

## CHRIST'S MISSION OF LOVE.

**T**HE gloom of error closed upon mankind  
Enshrouding truth within its sable fold,  
And tyrants stalked abroad ; in bondage blind  
Men grasped about, the pulse of love grew cold.

Thus was despair on Earth until that night  
When through the mists the beacon star bright shone,  
To lead men by its radiant, heavenly light  
Unto the crib of Christ, His humble throne.

And from the Infant's face, eternal beamed  
The rays of truth, dispelling error's gloom ;  
There grace and sanctity refulgent gleamed,  
To win men's souls from everlasting doom.

The Infant's arms were open to receive  
The mighty king, or e'en the lowly slave.  
He came mankind's redemption to achieve,  
To shed His blood, repentant souls to save.

The Infant's heart was fraught with wealth of love,  
A love which called for worldly sacrifice,  
Yet 'round affliction heavenly garlands wove,  
And won for men the joys of Paradise.

Thus to the crib came Magi, Shepherds, Kings,  
Adoring Him. So wisdom, love and power  
Bow at His throne. Yea, more, to man He brings  
The keys of heaven, as His Christmas dower.

W. J. CLEARY, '03.



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FAC ET SPERA.

HEROES' GRAVES.

**I**NTONE the dirge of sorrow !  
Behold a nation weeps !  
A noble life is ended :  
A loved hero sleeps.

Wrap him in his winding sheet,  
The flag for which he bled ;  
And lay the fallen warrior  
With his country's honored dead.

"He hath died for love of country.  
All honor to the brave !"  
So says the marble shaft that marks  
An earthly hero's grave.

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Ring out the bells of gladness !  
Behold the angels sing !  
As they bear a soul untarnished  
Before their heavenly King.

He hath fought Life's glorious battle :  
Virtue's armor bravely borne,  
Undaunted by the jeering  
Of the World's cold voice of scorn.

The place where lies his mortal dust,  
No marble shaft may bear ;  
But angels ever guard the spot,  
For a saint is sleeping there.

J. B. DRENNAN, '05.

## THE ADIEU IN CHILDE HAROLD.

**B**YRON excels in his "adieux." The farewell to his native land in Canto I. is in many ways characteristic of Byron. The thoughts and sentiments, the regrets and concerns expressed by the little page and the staunch yeoman are very true to nature, and beautiful in thought and wording; but Byron's attempts at comforting his regretful companions are not so happily turned. They are void of deep sympathy, and especially his words to the yeoman are exempt of solid motives for taking comfort. The yeoman weeps at the thought of his lonely wife and fatherless children. Byron tells him not to trust the seeming sighs of his wife at parting; that other lovers will dry the eyes he lately saw streaming o'er. Powerful reasons to take comfort, sure!

Grief, regrets, sighs and tears, according to Byron, seem befitting the guilelessness of untaught youths and of unsophisticated rustics; but these all seem pitiable weaknesses to a superior man like Byron, whose ill relations with mankind have so soured him that he no longer believes in human sincerity. We hate to hear humanity thus decried by pessimists, even when they sing their ill-tuned song upon the lyre of the gods. We could applaud Byron if he urged men to teach their <sup>sorrowful</sup> ~~sons~~ how to be proud, to lift themselves above their present trials and to trust in an ever-watchful Divine Providence; the saints have acted thus, they conquered sorrow by placing their trust in God and not a hopeless mistrusting of their fellow-men. Byron's greatest grief is that he leaves nothing that claims a tear. "Why, then, should I groan for others, when none will sigh for me?" This is exceedingly, paganly, selfish. But Byron was selfish. The chief merit of this adieu is the easy grace and tuneful sweetness in which it is penned. R.

## RELIGION AND ECONOMICS.

**O**NE great fault which all right-thinking people have to find with our age, and especially is it true in this country of ours, is its irreligion or materialism. The majority of people today look at everything through materialistic spectacles. They direct their time and efforts to the attainment of pleasure and the temporal evanescent goods of this miserable existence, which

to them seems to be the summum bonum. They are strongly inclined to consider all questions, whether social, political, educational, philosophical or scientific, from a materialistic this-world point of view. About the last thing to enter their mind when a serious question is evolved is the idea of religion, of the supernatural, of God.

A striking example of how this materialism or irreligion, sometimes manifests itself, is to be found in a recent issue of the Literary Digest, wherein appeared a review of Bishop Spaulding's late work, "Socialism and Labor." The critic, after a few remarks on the timeliness and many excellencies of the work, says that the bishop has failed to solve the socialistic evil. Now Bishop Spaulding advocates, as the surest and best solution of the difficulty, pure religion, better ethics and right Christian living, which are woefully wanting in this country. The critic says this is a poor way to extricate ourselves from the difficulty, because, to use his own words, "this ethical method obviously has its limitations in dealing with purely social questions. . . . An economic argument cannot be met with an ethical formula." When he uses these words, he does what he says Bishop Spaulding has done,—places himself in a vulnerable position. As a matter of fact, he is wrong, for he loses sight of the great principle that every social and political question finally resolves itself into, a question of ethics and theology. Yes, go deep to the bottom and you will find that religion and theology are the very foundation and support of all government. When these change or cease to be, so does government. Therefore, far from believing him to be wrong, we think that when Bishop Spaulding advocates a pure religious spirit and practice and their consequent amelioration of ethics and morals as the solution of the socialistic evil, he gives us the true one, and the one taught by probably the strongest thinker of the nineteenth century, Donozo Cortez. This great Spanish philosopher has so forcefully proved, or rather represented the old truth, that religion and theology are not only the foundation on which political government rests, but also the principle of the healthful life of the State, that we cannot refrain from giving in substance his sage reflections on this subject.

Theology, inasmuch as it is the science of God, is the ocean which contains and embraces all the sciences. Consequently, as

long as a nation's theology remains unshaken and unchanged, that nation's social and political sciences and the institutions built on these sciences will be strong, solid and uncorrupted. But undermine its theology, attack its religion, let it cast the principles of ethics to the winds and you will see that a great and complete change will come over that State, because its support and vital principle has been corrupted, or taken away. The truth of these observations can best be shown by referring to historical facts, especially that colossal one of antiquity, the Roman Empire, and the absolute transformation thereof.

