

THE VIATORIAN.

PAC ET SPERA.

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TO THE SHAMROCK.

Hail, dear little Shamrock,
Fair Erin's own emblem!
To me thou hast come
'Cross the wild raging sea,
To gladden my poor heart
So lone and dejected,
Far away from the land
Where I gladly would be.

Fair, calm, lovely visions,
And sweet recollections
Of home and of dear ones
I've left far behind;
The valleys and green hills
I've roamed o'er in boyhood;
All these and much more
Do you bring to my mind.

Ah! would I could ever
With thee in old Ireland
Pass sweetly the days
Of my exile on earth;
Enjoying her beauties,
Reflections of heaven,
And glad'ning my heart
With her innocent mirth.

And oft I remember,
How on this fair morning—
St. Patrick's own,
God bless it thrice o'er—
I raised thee up gently
And blessed thee and kissed thee,
My dear little Shamrock
From Erin's loved shore.

But no! for the good God
Who loveth old Ireland,
Hath wished that away
From her shores I should go,
To labor and toil
In this new land of freedom;
And o'er its broad fields
Erin's strong faith to sow.

So I'll try to be happy
With thee my poor Shamrock;
And I'll brighten thy green
With a tear from mine eye,
And I'll pray the good Saviour
My king and my master,
One glimpse of old Ireland
May grant e'er I die.

M. J. M

THE MADONNA IN DANTE.

Ever since the advent of Christ and the diffusion of His doctrines through the world it has been the ambition of poet and sage, artist and warrior, to lay the tribute of his genius at the shrine of the most beautiful of the children of men, the wise, the heroic, the meek and just Nazarene, the Man God.

In Him all humanity is ransomed. In Him manhood is specially honored. But while they look upon Christ glorifying manhood, scholars and artists have not been so blinded by the dazzling brightness of the "Light of the World" as not to descry very near Him His mother, Mary, who gave Him to the world, who is thereby exalted above every other creature, Mary, in whom all womanhood is enobled and consecrated.

How miraculously blended in this favored daughter of Eve are those two proudest attributes of womanhood, virginity and maternity! Where else could the poet and artist look for a more perfect model, a more inspiring ideal?

Be it to the everlasting credit and glory of those creators of the splendid world of art, to have thus faithfully caught the clear lines of the Divine hand in Mary, and to have given to the world a Mary who lives in marble, breathes through the painted canvas, and who speaks from printed pages. Thus have they kept her before the womanhood of all times as the most perfect type of all womanly virtues.

How much and how excellently they have wrought all the world knows. Travel through Europe and the Catholic countries of America; in every city and village, the statue or picture of Mary is found adorning public places and from some lofty pillars guarding the citizens as a protecting deity. Splendid basilicas are raised to her honor; the humblest hamlet has its chapel of Mary, and through the country are scattered her wayside shrines as so many resting-places of the soul.

The monasteries, the churches, and the art galleries, those repositories where are treasured up the highest achievements of genius, reveal to the astonished beholder the modest Annunciations of Fra Angelico, the angelic Assumption of Murillo, the tenderly maternal Madonnas of Raphael and countless such triumphs of Mary in art as are the despair of modern artists.

Even the Catacombs, after twenty silent centuries, proclaim most unmistakably how early Christian artists honored the mother of Christ.

And have not poets too celebrated her in song? Did not regal pope and humble monk write hymns to the virgin mother? Have not the saints and scholars enriched the liturgy of the church with most sweet and edifying canticles to the Queen of Angels? Byron himself could not resist the inspiration there is in her very name. Listen to his song:

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer;
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love;
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy son's above.
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair,
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty Dove.

No wonder that the great Catholic poet of the Catholic middle ages should introduce in his immortal song and glorify for all ages to come that most perfect woman the Virgin Mother of Christ. No wonder that he has represented her to us such as his Christian fervor prompted him and as we too love to contemplate her. He has then made her gracious, kindly, benign, clement, humble, yet queenly, virginal in her spotless purity and loving and lovable as mothers alone can be.

Let us follow him throughout his journeyings in the spirit world and catch a few glimpses of Mary, such as the poetic soul of Dante saw her. We shall hear the sweet music of his lyre as he sings praises and invocations to her, and hails the Morning Star, the Mystic Rose, the Mother of God, the Sorrowing Mother, the Comfort of the Afflicted and the Help of Christians, and crowns this fairest of all creatures with a rich litany of the most endearing titles. We shall see that in his most explicit and frequent presentations of Mary the poet paints her as the heavenly source of help and favor, as Virgin Mother of Christ and as Queen of Heaven, now enjoying amidst the acclamations of the angels and saints the reward of her humility.

You are already familiar with the solicitude she manifested for Dante's safety when as Virgil relates in the opening canto of the *Inferno* the wandering poet had strayed into a dark forest that was alive with dangerous wild beasts; when in other words this weak man was surrounded by lust, ambition, and avarice! Behold Mary from high heaven bending looks of tender compassion upon this erring mortal. Mary representing Divine Clemency sends to his rescue Illuminating Grace (St. Lucy), Divine Science (Beatrice), and Human Wisdom (Virgil). How eloquently the poet speaks of her. Listen to Virgil, who in order to encourage Dante to pursue his journey, tells him that three heavenly

maidens are sending him assistance. For of Mary's kindness and singular power Beatrice had spoken thus to Virgil:

In high heaven a blessed dame
Resides who mourns with such effectual grief
That hindrance which I send thee to remove
That God's stern judgment to her will inclines.

