hubbard, \$1.00; Master H. Marciast, \$1.00; Mr. Joseph Frankel, \$1.00; Mr. H. Clootier, \$1.00; Mrs. E. F. Cullerton, \$1.00; Mr. Francis A. Moody, \$1.00; Mr. Frederic Dandurand, \$1.00; Rev. Anthony Mainville, \$5.00; Rev. J. Lizee, \$1.00.

VIATORIANA.

—Fishing parties to the brooks and along the Kankakee, and gunning excursions to the woods have become quite *a la mode*.

—Q. Is there a man in the moon, doctor?

Dr. Yes !

Chas. He's a red-headed man; that's why the moonshine is so bright !

—The reading of notes for the month of March took place April 8.

—The students of the '94 Latin class have passed from Horace to Cicero and are now translating the famous oration for Annius Milo.

—Master Julian St. John and Mr. Elmer St. John, of Chicago, recently entered the ranks for the minim and senior departments respectively.

—The college base ball teams have been reorganized. The Shamrocks played their first game of this season with a picked nine from North Kankakee. As usual, Our Shamrocks were victorious, the score being seven to five in their favor.

—The conduct medal in the senior department was drawn by Mr. T. Pelletier, and in the junior department by Mr. J. Sullivan. Messrs. T. Small, M. Flaherty, W. Larkin, and R. Pugnery won the medals in the classical course, and Messrs. A. Lyons, J. Sullivan, T. O'Malley, and M. Henneberry in the commercial course.

—St. Joseph's Day, April 4, was duly observed here. Classes were dispensed with and solemn high mass was celebrated at 8.30 a.m., with Very Rev. C. Fournier, C.S.V., superior, as celebrant; Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., as deacon; Mr. E. Grobusch, as sub-deacon, and Mr. P. Meehan, as master of ceremonies. The music during the mass was exceptionally well executed. Peter's Mass in D was faultlessly rendered by the college choir and orchestra, under the direction of Rev. P. Desjardins, who may well be proud of

the remarkable progress made by his "Cecilians."

—The arbor day improvements together with the return of the spring sun, and southern breezes have materially changed the aspect of the campus. Thanks are specially due Rev. Bros. Ryan and Leclair, who ably superintended the planting of trees, etc., and to Rev. Bros. Boisvert, Leduc, and Mainville who cheerfully supplied the necessary materials. The special egg supper generously provided by Sister St. Luke was a most fitting climax.

—The examinations for the graduates of the commercial and classical courses have already begun—with a determination characteristic of diligent students. The reviews for the yearly medals commenced April 16, and the last one will take place June 15. Each and every student is applying himself most carefully to his studies, with the expectation of carrying off a medal commencement day, June 20.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT LOCALS.

E. H. EZEKIEL.

—Oh, Shucks!

—That famous five.

—Sullivan's biography.

—Hans, das ish meine duck!

—That army musket kill a robin!

—I've got that strawberry festival fade, faded, fading.

—After the last reading of the notes the Junior Smoking Club concluded to disband.

—Master Roger McDonald, of Chicago, is the latest arrival in our department.

—The D.D.P.A., or the Domestic Duck Protective Association, has been organized, with a branch office in Kankakee. Look out, Steve!

—J. Sullivan had the honor of receiving two medals at the reading of the notes, viz: The Commercial medal for first in greatest number of classes, and the Junior Conduct medal: This is the third time he has received the Commercial, and the second the Conduct medal.

—The representative nine of the Juniors, the Shamrock Juniors, was organized on April 6. It is composed as follows: Pres., Rev. F. Legris, C. S.V.; manager, Rev. Bro. J. Leclair, C.S.V.; captain, S. Brannock; J. Sullivan, S. Brede, E. Bouchard, D. Danault, E. Hawkins, A. Martin, J. Cullerton, G. Barlby; substitutes, J. Mortimer, F. Gazzola; scorer, A. Grosse; mascot, D. Moore.

—The result of the ten-game series for the strawberry festival for this month is as follows:

May Flowers vs. Young Americans, April 4:

<i>Innings—</i>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
May Flow'rs.	4	3	0	0	0	2	1	1	0	—11
Young Am's.	0	0	0	1	2	1	0	2	1	—7

Good plays—Home runs by Bouchard and Brannock; Double play by Danault.

May Flowers vs. Maroons, April 4:

<i>Innings—</i>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
May Flowers.	3	4	1	0	2	1	1	0	1	—13
Maroons.	0	2	2	5	0	3	0	1	5	—18

Good plays—Home runs by Burns, Brannock, and Brede; 3-bagger by Brede; field work by Prevost.

