

# THE VIATORIAN.

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## •• PAIN ••



The greatest pain, I have ever deemed  
To be that of the poor heart aching,  
When shocked at some act of a friend it seemed  
To be nigh a very life taking.

When the loving heart hath garnered its own,  
On an altar its life-blood makes rare,  
And the idol's hand hath the shrine overthrown,  
Oh! what can be harder to bear.

The wound we receive from misfortune's ill-grace  
Is light, and time soon heals the sore;  
The hurt from a friend strikes in different place,  
It wounds the poor heart's very core.

It makes there a hollow so lonesome and dark,  
Where never a hope-light appears,  
It swells nigh to breaking so keen is the smart,  
Yet it can't be relieved of it's tears.

Ah! pray let us stop and consider the while,  
The anguish our friends thus may bear;  
Our actions won't hurt then, but win friendship's smile,  
Bringing sparkles instead of a tear.

—J. H. N.

## BYRON'S REFLECTIONS ON TIME.

—  
 "Time's the king of men,  
 For he's their parent, and he's their grave,  
 And gives them what he will, not what they  
 crave."

—*Shakespeare.*

Considering the few years allotted to Byron and the manner in which he spent them, we cannot wonder that time should have been for him an inspiring subject. It was, too. We conclude thus from the many and various references the poet makes to this all-important subject. Byron saw nothing in the usual way. Everything appeared to him as it does and should to the poet—heated in the fire of passion and colored by a glowing imagination.

Few, indeed, are they to whom the flight of time brings not serious thought. It did to Byron and his deep reflections thereon lead us to think that he was not insensible to the value and speedy passage of man's short day.

Byron early acknowledges the impress of time—earlier than most men. Generally men refuse to admit time's ravages and only old age, unmistakably present, or despair, the child of dissipation, forces men to admit that the world has no other joys for them. But the poet gave in to his feelings when he said:

"Yet Time who changes all, had alter'd him  
 In soul and aspect as in age; years steal  
 Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb  
 And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near  
 the brim." —*Childe Harold.*

When we once notice the rapid flight of time, how we long to check it. We would do so, even though to be again

in the past were to bring us no real joy. Hear the poet:

"O, Time, why dost not pause? Thy scythe  
 so dirty  
 With rust, should surely cease to hack and  
 hew.  
 Reset it; shave more smoothly, also slower  
 If but to keep thy credit as a mower."

—*Don Juan.*

The wail of him who thus mourns the passage of time, is far more pathetic than the loss of time itself. After all, why should we grieve of the short-lived, rushing whirlwind we call time. In its course, rapid as it may be, we can do much to make life pleasant for ourselves and for others. Every man normally constituted gets much joy from life while he labors at some useful occupation; and good, so diffusive, radiates its light and heat to those around him. There are few whom despair haunts, still our poet seems at times to have been followed by this hideous specter. These were dark moments—moments when only the gloomy, haunting past came ghost-like to throw terror and fear over all things. Then did Byron rage against time:

"Out upon time! It leaves no more  
 Of the things to come than the things be-  
 fore.  
 Out upon time! who forever will leave  
 But enough of the future for the present  
 to grieve. —*Siege of Corinth.*

Time is a bitter foe when it once gets the upper hand. No peace offering will then placate its savage fury, nor bribe serve to stay its inexorable decrees when it assumes the role of judge.

"Time the avenger unto thee I lift  
 My hands, my eyes, and heart, and crave  
 a gift."

But there is a rugged kindness in time, withal, and in filling man's soul with pain for unspent years it would teach him the brief period of his earthly career and the need of using well the short span that will mark his little day in this world. Happy those who take the warning and whose souls are strong enough to make remorse the spur to better doing. Memory will never fail to remind us of the evil we have done as if intent on taunting us with lost years and with the sad recollection which fill up such years.

Byron seemed at times strong enough to temper those sad memories and some happy thoughts sprang out of the desert of the past, refreshing to the mind and a balm to the troubled soul:

"There are some feelings time cannot be-  
numb  
Nor torture shake, or mine would now be  
cold and dumb." —*Childe Harold*.

A cynic himself, Byron felt the sting of time's cynicism.

"To what straits old time reduces  
Frail man—when paper—even a rag like  
this  
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's  
his." —*Don Juan*.

Though not a poet of nature, that is, of exterior nature, none said more beautiful things of her phenomena than Byron. What treasures he would have left had he taken more to the consideration of nature's grandeur than to the surging passions of man, all too strongly active in his own proud soul. But he was not insensible to nature, especially in her more vigorous phases, as witness his immortal "Apostrophe

to 'the Ocean.'" Who has ever more beautifully, more majestically addressed himself to the mighty deep? Here, too, he finds one thing to challenge the power of time—here is one creature that dares this ravager to show where its hand has left an impress:

"Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure  
brow,—  
Such as creation's dawn beheld thee thou  
rollest now."

—*Childe Harold*.

His intense hatred of established customs, of laws, and of all that civilization holds sacred, made of Byron an exile among men. But notwithstanding this, and his many complaints against time, so true it is that all men will some day or other seek to justify themselves and their actions, the poet scruples not to appeal to posterity, and looks to time for a justification:

"O time! the beautifier of the dead,  
Adorner of the ruin, comforter  
And only healer when the heart hath bled—  
Time the corrector when our judgments  
err,  
The test of truth, love—sole philosopher."