It was beyond doubt Dante's set purpose to glorify Beatrice as no other poet even had glorified a mere woman, but in executing his chief purpose he exalts Mary supremely above Beatrice.

Had Dante told us nothing more of Mary than this: "God's stern judgment to her will inclines," it had been sufficient to establish the high role Mary plays in the salvation of mankind. See how Dante's despondency vanishes by the assurance of the succor he would receive from this trinity of heavenly maidens, Mary, Lucia, and Beatrice! And were not his hopes realized? How successfully he passes through the dread realm of the damned! How gratefully he acknowledges the gracious help of this blessed dame who mourns with such effectual grief the hindrance and trials of weak mortals that she inclines God's stern judgment to her own will.

Follow the poet through purgatory, ascend with him into paradise and see how often he recounts Mary's solicitude for us erring mortals, painting her as the dispenser of the divine mercies, extolling her as mother of God and enthroning her as Queen of Angels.

On his entrance to the purgatorial region he was accosted by Sordello who held converse with him; but as Sordello is conducting poets across the vale, Dante, surprised at the imploring legions of spirits, beheld two green-clad angels of hope descend whose brightness for mortal eye was too much.

"From Mary's bosom both are come," exclaimed Sordello, "as a guard over the vale 'gainst him who hither tends, the serpent." * * *

Through all the vicissitudes of his journeying she never failed to succor him with a fond care that surpasses all human expectation. The angels stationed themselves to guard the pass during his pilgrimage in the vale, that led to the hill of purgatory.

Even in purgatory the innumerable souls whom Dante passed, with one accord sang out the invocation: "Blessed Mary! pray for us!" These holy, but needy, souls recall with praise her gracious intervention at the wedding feast of Cana when she in-

estimated to Jesus "they have no wine;" and how yielding to her solicitations He wrought His first miracle. How potent, then, is she to succor those who are in need! They, too, poor souls, thirst for the wine of Divine mercy.

Dante continues his upward course and is surrounded by spirits wondering at his substantial form and they ask how he came without yet being entered into the inextricable toils of death to their abode. They pressed on every side and marveled how the sun was broken on the earth wherever he moved. He no longer holds them in suspense, but explains that he has found favor with one in heaven, who with light divine has piloted him across the stygian pool and guarded him in the vale against the serpent, leading to purgatory and continues still to guard him through the countless difficulties that strew his path.

There is a dame on high who wins for us
This grace by which my mortal through your realm I bear.

This gracious lady is none else than Mary.

We do not lack examples throughout the entire poem of the efficacy of Mary's intercessions, and the millions of suffering souls in purgatory sufficiently attest this. One invocation to Mary is sufficient to insure our salvation.

Among the many Dante met in purgatory was Buonconti, who, in the heat of battle, was pierced in the throat, and fled, bloodying the plains until speech and sight availed not, and he died with Mary's name upon his lips. God's angel took his soul and left the body to satan. The devil being cheated of his valued prize wreaked vengeance on the body, roughly handled the useless freight, and threw it into the river Arno. Buonconti had led a very reckless life, yet Mary's name on his lips, as the soul winged its flight from the body, saved him from eternal perdition.

To bring more vividly before the mind of the reader the maternal tenderness of Mary, he artfully relates that touching episode, the finding of the Child in the temple. In an ecstatic vision the poet beholds

A dame whose sweet demeanor did express
A mother's love, who said, "Child! why hast
Thou dealt with us thus? Behold thy sire and I
Sorrowing have sought thee."

Can man conceive a more beautiful and endearing spectacle than the poet here brings to our mind? Mark the sweetness of the reproof of the Virgin Mother! What infinite concern she manifests for the Child Jesus! What motherly tenderness she

displays! What a noble lesson she teaches! What inspiring thoughts she enkindles, which should find a responsive chord in the heart of all mothers!

Even thus does Mary love also her adopted children. Throughout his wanderings, Dante shows us the solicitude Mary has for those in need as the kindest and most loving of mothers. She watched over Him with tenderest care in the most perilous moments in having two heavenly messengers guard Him when danger surrounded Him, and when in the gloomy recesses of purgatory, when that horrid darkness overspread the murky atmosphere, and even the shade of Virgil could render him no assistance, Mary's maternal love pierced the darkness and illumined His path with the dazzling splendor of the noonday sun. But the idea of her divine maternity often recurs. While Beatrice conducts Dante to heaven he is overpowered by her beauty. She chides him for admiring her:

"Why doth my face," said Beatrice, "thus
Enamor thee as that thou dost not turn
Unto the beautiful garden blossoming
Beneath the rays of Christ? Here is the rose
Wherein the Word Divine was made Incarnate."

Noble testimony of woman in behalf of a greater woman!

She is the fair Rose exhaling the odor of His Divine Essence in which all who breathe shall be preserved from eternal death. Her countenance is lit by the rays of hope and her attitude bespeaks to all maternal affection and virginal sweetness. If Dante is so captivated by Beatrice's enchanting beauty, what must Mary's be, adorned by the two-fold gem of virginity and maternity?

