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NO. 3

Thanksgiving.

Strange my thoughts while lonely sitting
In my silent room;
Past my window snowflakes flitting,
Signs of summer's doom.

While the snow is falling, drifting,
Cov'ring roof and dome;
Still my thoughts are roaming, shifting,
Stopping last at home.

Ah! how fast in pleasant dreaming,
This Thanksgiving eve,
Childish pleasures, brightly gleaming,
Round about me weave.

There this feast was kept with glory
From the morning's light,
When with games and pleasant story
All too soon came night.

First to church, the sweet bells ringing,
There the solemn mass;
In our hearts thanksgiving singing.
Every lad and lass.

Then to mother's breakfast steaming,
Oh! the pleasant sight;
All things shining, brightly gleaming,
Table cloth snow white.

And the good things—but, Oh! never
Can I treat that part,
For it puts a gnawing ever
Just below my heart.

Ah! how oft with merry laughing,
Though their eyes were dim,
Old folks ceased a while their quaffing,
Friends to welcome in.

Oh! the friends, the merry greeting,
Good old days gone past;
Would that time were not so fleeting,
Love would have them last.

But no more for me their blessing,
Stilled is each sweet sound;
And the mem'ry, though caressing,
Breathes an awe profound.

For the friends of home are scattered,
Hushed is mirth and song;
And the staff of home is shattered,
Mother dear is gone.

But no more I'll sit a-weeping,
It was God's own way;
And I know there 'll be a meeting,
Some Thanksgiving Day.

J. H. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COLLEGIO CANADESE,
VIA QUATTRO FONTANE 117,
ROMA, ITALIA, Oct. 18, 1895. }

DEAR VIATORIAN:—Before classes reopen (Nov. 4) I summarize from my note-book and tear out for you a few pages here and there. I must not be too lengthy.

It is too late now to tell you about my trip through the rest of Switzerland after leaving Lugano towards the end of July; the ride through the famous tunnels of St. Gothard is very much like crawling underground; but the short sail on the lake of the Four Cantons from Fluelen to Lucerne, including a look at the Righi, is splendid. Lucerne is framed in mountains, and as an escaped sea fairy, rules over the prettiest lake in Switzerland. Her Lion, a monument carved out in the flank of a mountain, to honor the fidelity of Louis XVI's Swiss guard, is grand. The trip from Lucerne to Berne by Interlaken is like riding through some fairy land you once read about. In fact all along the route from Lugano to Geneva you hear the ceaseless song of mountain streams jumping down from those snowy wildernesses above the clouds; you see gulches and canyons and ravines and wild caves and black precipices succeeding each other spreading before the view a flying panorama of yawning mouths, of foamy torrents, of browsing goats, of quaint hamlets and of great big mountains. There are so many and such huge mountains in this little republic that you can hardly see the ground! . . . I will not tire

you with a description of Berne's bear cave nor with Geneva's historical souvenirs of Rousseau and Calvin.

. . . I will only mention how delighted I was to meet the confreres at the chapter (Lyons) and especially to see V. Rev. Fr. Fournier and Bro. Senecal. We, together with Bro. Gendreau, of Canada, traversed France in visiting the principal houses of the provinces of St. Flour and of Rodez. We visited Toulouse and Lourdes. About Lourdes each one of us could write a book of impressions; it would not be like Zola's book! Bro. Senecal and I took leave of our companions here in order to see a little corner of Spain, the land of chivalry and bull-fights! We had not been twenty-four hours in the country before we saw at San Sebastian the entire royal family; the Queen regent, the boy King Alfonso, the princess and the infanta. The eight year old king of Spain was taking his morning bath in the bay of Biscay. Satisfied that we had seen the biggest people in the country we decided not to go to Madrid; we crossed the old kingdom of Arragon, stopped at Saragossa, and thence went to Barcelona, the capitol of Catalonia and the second largest city of Spain. Spaniards at this end are polite and easy-going, in fact slow; trains are very slow. . . . We did not see a single two-story house that had not a balcony; as guitars are common here and the character of the people romantic, I fancy that balcony scenes must abound! People in general, men and woman, are very religious, much more so than in

France. Churches are large, but not as beautiful as in France or in Italy.

. . . . From Barcelona we came to Marseilles and crossed the Mediterranean to Naples, about the end of September. The sea was calm as a sleeping babe—and the ride on the "Gyptis" was delightful; we saw Corsica, Elba, Monte Cristo, etc., and the "only" bay of Naples. We visited Naples, Pompeii, and the Vesuvius, and, though the weather was very beautiful, we were happy that it was done. I wondered whether it was not because of these fatiguing excursions that people ought to be willing and ready to die after seeing Naples. September 29 we took leave of Naples' too vaunted beauty of her truly importunate beggars, her officious guides and unwholesome atmosphere.

Rome was our next stop, and as Bro. Senecal was anxious to see and I was anxious to show him the city, we spent the best part of a fortnight in visiting the monuments, churches, ruins, palaces, museums, galleries, catacombs, and other places of interest in and about the city.