That religion is the indestructable foundation of human society has been admitted by all men in all places. But let us concern ourselves with the governments of antiquity just before Christianity appeared, which practically means the government of the Roman Empire. That the Roman people always believed their government, in fact, all government, to be based on religion, is a fact known to every student of history. The Roman people were the greatest of antiquity precisely because they were the most religious. While their theology and ethical principles remained and were lived up to, their government was good and strong, their State grew and flourished. But a Divine child, born of a virgin, appeared on earth, grew to manhood, declared himself the Christ and Messiah, chose a dozen co-laborers, taught a new religion and ethical system vastly different from the Roman ones. When, lo ! how very different in almost every respect does the Roman Empire become ! What, remarks Donozo Cortez, is the cause of these great changes and transformations ? What is the cause of this great desolation and universal cataclysm ? What has occurred ? Nothing, only some new theologians are going about through the world announcing a new theology.

Thus, from these few considerations, we see that religion, or theology, is not only the foundation and life principle of all political and social institutions and systems, but is is the container of all the social sciences. We see that as it becomes corrupted or taken away, there must needs result a bad reaction in the social organization, or the complete transformation of the society. Consequently, we do not think Bishop Spaulding's solution of the socialistic evil is the wrong one, as the critic in the Literary Digest would have us believe. On the contrary, we feel certain that the learned bishop

has struck upon the best and true solution, because he has not lost sight of the great fact and principle that every social or political question is, at bottom, a religious or theological one; and, moreover, because the serious, learned prelate is aware that if we want to have the superstructure of the State strong and firm, the foundation must be such; if we want to improve the condition of the social and economic branches of the State, we must see that they receive proper sustenance, nourishment and vitality from the roots below, or, in other words, our relation with God must be the very best possible, our religion and ethics must be pure, firm and immutable.

W. J. MAHER, '04.

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### WOMAN, THE CHURCH AND CIVILIZATION.

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(Oration Delivered Before the Oratorical Society.)

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**A**NY institution which aims at the amelioration of the human race is certainly worthy of the notice and investigation of all intelligent men, and especially if it has endured many years, affected many nations and accomplished the purpose for which it was founded. The Catholic Church is an institution of this kind, and one which has so admirably fulfilled its mission of uplifting humanity as to elicit the unbounded admiration of her followers, and even to force from her astonished enemies an acknowledgement of her grandeur and power. And this is not to be wondered at, for, when we stop to consider what the Church has accomplished, when we view the wonderful change, which through her agency has been brought about in the world, we are led to exclaim with wonder and admiration: "The Finger of God is Here!" for never could such stupendous results have been accomplished by any mere human power.

However, these results of the civilizing influence of the Church are so vast, extensive and numerous that we shall not undertake to examine them all, but shall merely endeavor to show how the Church has beneficially affected the condition of woman, and how, in doing this, she has greatly advanced the civilization of the world.

But little knowledge of history is required to understand that the condition of woman, before the advent of Christianity, was in

sore need of amelioration, for a glance is sufficient to show us the deplorable condition of degradation to which woman had been reduced under the Greeks, the Romans and other pagan nations. Excluded from the ranks of civil society, consigned to the lowest position in the family, degraded in her own person by polygamy and divorce, reduced to the condition of being no more than the slave and chattel of man, she was looked upon as an inferior human being. Is it surprising that humanity should have sunk into the lowest state of barbarity and corruption, while woman, the daughter, the wife, the mother, was so degraded? No! for a nation rises or falls as the home presided over by woman rises or falls, for upon woman depends the tone of the morals of a people. Remove the uplifting and refining influence of woman and the highest civilization cannot endure.

No one will deny the sanctifying influence of a good woman, especially of a good mother, for she is the guardian angel of the family and upon the family depends society. But the woman's influence depends upon the degree of esteem in which she is held, and everything among pagans tended to depreciate and degrade her. In cultured Greece and powerful Rome, woman enjoyed regard only inasmuch as she bore children to the State, and as she could look, with tearless eye, upon the slaughter of a husband or son. In the family she was looked upon as inferior to her own children; she was sold, borrowed, lent and put away, as if she were the merest chattel. Contemned and scorned by all, what influence could she have? Even philosophers raised their voice to join in degrading her, declaring that she had no soul, or if she had one it was inferior to that of man. Even the divine Plato taught that the sinful souls of men were punished by passing into the bodies of women! That the souls of women were but the disfigured, sin-stained, polluted souls of men. Thus, we see that woman was deprived not only of her civil and social rights, but even of that respect and consideration due to her as a human being.

Let these few remarks suffice to recall the dark picture which the woeful condition of woman presented at the advent of Christianity, for we do not wish to dwell at length upon the inhumanity with which she was treated, nor the depravity of morals that resulted from such treatment; we shall not attempt to further remove the veil of history that hides so much corruption. Oh! how the

heart heaves with disgust, and how the eyes turn with aversion in the presence of the atrocious injustice and the revolting indignity to which pagan women were subjected! Let what has been said suffice to show what a task the degradation of mankind had prepared for Christianity.

But no labor was too great for that institution which was established by Christ, and which consequently possessed the God-given vital power to regenerate. Bearing the flaming torch of heaven's own truth, she was potent to dispel the darkness of ignorance and the heavy mists of prejudice; and glowing with the warmth of God's own love she was able to melt the icy hearts of men and to fashion them to better loves. Like the angel spoken of in Dante's *Inferno*, with one touch of her wand the Church forced open the barriers that obstructed the way. Woman was raised from her abjection and restored to her proper rank as the companion and social equal of man and permitted to join in the march toward higher civilization. The Church forced man to acknowledge woman's true position as his companion, it taught him that she was not his slave and the vile instrument of his passion. No longer was a man permitted to have several wives, or to put away his lawful consort at his caprice; he was taught to "love his wife as Christ loved the Church," to "leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife," and to "honor her as the co-heiress of the grace of life."

