

THE VIATORIAN. VOL. XX. No. 3.
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FAC ET SPERA.

HE IS COME.

The Promised One of God is come !
Angelic choirs exulting sing,
As, floating down from Heaven's high court,
To man, the joyous news, they bring.

He comes not as a potent judge
To punish man's rebellious deeds ;
But as a new-born, smiling babe
As helpless as the trembling reeds.

He comes not as a monarch might
With grand display of arms and gold ;
But meekly at the dead of night
Unto a stable rude and cold.

He comes the sole begotten Son
Sent by the Father from above.
He comes to raise a fallen world :
His mission is of peace and love.

Hail, Holy Babe of Bethlehem !
Oh, blessed be this glorious morn !
For God's great word hath been fulfilled :
A Saviour unto man is born.

J. DRENNAN, '05.

DANTE'S "LUCIFER" AND MILTON'S "SATAN."

(Concluded.)

I will now endeavor to answer certain objections which are commonly urged against Milton's Satan, and which, upon a little consideration, are discovered to be as extravagant as they are unfounded. We often hear it said that Milton erred when he represented Satan as a mighty king, arrayed in splendor and power, and that he should rather have represented him as a being exclusively repulsive and odious. To this I answer that the devil is not in reality merely an odious and repulsive creature, which is capable of inspiring disgust alone, but besides he must be credited with inspiring something better and more practical than mere disgust and that is terror, and terror in the first degree. Milton has excelled in reaching this end and his success is due to the manner in which he has depicted Satan, namely, as a most haughty, most malicious, and most dreadful monarch, whose every glance strikes with awe the sullen ranks of the infernal hosts, whose voice, thundering forth, shakes the labyrinths of hell to their very depths. Besides, the devil is called a prince by Scripture—the Prince of Hell and of this world. Now, as the Prince of Hell and of this world, and as the very personification of pride and ambition, was it, then, such a fault for Milton to have represented the devil such as he did, viz., as a monarch arrayed in gaudy splendor and usurped power?

In the next place it is said that Satan, for being so represented, "wins, do what you will, a human sympathy;" but does this hold necessarily? Is it a fact that every person who reads *Paradise Lost* must necessarily sympathize with the devil? It is difficult to understand how an intelligent reader of *Paradise Lost* can feel the least sympathy for a being that is constantly represented as the greatest enemy of God and man. Really, I do not see what kind of sympathy such a malicious being can win. Let him be decked in the richest apparel and let him be as energetic, in the execution of

his malicious designs, as you will, when one considers that Satan insolently wars against Infinite Goodness and Justice and that he is the cause of the fall of man, and of all his miseries, such a one cannot but feel the deepest contempt and hatred for the evil one. If some sensitive persons are inclined to sympathize with him for some reason or other this is, after all, a matter of mere sentiment with them. If a few are liable to be thus affected, it is by no means a sure test that all or the majority of those who read *Paradise Lost* will be necessarily and always thus affected.

Finally, it is urged that the "representation of the devil should be purely and entirely evil, without a tinge of good, as that of God should be purely and entirely good, without a tinge of evil." This objection would lead us to the conclusion that there is an absolutely evil being, as there is an absolutely good being—an error far more grave than the presumed error which the objector wishes to point out.

From the sound teachings of Scholastic Philosophy, we learn that evil is no being, but simply the absence of due being, and that there is no being amongst created things that is purely and entirely evil. Consequently, we infer from that first statement that the devil cannot be said to be a being that is evil, i. e., evil considered as a being, since evil is no being, but only the absence of due being.

Secondly, that the devil cannot be purely and entirely evil, since a being of this kind does not exist. But, since the devil exists, it follows that he cannot be represented as a being that is purely and entirely evil without a tinge of good. As to God it is true He must be represented as purely and entirely good, without a tinge of evil, because He is Infinite, Perfection, but the devil, since he is a mere creature and not an infinite being, cannot be evil in the same way that God is good, i. e., he cannot be infinitely evil. It is metaphysically true, then, that the devil cannot be called **a being** that is **purely and entirely evil**, without a **tinge of good**.

It cannot be said with truth that Milton does not teach a great moral lesson through his Satan. Surely, no one can think of the great fallen angel, such as he is represented in *Paradise Lost* without reaching some great moral thought that cannot but deeply impress and move him. In fact, Milton represents Satan in a manner best adapted for such a purpose; he does not confine himself to one

view of the devil, but represents him under various colors, by which he, in turn, inspires disgust, terror and hatred. From the following lines you can easily infer that Milton's Satan, like Dante's Lucifer also inspires disgust, but let us remark at the same time that this feature is only secondary in the personality of the devil and is by no means the most important of all.

" Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition"
" He with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal.
. round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride, and steadfast hate."

It is especially by the terror that he inspires that Milton's Satan leaves an everlasting impression on the mind of the reader. This terror with which Milton's creation fills the minds of his readers is productive of the greatest moral results, for fear, as we know, is the beginning of wisdom. A man who fears the devil will surely hate him and will avoid sin, but a man who only nourishes sentiments of disgust for him may, after all, follow him and serve him, for the disgust one has for a thing is not always a sufficient motive to turn him away from it entirely. In support of this we have but to consider the victims of certain vicious passions who, although they are filled with the utmost disgust for those very passions, do not abstain, however, from weltering in the mire. Salutory fear is what is necessary to check the passions.

Finally, Milton's Satan cannot but inspire the deepest hatred. When we consider that he is the implacable foe of the good and merciful God, against whom he is constantly waging an impious war, that he is the cause of man's sad fall and of all his innumerable woes, and that he is the author of all evil and the enemy of all that is right, good and holy, we cannot but hate such a despicable and malicious being. These are some of the thoughts that the Miltonic Satan suggests to the meditative reader, and in this it certainly teaches a moral lesson of no mean value, for it teaches him to de-

spise this loathsome monster who, although he might assume the appearance of a king, or of a hero, or of "a smiling youth adorned with flowing hair and 'wings of many a colored plume,'" yet is nothing else than a vain and despicable fiend.