But the day on which we would be admitted to the Pope, that was the day that we both looked forward to with mingled sentiments of hope, apprehension, and fear! The answer to our earnest request came October 5, granting audience at noon the next day! So, on the 6th of October, feast of St. Bruno, anniversary of the foundation of the novitiate (and of my entering there) we were both wending our way to the royal halls of the Vatican with grateful, buoyant hearts and

handfuls of beads and medals, etc., to be blessed by the Holy Father. We ascended by Pius IX.'s grand "Scala dei Nobile," and waited in the large Clementine Hall, where about a hundred persons, gentlemen and ladies, sisters, monks, and priests from various parts of the world were assembled and awaiting the arrival of the Pope. We waited long and had time to admire all that glittered and moved around us. The splendid Noble Guards were there; the brave Swiss Guards, too, walked leisurely up and down, beautiful as visions in their many-colored uniforms. There flitted lightly about busy chamberlains, young and old, all in elegant red silk suits *a la* Louis XIV. They looked like the pages and servitors of some great monarch. At last the great monarch, the uncrowned but invincible Leo XIII., the white, white Pope, the grand, the venerable old man, the successor of Peter, the man of such tremendous power on earth and in heaven, the vicar of Christ—he came! He, too, came like a passing vision of white glory. We saw him, we kissed his hand, we spoke to him. He blessed us, spoke a few words to each as he paternally leaned over to hear and grant each one's request. One feels very much as if he were near the one who can unbar the golden gates of heaven; one feels like asking just all such gifts and blessings as he would ask if he were at the feet of God; for the thought that this man is Christ's vicar on earth cannot leave us, it is in fact uppermost in our minds. We ask him to bless all that

is dearest to us, our community and its work, our colleges, schools, novitiates, orphanages, and other charitable institutions, to bless our parents, our brothers and sisters, our friends and relatives and our benefactors. The Pope is very white and thin and frail; he looks weak and exhausted. But his eye is still clear and piercing. His quick, bright black eyes looked right into one's face as if to read what was written there. He would nod assent to various petitions and add kindly: "Tell your parents, your friends, your community, that the Pope blesses them all." To a brave Hollander next to us, a large giver for a new church, he said: "Generous souls have their reward assured;" and learning from this man that he had eight children, he gently stroked his head and said: "I bless you and your children heartily." The Pope spoke French or Italian, he does not speak German nor English. The blessing which the Pope gave to the assembly at the end was very impressive; the venerable old pontiff rose slowly, and, raising his eyes and hands suppliantly towards heaven and fervently invoking God's blessing, he then, with a wide, wide wave of his arm, as if he wished to include all the world, made three great signs of the cross, saying: "*Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus.*" I was deeply touched then, and also when I pressed the Pope's hand in mine and spoke to him in behalf of the community. I felt that it was one of the solemnest moments of my life, and that I was in

the most august human presence I could ever meet.

It all passed. That short lived happy hour is now but a memory. I'll enjoy thinking over it, rehearsing its calm and yet brilliant scenes and recalling the slow but continuous passage of that grace-dispensing cortege. How many were consoled to have seen that day! And is it not a comfort too, and a consolation for the Holy Father, prisoner as he is, to see so often so many faithful souls crowding around him from all parts of the world and offering him the homage of this love and devotion? I know earthly monarchs not *far* from here who have not this kind of consolation. . . . May God long preserve our, in spite of all, gloriously reigning pontiff, pope in fact and king by right! [We met in the audience one Count Cassell, of Denver, Pope's secret chamberlain, of the order of the Sword and Cape, a great friend of Mr. Onahan's.]

October 10. Bro. Senecal, considering his visit to Rome a complete success, left today for Loretto, Venice, Milan, Turin, Geneva, Lyons, and Paris, and then Bourbonnais! I hope the brother will travel safely and reach home happily. I am alone again. . . . I have dusted my St. Thomas and Zigliara and already I dream of those far-off sheep-skins, more precious than the fabulous golden fleece itself. . . . I visited with Fr. Leclair, Vice Rector of the college, the studio's of several artists who are painting for the cathedral of Montreal. It is interesting to watch the evolution of tableaux.

October 11. I have since my return to Rome taken many long rides and pleasant strolls through the city. When I saw Rome for the first time last year, her old, somewhat decrepit and time-worn appearance struck me forcibly, and, I must say, not favorably; I was so used to *the new*. But I find Rome more beautiful after having lived here a year and now seeing her again. Her charms come out more clearly now that the eye has gotten accustomed to the scene. She is old it is true, as Fr. Beaudoin says, and wears the scars of many a cruel fight; but her silver hairs and her scars, as those of some dear grand-parent, have grown familiar and endeared, and I love to see her decked in these, the becoming ornaments of her years and of her trials. (I'll not say anything of the warts and freckles that have sprung up on her face during vacation to commemorate the 20th of Sept., 1870, *i. e.* the column of Victory near the Porta Pia, Minghetti's monument in the city, and Garibaldi's equestrian statue on the Janiculum, all impudent insults to the papacy. The celebration here of the 25th anniversary was, according to all accounts, an immense fiasco.) During the recent vacation I've seen through Switzerland, France, Spain, and Italy many, many cities, some modern and pretty, others old and interesting; but Rome still remains uppermost in my affections and first and last in abiding interest. There is no other city like Rome, and Rome is like no other city.

October 12, we went to St. Augustine's church, where the Madonna del

Parto is in great veneration. A much frequented triduum closes tomorrow, the feast of the Maternity, and this afternoon the first vespers of the *fiesta* were being sung amid the most glorious and tasty illumination that I have yet seen in Rome. The church looked like a "Cave of the Stars" where angels had gathered to sing praise and love to their queen. Angel figures hovered here and there amid those myriads of brilliantly scintillating lights; it was as if the golden gates of the heavenly Jerusalem had been left ajar and we had stolen a glimpse of the splendors which surpass all that our benighted intellects can conceive and our poor speech express. At one end of the church sat the Madonna upon a throne of light, at the other the richly vested clergy surrounded the altar like an aureola. You almost look for God in such a scene as this; but if you do not see Him, you feel that He is there, that he looks complacently down on those kneeling children and listens to their petitions and their exulting chants.