The dignity and power of Mary in heaven, Dante also unveils, exhibiting to us the Mother in synod high with the Son, holding the proud place of Mother in the heavenly household. Dante imploringly beseeches us in his contemplation of Mary:

Now raise thy view
Unto the visage most resembling Christ,
For in her splendor only shalt thou win
The power to look on Him.

Here Dante teaches that through Mary alone shall we obtain the power to look upon the Divine Being and enjoy the beatific vision. St. Bernard supplicates Mary that Dante may behold His Divine Majesty. This is granted. Harken to a few words of this inimitable prayer to the Divine Mother:

O, Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son!
 Enobler of thy nature so advanced
 In thee, that its great maker did not scorn
 To make himself his own creation;
 Here thou to us of charity and love
 Art a noonday torch and art, beneath,
 To mortal men of hope a living spring.

* * * * *

Not only him, who asks,
 Thy bounty succors; but doth freely oft
 Forerun the asking. Whatsoever may be
 Of excellence in creatures, pity mild,
 Relenting mercy, large munificence
 Are all contained in thee.

Again and again we are made to behold Mary in heaven garbed in the raiment of celestial royalty and encircled with innumerable bands of holy virgins, whilst soaring aloft myriads of angels chant:

Long as the joys of paradise shall last
 Our love shall shine around that raiment bright.

The holy virgins in response take up the strain and echo Mary's name with a fervor that never had entered into the heart of man. Behold the Virgin Queen enthroned beside the One she bore, while the countless bands of saints and angels vie with each other in showing her honor and bask in her queenly grace. As the gentle violet and fair lily, after being suffused with the dews of heaven, open out their petals to the warm rays of the morning sun, so do the wavy summits of the angels and all the fervent band through zealous love for Mary.

Now they halt as each and all have caught the harmony of the strain and *Regina Coeli* sing:

At their glee
 And carol, smiles the lovely one of heaven
 That joy is in the eyes of all the blest.

Truly, then, may we say that Dante has done in verse what artists have done with the brush and chisel; he has presented the world a type of womanhood so perfect that a contemplation of it is a perennial source of consolation and delight. Had Dante done nothing else than paint for us his charming trinity of heavenly maidens—Mary, Lucia, and Beatrice—he would have deserved well of the ages, and especially of our modern age, which needs to have set before its eyes such winsome types of true, grand, beautiful, tender, modest, and pure womanhood.

M. J. BRENNAN, 1900.

THE CONVERT.

To those who never seek stronger mental food than a sensational story and who congratulate themselves on their severe intellectual pursuits when they have succeeded in reading the more exciting portions of four or five of Crawford's novels, a book like Brownson's, "The Convert," will be wholly uninteresting; but for those who feel delight in following, step by step, the development of a great mind, and in beholding the powerful efforts and heroic sacrifices a noble soul is capable of making for the sake of truth, I know of few books more fascinating.

But this little volume is valuable, not only because it unfolds to us the inner workings of a powerful intellect and clearly reveals the strong, fearless character of the writer, but also because of the information it gives of many of the most noted men and women of the times. There were few remarkable men from the last half of the eighteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth, whom Brownson did not know intimately, either personally or through their works. He had not only read their writings, but mastered their principles. His estimate of these men; of their powers and shortcomings and his clear analysis of the influence they exercised upon the thought of their time and on his own mind, is both interesting and instructive. So clearly, so forcibly and so perfectly does he unfold the character, the philosophy, the worth and defects of those who cross his path that we feel a personal interest in the men and have at least a speaking acquaintance with them. Brownson's wonderful power of analysis and his masterly faculty of condensation enables him to go to the heart of a subject, extract from it the substance and present it to the mind at a single glance. Thus in the space of a paragraph he often gives a truer, more complete view of a man and his work than a less gifted writer could give in many pages.

It would be difficult to find a more comprehensive exposition of the philosophy of Cousin, or a more masterly refutation of the many false principles contained in his system, than Brownson has given in the space of a few pages, and all this, not in the dry, formless phraseology of technical philosophy, but in a rich, full, harmonious luminous style, not unworthy of the acknowledged masters of the language. He has all the dignity, stately grandeur and harmony of construction which we find in Webster, with a massiveness of thought, keenness of penetra-

tion, depth of reasoning and exhaustless power not to be found in Webster or perhaps in any other American writer.

One who has never been disciplined in the severe school of intellectual philosophy, and who, consequently, usually finds himself ill at ease in following the subtle reasoning of philosophical disputation, feels both surprise and pleasure on finding with what facility he understands an abstruse demonstration, when unfolded by the vigorous pen of Brownson. It is precisely in this that the vast, intellectual power of Brownson most clearly reveals itself. A man of ordinary attainments, who has mastered a few of the first principles of the science of philosophy and familiarized himself with many of its technical terms, may, perhaps, succeed in making himself fairly well understood by his fellow philosopher, but it is only the perfect master of the whole science who can infuse life into the dry forms of philosophy; bring them home to the understanding of the ordinary mind; apply them to the solution of practical issues, and clothe them in the pleasing garb of literary beauty.

