

# THE VIATORIAN.

PAC ET SPERA.

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## CONSOLATION.

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My heart was heavy-laden, sore distressed,  
And on my mind dark sorrow closely pressed,  
An icy hand my very soul did clasp.  
In vain I looked around for friendly grasp;  
All desolation.

My God! My God! Dost Thou behold my plight?	I know, sweet Lord, my spirit needs thy rod,
Wilt Thou not wake my soul from this dark night?	The vilest, am I, purchased by Thy blood.
Ah! Leave me not in this sad state of woe,	But, Savior sweet, once more hear my poor prayer,
In pity give my poor heart some to know Of consolation.	One smile, dear Lord, and I will try to bear My desolation.

Oh! Heart of mine, why dost thou beat so fast?  
Wilt then, kind Heaven, hear my prayer at  
last?

Behold thy Savior hanging there on high  
He speaks to thee. Oh! Haste, my soul,  
draw nigh For consolation.

Can'st thou not suffer, child, awhile with  
Me?

Or would'st thou have Me suffer more for  
thee?

My heart is opened, put thy griefs in there;  
Though over-come with sorrow, yet I'll bear  
Thy desolation.

Oh! Sinful heart, and what is this I hear?  
A dying God would all my sorrows bear.  
Sweet Jesus, pardon, pardon my weak heart  
And let me suffer with Thee, for Thou art  
My consolation.

I took my cross and there, at Jesus' feet,  
Found peaceful rest, for Oh! His yoke was  
sweet.

Then help me, Heaven, always bear in mind,  
To bear my cross with Jesus, and I'll find  
Sweet consolation.

—J. H. N.

## HAMLET'S LOVE OF HORATIO.

"O, throw away the worser part of it.  
And live the purer with the other half."

There was a strong bond of affection between Hamlet and Horatio. There was, it is true, a great distinction, socially, but the manliness of Horatio won the lasting regard of Hamlet, who despised only those in whom he found insincerity and hypocrisy. The times were sadly out of joint, double-dealing and intrigue were the order of the day. What wonder, then, that Horatio, true to the interests of Hamlet, a sympathizer in the latter's troubles, and of a nature so refined, with tastes so nearly those of Hamlet that the two grew into friendship so true and lasting.

Then, they had been fellow-students and had grown up in the closest intimacy, both at court and at school. Horatio had first told Hamlet of the nocturnal visits of the dead king; Hamlet had in turn let his friend into all his secrets. It was before him he laid his scheme of trapping the usurping king by having him and his queen, together with his court, attend the performance of a piece that would embody the revelations of the "ghost" as to the manner of his father's taking off.

In this confidence, there are sure signs of a mutual regard, or rather of abiding friendship, that enables one to confide in the other his most secret designs, and begets in turn, an approval and sympathy that stand proof against revelation.

We are particularly struck at the evidences of this love when Hamlet,

calling his friend Horatio, prepares him for the plot by which he is to take the king. Fully aware of the need there is of a helpful and intelligent friend, Hamlet assures Horatio that he is all that could be desired:

"Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
As e'er my conversatien coped withal."

His comrade protests, but the prince answers:

"Nay, do not think I flatter;  
For what advancement may I hope from thee  
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits  
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the  
poor be flattered?  
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee  
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou  
hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice  
And could of men distinguish, her election  
Hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast  
been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing."

Surely, no higher praise could be given. Horatio loved and served, but not for gain, though he was poor; nor from servility, for then he would have boasted of his sufferings in his master's cause. He loved his friend for himself and he served him because of that affection. It is a sign of great affection to suffer for a friend but to do so in secret that is—

"As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,"

is the most convincing proof of an abiding love. Hamlet so reasons and ceases not, though his companion protests, till he sums up that high regard he has for his friend's devotion—

"A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are  
those



Whose blood and judgment are so well com-  
mingled

That they are not a pipe for Fortune's fin-  
ger

To sound what stop she please."

Hamlet was nothing if not a philosopher. The true and steady devotion of his lifelong friend he traces to its source, which is Horatio's virtuous heart. Indeed, all sincere, real love springs from a pure and uncorrupted heart as limpid water from untainted fountains. Hamlet adds this further testimony:

"Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear  
him

In my heart's core; aye, in my heart of  
hearts,

As I do thee."—*Ham. Act III, S. 2.*

But even kindest praise must not be carried too far. Hamlet realizes that—his good taste forbade him to go farther. However, he had said enough not only to proclaim the worth of his devoted follower, but make plain wherein the test of true friendship lies.

"Something too much of this" tells that he has done with praise—Horatio so feels and says nothing, because perhaps his own good heart gives proof of Hamlet's testimony, but most of all because he is thoroughly convinced of Hamlet's sincerity.

And what more delightful and consoling thought for a faithful heart than that beloved hearts love us in turn, that its sympathies are felt, its love reciprocated. M.

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Dare to be true; nothing can need  
a lie.

## A VISIT TO AN ART GALLERY.

It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and interest that I recall my first visit to our country's great metropolis. Many and various were the objects and places that attracted my attention, but none have left a more lasting impression on my mind than the art gallery with its treasures of the geniuses of every age and clime. Situated on one of the less noisy streets, where the din and clamor of traffic and commerce is scarcely heard, we see a large building; a noble pile of Gothic architecture. After briefly admiring its exterior we ascend the marble steps, and passing through the arched doorways we entered the hall. Here the numerous incandescent lamps, shedding their soft rays on the smooth tiles on which we were treading, formed a path of light which seemed to come from the distant end of the long corridor, like the golden pathway we behold when standing by a lake on a still moonlight night. From the corridor numerous doors gave entrance to the apartments on either side, and through one of these we entered.