Dante, as we have remarked before, has painted Lucifer exclusively under one color; he has presented him in a manner well calculated to excite disgust for evil. For this reason he is considered as imparting a grand moral lesson. No one doubts that the devil is really an ugly and contemptible being and that he is befittingly punished by Dante; but no one will admit that ugliness is the only element that characterizes the personality of the devil, nor that disgust is the only sentiment he should inspire. Nor can we readily admit that the devil is a motionless, helpless, and powerless being forever tied up at the bottom of hell and doomed there to eternal silence. Would to God that this were only the case, then we poor mortals might have peace in this world. Would that Lucifer were held as an agonizing captive in the depths of gloomy Cocytus, occupied in "gnawing and bruising up sinners in his triad of murky months," then he would not be causing such a havoc among mankind. But, unhappily, the devil is not thus held captive. On the contrary, he has a free range and a wide field of action.

It has been said that the cause of the marked contrast which exists between the Lucifer of Dante and the Satan of Milton is found in the diverse ends which the poets proposed to themselves when writing their respective poems. We are told that Dante, in writing his *Inferno*, aimed not so much at teaching the world a great lesson in the art of writing poetry as in teaching it a grand moral lesson, and that Milton's aim in writing his *Paradise Lost* was not to make his readers hate evil and its parent, but to bequeath to them a grand epic, wherein they might read the description of a great celestial battle. No one questions the fact that Milton in writing his *Paradise Lost* wished to bequeath to the world a grand epic poem, such as Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and even Dante himself has done, but that this was his only or primary object may well be questioned. We may, likewise, question the statement that Dante's aim in writing his *Inferno* was solely to inspire his readers with salutary fear of sin. That Milton had another and more worthy purpose in view besides teaching the world a lesson in the art of writing poetry is

clearly revealed in the very first words of his grand epic, as well as in many other striking passages :

“Of man’s first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse
.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know’st
. what in me is dark
Illumine ; what is low, raise and support ;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to man.”

and, again :

Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men ! Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father’s praise disjoin.”

From these few lines it is evident that Milton, as a great Christian and as a profound genius, had a more lofty and a more worthy end in view in writing his grand epic than the mere winning of popular applause.

Having compared from the standpoint of Scripture, of art and of morality the different representations of Satan, given by Milton and Dante, the conclusion logically follows that, considered from these standpoints, Milton’s Satan is unquestionably a more perfect poetical creation than Dante’s Lucifer.

R. RICHER, '03.

A BELATED CHRISTMAS.

BROTHER PAUL shut the book upon which his eyes were eagerly fixed and walked hastily to the door of his room, whence had come, the instant before, a resounding knock. It was annoying to be disturbed in the midst of an interesting passage in the "Divina Comedia."

"Well !" exclaimed Bro. Paul, as he flung the door open. Ah ! But behold a vision of innocent childhood stood before him, a boy of, perhaps, six years, a sunbeam, casting the mellow glow of handsome youth on everything about him.

It was James, his little favorite. James lived two squares up the street in a brown stone front, but the gloomy walls of the Brother's school were to him as the sheltering confines of Paradise. He had lived in them for four months now, whilst his parents were abroad, but he had forgotten their absence, in a degree, for in this short space he had become the pet and delight of the whole community. He was, however, especially fond of Bro. Paul, who not only served in the capacity of tutor, but was likewise a sort of chum and playfellow to the boy, using his best graces to keep him from being lonesome. "Is it you, James?" exclaimed Bro. Paul, in a most pleasant surprise. "I had not been expecting you for an hour yet." "Well, I just came now," said James, hastily, "Cause ma's here, an' I'm to go home right away, you see, so I can't stay for my reading." "So your mother has returned? What glad news for you, and to judge by your actions you must be the happiest boy in all this town." "Oh, ma's got just lots o' things for me ! A real dog from 'way far off, an' tomorrow's Christmas, so I'm going home, an' she says I can come back again soon."

James was, in truth, an excited boy. "How fine," said Bro. Paul, "must be all of those presents, and what a grand time you will have. But I haven't forgotten you, either, James—wait a moment," and Bro. Paul disappeared into his study to emerge with a handsome little book, glistening in its new binding of gold and maroon.

"With best wishes for a merry, merry Christmas," said Bro. Paul. James was too delighted to do aught but mumble thanks, and

with a parting "Goodbye" he was off on the run to show the treasure to his mother, and hasten home once more to get a glimpse of all the things she had brought him.

"James, dear, have you been very, very lonely while we were gone? I hope you were a good boy and did not annoy the kind brothers. I have been so worried, but Father Director wrote such pleasant letters that I know you were having a fine time, indeed. The good father has been so considerate and he wishes above all that you will like to return again, soon, so that you may take up your studies."

"Oh, ma, you ought to see Bro. Paul ! He beats Father Director ! He can play all the best games better than the Father and he can read a whole lot better. He showed me how to write, too, an' I can write lots o' words just fine, you oughter see !"

James was very enthusiastic over his school life, it was true, and he kept up a running fire of exclamations until they drew up to the house, when he bolted inside to make acquaintance with his new dog. My, what a handsome dog ! He seemed to like James at first sight, and it was not strange. So did everyone who caught a glimpse of his handsome face and noted his refined and charming bearing.

"What shall I call him, Ma? I want the best name there is."

"You may choose that yourself, James," replied his mother.

"Oh, I know. I'll let Bro. Paul give me some fine name. You bet he knows all the best ones."

"As you please, dear."

Mother thought that Bro. Paul must be, indeed, little short of a rare magician, since he had so many gifts, so many charming qualities which others lacked.

But even though Bro. Paul has usurped so much attention, yet as our best friends are often set aside in the midst of novel scenes and pleasures, so James forgot everything but the dog, the presents, and the manifold wonderful things which his parents had brought home for his pleasure, and Christmas day was spent in one round of mirth and youthful revel. At length, tired and weary, he sat down with the dog in his arms, to rest from the excitement of the day. It was nearly bedtime to be sure, and it would be a welcome hour for him,

James mused silently for a long time. He was much fatigued and did not care to romp with the dog, but sat and gazed around, listlessly. He allowed his eyes to roam until they rested upon the gilt and maroon of Bro. Paul's gift. Then he was suddenly a very active boy. A remorseful thought had crept into his mind. He had almost forgotten Bro. Paul, his true friend.

"Did Bro. Paul get any fine Christmas presents like his," he wondered? "Any how he had not given Bro. Paul a thing and it was Christmas day, in fact the day of days was nearly over."

"Oh, Ma !" exclaimed James, as he rushed into his mother's presence. "I didn't give Bro. Paul a single present. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why, child, your father sent him some rare books which we picked up in Rome."