Long was the struggle and arduous before the Church succeeded in establishing monogamy and the indissolubility of marriage, the two means by which she effected the regeneration of woman, the purification of morals, the firm establishment of the family, thereby opposing an impassible barrier to the torrent of evils which flow from disregarding the sacred laws of marriage; long, I say, and violent was the struggle of the Church against these ingrown evils of society, but aided and strengthened by Him who was so indulgent to the penitent Magdalen, who sympathized with the sisters of Lazarus, compassionated the daughters of Jerusalem and was not forgetful of his Mother, even while He was suffering the tortures of the Cross, the Church finally succeeded in remedying an evil which threatened to destroy society. And society, inoculated with a new and vivifying principle, invigorated by the vitalizing tonic of truth, awakens to a new life, begins to clothe itself in

forms of moral beauty that stand out in striking contrast with all the turpitudes that formerly disfigured it.

What a grand and what an encouraging spectacle it is to see this regenerative principle unfolding itself, leavening the whole mass of society, and forcing it to assume the seemly proportions of a well ordained whole! Like the principle of life itself, not only it causes the social organism to burst forth from the unsightly shells that held it captive, but it upbuilds and strengthens and beautifies that organism.

And, thus, through Christianity, not only was an evil destroyed, but an immense good conferred on mankind, for now, woman, raised to her new state of respect and dignity, took an active and important part in the affairs of the world. Ever since Mary followed the bloody footsteps of her Jesus, who, bruised, weary and hounded by men, was pursuing his torturous way to Calvary, woman has followed the doctrines of Christ and even shown herself more susceptible of receiving and more devoted to these divine truths and refining principles than man. When men heaped curses and ignominious language upon Jesus, woman's tears of sympathy were silently falling. When man smote the meek Saviour, it was a woman who wiped away the blinding blood. When man put the hand of doubt into the Saviour's side, woman knelt in faith before the risen Saviour. Purified and prepared by her long probation and strengthened by these principles which she showed herself so eager to accept, woman set to work with great energy to assist the Church in her God-given task of regenerating the world. The home was regenerated by woman and became the nursery of manly and womanly courage, the school of economy and prosperity, and the natural outcome of this was a government of justice and freedom, and social institutions that were more liberal and pure.

Women made their influence felt in all walks of life, and to show the species and extent of this influence it is only necessary to recall names such as those of Mary, St. Helena, St. Clotilda, St. Monica, Joan of Arc, Isabella of Castile, Queen Blanche of France and innumerable others, who, by their example and instructions urged on and led men to higher perfection in all things, but especially in that most important of all: the work of salvation. They became the guardian angels of the arts and sciences, and the patrons of all that is noble and pure.

A woman inspired Dante to sing that celestial song which for so many centuries has filled the ears of his enraptured audience with the sweetest melody; and a woman, his mother, taught St. Louis of France the horror of sin and infused into him the virtues of a saintly ruler. A woman, St. Monica, by her tears and prayers, turned the great St. Augustine from the path of corruption and led him to devote his genius to God.

Thus, the Church having found woman prostrate at the feet of degraded pagan man, raised her to her rightful position, wiped from her fair brow the stain which man had branded there, and even made out of this erstwhile object of contempt an instrument for the material, intellectual and spiritual advancement of humanity. In causing the existing prejudices against woman to vanish forever, as the dark clouds are dissipated by the penetrating rays of the sun, the Church caused the amelioration of individuals and of the social state, and thus manifested her civilizing power. Nor has she lost any of her youthful life and vigor. She still possesses that vital energy which enabled her to overcome those gigantic social evils, and hence she is able to solve and remedy the lesser social problems which are now presented to her. A. L. G., '04.

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### PRAYER IN DANTE'S PURGATORY.

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(Oration Delivered Before the Oratorical Society.)

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**A**N influence that imposes silence upon the voice of levity and causes tears to well from the eyes of sternness is a powerful influence. You have seen light-hearted children stop their play and bow reverently upon the approach of a procession along whose line sounded the voice of prayer. Something tells them that the time and moment are sacred, that it is time to speak to God. So, too, the stern judge who has all day withstood with unyielding rigor the appeals of the offenders of justice; who has heard, unmoved, the supplications of the friends and relatives of the culprits, comes home and melts into tears at the sight of his own child at its mother's knee as it learns to lisp the words: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Without doubt there is a magic in prayer that has power to draw from heaven the grace that elevates, invigorates and sweetens man's life,

It is certain that anyone who teaches us to think highly of prayer, who encourages us to use it, places within our hands one of the most effective instruments, wherewith we may build up our lives into strong and fair edifices that shall not crumble into dust, but shall endure before the admiring eyes of men and the approving smiles of angels. The man who teaches us confidence in prayer and who urges us to its frequent use is one of the greatest civilizers.

It is my purpose to show that Dante, in his Purgatory, teaches us the value of prayer as a principle of high moral life. Purgatory fairly teems with examples of fervent prayer, those elevations of the soul to God in accents of generous thanksgiving or in humble supplications for grace and pardon. Is it not with a keen sense of pleasure that we recall the scene in which is described the arrival of the angel-guided bark at the shore of Purgatory? Do we not delight to recall the joyous exultations of those hundred holy souls who burst forth in generous outpourings of their gratitude to God, and in loud accents sing the "In Exitu Israel?" They, too, like the Israelites have just been delivered from a heavy bondage and have crossed the sea to the land of liberty. With what holy fervency they chant their indebtedness to the gracious bounty of God, and in what loud and harmonious chorus they proclaim the infinite power of their deliverer. Here, we not only admire the artistic fitness of the comparison of these holy souls to the Jewish people delivered by Moses from the bondage of Pharaoh, but we heartily applaud their sentiments of gratitude; and what is more, we learn that we, too, ought to be thankful to God for delivering us through His saving grace from the evils that encompass our earthly life.