Here a grand sight awaited us. We found ourselves in a large room on the western side of the building, and the sun sinking to rest sent his rays through the numerous windows, filling every nook and corner with a rich and mellow light. The walls around us were covered with paintings and drawings while easels, placed here and there, held what rendered the producers immortal.



Pictures, large and small, met our sight on every side. But what is there in a picture?

We all may enjoy the mere pleasures of sense, but those derived from the intellect require a keen perception of the sublime and beautiful in art and nature. Still there are few who are not delighted at the sight of a fine painting. The little baby claps its hands with delight, the young look on in mute admiration, while the old are young again, so enraptured do they become. It is the artist's aim to express the passions by outward signs. How well did we see this exemplified while gazing on the wonders around us.

What wonder that our eyes so unused to such charming sights sparkled with delight and our minds felt lifted from earth. Here the artist's power had made the gloomy canvas glow with living fancies, and the cold marble animated with life. In one we admired the graceful form, in the other the suppliant, while the conquering hero next claimed our attention. Here we gazed on a rural scene and again lived a life spent among green fields and charming meadows. Next we came to the "Angelus." What thoughts did not this simple yet sublime and inspiring picture bring to our minds. Nearly the whole world has beheld this famous work of art and felt their hearts thrill as it recalled to them the sublime reality which it represented.

Entering another apartment we beheld the "Aurora" of the famous Italian artist, Guido. How rich, how

prolific the fancy which could produce so enchanting an assemblage of all that is graceful and lovely. Around us we saw the scenes of common life, while others seemed to speak to us in their despair. Here we saw a vessel tossed by the fury of the storm, while in the mad waves the struggling victims clung to the shattered masts and spars, vainly hoping to see land once more. Among them was a young sailor boy who, having climbed to the top of the mast, is looking with moistened eyes toward the land where lies his home. Near by us was a scene of a country cottage at the door of which, with clasped hands, knelt an aged mother praying for him who would never return.

Advancing further we came to a room filled with portraits. Here we beheld the forms of our beloved and departed friends and benefactors, who by the artists' magic touch seemed one of ourselves. The hero and the statesmen were here immortalized, and we beheld the soul breathing expression of a Washington, a Franklin, and a Lafayette. The sight of these noble forms recalled to our minds the struggles and progress of our country and we left the place with feelings of pleasure that were lofty and legitimate because prompted by objects that appeal to the mind. How true the words of the poet:

"The painter plays the spider; and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs."

*Mer. of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2.*

C. F. F.



## GRANDMA WHITE.

"Good morning, Grandma," exclaimed Doctor Whipple in a cheerful voice as he entered the room of good old Grandma White in the large hospital of one of our great cities.

"Musha, the top of the mornin' to you, Docther Charlie," returned Grandma, slowly raising her head and looking with a childish gaze at the young physician who visited her every morning and took much pleasure in listening to the many witty and original sayings of this dear old creature. She was long past the average span of life and now sat daily in idle and childish dreaming, which is the habit of extreme old age. Having come to the "darlint sisters" many years before, an old woman, no one expected that she would live so long, but having a strong constitution and being well taken care of, the old lady seemed perfectly pleased to remain among her kind friends, and that for some considerable time.

"You look nice and cool this morning, Grandma," said the doctor, looking at the spotless morning robe that enveloped the old lady as she sat in her large easy chair.

"Do I, thin?" retorted Grandma, "well I'm not as cool as I look, Docther; faith, the truth is I'm biling over, so I am," her anger beginning to show itself in her aged eyes.

"Why, what's the trouble, Grandma?"

"Thruble enough thin. Sure there's no standin at all, at all, that new lady you're bringin' around here to wait on

me," said Grandma, referring to a young lady whom the sisters had received the preceding day in their training school.

"She goes around here wid more starch in her dress than brains in her head, an' faith, I'm thinkin' she has her eyes oftener an' the doctors, than an' her patients."

"Oh, now Grandma, I believe you are a little jealous," said the doctor.

"Arrah! listen to him now. May the Lord forgive you your sins, dear, but there's no danger, he will."

"What has Miss Dunham been doing to you this morning, Grandma?"

"Well, an' to tell you the truth, Doctor, she brought me an egg for my breakfast this mornin' an' it was that hard you could dance on it widout breaking it."

The doctor laughed, for he had been told of the incident by Miss Dunham but a short while before.

"Yes, but Grandma, don't you remember how, when the nurse found that the egg was hard boiled, she brought you another which you found very good?"

"Did she, thin," exclaimed the dotting old creature, "faith, and maybe she did. I disremimber. She's a purty good girrul, anyways."

"Ah, Grandma, you have your pet with you, I see," said Miss Dunham, entering the room at this moment, bearing a cup of egg-nog in her hand. "Now try and taste this delicious egg-nog before Doctor Charlie, as you call him, gets hold of it."

"Faith, and he's welcome to it, so he is," said the good old soul.



"Thank you, Grandma, but I never drink," returned the young man.

"No?" said the old lady, and with mirth beginning to show itself in her eyes, she continued, "Ah! Charlie, dear, tis a bad sign for a dog to be muzzled."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the doctor, "you are a great woman, Grandma. Tell me, now, how many children have you had?"

"Faith, I don't know how many I had," said the poor absent-minded creature.

"Well, supposing we count them," said the doctor.

"Well, then, Mary's one."

"Mary's one."