"Oh, Ma ! But I didn't give him a thing myself," insisted James ; "and he won't like me any more. I ain't tired, Ma. Can't I go over and bring him something for myself?"

"Do not be foolish, James. "It is getting late and you must go to bed. You may bring Bro. Paul a gift in the morning."

"But, Ma,"—James was becoming obdurate—"tomorrow ain't Christmas."

"Now run up to bed, child dear, you are tired."

Mother was inflexible, it seemed, but she did not note the gleam of mischief which flashed in the boy's eyes as he disappeared from the room. "He is so fond of the brothers," said she, "and we can never repay them for their unselfish care and regard."

She little knew the deep affection in which her son had come to regard Bro. Paul, and never dreamed that it was as firmly rooted as later events proved.

James had gone up to bed, taking the dog along, and, after much trouble, was safely tucked in by the maid. She might as well have left him dressed, however, for he rolled about restlessly and was very miserable for what seemed hours to him. It was quite late, too. He heard the hall clock strike and strike and strike, but there was no sleep, for the thought of the shameful manner in which he had forgotten Bro. Paul's Christmas haunted him. A desperate resolve had entered his head. He would go, anyhow ! But could he steal out of the house without anyone knowing, and would it not

be a cold and lonely trip a such an hour and on such a frosty night? However, it was easier to go and have peace, and, besides, Christmas would soon be gone. He would have to decide quickly. He crept to the window and looked out. It seemed forbidding, but he was brave enough to try. "It will please Bro. Paul so much," thought he.

"Now, you shut your mouth !" he said to the dog. "We're goin' out. It looks cold and dark out in that street, but we ain't goin' to be scared of anything. I got my big coat here an' we'll go up and see Bro. Paul. I got the pearl rosary here that ma gave me, too, an' I'm goin' to give it to him, 'cause it's Christmas."

James felt that the dog was very much in favor of the trip, for he wagged his tail and was in a fair way to spoil the entire proceedings.

Some moments later James sallied forth, with the dog under his arm and with breathless, yet careful haste, reached the lower hall. There was no one astir. The house was in silence.

"No one will know," said James, as he proceeded to open the street door, which yielded an exit only after a determined and spiteful resistance, aided by the failure of the key to respond at once to his tender fingers. He shuddered now at the prospect, yet determined at once to proceed, and, hastening out, picked his way down the stone steps to the street and ran as fast as he could. On and on he went, one thought uppermost, that of reaching the school in the shortest time.

It seemed a long journey. Would it never end? Ah, but Bro. Paul would be waiting at the door to receive him.

"I wish it wasn't so cold !" exclaimed the boy. "'Tain't much fun bein' out alone in this street, either. Wonder if ma knew it what she'd do? Bet she'll be scared to death if she finds out."

James hurried on, clumsily, the dog not uttering a sound, and at length arrived at the school. Only an oppressive silence greeted him here. No light was to be seen. There was no Bro. Paul at the door, in fact, the doors were firmly secured. He had not reckoned with this obstacle, it seems. Could he open them? He tugged and pulled, but all in vain. Yet he could knock and wake up Bro. Paul, whose room was just above. He knocked and knocked, but it was a feeble noise at best. There was no answer. It was getting colder

and colder, too. How he wished he were a strong man ! He knocked again, more feebly this time. Yet no one came. His hands were numb, and beating on the hard wood was very painful. He began to feel keenly the effect of the day's excitement and the loss of sleep. He was tired of the effort, he was tired of the whole affair, and, weary from the strain endured, his spirit gave way to tears of fear and remorse. He cried and beat his cold feet against the colder stone. "What shall I do?" he thought. Ah ! he had forgotten the dog, who was also shivering in the raw wind. The dog was anxious to be off and jumped about restlessly. James ignored him, however, and sat down on the door step, too much exhausted even to think what next must be done, and too fatigued even to care.

Seeing his young master, apparently motionless upon the step, the dog ran over to him and, reaching up, licked the boy's cheek. It was the limit of affection. Yet there was no response. He jumped and fawned about the youth, but in vain, and then he instinctively raised an alarm by giving vent to a series of very forceful barks, whines and all other means of disturbance at his command.

Bro. Paul had awakened from profound slumber with a start. There seemed to be some noise from without — yet it was very strange—like the moan of a beast. "No one could seek entrance at so late an hour." "It might have been the wind," thought he. "But hold, there it is again, the bark of a dog. Strange, indeed, at such an hour, and at the very door beneath."

The good brother hastily dressed, cautiously walked down to the main corridor and flung open the door. The dog was still howling without, and beside him, on the threshold, a diminutive figure leaned against the side of the entrance, apparently asleep.

"How fortunate that I heard you," said Bro. Paul to the dog, which was jumping and pawing about him; "and what have we here? Why, it must be a child ! What can he be doing here at this hour? What is it, child dear? Why do you sit here?"

There was no response.

"In truth the young one must be sick or frozen," said Bro. Paul. "Some homeless vagrant, doubtless," and a pang of mingled sympathy and pity ran through his heart at the sight. He lifted the limp form into his arms and hurried inside, the dog at his heels.

"Great Heaven !" he gasped, as the light struck the youthful face. "Is it? No, it cannot be ! Yes, it is James !"

Bro. Paul trembled with mingled fear and wonder, refusing at once to credit his own eyes. How strange and unaccountable, even like a dream, it seemed. The good brother was dumbfounded, but it was no time for explanations, and if the poor boy was not beyond human aid, all possible expedition was necessary for his revival. He ran up to his room as fast as he could, pressing the precious burden close in his arms. Placing the child in the bed which he had just quitted and wrapping the prostrate form in blankets, he hurried to the infirmary to procure restoratives. It required skillful work and patience to bring the boy back to consciousness, but Bro. Paul worked as if his own life were at stake, praying that the boy would soon be out of danger, even as a mother would pray at the death bed of her child. After a long time the boy's eyelids seemed to open, yes, his face was illumined with a smile of joy and peace. Bending over him Bro. Paul heard a faint whisper. It was like a strain of heavenly music, proclaiming the victory of his timely aid, a reward for the efforts which had intervened none too soon to spare his little friend.