But this is not the only instance in which Dante teaches the beautiful doctrine of eucharistic prayer. When the soul has gone through the purifying rounds of purgatory it takes its flight, says Dante, to the abodes of the blessed amid the applause and exulting songs of the other spirits, who glorify God's mercy while the very mountain shakes with joy and gratitude.

Have you ever doubted the efficacy of prayer? If you have, then no book is better calculated to dispel your doubts than the Purgatory of Dante. The spirits of Purgatory confess that it was the imploring of God's mercy during their earthly existence that won them salvation. Manfred, whose life had been a contin-

ual offense in the face of God and men; whose sins were horrible, receives two mortal blows and, before expiring, turns to the wide arms of infinite mercy, cries for pardon and is forgiven. This same spirit asks Dante to bid his good Constanza pray for him that his term of interdict may be shortened, for he says:

“Look, therefore, if thou canst advance my bliss;  
Revealing to my good Constanza how  
Thou hast beheld me and, beside, the terms  
Laid on me of that interdict; for here  
By means of those below much profit comes.”

Likewise, Nino asks that his virtuous daughter, Giovanna, address her prayers for him to the throne of mercy, where always a reply is made to innocence. Can any teaching be clearer than this? And Belacqua, too, makes the same request.

“Here must I long remain if prayers do not aid me first  
That riseth up from heart which lives in grace.”

Do you not recall how Forese praises and acknowledges the prayers offered in his behalf by his virtuous wife, Nella? This Forese was destined to remain a long time in ante-purgatory for having delayed his repentance while on earth; but through the sighs, tears and prayers of his pious wife his term of expectance is shortened and he is soon advanced to the terrace where he is purged of his sins of gluttony.

In the sea of fire where impure sinners are expiating their sins Dante meets one who exclaims:

“Oh, if thou have any favor with heaven, where Christ reigns  
Say thou one paternoster for me.”

And yet another thus supplicates the two pilgrims Virgil and Dante:

“I pray ye by the worth that guides ye up unto the summit of this  
mountain

In time remember ye my sufferings.”

And is all this reasonable? Can prayer bind heaven's just decree? Does not reason ask how prayers can aid those who are undergoing a just punishment of their sins? Yes; reason raises a doubt; but reason answers it in the words of the learned Virgil. God's justice has assigned a punishment; but God's loving mercy accepts in lieu of the entire punishment the free heart offerings of

friends, who through sufferings and the giving over of their merits satisfy God's justice and allow love to triumph.

The souls in Purgatory pray for their own protection and their prayers are answered. What is a more striking proof of the speedy answer made to prayer than the one of the two angels sent to guard the vale of the princes? It was evening; the holy spirits, after saying that hopeful hymn the *Salve Regina*, address themselves to God for protection. Immediately two green-clad angels, messengers of heaven, sent by Mary, descend and put to flight the enemy of the souls.

These holy souls not only acknowledge the efficacy of the prayers addressed to God in their behalf, but they also pray for the living. At the close of the paternoster we hear the spirits saying:

"This last petition, dearest Lord, is made  
Not for ourselves, as that were needless now,  
But for those who after us remain."

Not only do these spirits bid us pray to God directly, but to the saints, also. Surely the instance of Buonconte, so dramatically related in the fifth Canto, could not have escaped you. It would be impossible to find a more striking confirmation of the doctrine taught by St. Bernard, that no one ever had recourse to Mary and was left unaided. This wretched man, in the throes of his last agony, invokes Mary and from her receives the grace of one poor tear, an act of perfect contrition, and wins his soul's salvation.

In answer to the pious wish of Conrad, Lucia descends from heaven, not only to illumine Dante's pathway to the gate of Purgatory, but to carry him bodily thither. Finally, it is upon the desire of Beatrice that Matilda makes Dante drink of the Eunoë, whereupon he becomes fit to mount to the starry spheres.

Now, my friends, when we have visited the regions of Purgatory with Dante, when we have heard the solicitous requests of the spirits for the prayers of the living; when we have compassionately listened to them pleading for the intercession of the saints and the mercy of God, then we cannot but realize that the *Divine Comedy* nobly fulfills an apostolic mission.

M. J. B., '04.

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## THE VISION OF GELASIUS.

**D**URING the thirteenth century there lived in an old monastery of France a pious and holy monk, by the name of Gelasius. Being still very young when he entered the religious life, he had now grown old in years and in the service of the Lord. The monastery, or rather the abbey, as it was then called, where this saintly monk had spent his life was situated in the little town of Remiremont in the Vosges Mountains, and was in a flourishing condition during the thirteenth century, a period so remarkable in mediaeval history for the spirit of faith and the zeal for learning that animated the people. It continued to exist and flourish during the Middle Ages and until the eighteenth century, when it was demolished and utterly destroyed by the fanatics during that terrible and impious revolution that took place in France at the time.

The monastery was a venerable old pile of Gothic architecture, but as simple and austere in appearance as the holy monks that inhabited it. All in and around it breathed a spirit of piety and sweetness that often compelled those that passed by to stop and kneel on its pavement where after having recited a humble prayer, they felt their souls filled with peace and consolation. The old and saintly monk that forms the subject of my sketch was the abbot of this monastery and, although very simple in his appearance, was, nevertheless, a learned and accomplished man; the time he did not spend in holy prayer and meditation, he spent in the scriptorium, which, as you know, was a spacious room where the monks were employed in transcribing books during the hours allotted to manual labors. But, besides the long hours spent in the scriptorium, he was also very fond of his laboratorium, where he also spent many long hours, which he devoted to divers studies, but, especially, to the study of chemistry, medicine and painting. This room contained many curious objects, such as quaint instruments, old relics and specimens, all neatly arranged on labelled shelves. These he would show with great satisfaction to all those that visited him. But the favorite occupation and pastime of the old abbot was painting, in which he excelled to such a degree that many of the beautiful productions of his brush had found a conspicuous place in various churches and even in some of the principal cathedrals of France.

Thus the good abbot spent a happy and virtuous life, which was entirely devoted to industry and prayer.