"Maggie is two."

"And Maggie is two."

Right here Miss Dunham winked at the doctor and broke in, saying, "and Charley is three."

"Charley! Charley!" reiterated the old woman. "Faith, I don't remember Charley at all, in fact I don't think I ever had a bye named Charley."

This caused both the doctor and nurse to laugh and rising to take his leave, the young man said: "Never mind Miss Dunham, Grandma, she wants to make out that I am your son."

"Shure an' I had one son," said the old woman, "and he went to the bad entirely."

"Indeed, grandma, now I never knew that. What happened him?"

"He became a doctor," said the old lady with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"Hem! I guess I'll be going," said

Doctor Whipple, unable to control his laughter.

"Why, Grandma," exclaimed Miss Dunham, "is that the worst he ever did," and while she was shaking with mirth the old lady replied.

"No, for after that he got married to a trained nurse."

"Let us both go, doctor, we are not able for Grandma White," and the old lady sat alone and chuckled.

Sometime after this Sister Maria entered the room and found a great change in Grandma. Sitting in her easy chair as she had been left in the early morning, with her beads in her hand the poor old creature's eyes looked as if they had lost their sight and her face was haggard and white. Her breathing was labored but the blue lips were moving as if in silent prayer. It needed but a glance to convince Sister Maria that Grandma White was dying. Hastily lighting a blessed candle, which was on the mantle and taking a prayer-book from the pocket of her habit, the nun in a clear but sad voice began to intone the litany for the dying. The old lady seemed to understand all and as the prayer was nearly finished made a feeble effort to raise her beads. Sister Maria divining her wishes pressed the cross to the blue and trembling lips.

"Thank you, darlint'," murmured the dying creature; "God—bless you—asthore, an'—an'—Doctor—Charley too. God—be—good—to you—all,—sure—sister, dear—she brought me—a soft—biled egg—an'—an'—I—forgot it. God—bless—her. God—bless—"



and the poor old creature's soul took its flight to another world.

J. H. N.

### THE MYSTERIOUS.

The world is full of mystery. Everything has something mysterious about it. We have made great progress in science. Experience has added greatly to the store of man's knowledge, still the world has as much mystery today as it did a thousand years ago.

There is a charm about the unknown and unexplained—this force we can almost lay hold of and still cannot weigh nor measure. The ancients to whom this gave more pleasure because it attracted more of their attention, gradually allowed it to possess them so deeply, that all the mysterious forces and natural phenomena soon had its god or goddess, and these people found themselves paying homage to all phases of nature's works.

We have discarded all this because we know its fallacy. Science has given some explanation of the forces about us, but religion and that alone destroyed the pagan gods and taught that as God made the world He was also the maker of the forces that maintain it, and though this still leaves the mysterious operations of these powers unsolved, it keeps man from the foolish things his Grecian and Roman ancestry were wont to do, when they would placate the god that let loose his anger through the powers of earth.

We are constantly brought in contact with wonderful works. If we

look upward to the blue canopy above, we behold a sight no less grand and inspiring than it is mysterious. How comes that blue misty covering there? What does it hide? Who that does not regard it as the dividing line between heaven and earth? Who would not like to remove this obscuring veil and peer into the "beyond" that he might know more of that great unknown lying hidden behind earth's great dome?

And the great surging ocean that lashes our shores in wild fury. Who gives it such power; what spirit moves it and would thus display his powers? Is he of good or evil omen, that he thus excites to maddening and overpowering rage the sea which when it will can present a face as gentle as a sleeping babe?

This spirit of mystery comes in the moving air, in the gentle zephyr, that flutters as softly as an angel's breath and in the swelling winds and fierce levelling and destroying hurricane. Whence comes this wind? The ancient gods were said to lock the winds in dark caverns and had other god's to loose and bind them. We have neither the delusion nor the romance, because we know how the winds move though we have not learned how to check them.

Does not the once cold and frozen earth, now so resplendent with its rich verdure, speak of mysterious power? Who robed it thus in soft and velvety grass, or dyed its flowers with colors that puzzle the painter and defy his copying. The trees so shortly bare and lifeless now live



and glow in bud and blossom, and we look and love, and seek pleasure in the midst of their many wonders—we stand charmed at their beauty—awe-stricken at their mystery. The flowers speak in tuneful melody by their myriad presence and their thousand colors. What shall we say of that invisible, mysterious power that lives behind all this and urges forward all this life; the source, the origin of all the variety, beauty, harmony, power, and grandeur that fill the world and while delighting forever, will forever baffle man's most subtle research.

Night adds mystery more profound, to the days unexplained and inexplicable. For then:

"Not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion ilke an angel sings."

or perhaps the earth seems filled with terrifying specters—creations of your minds you say—but so apt withal for night, so apt to excite awe because of their mystery or obscurity.

And our own wonderful person so lowly and so weak, yet capable of ascending on the wings of thought to heaven's heights and reaching out through time and space; to see the dead forms of the past rise up to live—and once glorious deeds re-enacted. Then the imagination where we may store up the fondest recollections of delightful hours from which to weave the subtlest yet strongest fabrics from the rough material of experience. The mind that makes us *know*, and the will that helps us choose the good, and that helps us to realize and enjoy all that is good, true, and beautiful in life, how mysterious its operations!

If the "meanest flower can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," what sublime consideration will not our own wonderful gifts and our mysterious life, furnish us!

And thus the shadows deepen as we pursue the thought, and we find that everything about us is tinged with the somber hue of mystery—all things, while they please us and are in some way subject to our dominion, defy our critical tendencies and remain still to us shadowy forms of the great mystery beyond.