What most strongly impresses itself upon us, however, in reading "The Convert," is not so much the splendid mental endowments of the writer, as the evidence it gives us of the man's grand, rugged, lion-like character. Here, we feel instinctively, was a man who dared to be in word and deed what he was in belief, despite the privations and sufferings it might cause. Here was no time server, who first carefully weighs what will be thought of him and what advantage he may gain or what inconvenience he may suffer before doing what his conscience and his reason tell him is right and necessary for him to do, but a man who fearlessly follows the path which duty points out to him, though he must pass through the fire of suffering and poverty and forego the applause of men and the triumph to which his genius entitles him. There is about the man a dignity, an intense earnestness and a royal scorn of anything that in the slightest degree savors of meanness or falsehood, that must win the respect of every reader, even though he may not agree with the author's conclusions. He lays down his own invariable rule of conduct in the following earnest and eloquent words: "Prudence is a virtue, and rashness is a sin, but my own reason and experience have taught me that truth is a far more trustworthy support than the best devised scheme of human policy. Honesty is the best policy. Be honest with thyself, be honest with the world, be true to thy convictions, be faithful to what truth thou hast, be it ever so little, and never dream of supply-

ing its defect with thy astuteness or craft. Certainly be so, if thou believest in a God who is truth itself, and with whom it is impossible to lie. Fear not for thy cause, if thou believest it his cause, for it must stand and prosper in his wisdom and power, not in thy human sagacity, thy human prudence, thy human policy. Throw thyself heart and soul on his truth, it will sustain thee; if not, be contented to fail. It is comparatively easy to know what is true, what is virtuous; but what, aside from fidelity to truth and virtue, is wise policy, or genuine prudence, surpasses the wit of man to say. What men most lack is principle, is the feeling that they should be true to the right; and that to be manly, is to be ready to follow the truth under whatever guise it may come, to whatever it may lead, to the loss of reputation, to poverty, to beggary, to the dungeon or the scaffold, to the stake or exile."

Brownson certainly had his faults. What man is without them? But he was never disloyal to his principles, or feared to own his honest convictions, however unpopular they might be, or however disagreeable they might be to his readers or hearers. He had Carlyle's intense hatred of shams and quibbles, and half avowals of truth with large allowances made for the sake of one's personal opinions. That mental dishonesty which stops short half way, and whilst it continues to hold the principles refuses to accept their necessary conclusions, was Brownson's abomination. "Truth," he says, "has always been dearer to me than my own opinion."

If greatness of mind, strength of character, truth, honor, virtue and sterling manhood be the qualities that entitle a man to the love and veneration of his fellow men, then I know of no American more worthy of the love, esteem and admiration of those who reverence these qualities wherever they find them than Brownson.

W. J. COSTIGAN.

SHAKESPEARE ON MERCY.

“Blessed are the merciful.”

That quality, which receives the sanction of God and the approval of men, must appeal strongly to the mind of the poet, and animate him to speak words of admiration for its glorious effects. Mercy must be considered as a great virtue, for it is through it man pardons the offenses of his neighbors and subdues those passions which would otherwise cause great ruin to mankind. No wonder, then, that the poets throughout all times, who were fully conscious of the moral value of virtue, are always speaking of its magnificent charms and using its influence to soften hearts and assuage the passions of their readers. Indeed, all bards are unanimous in declaring its praise; but in no one is its grandeur more evident than in him who knew so well the workings of human love and hatred, namely: our own immortal Shakespeare.

Portia's beautiful plea for mercy is something never yet surpassed. When all other measures had failed to allay the fierce desire of revenge aroused in Shylock, who was led on ever farther and farther by blind fanaticism, Portia, as a last hope, seeks to gain the acquittal of her husband's friend by a strong plea for mercy, and in words capable of moving the most hardened of hearts, addresses him thus:

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain of heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed:
It blesses him that gives and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The monarch better than his crown.

How grand and noble are these sentiments, even when we forget the painful circumstances under which they were delivered.

It is true, mercy is something upon which we all rely. Where is the man who, after reviewing all the acts of his life, is bold enough to challenge the rigorous measure, which justice, untempered by mercy, metes out to all?

How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips.

M. M., Act II, Scene 2.

Mercy is something we are always expecting from others even for our most heinous crimes. Why, then, should we not be always willing to grant it to others? Still in so doing we must proceed with discretion. For as the poet wisely warns us:

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be winked at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested
Appear before us. *Henry V, Act II, Scene 2.*

Justice assures to every man his just dues. Yet, while we are in pursuit of claims to which we have a just right, we should always consider their utility to us compared to the inconvenience which they may cause others. And it will happen very frequently that we should forego our very rights, because their attainment may be of small consequence to us, whilst their possession is often of the utmost importance to the one from whom we so rigorously exact the very last farthing.

Shakespeare with his profound knowledge of human infirmity perceived this and says:

Though justice be thy plea consider this—
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer does teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. *M. V., Act IV, Scene I.*

Again what is it that prompts so many rulers to follow such an obnoxious course? Is it not under the plea of justice? Great indeed are the hardships these remorseless men cause to their subjects upon whom they exercise the most fanatical whims that like the hot simoon sweeps o'er and parches the heart of man. Such an afflicted people are daily crying out in these words:

O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength,
But is tyrannous to use it like a giant.
Measure for Measure, Act II, Scene 4.