Towards the close of his life the good abbot had for many months been laboring with unusual pains and ardor on a picture representing the "First Christmas at Bethlehem." This he intended as his masterpiece, with which he would embellish the chapel of the monastery. It was to be exhibited for the first time on Christmas night on the altar of the Madonna. So, at least, the good monk intended. But, fond as he was of his picture, this pious artist had, out of love for the Divine Child whose nativity was soon to be celebrated, made the gracious and liberal promise that, despite his attachment to this beautiful production of his love and labor, he would, nevertheless, part willingly with it if he knew that by so doing he would procure His glory and find an opportunity of manifesting his affection towards Him. And this promise he was wont to repeat while engaged in this self-imposed task of love.

As Christmas was drawing close the good Abbot was putting forth redoubled efforts to breathe, as it were, upon the canvas the inspirations which flooded his mind with heavenly light. When the finishing touches were given, the artist was transported with joy at the marvelous achievement of his art, labor and love. Fired with the desire of seeing how it would adorn the little chapel on Christmas night, when it would be surrounded with lights and flowers, the monk, availing himself of the time when the other religious were at their labor in the scriptorium, quietly issued from his cell and silently pacing down the long corridor, entered into the chapel with his precious burden. He placed the picture on the altar and, having surrounded it with lights, looked long and admiringly upon it from different points of vantage. Ravished by the beautiful sight it presented, it seemed that he could not prevail upon himself to leave the chapel and return to his studio. But he was about to depart when, suddenly, he heard a stroke of the bell summoning him to the parlor, where his presence was requested. Without a moment's hesitation, he left all as it was and repaired at once to the parlor, where he found awaiting an old man, who seemed very poor and miserable, but whose looks were full of kindness and sincerity.

The stranger represented himself as a pilgrim, who had come to the city for charity and that, after having applied at different places which he thought inhabited by rich inmates, he had every

time been directed to the monastery, with the assurance that there he would be well treated and cared for. Consequently, he had come to the monastery and was begging for alms. After a short silence the abbot, looking at the beggar, said to him: "My dear brother, I have no money to give you, for I have none; but what I have I will give you, all for the sake of our dear Lord and Savior, who made Himself miserable and poor for our salvation. I have a painting that I prize very much, and that has cost me much labor and pains, but, in virtue of a promise I have made to our Lord, I will give it to you with the greatest joy, hoping that it will bring you comfort and happiness." Thereupon the good abbot went to the chapel and, taking the picture from its altar, brought it down to the parlor and, presenting it to the old man, said: "Behold the picture that I have mentioned. I had intended it for the chapel of the monastery, but with the hope that it might make you happy I give it to you. It is yours, do what you please with it. I ask but one favor from you in return: it is to remember me in your prayers." The old man, filled with the deepest emotion, could scarcely speak and, taking the hand of the abbot, he kissed it tenderly and with tears rolling down his cheeks assured the good abbot that he would never forget him. Thereupon he left the monastery and directed his footsteps towards the city, carrying along with him the valuable picture. The good abbot repaired to the chapel where, after having fervently thanked God for having deigned to condescend to his wishes in giving him such an opportunity of manifesting his love towards him, he went, full of joy and contentment, to rejoin his fellow-monks at their occupation.

Soon the bell rang and the holy monks, after having offered in seraphic accents their nightly orisons, marched in file to their respective cells for their well-needed rest, and, last of all to enter his cell, was our venerable abbot. After lisping a few short prayers, in which he recommended his soul to the protecting wings of his Guardian Angel, he retired and soon sank into a deep slumber. He had not long been sleeping, however, when he had a mysterious dream, in which he thought that he heard sweet sounds of music softly ringing in his ears and then saw, amidst a radiant effulgence of heavenly light, a choir of angels singing in melodious strains these words of Christ: "What you do to one of these you also do to me." This they repeated several times. Three angels clad in

snow-white garbs and standing in front of the choir were holding in their hands the picture that he had given to the beggar. The choir of angels then gracefully receding apart, there appeared in their midst an old man, who was the very same one that the good abbot had favored during the day. He was clad in heavenly garments that outshone the radiant robes of the angels that surrounded him. In one hand he held a scroll and in the other the gospels, pressed to his heart. After repeating these words of Christ: "I was naked and you have clothed me; I was hungry and you have given me to eat; I was a stranger and you took me in," the form of the old man vanished and there appeared in his stead the benign person of Christ Himself, arrayed in majesty and glory. Whereupon all the angels prostrated themselves three times in adoration, and, rising, sang the canticle: "Behold the Lamb of God." When they had ceased singing their melodious strains, the Divine Savior, addressing the good abbot, said to him: "Gelasius, thou hast done well; know that the beggar that thou hast so generously favored for my sake was my apostle, John, whom I sent to thee under the guise of a beggar to try thy virtue and the sincerity of thy love for Me; thou hast proved sincere in thy words and thy act was most pleasing to me. Behold, I come to say these things to thee in order that thou mightst rejoice in Me and persevere unto the end in my love and the practice of virtue." After hearing these words from the lips of Christ, he dreamed that he saw the three foremost angels detach themselves from the choir and descending gently place the picture on the easel where he had painted it and, reascending, they sang, with the other angels, these words of the psalm: "Bless ye, now, the Lord, all ye who are His servants," and receding softly, they at last vanished and with them the celestial melody sweetly died away. With the recess of the vision the good abbot woke the subject of a fair illusion or whether he had been favored with a real vision. His cell was filled with light and a fragrance as of incense. To ascertain whether what had happened was only a dream or a real vision, he looked at the easel, where he had dreamed the angels had deposited the picture. What was his astonishment when he saw on the easel the very same picture which now looked all the more beautiful, as though a heavenly luster had been imparted to it, for, indeed, it was more ravishing than it had been formerly. The