The music this evening was brilliant, it was transporting. Capucci, More-schi, and the best singers of Rome were there. The "Laudate Pueri" was particularly impressive. A choir of children responded to the call of a splendid tenor who invited them to "Praise the Lord ye Children." The conception is beautiful, and the execution was not only without a flaw, but simply transporting. We mounted and mounted with these lovely angelic voices clear up to the throne of the Lord where, with the children, we de-

posited our wreaths of prayer and praise. How beautiful these feasts in Rome! How lovely they make religion appear, clothing her in the rich and queenly robes of decoration, amid the graces of painting and sculpture and lending her the sweetest voices of music! The eye is made to look at what is beautiful and the ear to drink in harmony. All these exterior things are no doubt of an order inferior to things purely intellectual and spiritual, to words, to prayer, to sermons, to direct communion of soul with God; but we need the first in order to be led to the second, which are, as it were, the flower of the first. Man is not only spirit; he is also and is largely sense.

October 18. Fine bracing morning with a lively cold breeze from the north; one enjoys closing his windows and letting the warm, bright sun stream into his room. Several students have returned. . . . I feel I have again been too long. I close wishing you all a happy St. Viator's day and a prosperous year.

Yours devotedly,

E. L. RIVARD, C.S.V.

HAMLET.

Critics generally concede that Hamlet is one of the greatest of Shakespeare's creations. His high moral nature, lofty purpose, and keen sensibility make him a man apt to do the best works himself, but to feel terribly any imposture from others. So sincere and kindly disposed himself, he cannot realize the depths of wickedness to which man may go, and experience

will prove too shocking to his delicate heart.

While others laughed at intrigue and imposture, Hamlet, on discovering such double-dealing, suffers an agony which becomes so great to his sensitive soul that it leaves him powerless to resist either the wrong itself or the feelings it awakens.

He knows of his father's murder and sees the murderers enjoy the fruits of their foul deeds. Although he had in him the qualities of a true soldier; although the enormity of the wrongs done him justly called for vengeance which he might have wreaked upon his enemies in the bloodiest manner, although the cruel state into which he was thrown by the intrigues of his avaricious uncle might have called to heaven itself for vengeance; still he desists from action, prompted by high religious motives. In the heat and energy of resolve he does not lose sight of an after life, of a Justice that will demand an account of the present:

"But that the dread of something after death,

The undiscovered country, from whose bourne

No traveler returns, puzzles the will

And makes us rather bear those ills we have Than fly to others that we know not of?"

Act III., Scene 1.

Here we have a truly beautiful reflection, a grand moral, embodying the highest principles of Christian ethics, from which we infer that Hamlet was a truly Christian man. He prefers patiently to suffer the "slings and arrows of an outrageous fortune," and this because he thinks it the part of a

nobler mind. He spurns the idea of giving way to the first impulse of revenging his grievance, though the motives prompting him thereto might seem to justify such an action.

That affliction had weighed heavily upon the soul of Hamlet, is evident from the fact that his mind seemed to be unseated and that he grew indifferent of life itself:

"To die, to sleep,
No more, and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural
shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd." *Ibid.*

This is evidently the expression of a soul stricken with grief immensurable, so much so that it considers death even a blessing, a much desired relief from all those troubles, anxieties and dangers, which mark our daily life; those adversities of body and soul to which we, since the fall of Adam, are exposed. These "thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to" had become unbearable to such a degree, [that Hamlet considers the release from them, though it be through grim death itself, as a "consummation devoutly to be wished." However he refrains from further dwelling upon such thoughts so as to avoid the sad necessity of yielding to them and thus prove disloyal to the good cause of virtue. He prefers to bend in humble, though manly resignation to his lot, than to bear the stings and thorns of a stifled conscience. Although passion in all its intensity had been enkindled into a bright flame in him, and he knew that to put an end to his sufferings it re-

quired but very little, only a "bare bodkin," still "the something after death" awakens in his bosom the nobler feelings and thus stays passion. It is the dread of committing crime, and the abhorrence he harbors of being brutalized by it. Thus his better nature gains the ascendancy and he at once realizes that "conscience doth make cowards of us all;" that it alone is the strong bulwark against the force of passion; quenches the fire of a wrong-directed ambition, cools the feverish ambition of one in search of dignity and tempers with prudence the resolution of the courageous.

The voice of conscience on the one side, and on the other the fearful accusations brought against his uncle, the summons to revenge, and the piercing, reiterated prayer of his father's ghost — "Remember me," leave this young man, so refined by nature, and so tender of heart, in a state of doubt and despair bordering on frenzy, and from energy he falls to indifference and inaction, and seemingly to stupidity. But we see that he who could speak thus of an after-life and a final justice was content to await the final rectifying of earth's wrongs at the bar of divine justice. But the succession of crime appealed too strongly to his high-strung and over-sensitive nature, and in time proved too much for his resolution. This was not the case with Macbeth, to whom we may place Hamlet in direct contrast. The latter proceeds with the utmost slowness and anxiety, the former with a crowded and breathless rapidity.

After the ghost of his father had vanished, Hamlet is overwhelmed with sorrow and amazement; his heart and brain suffering from the malady of that widespreading waste of corruption which surrounds him on all sides, he becomes bitter against those treachous villains who now smile and scoff at his misfortune. It is this which tempts him the more to understand and to conceive an indescribable detestation of things, rather than attain some end by a limited practical service. He swears never to forget the departed, and concludes with this short, though significant phrase:

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

(Act. 1., Scene 1.)