Mercy like all other good qualities is subject to abuse. By the relaxation of justice the drunkard, the thief, or even the murderer, upon being granted mercy too freely, are induced to believe that their crimes are not so offensive to nature as they first believed they were, and no sooner have they regained their liberty but they commit new and more atrocious crimes. For:

Nothing so enboldens sin as mercy. *T. of A., Act III, Scene 5.*

However from this we must not be in haste to conclude that justice and mercy are opposed to each other. Certainly mercy should stand out foremost in each man, still justice has its place and its demands must be acceded to even if it necessitates bitter and painful sacrifices.

The manner in which Shakespeare treats of divine mercy is something admirable, and reveals the fact that he was deeply impressed with the truths of Christianity. His works show how keenly he felt for the afflictions of other men. He insists on mercy from man to man because each is weak and needs the other's help, and no one could afford to be merciless when all should suffer from strict justice. He also points out the abuses that arise from too great leniency, for man, being human, is always eagerly seeking an opportunity to promote his own welfare, and in pursuit of this end even goes so far as to take advantage of his benefactor.

D. B. HAYDEN, 1900.



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EDITORIAL.

THE VALUE OF ADVICE.

Advice is worth money, and this ought to make it precious in the eyes of American youth. Yes, even so! I was going to write "particularly precious" and to underline "American." I must be some dyspeptic foreigner? Neither. I am an American of Americans, and I simply agree with such grave statesmen and churchmen, staunch Americans too, as Congressman Dolliver and Bishop Spalding, who declare, nay deplore, that the love of money is our most marked national trait, our national vice, a national madness. It stands, therefore, that Americans love money, and as a rule excessively. Now money is in itself a good thing, an excellent thing, and that is no doubt the reason why those who have it not desire it, and those who have it cling to it. The wrong is not with the money itself, but in the dishonest means of acquiring it, or the inordinate attachment to it when obtained. Now those who are willing to let orators orate and whose motto remains "My country, *i. e.* money, right or wrong," ought to appreciate that which is a means to the end which, according to the national standard of valuation is *the* thing to be sought after. But advice, I say, leads to wealth and is, in so far, precious. This is the head and front of my offendings. But now let us simply take it that money is a great, nay an indispensable, factor in the life of a commercial people such as we are; that commerce is a lawful and even blessed avocation; that even Americans, lots of them and the best of them, can and do achieve success and build up honest fortunes which enable them and their families to live the highest kind of cultured and good lives. Surely the ease, the opportunities for self-improvement and social betterment and elevation, afforded by the possession of large means, are goods devoutly to be

wished, and the acquisition of them by no means implies dishonesty. The self-taught who thus reap financial success have followed the clear dictates of common sense and experience. But the college man, full of theory but without practical experience, will always have to rely upon the advice of his betters. He will do well to recall the useful hints received during his college years. Presidents and professors are men of age and experience, whose richest store is their wisdom. From this store they dispense to us lavishly those pearls of advice which it is our duty to gather and precious to treasure up. Often do we welcome in our midst a classmate of a few years ago and gladly noting the cheerful air that beams upon his countenance and the glad news he brings of success in his ventures, we ask him what has been the secret of his good fortune, and he tells us something like this: "Many things go to make up success, but not the least among them is the advice you remember the reverend president gave us in the evening conferences. He would enjoin upon us to be punctual, to be attentive, respectful, honest, and he would repeat 'honest;' to be moderate in our expenses to avoid drink and illicit pleasures, which are the ruin of all chances and of the least shred of character. To those and such oft-reiterated solid advices I owe in great part my success." From which we would infer that to follow a good advice is to be on the high road to what is considered good fortune, and from this we can conclude that the advice we receive is indeed very valuable coin.

And not only will advice help us to acquire what we lawfully desire, it will help us to preserve that which we have and which is infinitely more precious than dollars and cents, viz.: our health and good name. A fat purse were but a useless burden to a man without health and without honor. As there is question here of but temporal goods, temporal aims, worldly success and happiness, we may take Aristotle's word for it that a man cannot be happy who is not normally healthy and has no friends. The advice we receive here is such as to insure the longest duration of these inestimable goods that nature and honorable parents have bequeathed to us—sound health and unblemished names. Nothing is sadder than the news that some one familiar to us has disgraced himself. What is it gathers the students of a morning into small groups with sullen, down-cast faces? This: "Jim is not coming back; he is expelled. He went and made a fool of himself; scorning the pledges most solemnly

taken he—well, he, in his own delirium, closed the doors of the college against himself, and with disfigured countenance and a bad breath, returns to his dishonored and disheartened parents. Too bad. He was a fine fellow in many ways." This is the story of not a few. They are only the less to be pitied because the more to be condemned and they are the more rightly condemned because they knew better; because, knowing better, they were armed for conquests and have reaped defeat. Educational institutions are largely dictionaries of maxims; they are voices that utter to inexperienced youth helpful counsel, salutary warning; counsel that will guide in the right and give strength to achieve it; warning that will show where danger lurks, help us to avoid it, or forearm us for its inevitable encounter. Wise is the student who treasures up in his soul during his college years a goodly fund of precious advice.