"I brought you the rosary for Christmas," the voice faintly said. "I never thought till 'twas so late." "The rosary for Christmas," repeated Bro. Paul. The good man had seen the rosary in the boy's hands, and had wondered. Now he understood. The whole proceeding seemed to rush upon him and overwhelm his faculties. It was for him it was brought. For him and for their friendship the boy, in his innocence, had braved the dangers of the bitter cold and lonely night. It was his simple love and youthful devotion which had nearly caused the spark of that sweet life to be extinguished.

Bro. Paul sat down in silence. He could not move, he could not speak. In all the years which he had spent within those somber walls he had made but few friends amongst the school boys. There was none who had shown him such a kindness, none who had been so thoughtful of him.

"What a glorious, though belated, Christmas," thought Bro. Paul. "Surely I have not deserved all this." In truth a new light

had entered into his heart, the light of a sincere and noble friendship, such as comes to but few men in the course of a lifetime.

A tear stole from his eyes and dropped upon the coverlid near the calm face of the sleeping boy, a tear in which was mirrored the thanksgiving of a bursting heart.

* * * * *

James is still a student at the Brothers' school, and were you to happen into Bro. Paul's room of an evening you might see the two inseparable friends engaged in earnest conversation. There is one beside them who listens intently to every word, yet never interrupts. It is "Rescue." He has a strange name for a little dog, yet he well deserves it.

W. J. CLEARY.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

ON the outskirts of a beautiful little hamlet, situated a few miles from one of our large Western cities, there is a convent, dedicated to our Blessed Lady. The sisters who inhabit this holy retreat spare no pains or labor to make the convent and its immediate surroundings as attractive and pleasant as possible. The result of their efforts may be seen by any visitor with an eye and taste for what is orderly and beautiful. The fragrant flower beds, pious grottoes, spraying fountains and well-trimmed lawns are some of the features which go to beautify the extensive grounds surrounding the home of the humble nuns. Nature also, as if by design of Providence, has done her share in adorning the habitation of these holy virgins, who are ever ready to read the goodness and power of the Creator in the manifold beauties and splendors of the universe. At a short distance to the left of the convent, there is a smiling little lake, whose placid surface at times is literally covered with water-lilies. A few rugged old hills, commanding a view of the pond and convent, make a beautiful background to a scene of such rare beauty. To the right are many shady trees, in which birds sing gayly, a murmuring brook, with its graceful curves and dashing waters, an orchard and vineyard, whose luscious fruit helps to make up the frugal meals of the convent. There is only one spot of

ground in the whole place not liable to fill the soul with gladness. It is the little burying ground, just near the orchard and beneath the chapel window. One of the mounds is separated a little from the others and is usually covered with flowers. Beneath it lie the remains of a certain child, the subject of this story.

It was in the year 18— that I visited the convent to see my cousin, whom God had called to the holy sisterhood. As it was my first visit, I carefully noticed and admired the surroundings, but being anxious to see Sister A—, I hastily skipped across the lawn, ascended the flight of stairs and rang the visitors' bell. A young nun responded, who kindly invited me to enter. I did so, and was thereupon conducted to the parlor. The nun assured me that Sister A—, whom I was so anxious to see, would be down from prayer in a few minutes, and then respectfully retired.

She had been gone but a few minutes, when my curiosity, growing with my impatience to meet my cousin, prompted me to go out into the corridor to see what might interest me. Scarcely had I stepped into the hall, when my attention was arrested by a magnificent life-size painting of the Madonna on the wall opposite the main entrance. Truly, it was a work of art, whose equal is very seldom seen. Enraptured and spell-bound by the beauty, expression and exquisite finish of the picture before me, I gazed at it with transports of love and admiration, until I was interrupted by the approach of Sister A—. After hearty greetings, we repaired to the parlor, where we conversed a few minutes, and then, at her suggestion, we went out to see the grounds, which she thought were so beautiful and of which she was so proud. But, try as I might, I could not take my mind off that painting I had seen in the hall. It had so completely captivated me that I determined then and there to inquire about it. "Sister," said I, addressing my cousin, "There is something so heavenly in the expression of the Madonna which I was so rapturously admiring a few moments ago that I would like to know more about the painting. It is the most beautiful work of art I have ever beheld." "Ah !" she replied, "come where I can best tell the story." And leading the way into the little graveyard, she bade me be seated on a rustic bench a few feet from the flowered-covered mound apart from the others. I will give the pathetic story in her own words :

"While the community was attending mass on the morning of December 14th, some four or five years ago, I was startled by the loud and prolonged ringing of the entrance bell. In the absence of the portress, I went to answer the call. I found that the door had been blown wide open by the storm, and, to make sure that I was not laboring under an illusion, I did not close it immediately, but stepped outside, notwithstanding the cold and blinding drifts. Imagine the feelings of surprise and pity I experienced when I saw a beautiful little girl of four years, her angelic face stained with tears, her lips blue and trembling with cold, kneeling near the entrance in the cold, deep snow and crying in a voice that would melt a heart of stone. 'P'ease, ma'am, ta' Mabel in; she's cold. Mamma's dead and papa is don' don'. I quickly took her in my arms, looked up and down the road, then hurried into the parlor, where a good fire was burning on the hearth and did all in my power to comfort and console her. Strange to say, I found that the clothing of this deserted child was very expensive and well made, and this led me to conclude that she probably had been kidnapped from well-to-do parents and left at the convent door. But I had no time to surmise her identity and whence she had come. I tried my very best to make her warm and comfortable. From her looks I feared she would not recover. I questioned her, but she only sobbed and moaned painfully. She put her arms around my neck and I just caught the words so feebly uttered, 'Tall papa.' In removing her little jacket, I found a slip of paper attached to it, which read: 'This kid's father is at the Empire Hotel, Denver. Name, Thompson.' I called for Mother Superior, who was moved to tears of pity and love at the sight of the suffering little cherub. She immediately dispatched for the father, who arrived on towards evening, almost beside himself with anxiety to reach the bedside of his only child. We had the little girl in bed, attended by a doctor, who gave us no hope of her recovery, as she had developed a severe case of pneumonia. Oh! what an awful look on that father's face when he saw the closed eyes and labored breathing of her who was nearest and dearest to him on earth. I thought he would lose his reason; but a slight temporary improvement in the condition of his child somewhat quieted him, and he finally told us his story. He was an American painter, who, while studying in Italy, married a beautiful

girl of that country. They had one child, but three years old when its mother took sick and died. A few months after her death he discontinued his work, returned to America and had been in Denver but a very short time when his child was stolen from the hotel. In answer to a secret demand for a ransom and relying on the promise that the child would be returned, he sent a thousand dollars to the villains who robbed him of his precious jewel; but they were not faithful to their promise. He was well nigh crazed with grief when he received our dispatch.