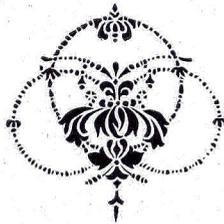
good abbot then saw that he had not been the subject of an illusion, but that his dream had been a true vision, and, filled with sentiments of awe and fervor, he prostrated himself on the ground and thanked with all the power of his soul the good Lord who had vouchsafed to reward him so bountifully for the act of virtue he had performed. Taking an old lute that was suspended to the wall of his cell and upon which he often played as he sang holy hymns to God and to the Virgin, he began in fervent accents the canticle *Te Deum*, which he sang with much unction and fervor. Scarcely had he completed the words of the last verse when he softly sank into a slumber, and he was heard no more. As the day advanced, several monks, not seeing as usual their beloved father in their midst, called on him at his studio, but they could not find him there. They began to conjecture that something had happened to their father. The door of his cell was opened by the prior and, accompanied by other monks, he entered the room, but what was their grief an astonishment when they saw that their much-loved father was no more among the living: his soul wafted upon the sweet breath of prayer and melody, had taken its flight to the celestial abodes, where the meek and the humble rejoice in the company of the Lamb. The cell was still filled with a fragrance and a lustrous light surrounded the holy abbot, who was seated in the center of his cell, his lute on his lap and his face gently uplifted towards heaven in a contemplative mood, as though he had been ravished in ecstasy and in his fervor had breathed out his spirit into the hands of his Maker. Then the good monks knew all and, filled in their turn with sentiments of awe and admiration, praised the Lord that He had deigned to visit them in so visible a manner and for having taken from their midst their holy father to place him among the blessed in heaven.

A few days afterward the holy abbot was laid to rest in the crypt of the monastery, where many of his fellow-monks of former days also slept their last. For many years and even for many centuries, the memory of the saintly abbot lived among the inhabitants of Remiremont and the neighboring county, where he was honored under the name of *Gelasius the Venerable*. Many pious pilgrims came to pray at his tomb and returned ascribing many favors to his intercession. As to the wonderful picture itself, it was placed in the chapel of the monastery, where it was also venerated

during many long ages, under the name of "The Holy Picture of the Mount," until both the tomb of the abbot and the holy picture were sacrilegiously destroyed during the fearful revolution of the eighteenth century, so that today in that very place nothing of them is to be seen ; and few, indeed, know or have heard of Gelasius the Venerable, and of the "Holy Picture of the Mount."

R. RICHER, '03.

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**EDITORIAL.**

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The semi-annual examination will begin on Thursday, January 29, and will end within a week from that date. This examination marks the end of the first scholastic term and, as a rule, furnishes ample evidence of the manner in which the individual student has employed his time and talents. Happy is the student who can approach the board of examiners with the sincere conviction that he has, during the past five months, employed his talents to advantage. He, like the faithful servant mentioned in the gospel, shall be commended for his faithfulness and industry. He shall win the esteem of his teachers. His parents shall rejoice in learning from his report that the labor, love and self-sacrifice which prompted them to give their son an opportunity of advancing in life, has not been thrown away. But, on the other hand, what shall we say of the indolent student. How does he feel as the day of trial approaches? Does he think that he has acted rightly by using his time and whatever talents nature has placed at his disposal in devising means of avoiding work, of shirking the tasks assigned him? Has he no remorse for the golden opportunities lost? Does he not consider himself a fraud when he poses as a student, whereas he does not strive to foster that spirit of activity which is essential to a student? Does he not look upon himself as unjust towards his parents who, prompted by a love such only as can spring from a parent's heart, strive continually to bring within his reach an opportunity which, perhaps, circumstances prevented them from enjoying? It would be well if those who find a place in the undesirable society of the indolent and indifferent students, should reflect upon their conduct and at the beginning of the second term resolve man-

fully to employ the few remaining months of this scholastic year in such a manner as to compensate for what they have lost in the past.

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### SUCCESS.

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Success ! What magic in the word ! With irresistible charm it fires the blood of thousands, filling them with the desire of fighting for its attainment. It is the laurel-crown for which all are striving, and the ardor of each one in the battle is proportioned to the esteem in which it is held. It is, or should be, the object of each one's endeavor in what station of life soever one may be placed. It should be especially the desire of students, in whose young hearts all noble sentiments should hold chief place. Sluggish, indeed, is the young man whose ambition does not point to the top of the world's ladder, who is content to remain below and behold the onward progress of others, equal and even inferior to him. Such a man is unworthy of the name of student.

But while the summit of success is longed for by all, few are courageous enough to brave the hardships of the ascent. Like the serenely majestic, yet, apparently, inaccessible crest of some Alpine peak, it seems to many surrounded with insurmountable difficulties. Many who have endeavored, again and again, to ascend, have as often fallen back, exhausted and disheartened, deeming success impossible of achievement. Such a conclusion, however, is false. In the first place, it must be remembered that success is relative, and therefore open to all. Therefore, had they endeavored **properly**, they would not now stand back, spiritless, and supinely watch others pass them in the race. There is, then, a means by which each one can become a master, a talisman within the reach of all, enabling its possessor to achieve apparently impossible triumphs. This "Open Sesame" is concentration, the habit of mental concentration, of application. It is not that self-concentration which is synonymous with selfishness, or egotism, but is an intent application of the mind to a task or duty to be performed, so that the best possible result will be obtained. Such concentration did the ancient artisan possess, who, having with much labor and pains performed the task imposed on him by his king, thus reported his achievement: "Sire, it cannot be better done." That man was certainly a master; we

would call him a "success." Not because of the startling and magnificent action performed; perchance it was very commonplace, but because his work was whole-souled, because he himself was a consummate worker. And he was such, simply because for years, no doubt, he had, silently, perhaps, yet withal surely, built up the man within him by the thorough performance of his every duty. This, then, is the result of concentration, a perfect man, a successful man.

If you desire to be successful in life, resolve to acquire, at any cost, a habit of mental concentration. This every student can and should do. Into every action put your whole heart and soul; let your work be done for its own sake, better still, for the proper molding of your mind. Consider your work, for such it really is, your mind's gymnasium. You pay for the privilege of exercising your muscles, of acquiring physical culture, in some gymnasium, while in every action of the day, you can, by concentration, perfect your character by training it to habits of exactness, of fidelity to duty, to a sense of justice and a love of what is right and good, which will be to you of far greater value than unlimited wealth or popular favor.