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#### THE SONGSTER'S MESSAGE.

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I asked a sweet bird to tell me,  
Why was her silvery song,  
Whence is the gladness that fills thee  
Mid pleasures that tarry not long?

"I," said she, "tell of nature's power,  
Whose love lives in hill, dale, and glen,  
See her magic touch! Earth is a bower,  
All this grandeur she gives to men.

"Her heavenly dews wake nature to life,  
These beauties I sing as I go,  
Turning man from terrestrial strife  
To God, whence all blessings flow.

"I sing of brooks that flow to the sea,  
By their ripples my voice I tune  
They whisper only of gladness to me,  
Their secrets I carry thee soon.

"Blossoms and flowers of myriad hue,  
Have a breathing of love to send,  
Their perfume and color are all for you  
When thought takes heavenward trend.

"From the rustle of leaves on the lofty trees  
Such a tender message I bring  
Their spreading shade is for thy ease  
While I in their bough shall sing.



"This, then, is the cause of my musical strain,  
That through the whole day I prolong,  
Earth's beauty, its acme would ne'er attain,  
Had heaven not given it song."

—M.

#### BROWNSON'S VIEWS ON RECONSTRUCTION.

The war of secession having been brought to a close, the public mind and the government itself were not a little confused as to what reconstruction meant; who should reconstruct and the manner in which this power should be exercised. The government started from the theory that no state had seceded or could secede and that the states in rebellion continued to be states in the union. That is, it held secession to be purely a personal and not a territorial war. The reason why the government should at first have acquiesced in this doctrine must be attributed to the imperfect understanding of the secession movement, for the belief among the supporters of the government, and, perhaps, of the government itself, was, that it was a spasmodic effort for a temporary purpose and that it was the work of a faction. According to this belief it was thought proper to let the union men in the several seceding states gain a political victory at the polls over the secessionists, and return their states to their normal position in the union.

The rebellion being territorial and not personal, the states that seceded were no longer states in the union, but territory and population subject

to the union. The question then arose, are they to be reconstructed as the identical old states or erected into new states? There can be no doubt that the work to be done was that of restoration not creation, since the fact that the territory and people had existed as a state could with regard to none of them be obliterated, and, therefore, they could not be erected into absolutely new states.

The work to be done in the states that seceded was that of reconstruction and this work could not be done exclusively by the general government, either by congress or the executive. The general government might concede or withhold permission to the disorganized states to reorganize, but it could not itself reorganize it. From the very fact that the state within its own sphere must, as one of the United States, be a self-governing community, the work of reconstruction falls on the territorial electoral people. Hence, it is evident, that the executive had no authority in the matter beyond that of seeing that the laws were complied with.

The United States is one indivisible sovereign and this sovereign governs alike general matters in the general government, and particular matters in the several state governments. All legal authority in either emanates from this one plenary and indivisible sovereign and hence the laws enacted by a state are really enacted by the United States. It is evident, therefore, that since the United States survive the particular state, the lapse of the state does not abrogate the state



laws or dissolve civil society within its jurisdiction. This being well understood, the constitution and laws of a defunct state remain in force by virtue of the will of the United States till the state is restored to life and activity and repeals or alters them, or till they are repealed or altered by the United States or the national convention. But, as the defunct state could not and the convention had not repealed or altered them, the general government had no alternative but to treat them, and all rights created by them, as territorial law, and to respect them as such.

The question now arises, what do the people of the several states that seceded lose by secession? They lose their political rights, or right, as has just been said, to be in their own department, self-governing communities, with the right of representation in Congress and the electoral colleges, and to sit in the national convention, or of being counted in the ratification of amendments to the constitution—precisely what a territorial people gain by being admitted as a state in the union. We may now ask the question, does the general government gain any authority over the people of states that secede, that it has not over others? As to their internal constitution, their private rights of person or property it gains none. It has over them till they are reconstructed, the right to institute for them provisional governments, civil or military, precisely as it has for the people of a territory that is not and never has been one of the United States; but in reconstruct-

ing a state it has less right, for the geographical boundaries and electoral people of each are already defined by a law which does not depend on its will, and which it can neither abrogate nor modify.

From what has been said it is evident that the theory of the government was erroneous, and that secession did really take place; that the work to be done was reconstruction; that the reorganization belongs to the territorial electoral people, and that the condition of the states in secession was precisely that of territory under the union. From this it is evident that to be again admitted into the union they had to apply for an enabling act, which if granted, placed them on an equal footing with the other states of the union, enjoying the same political powers and rights.

J. Z.

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Who can look back on the long chain of graces of which his life has been composed since the hour of his baptism, without a feeling of surprise at the unweariedness and minuteness of God's love!—*Father Faber.*

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The sun of all that's good and meet—  
The sweetest songs from poet's lyre,  
The noblest thoughts that bosoms fire,—  
Let all as one my Lady greet.

Let all as one their voices raise  
In music sweet beyond all strain  
Of earthly sound, and in refrain  
Sing out my Lady's love and praise.

—*Brother Azarias.*



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### EDITORIAL.

The base ball season was formally opened April 19, by a very interesting game—for the Shamrocks—though not so engaging for the Kankakees and the ardent *rooters* who came to cheer them. There's nothing like a good start and the boys have all the advantages of a favorable beginning.