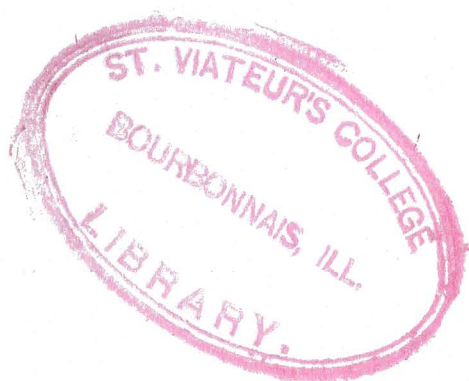
The child grew worse, despite all our efforts for her recovery. How sad it was to see that sweet life being wasted by the ravages of a dread disease. Each day saw the little one still sinking. On Christmas eve the father was almost distracted witnessing the agony of his dear little girl. Just as the community was about to repair to the chapel for midnight mass the child raised her hands toward her father. He took her in his arms and quietly walked up and down the corridor with his precious burden. As he paused before a picture of our heavenly mother the child stretched out her arms and cried, 'Tum, mamma, ta Mabel home.' Overcome with grief the father lay the child in the bed where, as once more her pale lips parted to lisp the loving name of mamma, her innocent spirit went forth in the effort. The sorrow and anguish of the father knew no control as he gazed at the still form of his innocent one. On her pale face there was a faint trace of the light that illumined her countenance as she looked upon the picture a few moments before. Our attempts to console the heart-broken parent were somewhat successful. This Christmas for him was certainly one of gloom, but one which did not come without its blessing. The father's request that the body of his little one be buried in the convent cemetery was readily granted and here beneath this flower-covered mound lies the mortal remains of little Mabel, who is now with her mother in heaven. The picture which attracted the attention of his child was given to Mr. Thompson, as he had expressed a desire to have it in remembrance of his little one. In return, he presented the convent with that beautiful Madonna which you admire so much."

"And what became of generous Mr. Thompson?" I asked.

"Scarcely had she who was for him a living image of his dead

wife," replied the sister, "been called home to her mother, when a bright light dawned upon his soul—a light which issued forth from the dark cloud of gloom that enveloped his soul on that Christmas morning. Illumined by this heavenly inspiration he quitted the world and entered a religious order as a lay brother. At present he is the sacristan in a neighboring parish, which is under the management of one of the fathers of his order. He never fails to visit the grave of his child, where he kneels and thanks God for those sorrows which were to him blessings in disguise."

W. J. MAHER, '04.



THE MONARCH'S GRIEF.

AS the waters of a river
Bearing proudly to the sea,
Roll our lives in solemn grandeur
Onward to Eternity,
Through that valley dark, mysterious,
Where the monarch Time holds sway.
Broods he o'er the mighty river
As its waters glide away.

In the bosom of the valley,
Stands his castle proud and tall.
And the waters of the river
Surge about the castle wall.
From a throne upon the turret
Looks he down most gloomily
On the waters of the river
Rolling onward to the sea.

Gray his beard and long and flowing
O'er his breast convulsed with grief;
Dark his brow and marked with sorrow,
And his speech is sad and brief.
Tho' within his lordly castle
Reigns he now in royal state;
Soon his power shall be broken:
Such is the decree of fate.

When the waters of the river
Cease to flow—so sages say—
Shall the power of the monarch
Then forever pass away.
Therefore, gloomy, sad, foreboding,
Sits he on his castle wall,
Jealous of each passing moment,
Brooding o'er his destined fall.

J. DRENNAN, '05-

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EDITORIAL.

A merry Christmas and a happy New Year—thus, in the time-honored way, the Viatorian extends the greetings of the season to the faculty and the students, to its readers and contributors and to its co-laborers in the field of college journalism.

The Christmas holidays begin on Saturday, December 20, and end on Sunday, January 4, 1903. Every reasonable student cannot but be convinced that sufficient time is granted to enjoy a pleasant vacation. Hence, all should return on the day appointed for the opening of school. Moreover, all should come back with renewed energy and a firm resolve to begin the new year well—those who have wrestled manfully during the past year with the obstacles which, if not met with manly determination, would have blocked their onward course, should go forth into the new year with a buoyant step and a heart clad in the armor of moral courage to meet the difficult but ennobling obligations which duty imposes; but those who have allowed themselves to be blown to and fro by the adverse winds of indecision and, consequently, like cowards, have abandoned their place in the field of action, should rise up courageously, shake off their weakness, and retrace their steps towards the post to which duty has assigned them, resolved to do or die.

Who can analyze the serene happiness that fills the human breast at the approach of the joyous feast of Christmas? The cares and trials, the sorrows and sufferings, the disappointed hopes and

unrequited love, which, like desolate ruins, mark our progress through life, are all, for the time, forgotten, or rather compensated for by the universal joy, the diffusive charity, the all-embracing sympathy which go forth at this joyful season from heart to heart, enriching the globe, obliterating all the prejudices of race, creed, or caste, and uniting all men by the golden chains of good will and Christian charity. What sublime principles must underlie this loving feast ! It brings into the heart of humanity a spark of divine charity which enkindles into a bright glow that tender sympathy which makes all men akin. Ruthless Time, with all its changes, may continue in its devastating course, gathering into the harvest of death generation after generation, but the glorious sun that arose to brighten men's path, in the long ago, still illumines the way, still has power to dispel the dark clouds of selfishness that hover around the vale of man's exile. Divine, indeed, must be the light of that luminary which thus burns so brightly that it is still a beacon of hope when nearly all other ideals have lost their power to uplift mankind. He who wishes to read the heart of humanity aright cannot but find in the outpouring of love which characterizes the feast of Christmas a proof that when softened by kindly influences and fond memories man is susceptible of only the finest movements; then all that there is of truth, of love, of holiness on earth or in heaven has for him a charm which is irresistible. Christmas, with its visions of youthful expectation that quicken the joyous pulsations of the youthful heart and its fond memories of happy days that cheer the aged, shows that in the depths of man's heart there is a great love of humanity, as well as an undying belief and hope in a common Easter, who sees and loves all his children. What but such a belief and such a hope could make Christmas what it is—the family feast of mankind, the reunion of the whole human race. It is confined to no age nor people, but, while it lasts, levels all those distinctions of race, class or worldly strife raised by human pride or prejudice. In this we have an irrefragable proof of the divinity of Him, the all-redeeming One, whose coming this great feast commemorates.