—*Childe Harold*.

But if time, justly or otherwise, gave Byron much to complain of, it chose a great moment and a mighty place for his end. As if resenting the imputation of its powerlessness over the ocean or because the raging sea, which of all nature's phenomena, most resembled the poet's stormy soul, its watery bosom was to be his grave and its roaring to be his funeral dirge.

Who shall say that Byron would have it otherwise? What most pleased him in life would lend a charm to his death.

His own words best express the rapture that was his, when the music of the ocean's billows set his heart on fire.

"And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be,  
Borne, like the bubbles onward; from a boy  
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me  
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;  
For I was as it were a child of thee,

And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane as I do  
here."  
—*Childe Harold.*

Justly then did the ocean claim him as its own—happy was time in determining the end, when she refused more of the scanty moments, so parsimoniously distributed to all men.

"Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."—*Shakespeare.*

A. D.

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FLIP.

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I am a doctor in a small town—it matters not where—a pretty little place, although rather old-fashioned. I am newly married, the possessor of a pleasant home and a small though increasing practice.

In fulfilling our professional duties, we doctors witness many interesting and often pathetic incidents. We come into closer touch with human nature and our fellow men than any other profession, and hence are often the observers of unusual occurrences among them. But I may safely say that I never witnessed a more touching scene, a more sorrowful tragedy than that which I am about to relate.

My tale carries me back to an ugly night in early winter; I could hear the

rain pouring upon the roof, and the wind whistling through the trees, making a mournful sound. But seated in my big arm-chair near the blazing fire in the grate, and seeing in the flames visions of a happy future, I was content with myself and all the world.

While in the midst of these dreams I was rudely startled by a barking and scraping at the front door. I arose and opened it; but what was my surprise to see a man apparently dead lying on the steps and a little dog, a common one, such as you meet with anywhere, barking and running around frantically, as if searching for help. I took the man in, laid him on a sofa, and went to get my medicines. When I returned the dog was on the lounge licking the man's hand and face, then pulling at his clothes to awaken him. Finding his efforts useless he lay down beside him and gave vent to the most pitiful cries—or moans. One might fancy they were human; while his eyes filled with tears, yes, tears—I saw them. I stood for a moment watching this touching scene, for my heart was melted by the poor creature's sorrow and devotion.

With difficulty I succeeded in separating them; and having administered restoratives the man soon returned to consciousness.

He was a tall, thin, hollow-eyed person. His cheeks were pale and sunken; his fingers long and thin, resembling an eagle's claw. And this death-branded creature—for one could see the ravages of consumption in his eye and cheek—was attired in clothes tattered and torn.

When he came to, he gazed around a moment, and in a feeble voice said, "Where am I?"

I told him how I had found him and brought him back to consciousness. When I had finished he whispered, "Where is *he*, Mister?"

"He? Who?" said I.

"Flip, the pup," he answered. And immediately the dog bounded upon the lounge by his master's side. The man's eye brightened, but he was seized with a fit of coughing which made him too weak to speak.

I gave him a stimulant which seemed to strengthen him, and in a voice weaker than before, he said, "I'm dyin', Mister."

I tried to convince him that such was not the case, but in my heart I knew he had not long to live.

"Thank'ee, Mister, thank'ee fer your kindness, but I know it's so. When they kicked me out o' that barn, down the street a ways, and throw'd me out into the rain, I know'd it were comin.'" Here he coughed again but managed to continue, "Fer myself, I'm glad its come, at last; but fer Flip—Oh, Mister, he's the only friend I've had for years!" He said this in such a heart-rending tone, that tears came into my eyes, familiar as I was with suffering and death.

"You've been kin' to me, Mister; there's very few has been kin' to *me*. P'rhaps you won't mind me another favor, afore I die."

I assured him that I was only too ready to do him any service.

"Mister, I'm goin' now; I feel a weight on my chest a' ready, an' it's

gettin' dark. Don't tell me I'm goin' to live; I don't want to. I've had enough o' living an' bein' kicked about the worl'"—— Here he paused for breath. I could see he was going fast.

"Mister, ye ken make me happy afore I die—God knows I ain't had much happiness—promise ye'll take care o' Flip. He's all I got but these yere rags, an' I love 'im, if he ain't nothin' but a dog. Ye'll promise, will ye, Mister?"

Hoping to ease the poor fellow's mind, I promised.

"Thank'ee, Mister; I'm goin' now, nothin' on God's earth ken stop me. Good-bye, Mister; good-bye, Flip."

His hand clasped the dog's paw and he held it. He mumbled something or other to the dog, turned slowly to me and gave me a happy, grateful look, then his eyes closed forever.

Seeing that he was dead, I left the room for a while, to notify the coroner and make the preparations necessary for his removal.

When I returned, there was the dog in its same position, its paw in the man's hand, its head resting on his breast. When I approached he did not move. I called his name, and yet he was still. I raised his head and then I saw the truth—like his master, he was dead. P. W. H.

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There is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.—*Thomas of Malmesbury.*

## A LIFE'S SHADOW.

All Berrytown was *en fete* in preparation for an event of great importance. All its civic and military organizations were gathered on the city square ready to form the procession, which was to be the feature of the day's doings. Bands of musicians were discoursing sweet music—people stood in groups about the street talking and laughing, but withal quite expectant of the treat soon to be given them.