Thus does concentration build you up into a perfect, a successful man. But to obtain this desired result, you must devote your energies, you must concentrate your mind upon every action you perform. At first, and for some time, perhaps, for all depends on the firmness of your determination, it will be difficult to acquire this habit of earnest application; but you will, eventually, find it very easy. Begin now. C.

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### EXCHANGES.

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Seldom have we seen so many or such striking evidences of poetic talent displayed in the pages of college journals as we have while reading over our exchanges for December. Scarcely a number did we find without its fitting poem, either on the great festival of Christmas, or on some other subject of a high and holy nature. May our young poets continue the good work, and daily grow more proficient in this noble art. For what eloquence, after all, is there so sparkling, so elevating, so capable of adorning the printed page as that of the poet when his soul mounts to realms far above this planet and holds communion with the inhabitants of a higher

world? None. Rich, indeed, is the college journal wherein one can always find a poem, which, once read, will be re-read and with renewed pleasure at every reading. But how poor beyond all poverty the one which appears month after month and always found wanting in this most excellent species of our language.

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It would be difficult to find a more complete journal in every detail than the "Fleur de Lis," for January. The three poems: "Christmas Bells," "Sacrifice" and "The Spirit of Prayer," are productions of which the journal may well be proud. All its articles are written on well-chosen subjects and in a very interesting style. "The Church in the Philippines" is the subject of an instructive and interesting oration.

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There is much in the saying: "Dont judge a book by its cover," and whoever reads the December issue of the "Nazarine" will be more thoroughly convinced of this than ever. This little journal is not clothed in a full dress suit, by any means, it has no tinsel or glitters around its covers, but this lack is amply made up for by the matter which it contains. The article entitled "The Mission of the Angels," and the short essay on Dr. Brownson are especially praiseworthy, both for thought and style.

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An ever welcome visitor at our desk, and one in whose company we can always spend a profitable hour, is "St. Mary's Sentinel." The little poem with which it opens for December will doubtless be read with pleasure by all into whose hands the journal shall have found its way. There are many articles of merit in this number of the Sentinel, but its exchange column is worthy of special commendation.

Among our exchanges there is none that holds a higher rank than "The Abbey Student." Indeed, this journal might very well be called the "Student's Friend," for he can usually find in its choice selection of articles one which will have a direct bearing on himself, and which, moreover, will offer suggestions that if faithfully followed, must greatly facilitate his labors in study. The December issue of "The Abbey Student" has two such articles, viz., "Aids to Beneficial Reading," and "Method in Study." We would recommend a perusal of these to every student.

For several reasons we always feel a particular interest in essays on Dante. "The Holy Cross Purple" for December contains a remarkably well written article on "Dante and Poe." Notwithstanding the fact that these two poets appear altogether too far apart to admit of comparison; notwithstanding the fact that comparing such men is somehow leveling the mountain peaks of literature, one can read with pleasure and not without profit such studies as that on "Dante and Poe." The two poets resemble each other, it is true, inasmuch as both portrayed the gruesome, the awful. But it must be remembered that Dante did not write only the "Inferno." We think the writer strikes a true note when he places among the chief qualities of Dante's genius sincerity, intensity, force, brevity, definiteness. "This last quality," he says, "determines the nature of the Italian's faculty of vision, which stands out in its power, unique among the world's poets. There is no scene, no portrait, be it of infernal darkness or dazzling radiance of heaven which can elude that wondrous power of his." Again the writer aptly points out the different motive of the two poets in their employment of the awful. "With Dante," he says, "it is the only way of vividly picturing to man the hideous horror of the regions of sin and death eternal; it becomes in his hands a means to an end. With Poe it is itself the effect he works to attain, the chord he wants to strike; it is not the means to an end, but the very end itself." But why not rather compare Dante with Milton, or Klopstock, with Virgil or Homer? The essay on Aubrey de Vere is a beautiful tribute to that amiable poet. We regret the absence of the exchange column in "The Holy Cross Purple." J. A. L.

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### PERSONALS.

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The Very Rev. A. Corcoran, C. S. V., D. D., Provincial Superior, is suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia. The latest reports from his bedside are encouraging, as the crisis is passed and he is on the road to recovery. We sincerely hope the Rev. Father will soon be restored to perfect health and that his life of usefulness may be prolonged ad multos annos.

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Rev. Father Lauriault, of Rock Island, Ill., contemplates a trip to New Mexico in the near future. While there, in the interest of

his health, he will be the guest of his brother. We hope that the change of climate may have a beneficial effect on the health of our former student.

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Rev. Father Sixt, of Kankakee, Ill., was the guest of the Rev. President on January 20th.

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We learned with sincere regret of the recent death of Mrs. Boeckelman, the mother of our esteemed friend and alumnus, Rev. H. Boeckelman, of Elkhart, Ind. The Viatorian, in behalf of the faculty and other friends of Father Boeckelman, extends to him heart felt sympathy in his sorrow.

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Rev. Father Berard, St. Anne, Ill., paid a visit to his friends at the college in the course of the month.

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Mr. P. T. Tynan, Chicago, Ill., visited the college recently in company with his little cousin, Master L. Warner, whom he entered as a student in the Junior department.

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Rev. T. Dugas, C. S. V., pastor of St. Mary's, Beaverville, Ill., called during the holidays to extend in person the greetings of the season to his confreres at the college.

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Rev. J. Cannon, Urbana, Ill., was one of our pleasant and very welcome callers of the past month. Father Cannon expects to have the beautiful new church which has been built by his untiring zeal and the hearty co-operation of his parishioners, dedicated in a few months.

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Mr. T. O. Harvey, San Francisco, Cal., recently visited his son, Earl, of the Senior department.

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Mr. H. Mattie, traveling salesman for the Diamond Compound company, of Chicago, spent a few very pleasant hours with his brother, Arthur, recently.