EXCHANGE COLUMN.

The Viatorian deems it fitting to head her exchange column for December, first, with Christmas and New Year greetings to all and to each of her sister college journals, and, secondly, with a word of apology to such of her friends as those of whom she makes no special mention. The omission must be attributed to a want of proficiency in the art of saying much in little space, on the part of the ex-man, and not to any demerits on the part of the guests by whom he is surrounded.

"The Dial" continues to maintain its high rank among our exchanges. The December number of this journal contains a choice collection of articles, both in prose and verse, but we must mention particularly the essay on "The Poet and the Slave." This article is well written and will undoubtedly be read with pleasure by all, but it **should** be read and **re-read** by those whose good fortune it is to be visited from time to time by inspirations of the Muse, for the author does not fail to insist on the fact: that a few great poets are capable of exercising a very benign influence over an entire nation.

"The Fordham Monthly" is a journal well calculated to satisfy the demands of even the most exacting reader. In its pages we always find articles of interest, and these treated in a masterly way. "Russell of Killowen" forms the subject of a well-written essay in its last issue. The author, evidently, made a careful study of his subject, and we quite agree with him that "it is a misfortune that the full character of the late Lord Chief Justice Russell has not been given to the world." The poems, "St. Cecilia" and "The Youngest," are full of thought and display considerable poetical talent.

"The Holy Cross Purple" opens with an excellent article entitled "Lucretius and Some Modern Thinkers." The writer, speaking of this old Roman philosopher, has well remarked that "If beautiful diction be our quest, we shall find in Lucretius many pleasing passages; **but if we seek any logical proofs of the doctrines enunciated, our search will be vain.**" Our modern infidel philosophers, and especially the disciples of Darwin, who look upon Lucretius as the

great grandfather of their master's theories, should profit by this important truth, for we seldom find in their writings anything commendable, even from a literary standpoint.

The leading article in "St. Mary's Sentinel" is that entitled "Material Progress Does Not Constitute National Happiness," and indeed did this number of the Sentinel contain nothing else we should have to give it a high place among our exchanges. The language used by the writer is elegant, his style forceable, clear and purely oratorical, but, what is best of all, his **principles** are as unshakeable as Gibraltar itself. The happiness of a nation does not consist in its wealth, but, as the writer has shown, it does consist "in the proper development of the intellectual, physical and moral powers of man." And this is one of those truths that cannot be too often repeated, nor too loudly proclaimed at the present day.

"The Bulletin" contains many well-written and instructive articles, but the essay on "Socrates" and the editorial on "The Irish Parliamentary Party" are especially interesting. No one can read these two articles without noticing a striking resemblance between the conduct of a certain class of ancient Athenians, called the Sophists, and a certain class of modern Anglicans, called judges. Socrates fought in defence of truth and was condemned to death by the Sophists; the Irish Parliamentary party are fighting for justice and they are thrown into prison, there to suffer all the privations and hardships prescribed by a wise (?) law, and this, too, by the—did I say judges? No! Packed juries was the word I should have used.

"The Mountaineer" is a creditable journal in every respect. We have read with much interest the essay "Too Much Fiction," and trust it will produce the desired effect. The editorial page and exchange column of this journal are also worthy of commendation.

There are bright boys writing the verse, short essays and stories of the St. Joseph's Collegian, and a bright man at the exchange table. *Macti virtute estote.*

We welcome to our sanctum St. John's Collegian, which has just made its bow upon the stage of college journalism. From the first number, which is before us, we can rightly anticipate a glorious future for the Collegian. The prose articles are all on well chosen subjects and treated in a manner which shows that the contributors to this journal are well qualified to write for the college press. Were it not for its late arrival we would like to give it more than a passing mention ; but, coming as it does, when we are sending in our matter to the press, we will not spoil our appreciation of its excellence by a hurriedly written criticism of its leading articles. We look forward with interest to the next number and, in the meantime, give a hearty Godspeed to the Collegian.

J. LYNN,



PERSONALS.

Rev. John A. Doran was ordained priest on Dec. 6, by the Rt. Rev. P. J. O'Reilly, D. D., auxiliary bishop of Peoria, Ill. The ordination took place in the cathedral at Peoria. Father Doran celebrated his first solemn high mass on the following Wednesday at Kickapoo, Ill., where his parents reside. He has been appointed to assist Rev. J. Kelly, of Gilman, Ill. The Viatorian congratulates Father Doran upon his elevation to the priesthood and wishes him success in the noble work of the ministry.

Rev. H. Boeckelman, of Elkhart, Ind., and Rev. J. Bollman, of Sag Bridge, Ill., made a short but very pleasant visit to their alma mater a few weeks ago. They received a hearty welcome from our president, faculty and students, who assembled in the entertainment hall to congratulate Father Boeckelman upon the completion of the twenty-fifth year of his priestly life. Father Boeckelman addressed those present, artfully interweaving into the fabric of his address many happy incidents of his college days. Father Bollman, in response to a unanimous call from the audience also spoke. His genuine wit, which vivified his address won an entrance into the hearts of the students for the many fruitful lessons which his remarks contained. Their visit was such a pleasant one for all that we hope it will soon be repeated.

The Very Rev. A. Corcoran, C. S. V., D. D., for the past two months had been engaged in preaching retreats to the Little Sisters of the Poor. During that time he made a tour of Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky to conduct the retreats given at the different houses of that order.

Mr. J. Kangley, of the seminary department, has again resumed his studies, which were interrupted on account of severe illness. We are glad to see that Mr. Kangley's stay of three weeks at the Mercy Hospital, Chicago, has restored him to good health.

Rev. J. Kelly, Gilman, Ill., called on his friends at the college in the early part of the month.

Rev. R. Morin, C. S. V., of the faculty of St. John Baptist's, Montreal, Canada, is visiting his confreres in the United States. Bro. Morin was the guest of Rev. C. Fournier, C. S. V., while visiting in Bourbonnais. At present he is staying with Rev. T. Dugas,

C. S. V., pastor at St. Mary's, Ill. We hope that the reverend brother's stay with us will be a pleasant one.

Rev. D. O'Dwyer, of Chebanse, Ill., was the guest of the president one day last month.