The occasion of all this tumult and excitement was the dedication of a great hospital, the gift of a citizen, Mr. M. H. Floriat, in fact, the leading man of the town. He had already built a home for the orphans, and an industrial school where young people had a chance to learn some useful trade, beside acquiring an education. Then there were many private gifts to charitable enterprises, not to speak of the whisperings of assistance rendered here and there to the needy and deserving poor. In a word, Mr. Floriat was not only a philanthropist but a man of genuine charity. He sought no praise, always refused to be interviewed by the "press" and no one had the courage even to compliment him on his good deeds.

Mr. Floriat could tolerate anything but flattery, and those who knew him never attempted it in his presence.

But now there was a sort of rebellion in Berrytown. Here was the third great gift to its people and so far there had been no public acknowledgment of his kindness. In deference to Mr. Floriat's wishes, the former institu-

tions had been dedicated merely by a public announcement to the effect that the buildings were opened to those for whose help they had been erected.

But in this latter case the people insisted on taking the case into their own hands; and by preparing the greatest demonstration Berrytown had ever known, give notice to the world that they appreciated their benefactor and sought to honor one whose modesty would not allow him to claim that which in all justice was his due.

Great speakers were brought from abroad. The governor of the state was to preside; Mr. Floriat was to be the guest of honor, willingly or otherwise. Hence the demonstration now in progress in the otherwise quiet city of Berrytown.

The procession was made up of societies, local and visiting, large delegations of the state militia, citizens in carriages and on foot, in a word of all that would be found in a parade that marked some great event of national importance.

At the head of the parade, in the governor's carriage rode Mr. Floriat, pale and greatly excited. The people cheered as the good man passed forgetting in their enthusiasm the presence of their chief executive. But the philanthropist seemed unmindful of it all. With his hat off and his white head bowed, he seemed like one going to his doom.

The procession took over an hour to pass a given point and headed its way slowly to the public park where a reviewing stand has been erected and where, when their carriage arrived the

guests of honor dismounted and viewed the procession as it passed by.

At the close of the parade, there was to be speech making. Several of the most distinguished orators of the state were present to address the assembled towns-people and the whole was to close with a great banquet at the city hall.

It was 1 p. m. when the mayor of Berrytown called the great throng to order and forthwith introduced the speaker of the day, who spoke eloquently on the occasion which called them together; dwelling at length on the grandeur of the life and good work of him whom they were there to honor. So feelingly did he touch on Floriat's charitable doings and on the modesty that sought to hide it all, that applause gave place to tears, and except for the sobbing of the crowd not a sound went up from the thousands that hung breathless on the speaker's fervent words.

Loud and long were the cheers that bore testimony to the people's belief in the speaker's sincerity, when at last he concluded. The governor and the mayor also made addresses, both of whom gave expression to their appreciation of the grandeur and unselfishness of Mr. Floriat's good deeds.

Then it seemed that the public program was at an end. Not so, however. The people began to clamor wildly for Floriat. Floriat! speech! speech! came from all sides.

Mr. Floriat sat pale and trembling, but made no effort to rise. The cries continued and the governor and mayor approaching him, lifted him to his feet and brought him to the front of

the platform. Then truly did that immense throng go wild. It was fully five minutes before peace was restored. In the interval Mr. Floriat seemed to strengthen. His face, so pale till now, suddenly flushed, he stood erect, and when quiet was restored began to speak.

He related briefly his coming to Berrytown, some thirty years previous, a poor boy; told how a kind man had employed him as errand boy at the bank, how he saved all the money he could from his little earnings, which in time grew, and finally how he made his first investment in a local mine, which proved so paying that he soon acquired considerable wealth. Some fortunate investments in railroad property increased the total and now he did not scruple to say that he was worth several millions.

"But, my dear fellow-citizens," he continued, "it is not to tell of my wealth that induced me to speak to you today. Nor is it indeed any pride that I feel because you have thus honored one who deserves no such praise." Cries of "We can't do enough," "You deserve a thousand times more," stopped him for a moment, but he continued:

"What man here today knows anything of my antecedents? True it is that my dealings have been honest and my character and work here are in your keeping. But whence I came or from what condition of life I sprang, none of the good people of Berrytown know nor have they even inquired.

"I have always held aloof from society and from demonstration of any

sort. The part I play in this day's celebration I would give all I have to avoid. But I could not. The secret I guard and which has brought the gloom of death to all my life, I have kept till now, but it is no longer mine.

"I shall then tell you briefly what I am, whence I came, and in the facts I adduce, you will find the explanation of my life and conduct.

"Though I appear to be a man of seventy years, it is but a week since I kept my fiftieth birthday. Fifty years ago I was born in one of the flourishing cities of the East. Born of good parents and raised well, I passed twenty years in the fulness of that constant peace and joy that comes from a happy home over which loving parents preside. But a bitter day came. A quarrel rose between my father and myself over company I kept, and on my stubborn refusal to give up these companions, my father in his anger said I must either quit the company or find a new home. I chose the latter. My pride blinded me to all consideration of the step I took and I left home without even a farewell to my loving mother or the two dear sisters that made up our little family.

"I scarcely knew where I was going, but I went on and on till I came to St. Louis. There I intended to wait till I saw what course I would pursue.