If there's one day more gladdening to the student's heart, than another, it is Commencement. It means a change, home, and a great many other things, no better, perhaps not so good for him, as those he has, but new ones just the same. That day of days is rapidly approaching—it comes June 18, and a great deal will be crowded into the short interval between now and then. With the thought of parting, each going his different way, and all verging off into the many paths of life, that for each group, leads from a common center, but never meet again. With the beauties of a season that throws its halo around even sincere friendship—and with opportunities of closer intimacy, it is not wonderful

that pupils grow into closer friendship in these bright days of a declining school year, and find that all the after memories of school time, date from the charming life led during the last weeks of one's last school year.

Of all inconveniences the future may seem to present, none is less to be feared than that of competition. The fact that many have the start of us and that the professions are being filled up with great rapidity, is and ought to be in no way discouraging. There is room for all; in fact, there is a greater need of the right sort today than ever before. He who brings talent, virtue, and learning into a profession, comes as one rich among starving multitudes, as a light amidst darkness, is the one for whom many wait. Those who fear that themselves or those near them are to have no place when the time comes to fill one, make a tacit confession of inability to fill a position, were it offered at once. The trouble today is that young men have no idea of the responsibility they assume when they enter professional life—hence the hurry and the insufficiency of their preparation. Worse than this, public opinion does not condemn what must be taken as a gross abuse, and the result is that men with few of the necessary qualifications and, above all, a great lack of sympathy for humanity, are pouring a steady stream into all the professions. Humanitarianism is a religion defective in its object and must be very changeable in its progress. Its foundation is neither broad nor secure enough on which to rest



the best hopes of intelligent beings; still, when we contrast it with the worship of mammon at whose altars a great number of professional men worship, we need not be surprised that the property, life, and sometimes his spiritual needs are all too sadly neglected. Crowds count for nothing when intellect, knowledge, and a genuine sympathy with the needs and weaknesses of men, are put in contrast. Men soon know their friend, him in whom they may trust with full assurance of his help, him they seek out, by him they are benefited, and their lasting gratitude amply rewards his efforts. The man that has a high purpose in view, that will not take money when conscience protests—that finds more pleasure in doing good than in growing rich, has the qualifications that fit him for professional life—that will make him successful, bring him fame and no man shall see him want.

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There is no doubt that the seasons have their influence upon man. Spring especially, since of all seasons, it bespeaks hope, and its thousand glorious manifestations appeal at once to heart and mind. And who could remain senseless to the budding life in tree and plant, to the delicate flower, more beautiful now than at any other time, to the balmy skies and the many delightful effects wrought out by fleecy clouds?

Its stealthy approach is so sudden that we have scarcely time to revel in its beauties ere we find ourselves contrasting spring with the barren cheer-

less season which has just past. The sweet-voiced birds have returned from winterless climes and their glad notes float gaily out on the balmy breeze; ardent youth is filled with the delight of a time seemingly intended all for him—all nature is melted into a whole so harmoniously beautiful, so picturesque, so ethereal and exalted, that all harshness, sorrow and bitterness are no more and men seem to have regained a paradise once thought lost and there is naught but joy and exultation.

All is not lost to that man in whose soul spring reflects happy thoughts. Life has yet many joys, when at each budding season he sees the same blossoms as of yore, when the birds tell the same sweet story as they did in his youthful days—when swelling streams throw back the same vivid images and he recalls the close of a former day spent in rambles over speaking hills and tuneful valleys and along singing brooks whose closing hours were as silent as the flutter of an angel's wing and the peaceful sleep of youthful days sealed fond memories in a tender heart that life's wearing struggles have never effaced.

If experience causes us to hope less in this world, it raises higher and more inspiring ones for the better. Imagination gives away to reflection as the years advance. Vivid coloring grows dim and murky with time; ideals change under life's heats and struggles, but what remains and sustains man amid disappointments and sorrow is the strong Christian hope, with which the dimmest light serves



to lead him through life's darkness and to lose which is the only real, blighting, irremedial evil that ever wastes man's energies, or blot out the God-like image in his soul.

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#### BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

"The Science of Nutrition," by Edward Atkinson, LL.D., Ph.D., Boston, Damrell & Upham, 1896. The above is a treatise on a very important subject, one that has been ably discussed and one of which a great deal is yet to be learned. The design is to show the advantages of a new method of cooking, a process which is said to give the best results at the smallest outlay. Those who feel that they have been the victims of *Experimental* cooking, would place no objection in the way of one more experiment.

The work is being distributed to libraries through the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.

"Reminiscences of St. Catherine of Sienna" is the leading article in the April *Rosary*. It gives one a good sketch of the saint and of the place whose fame was enhanced by sheltering such a great and devoted servant of God. Many beautiful illustrations accompany the sketch. "Hannah" is a tale full of homely pathos. "The Rock of Cashel" with incidents of its storming and capture make up an interesting essay. "Whispers," traces the simple but beautiful suggestions that spring flowers must make to every tender heart. "The Catholic Winter School" and "Slavery

Abroad and at Home," the other leading papers.

*The Catholic Reading Circle Review* has a fine array of solid and instructive selections in its April issue: "The Study of French," by Rev. John Hogan, S.S., D.D. "The Passing of the Meistersang," by Helena T. Goessmann, M. Ph. Toussaint L'Ouverture," Rev. John G. Beane. "St. Justin, His Conversion." "Through Merry England." "The Royal Tombs of Spain," by Chas W. Currier; and many other equally interesting and instructive papers make a collection worthy of diligent perusal.