In these words can be summed up the final outcome of Hamlet's whole procedure. It is clear that here are presented to us the effects of a great action laid on the soul, fit in one sense and yet unfit for the performance of it. The mission laid upon Hamlet, was one impossible to be accomplished, not because it was in itself an impossibility, but because it was such for him. So lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, which had not the strength of nerve to form a hero, sank beneath the burden it could not bear, but still dared not cast off, so that the task laid upon the shoulders of our young king is, according to the words of Goethe, "An oak-tree planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom; the roots expand, the jar is shivered."

In Hamlet, therefore, we have a

character that would have been most admirable, had his world been one of honesty, of happiness, and of human love, but in the midst of such deceit and universal selfishness, his character, both from an intellectual and emotional standpoint, is found of but little actual service.

M. A. W.

ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA.

In reading the history of the Catholic church we cannot fail to see the fostering care she has always shown for science. In adversity and prosperity it has been dear to her; not infrequently was it subject for legislation in her provincial synods; oftentimes its progress was encouraged by acts of general councils. Circumstances, indeed, called for such enactments, but before these were given, and all along through the Christian era, scientific culture clung to the church as the vine to the elm. It was the children of the Catholic church who kept the lamp of learning burning in the darkest ages, and today they are found traversing the highest walks of knowledge. See the efforts made by Catholic universities and colleges throughout the world to instruct their pupils in scientific learning and to train their hearts to that revealed truth that "God is the Lord of the sciences." The resources of secular learning the church uses as a means of reaching souls, and of bringing them, as best she can, under the influence of supernatural truth. Like a tender mother, the holy church places before us, for

our encouragement and imitation, models and patrons of holiness and learning. We are assembled here this evening to honor one of these—St. Catherine of Alexandria. This great servant of God united in a most sublime degree virtue and science. She was of illustrious birth, endowed with all the gifts of nature, and surrounded by everything which the world admires; but, for St. Catherine, these had no attractions. As soon as she learned of her heavenly destiny, her sole desire was to lead a life entirely in keeping with that sublime end. This was manifest on all occasions by the spirit of faith which animated her actions.

By her intimate union with God she learned that the peerless soul of a virgin is the most beautiful thing on earth and the dearest to Him; and it was in defense of this angelic virtue that our saints suffered martyrdom. God has frequently chosen the meek and humble frame of girlhood for the most extraordinary manifestations of His power or His goodness. He has sent us, from time to time, beings who need to be angels clothed in human form to attract us by the beauty of virtue, and to show us the great mystery of love in which He unites Himself to the human soul. God has been ever great in His saints. St. Catherine, as a philosopher, was the glory of her age. She knew full well that learning after virtue is the highest ornament of the human mind. Men in their efforts to acquire knowledge, are, as a rule, actuated by vain, curious, or lucrative motives. St.

Catherine was convinced that nothing here below is truly great only in as far as it leads to God. Hence she studies that she might be more instrumental for good in saving souls and thereby promote the honor and glory of God. When several pagan philosophers were compelled by the emperor, Maximias, to enter into a disputation with her, she not only dissuaded them from their false notions, but by her eloquence, united to the sweetness of her piety she was the means through which they received that knowledge which surpasses all understanding—the divine faith; and she afterwards prepared them to sacrifice their lives for that heavenly treasure. How appropriate and advantageous then is it not for us to endeavor to imitate St. Catherine, who by her uncommon erudition, and the extraordinary spirit of piety by which she sanctified her learning, won for her the title which was hers for many centuries, that of patroness and model of Christian philosophers.

M. D.

SHAKESPEARE ON MERCY.

“Blessed are the merciful.”

Any quality having the love and sanction of God and man, must appeal strongly to the poet. Mercy, a virtue that compels us to forget our brother's faults, to pardon his crimes, is one that saves the world, unites man, and holds in check passions that would otherwise ruin mankind. How it appeals to the poets; they are ever speaking of its charms and using its

influence to melt the heart of their readers. To all poets its grandeur was evident, but to none more than to him who best knew the workings of human love and hatred—the world's own Shakespeare.

Portia's plea for mercy is a summing up of the excellencies of that virtue, rivaling all possibilities in the same direction. Here, when all argument had failed, when Shylock could not be persuaded of his injustice, and of the blind fanaticism that moved his vengeful heart, Portia seeks to reach him by way of mercy, and puts forth its grandeur in a manner calculated to move any but a heart hardened by avarice and prejudice. How beautiful the sentiments, even when we forget the circumstances under which they were delivered:

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

M. V., Act IV., scene 1.

It is a something on which we must all rely. Which one of us has so acted that he can call for justice and not mercy?

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

M. M., Act II., scene 2.

We expect it from others and we must make it the equivalent of all the faults of those about us, particularly our friends. "How many times shall I

pardon my brother?" Till seventy times? said the apostle, seeking to measure the extent of mercy. "Yea" said the Master, "till seventy times seventy," that is always and without regard to the offense of the one offending. That mercy which will not smile on small offenses, though it fain would exert its power on great ones is very questionable.

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, II, 2.*

Mercy finds a worthy object in the smallest offenses as it is of course easier to be merciful when there is little to be forgiven. How thoroughly christian the sentiment of Shakespeare—what a great lesson he teaches!

The immutable principles of justice assures to every man his just dues. But while we may have unquestioned rights in the claims we urge, still the very rights we have enable us to forego them, were the giving up of these to bring us no great loss or inconvenience, and at the same time be a source of happiness and perhaps a freedom from pain to our fellow-men. Shakespeare in his thorough grasp of human infirmity notes this:

"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 doth teach us all to
render
The deeds of mercy. *M. V., IV, 1.*

And besides, under plea of justice, the way of tyranny is easily opened.