"The second day after I arrived there I sat reading the paper when my eyes were attracted to the glaring headlines which told in the boldest type of a whole family being burned to death in their home in Vermont. I tried to read and could not; again I made

the effort and again I failed. But the whole truth soon dawned on me; the terrible tragedy happened in my native town, and the victims were my dear parents and two sisters from whom I parted in anger. I knew no more.

"When I gained consciousness, I was lying in the ward of the sisters' hospital, and from the devoted sister who watched my bedside I learned that I had been there six weeks, the victim of brain fever. It was six months before I recovered sufficient strength to do anything. Then I found some employment which kept me in the necessities of life, till going farther west I came to this town. You know the rest." Here the heart-broken man could say no more.

After some time he continued: "If I have tried to do some good, God knows I have need, and my early vow was that all the money I could save would be given to charity, that by lessening the sorrows and pains of other hearts, I might make reparation for those I had broken.

Then he stopped. Silently the vast assembly departed, and if they shuddered at Floriat's crime, they were surely impressed by his repentance. There was no banquet that day.

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"I have done the state some service, and they know it,

No more of that; I pray you in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice."

—*Othello*. Act V, Sc. 2.

## GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

When I first came to Australia the country was wild and thinly settled, with only a few towns scattered along the sea-coast. I was working for a man who had a large sheep ranch extending over thousands of acres.

About three years after my arrival I was sent to the nearest town, nearly fifty miles from the ranch, with a large flock of sheep which my employer had sold to a stock drover. As I received payment for the sheep, I had a large sum of money in my possession. I was about to leave town when a friend called me aside and told me that a band of bush-rangers, who at that time infested the country, were waiting along the trail for my return and that I would certainly be robbed and perhaps killed on my way to the ranch. In order to avoid this danger I determined to strike across the country and come out upon the road about twenty miles from the town.

I started early in the afternoon, expecting to reach the intended point before sunset. My course lay through a large forest into which the road turned at the point I wished to reach. I rode for two or three hours and yet no familiar landmark presented itself to my view. At length the shadows of evening began to envelop the forest in darkness and I was obliged to dismount and lead my horse. I traveled on in this manner for some time, thinking I must be near the road. At last as I could find no trace of it, I resolved to halt for the night, not doubting but

that I would easily be able to find it in the morning.

I tied my horse to a tree and after eating my supper, wrapped myself in a blanket and was soon sound asleep. The next morning on awakening, I found that my horse had broken loose during the night and I could find no trace of him. This was discouraging enough but I thought I was near the trail and hoped to meet someone who would, as we used to say, give me a "lift." But after traveling for an hour or more without finding the trail, I began to be somewhat uneasy and fearful lest I had lost my way. It was no uncommon thing in those days to hear of men going astray in the vast forests sometimes only a few miles from their ranch.

As I was tramping through the woods in the afternoon I saw a sight that almost froze the blood in my veins. Not more than ten feet in front of me near the trunk of a large tree, lay the white skeleton of a man. A nameless terror paralyzed my limbs as I gazed in horror at that awful spectacle. Yes, I was lost, and would probably share the fate of the unfortunate victim whose remains lay before me. What was the use of going on when perhaps every step was carrying me farther from civilization. But the hope that I might still hit upon the trail urged me forward and I continued to tramp until night.

I lay down in my blanket to rest but sleep would not come. That fleshless skeleton was ever present to my mind and awakened the most gloomy

thoughts. At last, however, worn out with fatigue, I sank into a troubled sleep and the sun was high in the heavens before I awakened. The want of food began to tell on me and I felt myself getting weak, but it would not do to remain where I was, that would be certain death.

I wandered about in this manner for nearly a day and a half longer, when my head began to swim and I sank to the earth in a swoon.

How long I remained here I could not tell; but when I regained consciousness, I felt a hand upon my forehead. O God! was that grinning skeleton clutching me with its bony fingers? A cold chill shot through my frame and I felt that my last hour had come. But I was immediately reassured. A cheerful voice asked me how I felt. Bewildered and amazed, I looked up and saw a man standing over me. "Who are you and where am I?" I asked. "Make yourself easy," he replied, "you are in my tent." He then told me how he had found me near the bank of a small stream.

A party of surveyors were exploring the interior of the country and they happened to be rowing down a little woodland stream near which I had fallen unconscious. They picked me up and after much labor succeeded in reviving me. When I told them my story they laughed heartily, for I had wandered nearly a hundred and fifty miles from the right course. They conducted me to the nearest town from which I could travel by boat to a point within fifteen miles of the ranch.

You can easily imagine the surprise

of my employer when I presented myself before him. He had given me up for lost. He thought that I was either killed or had run away with the money received for the sheep. He was doubly pleased when I handed him the money and resumed my work. B.

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### SIMPLICITY.

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As in the art of painting there are many delicate finishing touches through which the artist causes living perfection to leap from his canvas; so also in man are many fine qualities, which though by some regarded as of minor importance, yet cause the beauties of his better nature to shine with greater luster and give a greater charm to his actions. Of these the greatest is simplicity.

Simplicity is opposed to whatever is artificial, affected, or extravagant in manners, conversation, or dress; and is characterized by naturalness, openness, earnestness, and sincerity in all our actions. It is sufficiently great to lend additional dignity even to genius. For simplicity, like a precious jewel, shows to best advantage when most richly set.