"The Resurrection," a poem. "The Shoe in Symbolism," "The American Museum of Natural History," "The Most Holy Corporal of Orvieto," "Early Laborers at the Printing Press," "The Land of the Jesuit Martyrs" are leading papers of the *Catholic World* for April. The "Talks About Books" is very interesting. "The Columbians Reading Union" has a great deal of news about the late Catholic Winter School of New Orleans.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has, among other good papers, its third installment of "Some Memories of Hawthorne," by Rose Hawthorne Lathrope. The great discussion provoked by a former article on nationality gives zest to a new attempt at another study, this not on the same nationality, but on the same principle.

*The Century* gives a deal of space to "The Old Olympic Games" and illustrates them, as perhaps any maga-



zine might do, but as the *Century alone* does. "Four Lincoln Conspiracies;" "The Churches of Perigueux and Angouleme;" Who Are Our Brethren?" make up the leaders of the last *Century*.

*McClure's* gives one a good sketch of "Roentgen Rays" and the able scientist who discovered them. Then Mr. Moffett, who writes a detective story or follows a "fast train" with equal ease, lets loose his facile pen on the "X Ray" and tells of its presence and progress in America. The inevitable Anthony Hope has more romance. "A century of Painting." "Lincoln's Life," with numerous illustrations, "Chapters From a Life," fill the remaining pages of interest.

In *Donahoe's* one finds a long line of good essays, poems, etc. "The Rebellion in Cuba," by Rev. Chas. Warren Currier, "Poverty," a poem by Caroline D. Swan, "Abuses in Steerage," "The French Constantine," "Permanency in Municipal Reform," by Hon. John W. Goff, are among them.

Received from the Inter-State Commerce Commission, report of the Commission for 1895. (Washington, D. C., Government Printing Office, 1896.)

*Concrete Geometry*, by A. R. Hornbrook, A. M., (New York and Chicago, American Book Co., 1896.) This is a work for beginners in the study of this most difficult of sciences. The end of work is to awaken interest in the child, and guide his awakening judgment. Professor Hornbrook has succeeded admirably in setting forth many diffi-

cult things in so attractive and simple a way, that the youngest of our children should be able to follow. In this work the author has tried to avoid putting "similar in proximity," for he holds that to be a blunder; though we question this, we believe for the very young it may be better to follow the professor's method. The book, taken all in all, will be found to be as helpful in teaching geometry to the young as the mental arithmetic is in teaching numbers.

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#### ST. THOMAS'S DAY.\*

In the calendar of festivals during the scholastic year, the Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas is the one celebrated particularly by the class of philosophy. On this day we especially call to mind those great principles propounded by "that miracle of knowledge and sound reason." Those principles which have ever been the bulwarks of society, which elevate and perfect man, which guard and foster the common good.

For some years it has been the custom of the class to celebrate the feast of their patron with appropriate exercises. The entertainment was given in Science Hall before an audience of visiting priests, the faculty, and the members of the classes in theology and philosophy.

Prior to the opening of the regular program Mr. John Zwierzchowski delivered a masterly address on the following thesis: "The entity of absolute accidents is really distinct from the

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\*This article was crowded out of last issue.



entity of substance, nor can the impossibility of the existence of these accidents separately from substance be shown." This thesis is stated against the atomists and the followers of Descartes. The first part was proved from two standpoints; first, accidents being a perfection of substance and the term of its operations are really distinct from it. Secondly, substance in the corporeal or spiritual may be subject to changes and hence distinct from those changes which it undergoes.

The second part of the thesis concerns the Holy Eucharist, and is proved from the four contradictions which would arise, if absolute accidents were separable from the substance.

Reverend Dr. Lavasseur put the objections of sceptics, but all his efforts to refute the arguments of his young opponent proved unavailing. The discussion was conducted entirely in Latin, and Mr. Zwierzchowski proved himself to be as fluent in this language as he was convincing in his arguments.

After the discussion the regular program was taken up. The subject for consideration was "Certitude, and Means of Attaining it." The order of exercises, which was logically arranged to suit this subject, was as follows:

1. Certitude Defined.....J. Raith
2. Intimate Sense and External Senses  
.....W. P. Burke
3. Memory.....B. King
4. Human Testimony.....M. Sammon
5. Imagination.....C. Feltes
6. Ultimate Criterion of Certitude.....  
.....Bro. Williams, C.S.V.

#### 7. Testimony, Oral and Written.....

.....M. Welter

#### 8. Scepticism.....J. Nawn

Mr. Nawn, in his citation from Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," appeared at his best, and he delivered it with that grace of expression and depth of feeling which characterizes all his work.

Individually, the speakers deserve great praise for their zeal in the preparation of their discourses and for the taste and skill shown in the delivery.

Not a little of the credit for the fine entertainment is due to the able and devoted professor of the class, Reverend Dr. Laberge, who spared neither time nor labor to make it what it was—a brilliant success. B.

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### PERSONALS.

—Mr. W. B. King spent a day in Chicago recently.

—The Misses New, of St. Mary's, Ills., were recent callers at the college.

—Very Rev. C. Fournier, C.S.V., spent a few days among us the past month.

—Rev. Bro. Martel, C.S.V., is at present enjoying a visit in Menominee, Mich.

—Rev. J. W. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., of Notre Dame, Ind., was a caller during the Easter holidays.

—Rev. M. A. Dooling, Clinton, Ills., paid his respects to the college lately. The Rev. Father expects to take a long vacation this summer.



—Mr. O'Connell, Flanagan, Ills., accompanied his brother and sister to Bourbonnais after their Easter vacation.

—Rev. Bro. Rivaïs, C.S.V., our visitor from Canada, is spending a few days with friends in Chicago.