"PRESIDENT ELLIOT AND JESUIT COLLEGES."

We have received a little pamphlet with the above title, written in refutation of certain strictures made by President Elliot, of Harvard, upon the Jesuit system of education. If Father Brosnahan and President Elliot may be taken as representatives of the different systems they advocate, it cannot be difficult to decide which is superior. Father Brosnahan's defense is as much superior to the attack of President Elliot as well established facts, undeniable principles and clear, logical deductions are to bold, unfounded, general assertion.

We will not attempt to give a summary of Father Brosnahan's arguments, because we feel confident that most, if not all, of our readers, have read the whole pamphlet. President Elliot owes it to himself to give this article a suitable reply, or that failing, to make an apology to the Jesuits for his misrepresentation of their method of education. But we are not simple enough to believe that he will do either. Not the former, first, because he can afford to ignore the Jesuit's defense, and secondly, because he cannot reply without making still more apparent the glaring defects, not to say the absurdity, of the system for which he contends. He will not do the latter, because men who make such unfounded statements as he has made in his article in *The Atlantic Monthly* are not the men to frankly acknowledge their mistakes.

Methods of education have become somewhat of a fad in our day, and they undergo almost as frequent changes as the styles

of neckties or shoes. To hear one of these frothy faddists talk, you would imagine he had discovered some infallible method of turning every blockhead that goes to a college or university mainly for the sake of the sports, into a profound thinker and finished scholar. We do not mean to say that a consistent, sensible method of education has no value, but it would not be farther from the truth to say that method amounts to nothing than to pretend that it is everything.

Method must finally resolve itself into efficiency and wise direction on the part of the instructor, and persevering effort on the part of the student. And of the two elements the latter is by far the most important. There is much truth in the contention of Dr. Mathews—"The best part of a man's education is self-education." Why, then, this eternal croaking about modern methods? A method should be judged by the effects it produces upon those who follow it. It is rather difficult to see wherein the scholars of the present day surpass those of a few generations or a few centuries ago, notwithstanding all the loud talk about modern methods.

PERSONAL.

Very Rev. Dr. Corcoran C.S.V., who has been spending some time in this country, visiting the different houses of the community in the United States and Canada, has been doing pastoral duty at St. George, Ill., replacing Rev. Father Choninard, C.S.V., who took a month's vacation, visiting his friends in Canada.

Mr. Ed. Downing, an old student, recently graduated from Northwestern University, visited the Reverend President one day last month. Mr. Downing, whose specialty is the treatment of the eyes, has opened his office at Pontiac, Ill. THE VIATORIAN wishes him a prosperous career in his profession.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that Rev. Father Bourget has been stationed at St. Rose's Church, Kankakee, Ill., to assist Rev. A. Granger. We congratulate the reverend gentleman.

We were pleased to learn that our old friend, C. T. Knisely, has been commissioned by his firm to establish a branch of the U. S. refrigerating and ice making plant at Manila, in the

Philippine Islands. Mr. Knisely is a young man, and it speaks volumes for his ability and the entire confidence reposed in him by his firm, that he has been selected for this important and responsible position.

A fine statute of St. Anthony, of Padua, together with a beautiful polished oak pedestal, has been donated to the college chapel by Miss M. A. Moody of Chicago. The pedestal will be blessed and placed in position upon the return of our former colonel, Mr. F. A. Moody, who is at present accompanying his sisters on a tour through southern California, New Mexico, Colorado, and other resorts for tourists in the west.

We were very sorry to hear that Rev. Father Lesage, '84, of St. Joseph's Church, Brighton Park, Ill., has been compelled to give up his pastoral duties, at least for a time, owing to ill health. Father Lesage has left as monuments of his zeal a splendid church, school, and pastoral residence. He has just returned from a trip through Mexico and part of South America which he made in company with Father Bergeron.

Mr. Armand Granger, '96, a graduate of the Chicago Law School, has been admitted as a partner into the law firm of A. & A. Granger, Kankakee, Ill. We congratulate our old friend upon his good fortune and his bright prospects for the future. That Mr. Granger will prove himself an able member of the profession we have not the slightest doubt.

Rev. T. E. Kelly, an *alumnus* of the college, and at present stationed at St. Elizabeth's church, Chicago, called on the Reverend President recently, and spent a pleasant afternoon renewing old acquaintances.

At a play recently given by the Literary and Dramatic Society of Kankakee, we noticed with pride that several of our erstwhile tragedians who were wont to grace the college stage in days of yore, had many of the leading roles and performed them in a manner worthy of their reputation at *alma mater*. But this, of course, was no more than was to be expected from the stalwart sons of St. Viateur, who never disappoint the expectations of their audience. The following gentlemen took part in the program: Mr. T. Legris, '96; Mr. H. Ruel, '96; Mr. A. Granger, '96; Mr. J. Granger, '99; Mr. J. Rondy.

Rev. Father Bolman, an old student, has recently returned from a trip through Texas, California, and several of the other

southern and western states. Whilst *en route* he wrote the reverend president several glowing accounts of his travels. Father Bolman has returned to his parish at Sag Bridge, Ill., much improved in health.