Perhaps no other method could better illustrate this than the giving of a few historical examples showing the beauty and loveliness of this quality in men of distinction. Starting with one of our own, let me quote that life incident, picturing the simple habits of Chief Justice Marshall, who is considered one of the most honorable and eminent men that ever sat in our su-

preme court; and tolling at whose funeral the old Liberty Bell is claimed, by some, to have cracked.

“On one occasion, at the old market in Richmond, meeting a fashionably dressed youth who was putting on the airs of an exquisite, and hearing him call for some one to take home for him a turkey which he had just purchased, the judge humorously offered himself. He was in his usual plain dress, and the youth, taking him for a countryman, accepted his services. The judge carried the turkey home, and actually received for his trouble a shilling, which proved a very costly retainer to the young man in the amount of chagrin he endured, when he found that his porter was the Chief Justice of the United States.

We have also another striking example of this amiable quality in the famous Roman—Quintus Cincinnatus. It is related that this truly great man who had borne the highest honors and greatest cares of his country upon his shoulders, when he was returning from the rescue of his fellow-citizens, decked with laurels and rich in booty, hardly had the echos of triumphal clamor died away from the hills of Rome, but divesting himself of all his trophies, returned to the simple toils of his little farm.

Finally, was simplicity ever more admirable than in the One who passed among the hills of Palestine in doing good to humanity; and of whom it may be said, that, though no man was ever more simple in speech, dress, or manners, yet no one ever rivalled Him in the doing of Godly deeds.

Now the reasons why we should cherish simplicity and detest affectation are many and evident. For the latter is but a false coin in the currency of good taste; it is the tinsel cloak which those who wish to appear great, put on to make up for their internal smallness. Wherever it appears everything grows cold, artificial, and disagreeable. But the former, on the contrary, carries sunshine wherever it goes; it is the counselor of true greatness and the standard of good taste.

As an example of the repugnance of people of taste to affectation we often read of poets, and other lovers of nature, leaving in disgust the extravagances of city society and finding their delights in the company of simple country peasants.

Moreover, the reason why simplicity is so winning is not less obvious. For, as we love the craggy ravines lining our little rivers, because Nature has made them beautiful, and every spring, decorates them with leaping, crystal torrents and delicate wild flowers growing in the crevices of their walls and blooming amid mosses and ferns,—such, for instance, as the richly attired columbine, the glossy petalled buttercup, and the modest violet; so also do we love simplicity because it is the glass through which the true beauties of man will best appear; it is the soil in which the flowers of our nature are pleased to grow and blossom,—and these, though faint, are sparks of divine excellence. J. I. GRANGER.

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A pleasant voice, a cheerful countenance, will introduce you anywhere.

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### EDITORIAL.

The semi-annual examinations took place the last week of January. Every one had a fair opportunity of displaying his knowledge to the listening examiners.

Some people complain that the oral examination is a great embarrassment to them, and that they become so nervous before a crowd that they can not recall even the little they know. There is some weight in the objection but not enough to lend it great importance. On the other hand, there are many who show no anxiety whatever during the public trial, and recite as brilliantly as they would in class.

But we are told that it is a question of nerve and that it looks like discrimination to put the nervous and timid on the same level with the bold and phlegmatic boy who fears nothing—even though he should fail completely. It does look that way at first sight, but a little reflection will also show us

that it is a very common thing to meet boys and men who are much more highly gifted than their neighbors. Are we to keep these more fortunate ones back in order to preserve a so-called equality and so hide the deficiencies of those less gifted? To do so would hardly be fair. Besides if a youth constantly gives way to his shyness, what was at first a defect may grow into a disease, to the detriment, perhaps to the ruin, of his whole after life. No, it does not seem proper to cater to such weakness, it is better to teach the young the need of self-reliance, and a public examination is one of the lessons in the art of self-possession.

We sometimes wonder at the degree of success certain men attain in the world while others, very good people, are forever classed with the failures. To what, indeed, can it be owing if not to personal effort, to energy, courage, perseverance. There is no mistaking the fact that a successful man has that in him which brings him the rewards of wealth, position, and fame. Due allowance might be made for peculiar conditions, but as a general thing life's triumphs are the rewards of good qualities in the man who achieves them.

This being so, we think no strong objection can be successfully maintained against public examinations, or indeed against any sort of effort that requires a young man to display his powers before the public. Such efforts give him confidence in himself and soon lead to that strength of mind

which enables great men to do their *best* work before the gaze of their fellow-men. We are willing to concede that there are many who so love public display as to find nothing nothing worthy of them save such deeds as are performed where a ready applause sounds on their too expectant ear. Still such are hardly types, they are exceptions tending only to sanction the happy condition covered by the general rule.

The more a young man works under adversity, provided he have the courage to go on, the stronger he grows; the more manly he becomes, the nobler his purpose, the better his work. Effeminacy finds no place in him, he dresses tastily, wears his hair like a man, not like a monkey; he is, in a word, a person who gains respect because he respects himself; he is the idol and consolation of his home and one to whom all men point with pride. We cannot but feel a sort of pity for those unfortunate ones, who though possessed of talents, are unable to make use of them for the good of their fellow beings. Still, we cannot admire them, and, truly, there is something pathetic in the case of the man who, under any circumstances, needs our pity. The courageous, self-reliant boy needs not our sympathy; the timid youth may grow fearless and self-supporting under proper conditions; hence, the inevitable conclusion forced upon us, that any conditions in a school course hindering the growth of this charming manly quality are vicious, because they retard the growth of the

pupil's individuality and should therefore be abolished.