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Rev. J. H. Nawn, St. Mary's church, Chicago, was one of our very welcome visitors of the past week.

Mr. George Rafter, one of the students of last year, is at present employed in the Hub clothing house, Chicago. George has a splendid position. We wish our young friend that success for which we feel confident his ambition will prompt him to strive.

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Rev. J. D. Laplante, C. S. V., and Rev. A. Champeau, C. S. V., both of St. Viator's Normal Institute, Chicago, spent a few days with their confreres at the college during the Christmas holidays. Father Laplante expressed himself as agreeably surprised at the many improvements which have been made here during his absence of four years, in Europe.

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Rev. R. Morin, C. S. V., who for the past month has been visiting his confreres in the United States, has returned to Canada.

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Among those who called on the Rev. President during the holidays were Rev. Father Bergeron, Chicago; Rev. Father Labrie, Momence, Ill.; Rev. Father Tapin, Papineau, Ill., and Rev. Father Lesage, Aurora, Ill.

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Rev. J. Doran, who was ordained recently, visited his friends and fellow students at the college on January 9th. Father Doran celebrated the community mass, at the close of which the students and professors in a body approached the altar to receive the blessing of the young priest. His many friends at St. Viator's wish him success in his high calling.

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Mr. H. C. Lacharite and Miss Alta E. Hight were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on Thursday, January 15, at Assumption, Ill. Mr. Lacharite was one of our former students. We wish the young couple a long and happy wedded life.

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Messrs. Frank and Bert Fitzgerald, of Indianapolis, visited friends at the college recently. We learned with sincere regret of the sad death of their brother, George, who had been accidentally shot by a playmate. At the time of his death he, with his brother, John, were studying in Europe. The latter brought the remains of his brother to this country and then returned to Europe.

Rev. D. O'Dwyer, Chebanse, Ill., lately made a pleasant call on his friends at St. Viateur's.

The Rev. M. A. Dooling, pastor of St. John's church, Clinton, Ill., was among his friends at the college in the early part of the month.

Many new arrivals have registered since the resuming of classes. The steady increase in the number of students that has been going on since September makes it evident that the regular attendance for this year is the largest in the history of the college. Among those who have entered during this month are the following: Messrs. C. Savage, F. Nugent, B. Smith and R. Burns, Seniors; Masters L. Warner, F. Smith, A. Burns and W. Foley, Juniors; Masters L. Benoit, J. Brewer, M. Dillon, E. Doerr, A. Gunderlach and A. Paulissen, Minims.

We have received a very encouraging report from the musical department. The number of students in this department is so large that the director, Rev. L. J. Goulette, C. S. V., found it necessary to apply for another assistant. Rev. W. Surprenant, C. S. V., was appointed to that position, his office as assistant prefect of the Minim department being filled by Rev. A. Vigneault, C. S. V.

### SOCIETIES.

The different literary and debating societies are doing good work. The efforts displayed by the members in forwarding the interests of their respective societies furnish convincing proof that all have earnestly entered into the spirit of these institutions. The membership of St. Patrick's society now numbers thirty. At the weekly meetings of this society there is generally a full attendance. Orations on literary subjects, recitations and debates on current topics form the principal part of the programme for such occasions. A very interesting debate on the "Direct, Popular Election of United States Senators" is expected at the next meeting. Mr. W. Maher, seconded by Mr. W. Moran, will uphold the present method of election. They will be opposed by Mr. L'Ecuyer, assisted by Mr. R. Weurst.

The members of St. John Baptist's society are also thoroughly imbued with the spirit of debate. Excellent programmes are rendered at the bi-monthly meetings of this society. At one of the recent meetings the merits and demerits of strikes were fully discussed by Mr. A. Martin and Mr. R. Richer. Mr. P. Dufault was elected secretary at this meeting.

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VIATORIANA.

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1903.

O fudge !

O scissors ! Ha ! ha !

Is that you, Al?

You talk like a gin fizz.

You're jealous because I'm a blonde.

If— then I'd be satisfied with life.

Most of us know who got the toastserina.

My ! but doesn't time fly? It does fly.

I prythee, gentlemen, don't forget the semi-annual examinations.

Bill—Mr. W., will you please shave down?

Peter—That's all I can shave.

"It's a safe bet that you gathered in a few during vacation," said Dick to Willie H., having noticed his dreamy eyes and tired look. "Is that so?" retorted Willie. "Well, you just mind your own business, and get under the sink, with the rest of the pipes."

Prefect (anxiously, to new student)—"Well, Nathan, you seem to be lost. Looking for your history class, are you?. Very well. Have you seen the Revolutionary War?"

New Student (recently arrived from precincts somewhat suburban)—"Why, no, brother; I haven't seen it, but I have read about it."

\$10 Reward !

For the arrest and conviction of the culprit who stole Bro. C.'s canary bird and substituted in its stead an old, fast-dying hen. Five dollars to the one returning the bird.

Do you know Hiram Brown from Joy, Illinois?

The rooters are unanimous in the opinion that our foot ball prospects for next season are unusually bright.

Professor of Geometry—"What is a four-sided polygon?"

Student—"A quadruped."

One certain gentleman, resident in a rural district, had the boldness during vacation to smoke an Old Virginia cheroot in the presence of his father. Whereupon, the parent remarked that it would surely rain. "How do you know?" queried the son, with the cigar resting immovably in one corner of his face. "Because a pig has a straw in its mouth," replied the father. Et filius jam fumat.

A mother was chasing her boy around the room, was chasing her boy round the room, etc., etc. The foregoing is a joke, gentlemen, so laugh and then repeat chorus.

"Speaking about elongated ejaculations," said Willie K., "I much prefer 'ornithological bipeds of similar plumage congregate gregariously,' to 'birds of a feather flock together,' or 'my horologue possesses a decided inclination to over-accelerate the rate of speed of its mechanism,' to 'my watch is fast.'" Willie is in oratory this year, and is very fond of reading Sam Johnson. W. J. M.

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