How many are the hardships of the poor because merciless men force just claims, but with the rigor of tyrants:

“O, it is excellent
To have a giant’s strength, but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant.”

Measure for Measure, Act. II, S, 4.

If a too rigid demand for justice beget cruelty, a too great laxity of justice does likewise bring its evil. A sort of sickly sentiment that shields the murderer, the thief, the drunkard, only makes these more bold, as it also draws great numbers to their ranks. He who saw so well the beauties of this excellent virtue saw also the possibility of its abuse:

“Nothing so emboldens sin as mercy.”

Timon of Athens, III, 5.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, III-I, we read:

“Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.”

We should not conclude that justice and mercy contradict each other, and that while mercy ought to be foremost as the one best becoming man, still justice has its place, and its demands must sometimes be acceded to, however bitter and painful the circumstances.

The reflections of our poet on divine mercy are most exalted. His is the sound christian thought found in all the great poets. When he refers to the “gods” he is speaking with the liberty of the poet, not with the license of the modern atheist, the most unaccountable of all pagans.

If these words smack of paganism the sentiment does not:

“Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?”

Draw near them then in being merciful,
Sweet mercy is nobility’s true badge.”

Titus And. I-2.

How deeply Shakespeare was impressed with true Christianity we learn from his many virtuous sayings. His was a sympathetic heart, beating for all mankind. Within his own breast he heard the echo of every sorrow and felt the grief that afflicted men. Only he who feels can sympathize, and only he who analyzes can judge. Therefore we find the sum of judgment and compassion in Shakespeare, and hence the strength of his sayings on mercy.

He insists on mercy from man to man, because each is weak and erring, each needs the other’s help, and no one can afford to be merciless when all would suffer from strict justice. Then, too, he points out the abuse that may follow a too great leniency because man is so ready to take advantage even of his benefactor. But his best sayings are those which give his meditations on divine mercy, that complement of divine love, which, when the world had gone wrong took means to stay the penalties of divine justice and to pay out of the treasury of divine mercy the debts contracted by erring man.

M.

—Plans are being drawn, changed, and rebuilt by every student, for the spending of his Christmas vacation. It seems the principal thing is to lay in a good supply of—you know—for the dark days of January. Of course the prefects won’t do a thing.

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More men fail in life for want of energy than for want of talent or opportunity. The chances for a bright career are open to all and in any field. The best men are the best workers. They bring to perfection all their parts, are less prone to pride—appeal to the sympathies of the multitude, and hence have elements of success not found in those to whom fortune has been more favorable.

It is a loss to a young man not to have ambition. That ambition should be moderate, proportionate to his talents, habits, and character; but should nevertheless be pronounced. It will not be the right sort unless it direct itself to a particular end. To be a good or a great man is all well enough, but in what sphere is this goodness and greatness to be manifested? Good men and great men are such only when they have shown sterling qualities in the service of their fellow-men. You are destined for the world, for society. You will on short acquaintance with

both find the defects, the needs of men. You will soon become aware of the many who move through life without aim or purpose, and just the smallest grain of common sense will show that these are not only useless members, but a positive detriment to society. One having ambition will not wish to duplicate such worthless, un-lived lives.

Its needs becoming apparent, the desire to help weak and suffering humanity is forthwith born. A measuring of one's ability, with an appeal to inclination, will readily suggest the direction one would wish to go, and vocation becomes a thing of life.

The men we call self-made are those who not only had a purpose in life, but a decided, definite end in view, which gave them the energy and courage to win laurels in their walks of life. And it is worth while to remark that every profession, every class of business, all fields where men gain wealth and renown, have had their self-made men.

Did you ever stop to consider how much may be expressed in a single word? The word *why* is not a long word, neither is it an uncommon one. Nevertheless, it is the secret of all human knowledge, for it is by trying to ascertain the *why* and the *wherefore* of everything that scientific principles have been discovered. It is by this that mankind has been led to make the simplest researches into all branches of learning.

To the mind desirous of acquiring

knowledge, it is the all important question. It is to it what the "To be or not to be" was to Hamlet. In witnessing the phenomena of nature or the occurrence of any strange event, it immediately attempts to fathom the cause and to see why it was thus and not otherwise.

But this search after knowledge is not to be confounded with curiosity. The one is an earnest endeavor to gain information in the acquisition of which we, ourselves, may be benefited and be the better able to benefit others; while the other is a prying into affairs with no other object in view than that we may satisfy our own idle inquisitive disposition. The vast caverns of learning are not explored in a single day. Like riches and honor, wisdom is ours only when we have spent time and labor in its pursuit and struggled in the face of great opposition. Many long centuries have passed since the great philosopher, Seneca, told the young prince, his pupil, that there is no royal road to geometry, and this has been found to be equally true of all other branches of learning as well. If we would be eminent in any of the arts or sciences, it is only by constant application and by trying to ascertain the *why* for everything that we shall reach the desired end.

In searching after wisdom, we are sure to come nearer truth, and thus we are elevated and made better in the pursuit of our guiding star—*why*. Wherever we look or into whatever we examine, a *why* will constantly present itself. No man need expect to be able to answer it fully in every department

of knowledge, but all of us can make a specialty of some one thing and understand our subject well. To be able to answer all the *whys* in the physical world, we must be scientists; to answer those in the mental, we must be philosophers; and to answer those in the moral, we must be saints. We should then seek to understand those things that will be beneficial to us; and in deep earnest, manly effort find the key that will unlock the treasured lore of the ancients, and open wide the portals of research.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The *Rosary* concludes in its November issue a splendid study of the Magna Charta. "Sketches of Venezuela" is a review of its principal cities and their attractions: churches, schools, etc. The writer confesses the curiosity he had to visit some of the South American republics, and most people feel a similar anxiety to know something of a country which has lately become so prominent.