—Miss Carrie Marshall Burr, Peoria, Ills., accompanied by the Misses Lockney, of Chebanse, spent an afternoon at the college last week.

—Mr. J. J. Condon, of the Pantagraph Printing and Stationery Co., Bloomington, Ill., spent a few hours at the college recently.

—Rev. J. E. Laberge, D.D., spent Sunday, April 19, with Dr. Levasseur of L'Erable, Ill., where the devotion of the forty hours was in progress.

—Miss Anderson, of Ravenswood, Chicago, accompanied by her neice, Miss Brownie Anderson, spent Sunday with Miss Edith, at the convent of Notre Dame and also made a short call at the college.

—Oswold Letourneau, M.D., is the way it reads now. Mr. Letourneau recently graduated in Chicago, and expects to enter on the practice of medicine at once. We have not heard where he will locate.

—Rev. J. F. Lockney, pastor of Chebanse, was the victim of a surprise party not long ago. A large party suddenly gathered around his house, presented him a beautiful parlor lamp, when after congratulations on the part of the people, and sincere thankfulness on the part of the pas-

tor, all present sought enjoyment in each other's company and succeeded admirably. A party from the college lent their efforts to the success of the affair.

—Very Rev. Dean Campion, Logansport, Ind.; Revs. P. F. Roche and F. J. Dandurand, Lafayette, Ind., visited the college together. The reverend gentlemen were entertained by the Rev. Director.

—Mr. Sheldon Peck, '89, recently graduated from the Chicago College of Dental Surgery. We understand that he will take a further course of medicine and dentistry in Germany. We extend our congratulations.

—Mr. A. L. Michel, received a sad summons to Lake Linden, Mich., where his father, who had been sick some time, was rather suddenly summoned from this world. We extend our sympathy to the stricken family.

—Mr. Joseph Ryan, one of the great literary lights of St. Louis, Mo., pays the VIATORIAN the following tribute: "I find the VIATORIAN highly interesting both from the stand-point of reason and sentiment. It is, indeed, a living lasting tribute to the wide-awake intelligence and praiseworthy ambition of the students. It is the best thing of its kind I have ever read. Few college papers, in fact none that I have read could boast of being more than mediocre, but this is a refreshing (and to the faculty it must be a highly encouraging) exception."

—We are indebted to Rev. Mr. Eastman, Rantoul, Ill., and his tal-



ented son, Harry, for a delightful evening's entertainment. On Monday, April 20, these accomplished people appeared before the faculty and pupils: Mr. Eastman as an elocutionist, and he proved himself one of great diversity and the possessor of many fine features peculiarly his own; Master Harry as a singer with a voice as beautiful as a bird, a real soprano, and completely under the control of the young artist. Mr. Eastman gave us many fine selections and was very heartily encored as was Master Harry. These worthy people will be always sure of a hearty reception when they are pleased to visit St. Viateur's.

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#### SPORTING NOTES.

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The prospects for a successful year in base ball have surely never been better here, and all are looking forward to a glorious season in the national game.

The Athletic Association held a meeting last week and elected the following officers for the year:

Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., manager.

M. P. Sammon, captain.

J. Kearney, secretary.

C. Quille, treasurer.

W. Corcoran, assistant captain.

A large number of candidates were aspiring for the various positions on the team and it was a difficult matter at first to choose from the large number of good players, but, after a number of practice games Capt. Sammon selected the team that will represent

the college this spring, and if we are to judge from their practice, we predict a record that will equal or surpass that of former teams. The personnel of the team is:

M. P. Sammon, catcher.

F. Marcotte, pitcher.

J. Kearney, first base.

C. Quille, second base.

W. Hogan, third base.

W. Corcoran, short stop.

J. O'Dwyer, left field.

L. Legris, center field.

T. Legris, right field.

E. Kromenaker and G. Bailey, substitutes.

A schedule has been arranged by our manager and it includes games with some of the strongest amateur clubs in Chicago.

The season will open May 3, with a game against the strong Momence, Ill., nine, and as there is intense rivalry between the College team and Momence, one of the hottest games of the season may be expected.

The other games, so far arranged, are: May 3, with Momence; May 10, with the Crystals, of Chicago; May 15, with the St. Ignatius College, of Chicago, Ill.; May 30 and 31, with the Illinois Cycling Club of Chicago, Ill.

The grounds have been graded and rolled and are now in first-class condition. The grand stand has been enlarged to a seating capacity of 400, and spectators may now comfortably view the games and in no way interfere with the players.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The Juniors, not to be out-done by their elder brothers, have organized a team, to be known as the "Junior



Shamrocks," and are ready to meet all nines under 16 years of age. The make-up of the team is:

E. Legris, captain and pitcher.  
 A. Caran, catcher.  
 E. Marcotte, first base.  
 F. Marcotte, second base.  
 J. Legris, third base.  
 R. Drolet, short stop.  
 A. Changelon, center field.  
 J. Barry, left field.  
 L. McDonald, right field.  
 W. Kane and N. Marcotte, "Subs."

They have ordered new suits from Chicago, and as the season advances and when they get more practice, they intend to make the Second nine in the Senior department look to their laurels.

April 25, they defeated a nine from Bourbonnais by a score of 28 to 2. The battery work was done by Legris and Coran, and the result shows that they are not new at the business. They have arranged games with several school nines from Bradley and Kankakee, and are practicing daily to be in shape for their first regular game with the "Riverview Sluggers," of Kankakee, and also to justly merit the distinction of being the strongest nine that ever represented their department.