The college quartet sang at the entertainment given under the direction of Rev. H. Durkin, at Ludlow, Ill. The quartet also took part in the programme given by the members of St. Patrick's parish, at the armory, Kankakee, Ill., November 27th.

Rev. T. Dugas, C. S. V., pastor of St. Mary's church, St. Mary's Ill., recently visited his confreres and friends in Bourbonnais.

Rev. Father Levasseur, D. D., of L'Erable, Ill., was the guest of the faculty one day last month.

Mr. L. Finnegan, Lemont, Ill., one of our former students, was united in marriage to Miss Katherine Cooper, Kankakee, Ill. The Viatorian extends its heartiest congratulations to the young couple and wishes them a happy and prosperous future.

Rev. J. Lamarre, Notre Dame church, Chicago, was one of last month's pleasant callers.

Mr. J. Dimmer and Mr. M. Quinlan, both of Chicago, spent an enjoyable afternoon recently with their friends, Mr. P. Griffin and Mr. J. Lynn.

Mr. J. Carey, a former student, who at present is studying at the University of Illinois, made a short visit to the college in company with some of his university friends. Mr. Carey is following the literary course at the university. His friends here wish him success in his studies and a bright literary career.

We learned with sincere regret of the recent death of Mr. Labrie, the father of Rev. Father Labrie, Momence, Ill. The Viatorian, in behalf of the faculty and other friends of Father Labrie, extends to him heartfelt sympathy in his sorrow.

Rev. Father Jacobs, of Loda, Ill., called on friends at the college one day last month.

Rev. H. O'Gara McShane, pastor of the Annunciation church, Chicago, called on the president recently. We have many students in the classics and theology from Father McShane's parish. Needless to say, they were delighted to see their pastor.

Mr. T. Whalen, Loston, Ill., one of our former students, visited the college recently with his friend, Mr. Morris, also of Loston, Ill.

Mr. Whalen has since entered the married state. He has the best wishes of his many friends here, who desire to avail themselves of the present opportunity to congratulate him.

We were pleased to hear some time ago of the promotion of one of our worthy former students, Rev. J. Morrissey, to the pastorate of Highland Park, Ill. Through some oversight the Viatorian failed to congratulate Father Morrissey in any of the previous issues. Hence, at the eleventh hour we extend to the reverend father our sincere felicitations and express the hope that his efficient work in the ministry may be extended ad multos annos.

Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., will assist Rev. M. A. Dooling, of St. John's church, Clinton, Ill., on Christmas day.

Rev. E. L. Kivard, C. S. V., D. D., will assist Rev. C. McCabe, Otterbein, Ind., on Christmas day.

Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., will preach and celebrate mass on Christmas day at Chebanse, Ill.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the patronal feast of the church in America, was, in accordance with the custom now prevalent in all Catholic colleges in the United States, celebrated here in a very appropriate manner. During the novena, which was brought to a close by the reception of the Blessed Sacrament on the morning of the feast, several very instructive and practical sermons were preached by the Very Reverend President. It was very gratifying to see the lively devotion which the students manifested during the novena, and very edifying to see the large number who received at the community mass on the morning of the feast. Pontifical High Mass was sung at 8:30 o'clock by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Legris, D. D., assisted by Rev. J. F. Ryan as deacon and Rev. E. A. Kowalewski as sub-deacon. In the evening the students renewed their consecration to the Blessed Virgin and a sermon on the Immaculate Conception was preached by Father Marsile. Solemn Benediction brought the feast to a fitting close.

On the Feast of St. Cecilia, November 22, the students enjoyed a half holiday in honor of the patroness of music. On that afternoon

a banquet was served to the members of the choir and other musical organizations as a mark of appreciation of the generous manner in which they acquit themselves of their part in the different entertainments which are given during the year. In the evening a very enjoyable musical programme was rendered in the study hall before the students and faculty. Three quartets, representing the seminary, senior and junior departments, took part in the entertainment. The other numbers on the programme consisted of solos, instrumental and vocal, and piano selections. The appreciation manifested by the audience bespeaks a musical taste which has been influenced by what is noble and elevating in music; for, although the programme was varied by the introduction of some popular airs, yet it consisted chiefly of classical music. But besides the music of instrument and of song we had also the music of eloquence. And it is no exaggeration to say that the musical instrument was not half so responsive to the magic touch of the artist as were the hearts of his audience to the eloquent eulogy of music which was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Laberge. The originality displayed in his treatment of the subject, the exquisite taste manifested in the expression of his thoughts and, above all, his sublime conception of the power of music to raise mankind above the jarring discords of this sinful world, could not have sprung solely from his oratorical qualities, but must have had their source in his extensive knowledge and great love of the art which he so nobly eulogized. We would be pleased to adorn the pages of the Viatorian with this beautiful speech, but as it was extempore, we have to be content with this passing mention. The evening's entertainment was worthy of our musicians, and in return for the enjoyment which was shared by all, we wish to thank those who contributed to make the Feast of St. Cecilia a feast of music and song.

The Banking Association has been reorganized for the advanced students of the commercial course. The object of this association is to give our future business men a more thorough and practical knowledge of all that pertains to the successful management of a bank. The president, cashier, tellers and all the other officers necessary for a bank are appointed from the members of the graduating class. The management of the Students' College Bank is en-

tirely in the hands of the students, who are under the direct supervision of Rev. J. Leduc, C.S.V., who, besides the experience gained by a long term in the class room, has also had extensive practical experience in business affairs. The interest displayed by the commercial students in their efforts to acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of business shows that they are determined to avail themselves of the many commercial advantages which our country presents and to arm themselves for the strenuous competition which at the present day exist in the business world. At the last regular meeting of the board of directors, the following officers of this organization were elected:

Mr. James Hickey	President
Mr. E. J. Phelan	Vice-President
Mr. M. J. Hogan	Cashier
Mr. J. D. Dailey	Receiving Teller
Mr. A. Cyr	Paying Teller
Mr. C. Foley	General Bookkeeper
Mr. C. J. Bachand	Individual Bookkeeper
Mr. R. Mudd	Discount Clerk

FOOTBALL.

Lewis Institute, 6; St. Viateur's, 6.