The *Catholic World* is very interesting this month. "Catholicism, Protestantism, and Progress" is well worth perusal. "A Modern St. Francis" shows that heroic charity is still found in its most exalted form. "Why Catholics Sympathize With Armenia" presents another phase of a burning question. "The Wonders of Old Ocean," "Madame Garnier and Her Work," and "A Morning in Florence," are among the most prominent of a strong array of fine articles.

The *Century* has just seen close twenty-five prosperous years. It commemorates the fact by putting on a new dress, and affects a general *rigging* up. "The Devotion of Enriquez," by Bret Harte, while ludicrous throughout, ends in a way to shake one's faith in woman's constancy. "The Issues of 1896," a republican view by Theodore Roosevelt, and a democratic one by Wm. E. Russell, is a pointed presentation of the questions each party will have to meet next year, by two men standing high in their respective parties. A review of Robert Louis Stevenson and his writings, and a sketch of Eleonora Duse will be interesting to the literary reader. Then there are the opening chapters of a serial by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

McClure's has its idols, and one ranking high is our late President, Abraham Lincoln. In the November number there is begun a life of Lincoln, which promises to be both complete and reliable. His was a great and noble life—a constant struggle in youth—it developed into a great and sturdy manhood which, if it lacked the grace and polish of many of his contemporaries, lacked also many of their weaknesses. No pen can be unworthily employed in Lincoln's defense.

The Reading Circle Review has a very complete outline of studies for the reading circles. It has been arranged by the editor of the *Review*, and will require a four-year's course to complete the program. Reading circles founded on right principles

and carried out on the plan suggested by this worthy magazine, cannot, if the members persevere in the work, reap any but the richest harvest.

The mid-November issue of *Our Young People* contains the opening chapter of a serial by Rev. F. J. Finn, S.J., entitled "Ethelred Preston," which promises to be as good as any of the gifted author's preceding ventures. It is a story of college life, and all we can now imagine of Ethelred is what a very long letter from the boy's mother makes possible. Of course he is the angel that every mother believes her boy to be—a belief too often shared by no one else. But we are left to surmise. Boys may look for the same pleasure and profit that the author furnished in his other college stories. For the best work with the least pretention commend us to *Our Young People*.

Studies in the New Testament, by Rev. Jas. H. O'Donnell, New York, Rosary Publication Co., 1895. The above is the title of a most useful book, which will be found reliable in all its points. The chief merits of the work are its completeness and method. The work is evidently that of a scholar and is well worthy of his efforts. The matter is abundant and embraces studies on the inspiration and on number and canon of the books. Although the bible is not the exclusive, nor even the primary rule of faith, since tradition preceded it, and scripture itself must have the interpretation of the church, nevertheless one should have a thorough knowledge of the holy

writings, and this little work affords better advantages than any work of its size and scope we have yet seen.

As the title asserts, it is a study of the New Testament. The author reviews the books, their authority, integrity and veracity, as a whole, and each book then received due notice. There is also a study of the circumstances in which the epistles and gospels were written, with a substantial analysis of what they contain. To this is added a sketch of the lives of many Evangelical men.

It is a book useful to priest and preacher who can find facts and details not found in other and more pretentious works.

Its method looks rather to utility than to literary dignity. It is in catechetical form, the most effective way of imparting knowledge.

The book will prove a great aid to those who have a serious wish to make a study of the scriptures as it will save time in the study besides being of great interest. The writer is to be congratulated on his good work and on the desire that prompted him to give its results to the public.

PERSONAL.

—Rev. T. A. Shaw C.M., of La-Salle, Ill., and Rev. J. E. Hennelly C.M., of Chicago, Ill., paid a recent visit to the college. The Rev. Fathers have been conducting a mission at St. Patrick's church, Kankakee, Ill., and it is needless to say that their work has been a grand success. They suc-

ceeded greatly in awakening an enthusiastic zeal for religion, and in bringing back many relax members to the fold of the faithful.

—Rev. J. J. Cregan C.S.V., made a short visit to Cullom, Ill., where he was the recipient of the greatest hospitality, and for more than one reason reports a very enjoyable time.

—Messrs. J. Nawn, J. Surprenant, C. Snider, J. Quille, J. St. Cerney, and other members of the college choir were present a few evenings at St. Patrick's church in Kankakee during the mission, where they rendered some of their choicest selections.

—Rev. Father Poissant has lately been appointed assistant pastor at the French congregation in Kankakee. He is quite an accomplished gentleman, and surely his presence will be very acceptable to his people. He has our best wishes and hearty congratulations.

—Rev. Fathers La Jenness and Delorme made a short call to the college, about the middle of the month. The former was on his return to his home in Manitoba, but the latter will spend a short time in Clinton, Ill. For ten years he has been a missionary in China but the work having become too burdensome for him, he was obliged to retire from this field of labor, for a short time at least, and is now taking a little time to recruit, after his loss of strength.

—Bros. Senecal and Martel are expected at the college about the last of the month. Brother Senecal has just

returned from a European trip, and he may easily anticipate a warm reception. For many years he has been our genial treasurer, and we hope to have him many years to come.

Rev. J. Hudson, of Manistee, Mich., was among the large number of priests who visited the college during the past few weeks. The Rev. Father is quite a friend to the institution, and he may be sure of a hearty reception whenever he should chance to pass our way.