It is well to remark that colleges have always sought such public exercises as were profitable to draw out their pupils' powers and that objections to examinations, either as to their frequency or method, come chiefly from timid or lazy students, or sometimes from their well-meaning, but misguided friends. But such objections, however, gain no additional force because of their origin, and fall from their own inherent weakness.

#### MAGAZINES.

The January number of the *Rosary Magazine* is the closing issue under Father O'Niel's direction and long ere we reach the end of perusing its pages we begin to regret the sad necessity of the Rev. Father's retirement. A man who can bring forth such a thoroughly educating and interesting production as this number of the *Rosary*, is a credit to the literary world where e'er he may be, and we would fain keep him at home, but, "our's not to reason why," and we trust that ere long, and with the return of health Father O'Niel will again be telling the beads of our beloved *Rosary Magazine*. Among many beautiful articles this month are: "Father Ryan," by Louis B. James; "Preparation for the Reading of Dante," by Rev. Jos. Selinger, D.D.; "The Pope's First Mass," by Rev. Wm. D. Kelly; "Some Polish Poets," by Richard Malcolm Johnson,

and "Christmas at San Carlos," a very nice poem by Marcella A. Fitzgerald.

*Donahoe's* for January has a goodly supply of reading matter and some very choice illustrations. "Exciting Scenes in European Parliaments," is a very fine article. James E. Wright in a careful and painstaking manner very ably corrects any false impression that may have lingered in the mind after reading a certain paper in the *Forum* by United States Commissioner of Education Harris, touching the "divine right of kings," and James Connelly has a paper on the "Precursors of the Pioneers," that is interesting and that "Westchester," a tale of the Revolution by the learned editor still struggles along—in a kind of a way.

The *Catholic World*, like the meagre leaden casket containing fair Portia's counterfeit, has a wretched cover but a most beautiful lining. "American Artists in Paris," by E. L. Good is well written and "Remanded," by Rev. P. A. Sheehan, "Savonarola," by F. M. Edselas, "Three Christmas Eves," by Agnes St. Clair are more than interesting, they are delightful; "The Hardships of Catholic Exiles in Siberia," is sure to draw a few tears, and "Practical Citizenship" should be read by every man having the welfare of his country at heart.

For a good criticism of a doubtful book commend me to the *Atlantic Monthly*. The January number of this magazine takes up Hall Caine's latest scheme for money, "The Christian," and, in the language of the day, doesn't do a thing to him; and we feel this is

but just for it is an outrage that such stuff should be thrown broadcast throughout the civilized world. Among some of the fine things in the *Atlantic* this month are "The Growth and Expression of Public Opinion," "Wild Parks and Forest Reservations of the West," "Three Contemporary German Dramatists," and "Moral Melodrama to Order" which treats of the aforesaid "Christian."

The *Catholic Reading Circle Review* for December contains an excellent composition on "Christian Antiquities of Rome" by Rt. Rev. Francis Silas Chatard, D.D., and a poem by B. P. on "The 8th of December, 1854," which is exquisite.

J. H. N.

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#### PERSONAL.

—John M. Dostal, '91, is at present in business in Denver, Col. We understand that he and his partner, Fitzgerald are to meet Casey and Dunne, of Brooklyn, in April to play for the hand-ball championship of America. We shall be pleased to hear that our friend John wins. George A. Dostal, '91, is his father's manager in one of the large business concerns of Iowa City, Iowa, and doing all that his youthful days gave promise of. These two brothers were excellent boys and we congratulate them on their success.

—We were delighted by a visit recently from Mr. N. Walsh, '78, one of the old timers, a sturdy citizen and an excellent Christian gentleman. Mr. Walsh lives at Morris, Ill., where he

follows the peaceful life of a successful farmer.

—Cupid seems to have made many inroads into the ranks of the Alumni recently. We have news of these tie-ups: Mr. Thomas Feeney, '80, of Roberts, Ill., to Miss Ella Kennedy of Chatsworth, Ill., married January 19, 1898; Mr. Louis Drolet, '92, Kankakee, Ill., to Miss Marie Therese Lecour, same place, January 11, 1898; Mr. George Graveline, '93, Bourbonnais, to Miss Emma Trudell, Kankakee, January 12, 1898; Mr. Gereseme Rivard, '91, Bourbonnais, Ill., to Miss Mary Louise Benoit, Bourbonnais, January 18, 1898.

—The following item we take from a recent issue of the *Club Life*, official organ of the Illinois Cycling Club:

"Married on December 7, 1897, at St. Columbkil's church, in this city, by the Rev. Father E. F. Dunn, D D.. C. T. Knisely to Miss Maud Hull. The groom is one of the prominent members of the club and a few years since was one of the prominent racing men of the state. The bride is well known among members and friends of the club. *Club Life* joins their many friends in congratulations."

We extend our congratulations to these young people, wishing them many happy years of peace and prosperity.

—Mr. W. R. Armstrong, secretary of the Chicago University, visited his two sons at the college recently.

—Among the late arrivals at the college are Messrs. Barr, Waugh, Hannon, Kennealy, McCullom, Bourassa.

—Mr. James O'Dwyer, '97, now a law student at the Wesleyan University, Bloomington, spent a short time at the college and also at Bradley last month.