Maroons vs. Young Americans, April 5:

<i>Innings—</i>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Maroons.	1	3	18	0	0	0	0	0	0	—22
Young Am's.	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—5

May Flowers vs. Young Americans, April 13:

<i>Innings—</i>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
May Flowers.	4	2	0	3	1	2	2	2	4	—20
Young Am's.	4	1	1	0	2	4	2	2	5	—21

May Flowers vs. Maroons, April 17:

<i>Innings—</i>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Maroons.	2	5	7	4	3	0	0	1	0	—22
May Flowers.	8	3	2	1	4	0	4	2	*	—24

Maroons vs. Young Americans, April 19

<i>Innings—</i>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Maroons.	5	0	0	2	0	3	6	0	2	—18
Young Am'n.	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	3	2	—7

Young Americans vs. May Flowers, April 22.

<i>Innings—</i>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Young Am'n.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1
May Flowers.	0	2	1	8	4	4	1	0	0	—20

The French drama, "La Malediction," was repeated in Arcade Opera House, Kankakee, and in Columbian Hall, St. George, with most gratifying results. The following was the cast of characters:

Don Vasco De Gomez, a Spanish nobleman.....	J. A. Chasse
Don Alonzo, his son.....	J. B. Suprenant
Don Lopez, friend of Alonzo....	A. Granger
Tarik, lieutenant of the Caliph..	T. Pelletier
Pedro, a peasant.....	R. Pugny
Pedrillo, son of Pedro.....	F. St. Aubin
Fabrico, son of Pedro.....	T. Legris
Abraham, a rich Mahometan....	L. Legris
Mendoza, a Spanish officer.....	F. Richard
Marietto, a Spanish soldier.....	J. Lamarre
Basilio, a Spanish soldier.....	W. Granger
Sancho, a Spanish soldier.....	H. Ruel
Juanino, a slave.....	J. D. Laplante
Abdallah, a Mahometan jailer..	J. Granger

EXCHANGES.

In the *Fordham Monthly* the writer of the essay on "Joan of Arc" says: "At length Joan received the commission, of liberating the country, in a dream; but she at first paid very little attention to it." The words in a

dream ought to come after and modify the verb *received*, and there should be no comma after *commission*. As it is, she did well to pay little attention to it, i. e., the dream, the country, or the commission of liberating it in a dream. Horace's ode to Thaliarcus does not lose any of its *abandon* and sprightliness by its conversion into English verse. We agree with the *Fordham Monthly* in objecting to any attempt to make college papers first-class postal matter. We consider this new classification an unjustifiable tax upon educational facilities.

In the March number of the *Owl*, from Ottawa University, Canada, we find the following sentence in the editorial on Touchiness: "If a person who is not your avowed enemy should venture advice, do not figure to yourself that it has been given you with an intent to wound." The expression, *do not figure to yourself* is a too exact translation of the French tournure *ne vous figurez pas*, and could to advantage be replaced by the more idiomatic terms *do not fancy, imagine, suppose*, etc. We do not see that anything characteristic of the seer, the *vates*, recommends the insertion in your magazine of Fr. Bennett's "Visions of Future Canada." What so entrancing vision will be that of priests and *religious* theologians from the schools, and canons from the cathedral simply *walking in due precedence*? The literary review department of the *Owl* is excellently conducted, and the article on Charles Gounod in this number is full of information couched in very readable form.

The *Georgetown College Journal* for March is a very interesting number; interesting both on account of the solid and the curious things it contains. Being students of oratory, we read with pleasure the accounts of debates and oratorical contests held at Georgetown. Such accounts are always helpful by their suggestiveness. We were not a little amused, however, at the strained explanation of the absence of applause during the Merrick debate. To ascribe this silence entirely to the delicate appreciative sense of the audience—a quality which withheld the listeners from breaking upon the close logic of the speakers, appears to us as either exceedingly naive or at least of doubtful veracity. The more so when we take into account that in the more important intercollegiate debate chronicled in the same paper, we find that the Georgetown speakers are accused of serious lack of suppleness of voice, gesture, and movement. While we believe that few awkward, but otherwise capable orators, can hold an audience spellbound by the mere force of their dialectics, we doubt that inexperienced students ever wield this singular power. Silence during a large percentage of college speeches is to be ascribed to the dullness of the speeches and speakers themselves, plus, of course, the good sense of the audience. We have heard able speakers, who, while they reasoned closely, so wrought us up that, on the principle of "silent appreciation," we committed many times the indelicacy of applauding.