A class on criticism was organized at the beginning of the scholastic year. This class, though only once a week, is meeting with extraordinary success. It is conducted by Rev. T. J. McCormick, and he has proved himself entirely competent for the task. The following are some of the subjects so far treated: "Difference Between Prose and Poetry," "Poetic Emphasis," "Style," etc. The class is attended by all seminarians and rhetoricians.

We take the following from the Joliet (Ill.) *Morning Post*:

"In the face of the frowns of nature (and tears) and in spite of the presence of a very popular theatrical organization in town, the attendance at the bazaar last night was about as large as ever. This is an expressive commentary upon the popularity of the institution.

"With such affable and engaging personalities as Fathers Foster and Morrissey at its head, with their kindly watchfulness of the comfort and pleasure of the guests, with their painstaking efforts to constantly add to the attractiveness of the fair, always on the lookout for new features of entertainment, the Sacred Heart Bazaar

could not but succeed; but that its success has been so splendid, so much beyond that of the usual church fair, is indeed a flattering tribute to them and their assistants and a great source of satisfaction to the many who contributed to the large stock of goods displayed."

—A letter from Mr. Hugh O'Donnell gives some of his stage experience which was very interesting to his many friends here. He is playing with Fanny Davenport, having engaged himself to the fine company supporting that talented lady the coming year. Mr. O'Donnell will fill engagements in all the principal cities of the east during the autumn and early winter and in all probability his many friends may have the pleasure of seeing him in the west during the winter. We rejoice exceedingly that he starts under such favorable auspices, knowing that his ability and lofty ambition will bring him into an enviable prominence, and that he will grace the high profession he has chosen.

—Among the distinguished visitors of the month was Mother St. Paul, Provincial of the Order of the Holy Heart of Mary, whose headquarters are in Paris and France. She has been making a visitation of the order in America and has already visited houses in Canada and the United States. The house lately opened in St. Mary's, Ills., will be the visitor's resting place while in America.

—We learn with sorrow that Mr. Richard Flynn, '93, has been compelled to discontinue his studies and that the

state of his health will necessitate a trip to the west. We trust the change and rest will prove beneficial and a few months will find him recovered and fit for duty.

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

Among the many feasts celebrated in the most solemn and appropriate manner at St. Viateur's College, that which occurs on the 22d of November is not the least. It has always been the custom of the institution to solemnize this beautiful feast in ways not a few, and this year has been no exception.

The day was begun by over one hundred youths approaching the celestial table to receive their God in honor of her who was such a model of patience, humility, obedience, poverty, chastity, and sanctity, and who now sings in the choirs of paradise, after having won the martyr's crown—the patroness of music, St. Cecilia. During mass the sweet notes that pealed forth from the chapel organ were suggestive of thoughts less human than divine.

The usual classes were followed till noon, then the rest of the day was free that all may reflect and enjoy. The sports engaged in on the campus sufficed to show that the boys were awake to the occasion, and would not let it pass without making it the source of much enjoyment and pleasure.

About the middle of the afternoon, according to the custom of the college, all the members of the choir, together with those who take part in the musical entertainments, were called to

the refectory to partake of a banquet prepared especially to their honor, and it is needless to say that it was highly enjoyed. In the evening it was thought proper to render a short program which was quickly gotten up and as successfully carried out.

The least that could be said of the selections rendered by Messrs. J. Nawn, J. Surprenant, J. Quille, and C. Surprenant is that they were excellent, and deserving of our highest appreciation. Also the violin duets by Messrs. Martineau and Lemarre were really brilliant and the fact that they were repeatedly called back on the stage is sufficient proof of the esteem in which their musical efforts were held.

The solo, Charity, rendered by Rev. Bro. Desjardan, C. S. V., was far above the expectations of every one, and the piano solos by Mr. Dubé, and especially his clarionet solo, were excellent.

The following is the

PROGRAM:

Overture.....	J. St. Cerney
Quartet... Messrs. J. Nawn, J. Surprenant,	
..... J. Quille, and C. Snider	
Piano Solo.....	P. Dubé
Violin Solo, Messrs Martineau and Lemarre	
Quartet.... Messrs. J. Nawn, J. Surprenant,	
..... J. Quille, and C. Snider	
Clarionet Solo.....	P. Dubé
Vision of St. Cecelia.... Messrs. Desjardan,	
..... Martineau, Lemarre, and Dube	
Violin Duet, Messrs. Martineau and Lemarre	
Sancta Cecelia.....	Ora Pro Nobis
.....	College Choir
Charity.....	Rev. Bro. Desjardan, C.S.V.

—The man too stingy of his ink to make capital letters is the latest find.

A DAY IN CHICAGO.

On Nov. 7, in response to an invitation received from Rev. T. J. McDevitt, the Ford Exhibition Squad, the crack drilling company of the college, the Columbian Guards and the college quartette—Messrs. Quille, Nawn, Schneider and Surprenant—went to Chicago to render a program for the opening night of a bazaar held on North Clark street by the congregation of the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. They left on the noon train, arriving in Chicago about two o'clock; the boys then went with their friends to various parts of the city until seven o'clock, when the squad met at the hall for a short practice drill. About an hour later, before a large and appreciative audience, they appeared again and put up a drill that would have done credit to a company of regulars. Never did they drill better after having been organized for so short a time; each one did his best and the appreciation of the audience was shown by the thunders of applause which greeted them after each of their many difficult and well executed movements.

After the drill of the Squad the Columbian Guards gave a sword drill which was well received and loudly applauded. The remainder of the program included a comic specialty by William Doody, some well rendered songs by the college quartet and music by Mr. John St. Cerney.

The program being finished the boys enjoyed themselves in the hall until a late hour, when they separated

for the night to meet at noon the next day and take the train for their college home.