—The Rev. G. M. Legris, of the faculty, spent two days in Chicago on business last month.

—The Rev. Dean Beaudoin, C.S.V., was confined to his home with rheumatism several days during January. Father Marsile replaced him during his illness.

—Mr. Edward Kromenaker, '97, now at St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, writes that he enjoys very much the lake breezes and the study of Hebrew.

—Many of the pupils of '91 and '92 will recall with pleasure Nicholas J. Cunningham, Peoria, Ill. He is at present cashier of the Peoria General Electric Co., a responsible and paying position.

—Mr. Paul A. Wilstack, '89, is now engaged as the advance agent of the Richard Mansfield Theatrical Co., a place of importance, needing the tact and business qualities of a young man like Mr. Wilstack.

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#### OTHER THINGS.

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The heavy snow which fell the last week of January was a welcome surprise and while it lasted furnished no small share of amusement. Several sleighing parties went out, and if laughter and song be signs of joy we must say that the young men found a

large share. The snow went away all too soon.

Master Edward Kane, of the minims, celebrated his ninth birthday, Thursday, January 20, and took advantage of the occasion to treat all his little companions. A banquet of no small proportions was spread before the young people, to which they did full justice. Eddie performed the duties of a host very gracefully. Master W. Maher made a very fine address in which he tendered the good wishes of his companions to the Master Kane. This *fete* was nicely planned and thoroughly enjoyed.

The bazaar held in the college hall, for the benefit of the new gymnasium was a grand success. Over \$1,600 was raised, though the affair was in progress but one week.

The contest for a set of Breviaries, between Mr. M. Dermody and Brother Leclair, resulted in victory for the latter gentleman. This contest netted over \$500. The thanks of the institution is due the good people of Bourbonnais, and Kankakee for their generous patronage—and in a special manner to the ladies who had charge of tables. They spared no labor to make the enterprise a success and their untiring efforts will not soon be forgotten.

The annual epidemic struck this college in proper season this year. It is more or less violent as usual. The symptoms are a tired feeling and a desire to retire from the tumult of society—a certain lassitude superin-

duced by the presence of a book. The disease generally gives way to prompt treatment, which consists in retiring to the infirmary and placing a rag around the neck—any old rag—and remaining there until after the examinations. This disease does not admit of the *bacilli* theory, time being the only restorative. The patients are all doing well at this writing.

But that I may bring my story to as speedy a close as possible, I will say briefly, that these two young people were much given to entertaining their many friends. And when on a certain night they did wish to push around the festive cup, wherein the soul-inspiring cocoa was wont to bubble, the Great Man of that place (third corridor) did put in a sudden appearance, whereof the stars had told nothing. And when the Great Man did softly tap upon the door of their room, in which narrow abode many of their kinsfolk and acquaintances had gathered, there was a great scamper, if purchase the oft-tried closet, wherein the goodman's great coat is wont to hang, might contain them all—but it would not. Nor could they all be contained in the little space a sheltering bed would afford. But the knock, erstwhile so gentle, came now with a great force and the door opened, and behold the Great Man of that region did look and did see a very vast concourse of his subjects there, where his warning voice had forbidden them to be.

And a great blush stole over the face of many—and it may be said of others that no redeeming blush did

linger on their faces for that the said blush did freeze in its effort to go across the faces of some who had grown bold in their disobedience. And the Great Man did wax warm, and in his indignation did say much unto the cocoa-loving youth, of their fruitless labors, and forthwith the festive party made a great scattering.

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THE REV. J. McVEIGH, C.M.  
MISSIONARY APOSTOLIC.

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Monday evening, January 31, the faculty and students of St. Viateur's college listened to the experience of the Rev. John McVeigh, missionary apostolic of the order of St. Vincent de Paul, who has spent the past eighteen years in China.

The Father belongs to the diocese of Peking, which covers an area of 30,000 square miles. In the interior, where the Catholic missionary spends most of his time, there are no other means of travel than the antique donkey. Passage from place to place is necessarily slow and difficult.

When Fr. McVeigh went to China he was accompanied by seventeen other fathers, seven of whom died by the deadly typhus, the other ten being murdered, all in the space of three years.

At that time there were in China only three Catholic bishops, twenty priests, about as many Sisters of Charity, and some 2,000 Catholic Chinamen. Now there are 30 bishops, 600 priests, about 1,000 sisters, and fully 2,500,000 Catholic Chinese.

This outward sign of their fruitful

labors is the only earthly comfort these Apostles of Christ enjoy. Deprived of home, family, friends, and country, they labor amongst these poor, benighted people, objects of suspicion on the part of the people and hated most violently by those in power.

The chief work of the Sisters of Charity is to reclaim abandoned children, who are cast aside by their unnatural mothers, and are left to die by the wayside. Fully 4,000 of these are picked up every year in the diocese of Peking alone. Of these, about 75 per cent, die; the others are kept in asylums conducted by the sisters, where they are instructed in the truths of religion, and many in turn become sisters themselves and go out to follow the laborious but Christianizing influence of their devoted preceptors.

Many young Chinamen have been educated for the priesthood and are doing good work among their brethren.

The chief article of diet is boiled rice, with no condiment of any sort. On this diet the holy and devoted men do the laborious work assigned them. Flesh meat is not to be had in the interior. The only samples of it are taken from the carcasses of such animals as die by disease. This is sometimes served up to the missionary as a delicacy, for the Chinese are very hospitable in their own way.