The speedy and well trained Lewis Institute team lined up against our eleven October 25th, on the college grounds, and by their exceptionally fast play ing and splendid interference, succeeded in making a tie game of one which at the start looked like St. Viateur's in a walk. To our mind it was a game played as much on its merits as any of the season. The fast offensive play of the Lewis 11 proved as effective as the defensive and line plunging tactics of our team. Their physical condition was certainly far superior to ours, as was evident to all. Everything taken into consideration, however, we do not by any means concede Lewis the palm of superiority.

The prominent features of the game for St. Viateur's were, as usual, the fearful line-bucking and general play of Jones, the consistent ground gaining of Cosgrove and the superb defensive work

of Wall, who frequently broke through the line and threw the man for a loss. For Lewis, the playing of Craig at full and Meade at tackle was always conspicuous, while Thompson, at quarter, proved to be a fast, steady man.

The game was in progress but three minutes when Cosgrove went over for a touchdown for St. Viateur's, whereas Lewis found it impossible to score until the last few minutes of play, but then they did it with comparative ease.

St. Viateur's.	Positions.	Lewis
Cleary	R. E.	Marshall
Hickey	R. T.	Meade
McDonald	R. G.	Taylor
Hayden	C.	Simker
Curran	L. G.	McNulty
Wall	L. T.	Walsh
Smith	L. E.	Garrey
Maher	Q.	Thompson
Cosgrove	R. H. B.	Kramer
Holland	F. B.	Craig
Jones.....	L. H. B.	Jennings

Summaries—Touchdowns: Craig and Cosgrove. Goals: Craig and McDonald. Officials: Armstrong and DeGroat. Linemen: O'Connell and Hulswitt. Time of halves: 20 minutes.

Chicago Dental College, 6; St. Viateur's, 6.

The fifteenth of November, '02, will always be a red-letter day in our college football history, for on that date the pugilistic eleven of the Chicago Dental College came down to wipe up the gridiron with our team, by means fair or foul, and, although they outweighed us fifteen pounds to the man, failed to realize their expectations. Such a conceited, boasting, scrappy lot of players have never disgraced our campus within the memory of the writer. They were the worst bunch of sluggers and kickers our fellows have ever yet tackled. One would imagine that John L. Sullivan and James Corbett had something to do with the coaching department of this dental team, and that Robert Fitzsimmons and J. J. Jeffries supervised their training. Unfortunately, the dentals have mistaken their athletic abilities, for we are sure they would be far more successful in the fistic arena than they are when they pose as gentlemanly college football players.

Seventeen strong, the Dental College squad appeared on the

field about 2:15, and immediately their conceit was in evidence, from the fact that they laughed at the appearance of our younger and lighter players, and hinted at the overwhelming defeat that was in store for our men. You can imagine then their surprise and utter disappointment when a half hour later, the game having begun, St. Viateur's kicked off to them and proceeded at once to take the ball away from their opponents by holding them for downs on their own fifteen yard line, not allowing them to advance the ball an inch. But their great surprise turned to breathless amazement when our lightweight athletes began to sweep them aside, and, in four minutes' play succeeded in making a touchdown and kicking goal.

This so infuriated the Dentals that their protestations to every decision, their slugging and all-around mean playing became the disgusting features of a game in which both elevens scored but once, St. Viateur's with comparative ease, by virtue of Jones', Cosgrove's, McDonald's and Wall's magnificent efforts; the Dentals, with great difficulty, after many minutes of play.

St. Viateur's.	Positions.	Dentals.
Caarey	R. E.	Jones
Hickey	R. T.	Scott
McDonald	R. G.	Sullivan
Hayden	C.	Carson
Quirk	L. G.	Butler
Mudd	L. T.	Smith
Wall	L. E.	Painter
Maher	Q.	Jeffries
Cosgrove	R. H. B.	Patterson
Holland	F. B.	Johnson
Jones.....	L. H. B.	Baird

Summaries—Touchdowns: Jones and Patterson. Goals: McDonald and Baird. Officials: Reihards and Cleary. Linesmen: O'Connell and Conroy. Time of halves: 15 minutes.

St. Vincent's, 12; St. Viateur's Reserves, 0.

The last gridiron struggle of the season took place in Chicago on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, when an eleven from the college lined up against the speedy and well trained aggregation of football players representing St. Vincent's. The outcome of the contest resulted in a decided victory for the Chicago boys, whose fast, tricky playing was entirely too much for St. Viateur's. But we would like everybody to know, and especially our St. Vincent

friends, that the Viatorian eleven which met defeat on that occasion was not our representative college eleven. We do not wish to detract anything from St. Vincent's glorious victory; on the contrary, we are the first to give them the honor and praise which their grand playing merits. However, lest a too unfavorable and untrue view of our athletic standing be taken, we desire to remind all, students, alumni and friends, that "**our college team**" did not meet defeat at the hands of St. Vincent. It is true there were three or four regulars on that vanquished eleven, but there were also in it at least seven from the second and third teams, and, therefore, we feel justified in calling it the second eleven.

The game was called about 10:30 and played on a field covered with mud and snow, ankle deep. St. Viateur's chose to defend the north goal, St. Vincent's getting the oval. By a series of mass-on-tackle plays, together with end runs, in which fine interference was never wanting, the Chicago boys succeeding in scoring and kicking goal in about ten minutes of play, and duplicated the feat about eight minutes afterward. St. Viateur's, having held their opponents for downs, were rushing the ball goalward when time was called for the first half. In the second half neither side came within striking distance of the other's goal, the play being mostly in the middle of the field.

Cosgrove, Carey and Cleary were easily the stars for St. Viateur's, McGillan, Griffin and Klein sharing the honors for St. Vincent's.

St. Viateur's.	Positions.	St. Vincent's.
Cleary	R. E.	Vuss
Hickey	R. T.	Klein
Burke	R. G.	O'Brien
Hayden	C.	Duffy
Mudd	L. G.	O'Brien
Holland	L. T.	Klein
Wall	L. E.	Griffin
Maher	Q. B.	McGillan
Cosgrove	R. H. B.	Donovan
Martin	T. B.	Burke
Carey	L. H. B.	Laughlin

Summaries—Touchdowns: Burke and Griffin. Goals: Griffin, two. Officials: Cannon and Herbert. Linesmen: O'Connell and O'Brien. Time of halves: 25 minutes, W. J. MAHER,