#### MINIMS.

The small boys inaugurated the base ball season April 10, by defeating the "District School" nine 32 to 7. The same teams again played April 17, and the Minims were again victorious by a score of 27 to 20.

The interesting features of both games were the batting and fielding of P. O'Toole, P. Stratton and F. Milholland.

S.

#### VIATORIANA.

- Goat.
- By golly.
- Now laugh!
- "20 please."
- Three twins!
- Got a quarter?
- Plucked turkey.
- Red hair for sale.
- I'm not no snitch.
- Snider's despatch.
- Who won the game?
- Change sides diggins.
- Let me take your hat.
- He kissed the tin-type.
- I've only got five lines.
- He looked down on the sky.
- Say, were these made for me?
- "I'm both called and chosen."
- "He who made can unmake."
- "The idea of him hitting me!"
- Gee! I've got a black mustache!
- Look, they've tied the monkey!
- Did you see him brought it over.
- D—— makes quite a big little cop.
- Say! that isn't fair; it hit his bat.
- "If this ain't spring what ain't it?"
- He was making *koaches* on the base.
- "Oh it takes the New Yorkers to work the farmers." Right you are! They are used to doing it.



—I'm your superior in every respect.

—Say, Alp, let me help you carry those boxes.

—“Why, of course I was up, didn't you see me?”

—Say “bad-eye” you want to *look out* up there!

—Balmes' is the best book; I *get* the most out of it.

—I dreamed I was in Ballylongford, Killarney——.

—Red. H——, do you think I'm green on these?

—For a fellow with four eyes, he plays good ball.

—The highest and beautifulest thing? A baby.

—Talk about your prize rooters! Momence has them.

—“Say, chicken-hawk, come over here, there's a job waiting for you.”

—Bob will feel very lonesome this summer. Joliet will have no pleasure for him.

—“Admit one, No. 16084, good for general admission and grand-stand privileges; south side!”

Confound this old arithmetic,  
I hate all calculations;  
Said, as in the study hall,  
He sighed for alterations.

—Our street-car system can do a lot of hustling when it gets itself together. The aggregation was herded for the big ball game, and the way passengers were drawn from Kankakee and “plow town” was a terror to the natives. They all got home, too.

—“I got it,” said K——. “Let it come down a little ways before you catch it,” said the “rooter” from over the way.

—It appears that Tom C—— had a very interesting *talk* with a deaf mute, whom he tried to induce “to go over on the other side.”

Georgie, Georgie, are you there?  
With your mass of horsey hair;  
Like a picture George you look,  
In a comic picture book.

—The Junior Shamrocks are all agog just at present over new suits. They are going to get them, we all know it; they've been around and hit us all.

—The question uppermost in the minds of a few, is why the photographer wants to charge more for red heads than for the regulation. How about it!

—Some very nice trading was done at the recent ball game. For instance, that move by which “Whiskers the farmer” got a ticket (?) for a plug of tobacco.

—“When the swallows homeward fly” is all right, but when the gather in thousands around your window at early morn, there isn't a bit of poetry about it, their going home is just the thing.

—The picked squad gave several informal drills lately and it is really hard to say whether the strangers present find more pleasure in witnessing these drills than do the pupils who have seen them time and again. The squads, both sword and gun companies, are in excellent condition.



—Talk about the “fitness of things,” but watch Charlie when the store opens and see the beautiful “drop” a half pie takes into his capacious paw and the *fit*, oh, my!

—There was a low, dull thud—something dropped, all the way from the “poop”—they were gathered up and placed in the study-hall. For further particulars see K. and L.

—“There’s the bell.” “Pretty soon there will be no bells to call you,” said his companion. “Oh, yes, there will,” said one who knew, “he will have to answer to the summons of society’s *belles*.”

—If there is anything that looks nicer on the unconquered junior than a new baseball suit, it’s the smile, that deep red smile that covers his face when he sees the would-be ball players from Kankakee. Oh they don’t do a thing to the guileless youths from the south side.

—The young orators are now down by the raging ocean (ball alley) practicing oratory, if not with a mouthful of pebbles, at least with every sign of energy. There are many more entries than usual and the contest bids fair to bring forth good speakers and to be a real treat to those who witness it.

—The Seminarians, accompanied by Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., held a picnic up the Kankakee, near Momence, recently and had a very enjoyable

time. The “island” near the above town offers superior advantages for a pleasant time, affording shade and retirement, and also a good landing for boats. Boating was the chief source of amusement and no one fell overboard—so that all things considered, it was a large day for all, except the two who returned the boat and who discovered on returning that the crowd was calmly waiting two miles down the road, having driven that far ahead while *waiting* (?) for the boatman.

—A day at the river and through the adjacent woods is a delight that goes straight to every heart. The boys spent a day there this month—took dinner by the river, ate what was cooked and cooked a great deal that was eaten. Then they smoked and roamed over the hills—or roamed over the hills and smoked, and in many other ways enjoyed themselves hugely. At a time when spring throws forth her many glories—when trees are covered with their soft, fresh leaves and blossoms, the earth rich with flowers of every hue, and birds carol sweetly in every bough, our beautiful forest by the Kankakee offers pleasures that are not found in many places, certainly not in crowded cities or on the dull, monotonous prairies of Illinois. This first spring day was thoroughly enjoyed and will go into memories’ treasures where fond remembrance will draw on it, when the future brings many cares and trials and students of today look back with so much pleasure on the times they once thought dreary and commonplace.

G. M. PHELPS,  
M.D., D.D.S.

F. S. TINSLAR,  
D.D.S.

DRS. PHELPS & TINSLAR  
DENTISTS.

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