The Rev. W. Donovan has so far recovered from his severe illness that he has been able to resume his pastoral duties at Ramona, S.D. During his sickness he was replaced by Rev. Father Letellier, of the college.

The Rev. F. Perry, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, visited his *alma mater* last month as the guest of the Reverend President.

The Rev. J. O'Callaghan paid a flying visit to the college recently. During his short stay he made arrangements with the Reverend President for the preaching of a mission to his parishioners at Butte City, Mont.

The Revs. J. Berg, Remington, Ind.; C. A. Ganzer, Kentland, Ind., and P. J. Weber, Earl Park, Ind., were welcome callers at the college during the past month.

We hear with pleasure that our old *alumnus*, Mr. John M. Cleary, has received the Democratic nomination for mayor of Kansas City, Mo. From an article appearing in the *Kansas City Independent* we clip the following comment: "He has ability, energy, and a good reputation. He ranks high in the legal profession, and was a prominent figure in the state legislature, where he made himself felt." We wish him success.

EXCHANGES.

The Converse Concept of January contains two critical essays on Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," in both of which Queen Elizabeth is eulogized as a model of gentleness and purity. It is said that under her rule "religion was free from persecution," and again, "The purity of the English women was a noteworthy fact in that day and time," from which we are to infer, of course, that this was due to the benign and chastening influence of her who is ironically called the "Virgin Queen." As the writers, doubtless, are quite sincere in their views, we shall try to enlighten them a little as to the true character of "Good Queen Bess." Camden thus describes the kind of religious freedom which flourished under her: "Sacrilegious avarice ravenously invaded

places dedicated to the poor. * * * England seemed to be in a downright frenzy." And Burnet, partial though he is to Elizabeth and her times, says: "The gross and insatiable scramble after the wealth that had been dedicated to good designs made all people conclude that it was for robbery and not for reformation that their zeal made them so active. * * * The people began to look on all the changes that had been made as an attempt to let in an inundation of vice and wickedness." In order to show to greater advantage the character of this woman who was so "pure" and such a lover of freedom of conscience, it is enough to state that her own parliament, with her sanction, passed an act whereby it was made lawful for any natural heir to which she might give birth to succeed her on the English throne. For six years after the death of her father, Henry VIII, the government was in the hands of Somerset and a crowd of profligates, bent upon sacriligious plunder. Ninety colleges and 2,374 charities were seized under Somerset. "Then," says Heylen, "were to be seen parlors hung with altar cloths, tables and beds covered with copes. Many made carousing cups of the sacred chalices as once Belshazzar celebrated his drunken feast in the sanctified vessels of God's temple." It is well for Converse College that it did not exist under Elizabeth's gentle and beneficent rule else it might have been among the number seized. As a matter of history this gentle queen invented no less than five new treasons for the destruction of her subjects whose blood cried from the earth and at length was heard. She died as she had lived, dark and disconsolate, a miserable forlorn woman. That she possessed mental endowments of no mean order and contributed greatly to place England in the position of power and influence, which she now occupies, we do not dispute. But her age was notoriously licentious, the proof of which are not wanting, even in Shakespeare's own works, which contain many expressions which would be considered very improper in our day, but which were by no means offensive in his time. We would advise our friends to be a little more exact in their history.

The Mountaineer for the month opens with an article on "Ireland's Music" which is highly commendable and deserves a wide circle of readers.

St. Joseph's Collegian, for January, is replete with matter suited to all tastes—poetry, fiction, literary criticism, and biography all treated in a manner worthy of the high standard which *The Collegian* has set itself from the earliest period of its career

and which it has ever faithfully maintained. We commend especially the serious study of important historical event and personages which seems to be the feature of this journal. Such exercises are beneficial, not only because they store the mind with valuable information, but they are also best calculated to draw out literary ability.

The Georgian is small in size but large in worth. It is rare, indeed, that an ill-written article finds its way into this journal. We are glad to see that *The Georgian* does not set such a high value on the *short story* as one of its southern brothers does. In fact it enters a very vigorous protest against the undue importance given to fiction, in recent years, by many college journals. In the last issue of *The Georgian* there were two excellent papers—"The Life and Character of Washington" and "The Makers of Melodies."

Many thanks, friend *Dial*, for calling our attention to the imposition practiced upon us by *The College Index* of Kalamazoo, Mich. We have compared the essay on Robert J. Ingersoll in *The College Index* with that of Mr. Peck, and find, as you said, *The Index* man is a bold faced plagiarist. He deceived us but he could not escape the lynx-eyed ex-man of *The Dial*. It is so seldom that we find anything commendable in *The College Index* that we were only too glad to seize the first opportunity that presented itself to say something in praise of that journal. But, alas! we were grievously mistaken. We hope that the fakir who contributed that essay on Ingersoll will hereafter be barred from contributing even to *The College Index*. Any kind of honest mediocrity is better than such shameful plagiarism. We noticed in a recent number of this journal that some asinine youngster took it into his head to bray about the desecration of Sunday (which we believe he called the Sabbath) by college students. Said desecration being the study done on that day. To study in the best sense of the word means to think seriously on some subject. A sin, of which this scribbler in *The Index* was never suspected. We wonder where this ignoramous finds any authority for the observance of Sunday at all? Apart from tradition as handed down by the church (which this shallow-brained mouther and all his ilk despise) there is absolutely none. But as to one thing he may make his mind perfectly easy, he will never desecrate the *Sabbath* or anything else whose desecration depends upon study or thinking.