The students and professors were much pleased with the Rev. McVeigh's missionary lecture, as was shown by the perfect silence with which they listened to him for an hour and a half.

Father McVeigh paid a visit to Kankakee, taking in the asylum and

other points of interest about the city. He returned to Chicago where he has several engagements yet to fill, after which he will visit the south and west, going first to New Orleans thence to California and back to the east, from which place he sails to Europe and returns about September to his missions in China.

The object of the good father's trip to this country is to collect money to enable the missionaries to carry on their work. The people there while generous enough in their own way are poor and have little to give their priests.

It is consoling to know that the money given our Catholic missionaries is spent for the purposes it was collected. They have no families to keep—build no mansions for their own use, but are of the people and for the people they go to Christianize.

We wish Father McVeigh godspeed in good work.

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#### ROLL OF HONOR.

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The Guilfoyle medal awarded for the best composition in the rhetoric classes was equally deserved by M. Brennan, D. Hayden, and J. O'Callaghan. Drawn by J. O'Callaghan.

The Lesage medal awarded for the highest average in French literature was equally deserved by E. Marcotte and J. Granger. Drawn by E. Marcotte.

The gold medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by J. Armstrong, W. Brault, P. Ger-

aghty, E. Graveline, R. Gahan, D. Hayden, H. Hansl, N. Lamarre, F. Milholland, M. Morrissey, D. Maher, C. McCoy, F. McPherson, J. O'Callaghan, P. O'Connor, W. Riley, and J. St. Cerny. Drawn by N. Lamarre.

The first silver medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by M. Brennan, L. Boisvert, A. Goudreau, L. Kroschowitz, Z. Lesage, E. Marcotte, A. Mongeau, M. O'Toole, W. Rooney, and A. Stamphel. Drawn by A. Stamphel.

The second silver medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by V. Stepps, A. L'Ecuyer, N. McGinty, T. Perdue, and H. Prost. Drawn by A. L'Ecuyer.

The gold medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by W. Carey, J. Clennon, R. Fay, H. Lacharite, R. Nugent, and F. Williamson. Drawn by R. Fay.

The first silver medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by J. Donellan, A. Fraser, C. Flannagan, J. Harris, A. Martin, F. Riley, A. Sanasack, and F. Schneider. Drawn J. Donellan.

The second silver medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by H. Bouchard, E. Carroll, A. Changelon, Alphonse Caron, C. Meehan, S. Sullivan, and A. Sonnichsen. Drawn by H. Bouchard.

The gold medal awarded for good conduct in the senior department was equally deserved by J. Armstrong, M. Brennan, P. Dufault, P. Dube, P. Geraghty, J. Granger, W. Granger, C.

McCoy, F. Schneider, N. Marcotte,  
and C. Bourassa. Drawn by P. Du-  
fault.

The gold medal awarded for good  
conduct in the junior department was  
drawn by W. Brault.

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VIATORIANA.

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- "Dogs."
- Humdigger.
- Rubber neck.
- That battery?
- I'll ring the bell.
- "I'll report you."
- Please get a cake.
- Beware of the dog.
- St. Joseph's fisticuff.
- Leave your doors ajar.
- How about "66" Brod?
- It is very exasperating.
- Gatherings declared off.
- The mouse and the bird.
- In minor C, Birdy, Birdy.
- Ever the same old Joseph.
- Found at last—missing link.
- Rasswitha, the fair red rose.
- Did you ever see a black Pine?

- A miracle! Pat swept his room.
- Selling heated ice cream and pop.
- Actions speak louder than thoughts.
- Semper eadem.* State and Adams.
- I never had a quarrel with any-  
one.
- "Anna Held is of Polish extrac-  
tion."
- Will can prove the apostles were  
not women.
- Doctor, can you give me an iron  
constitution?
- Sour cream churned—butter—  
Hey, Walter?
- The other gentleman expressed  
my opinion."
- I'd give five dollars if I had that  
bunch of hair back.
- The street car hero, or how K—  
madly rushed to save—himself.
- J.—How much?  
Prof.—Fifty cents a piece.  
J.—I don't think we'll go.
- Stud.—Then, Doctor, if the gas  
was reduced to zero, then we would  
be in the dark, wouldn't we?
- Stud.—I suppose you'll hold your  
old position?  
Prof.—Of course, no one else can.  
Chorus.—There are others.

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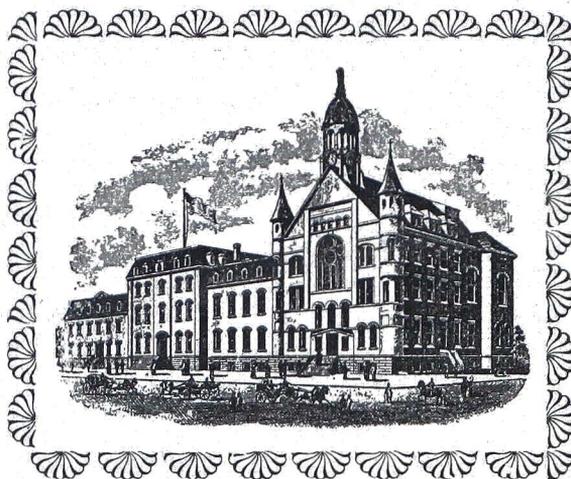
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