All had a very nice time; the only regret was they could not stay longer. Too much credit can not be given to those who took part in the program of the evening, for each and all worked hard to make the opening night of the bazaar an attractive one. Capt. Francis O'Reilly is to be especially commended for his efforts, to which were due the excellent drill of the squad; and to Mr. John Nawn, who contributed no small share toward the perfection of the quartet. One and all of those who went on this trip thank Fathers Fox and McDevitt for their kindness and assure them that the remembrance of this most pleasant trip will always be among the first of the many pleasant recollections of college days. L.

ROLL OF HONOR.

The Guilfoyle medal for average of 95 and upwards in the rhetoric classes, equally deserved by D. Hayden, P. Hansl, A. Lyons, T. Lyons, John Marx, S. Moore, and L. Mullins. Drawn by T. Lyons.

The Conroy medal for average of 95 and upwards equally deserved by A. Lyons and S. Moore. Drawn by Moore.

The Lesage French medal, for composition, was awarded to F. Richards.

The gold medal for first in greatest number of classes, classical course, equally deserved by P. Hansl, A. Lyons, S. Moore, A. O'Sullivan, John Marx, and A. Goudreau. Drawn by O'Sullivan.

The gold medal for first in greatest number of classes, commercial course, equally deserved by J. Armstrong, V. Fallon, B.

Katzenbock, and W. Diggin. Drawn by Armstrong.

First silver medal for second in greatest number classes, classical course, equally deserved by P. Dubé, H. Hildreth, J. Kinney, E. Kromenacker, J. Kearney, E. Logan, J. Murphy, R. Pugny, and James O'Dwyer. Drawn by E. Kromenacker.

First silver medal for second in greatest number of classes, Commercial Course, equally deserved by E. Coody, A. Cooley, W. Flanagan, P. Frazier, J. Hickey, T. McCambridge, F. Potter, and R. Rafferty. Drawn by McCambridge.

Second silver medal for third in greatest number of classes, Classical Course, equally deserved by J. Granger, R. Haley, D. Hayden, T. Lyons, F. O'Rielly, C. Quille, Jos. Roundy, and C. Schneider. Drawn by Haley.

Second silver medal for third in greatest number of classes, Commercial Course, equally deserved by C. Byrnes, W. Corcoran, G. Kieffer, and W. Quigley. Drawn by Byrnes.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Conduct medal, equally deserved by C. Flanigan, E. Carroll, J. Coughlin, V. Steppes, J. McCormick. Drawn by J. Coughlin.

Excellence medal, equally deserved by R. Mumford, F. Milholland, F. Williamson, and F. Clark. Drawn by F. Clark.

—The students hold in grateful remembrance the *conge* had in honor of the visit of Frs. Shaw and Hennelly and they will not forget easily the speech Father Shaw made. It was so brief and pointed.

—There have been several new arrivals the past month, among them Messrs. Harrison, Carden, and Gazzola for the seniors; Masters Pfaff and Lemire for the juniors; Demers and Shippey for minim department.

VIATORIANA.

—Scilence.

—So did I.

—Don't get mad.

—I wants my pie.

—Good bye Luke!

—Johnnie Frazier.

—Beans for desert.

—He lost his speech.

—The village priest.

—I'll assassinate you.

—They had a sick call.

—Raciasio—Raciocinio.

—Why today's Tuesday.

—Your key-hole's a-fire.

—Too full for utterance.

—That's a French pullet.

—C. A. J. secret society.

—So small and yet so fair.

—When will you get first?

—Oh, I long to be famous.

—He gets his coffee again.

—Necessity of being a B. A.

—I am worthy of a hearing.

—Alas! the balls were gone.

—I took them by strategem.

—That school at Platts-burg.

—What made the thunder!!!

—It'll go off, before I go home.

—Yous fellers got no etiquette.

—The man in the tower is quite a weather prophet.

—The lobster looked like corn.

—His words were soft and low.

—Mr. M— is watching Charlie.

—Oh look at that little minnow.

—Down I sat. Did you hear me?

—When shall we four meet again?

—How's the weather in the poop?

—He felt something hurting him.

—Speak to the proper authorities.

—She has a voice like a coffee mill.

—My thoughts were disconnected.

—I will always remember this day.

—Keep a civil tongue in your head.

—You are old enough to have sense.

—What blew the electric lights out?

—I was like a hen on a hot griddle.

—I am surely the best in the class.

—They look too sweet for anything.

—Wake me up when Kruder comes back.

—Have you seen my brother-in-laws?

—How far is it down the road and back?

—Three days after John got a letter.

—Hector and the Bear—not Andromache.

—You may prompt but not so loud please.

—I emphasized my speech with my fingers.

—Shall we get a derrick to raise you up?

—Turn on the light and give me more room.

—*Right* is always right, can't be otherwise.

—Say, darling, give me a flower from your bouquet.

—The only difference between us is that we can't agree.

—The tongue is mightier than the sword. So says Mike.

—Found a fault in Latin grammar, participles are not declined.

—“She is making her debut
Yes, but there is too little de.”

—“Prof. why do day call dat football? It's de head what's allus bunged up.”

—With a sigh of regret he closed his book and said how little we mortals know.

—Some of the features of the season: Mud, snow, sleet, rain and black eyes.

—Here's cabbage, there's beans, and there's mate, there, dye ye ate enough and don't moke strange.

—Some of the faculty attended a very fine entertainment at Notre Dame Academy, (given by the accomplished young ladies of that institution.) Music, both vocal and instrumental, together with some excellent literary and elocutionary selections, made up the program. All the participants deserve unqualified praise for their good work, as do their patient teachers, who suggested and prepared the program.