VIATORIANA.

—Can't fool Whalen.

—Oh, the Medicine Man.

—The other evening a number of students were discussing the plays on the American stage today. Each gave his view, and the line of the three principal opinions are thus:

First Speaker—I would not care to see Irving in the play of "Belles." A burlesque would suit me better. I go to the theater to be amused.

Second Speaker—You are very easily pleased judging from such trifling and insignificant plays that satisfy you. Why, the "Belles" appeals to the heart, and is very touching.

Third Speaker—Last fall I saw the play, and found it very touching (only three dollars).

—Last night I saw four bed bugs coming down the wall at a right, shoulder arms.

—Professor—What is the plural of brother-in-law? Pupil—Uncle.

—Pupil—Is it possible to see a star during the day, especially when the sun shines?

Professor—Yes, sir, it is.

Pupil—Please explain.

Professor—Go skating and lose your equilibrium, and the inertia of the ice will overcome your superficial center of gravity, and thus you will see a dozen stars.

Pupil—Thanks, sir!

—The semi-annual examinations at St. Viateur's were concluded on January 31, and were followed by a more interesting event on the evening of February 10, namely, "The reading of the notes." For the few days which intervened from the close of the examinations until this all important occasion, a feeling of anxiety mingled with fear and hope was experienced by every student from the minim to the philosopher, first, because this was the evening that would announce the progress made by each in his respective studies since the beginning of the scholastic year; and, secondly, because many were conscious of the fact that they had made a successful examination, and lastly, because it is the custom of the college to give an entertainment to the students at such times. Friday evening at last arrived, and

the hour appointed for satisfying all curiosity was 8 o'clock. From 7:30 up to this time were to be seen upwards of three hundred bright-faced boys hurrying along the broad corridors and tripping down the winding stair cases of the college to their favorite recreation hall, which was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion. The Rev. M. J. Marsile entered the hall at 8 o'clock accompanied by Rev. J. F. Ryan, Rev. E. L. Rivard, Rev. G. M. Legris and many of the reverend brothers and professors. The program of the evening was as follows: A violin solo by Mr. Louis Finnegan, accompanied on the piano by Rev. Brother Goulette. A selection was then rendered on the piano by Master B. Marsile, of the junior department, which justly merited for him great applause.

The following students of the elocution classes delivered recitations: Masters Daily, Callan and O'Brien, of the minim department; Masters Cowels and Keefe, of the junior department; Messrs. Burke, Caron, Cosgrove and Carey, of the senior department, and each of them displayed excellent taste, both as to the selection and style of delivery. These qualities, however, are merely the graceful attributes which characterize St. Viateur's elocutionists.

The Rev. J. F. Ryan then proceeded to the long table on which was placed the massive report book that contained all the information necessary to make the *entertainment* (?) complete. The notes ranging from 89 to 97 were then read. (That is the respectable notes).

The Rev. M. J. Marsile then arose and congratulated his students on their high average, which he said not only reflected great credit on themselves, but also on their college. He concluded by making an impressive address to them, as is his invariable custom, pointing out the many advantages that result from a good college education, and encouraged them to continue for the remainder of the session the noble work they had so well begun, and so shed a lustre of glory on St. Viateur's College, their country, and their God.

J. A. LYNN.

The Reverend President recently received a check for one hundred dollars from Rev. P. Egan to say masses for the repose of the soul of Rt. Rev. T. J. Butler. We wish to return our sincere thanks to the executor of Bishop Butler's will who has so generously remembered us.

On February 27 the senior athletic association gave a smoker which was enjoyed by all. Besides the good cheer so abundantly supplied, we had the pleasure of hearing a number of songs and orchestral pieces, rendered by the best artists of the country, through the new gramophone. The instrument is one of the best made, and it is certainly a treat to hear it.

BOER WAR-SONG.

We're camping tonight on the dry veldt
grass,
Give us a smoke to cheer
Our weary hearts, a smoke of peace
On the kopje we love so dear.

We've been camping tonight on the dry veldt
grass,
Thinking of Spion kop,
Of Colenso's attack and the victory won,
And how we made them hop.

CHORUS:

Many are the hearts that are joyful tonight,
Joyful at the downfall of "Bull;"
Many are the hands that would willingly fight
For the cause of brave Oom Paul.

We're not tired of war on the dry veldt yet,
But "Johnny" has quite enough;
In his greed for gold he found to his cost
That the Boers are far too rough.

We've been fighting today on the dry veldt
grass,
The English we do not fear,
For we have on our side both God and right,
And the whole world does us cheer.

As I stand here tonight on the dry veldt grass
I am thinking of Judas Joe,
Of Jameson and Rhodes and the rest of the
gang;
O! they're a treacherous foe.

We've been sprinkling today the dry veldt
grass,
With the blood of Buller's men;
We put them to flight and we scared them to
death
And they will not return again.

While I rest here tonight on the dry veldt
grass,
I remember my friends far away;
May the God of armies be their reward,
Is my prayer every night and day.
M. J. Mc.

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