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THE SISTER OF MERCY.

I saw a bed of pansies
Their precious lives unfold,
With petals of the midnight
And hearts of purest gold;
And though so unassuming,
In sable garb all robed,
Their presence gave a brightness
And from them sweetness flowed.

For from their golden center
Sweet smiles did seem to glow,
Which set my soul a thinking,
For they're for thoughts, you know.
I breathed their kindly fragrance
Then turned from that sweet rest,
And midst the thorns encountered
A pansy's thought expressed.

She wore her inky garments
Which did not veil her heart,
For from her saintly features
Strange lights did gleam and dart
And as she softly glided
Giving kind words of cheer,
The angels seemed to whisper,
"Hark ye! God's thought is here."

And Oh! the mighty meaning,
Yet all of it is true
His thought is but for mercy,
To show to me and you.
To teach us what we're lacking,
To sooth our souls sore prest,
Truth, love and good to offer,
And here it is expressed.

J. H. N.

CHRIST AND THE SAGE OF ATHENS.

Delivered before the philosopher's class of oratory in connection with the oration on the "Death of Socrates."

It has been shown that the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, and that humanity is honored in having produced a man who was ruled by wisdom in his teaching in his actions and even unto his last breath. Socrates is, indeed a rare man, a commanding figure among the genius-crowned sons of earth. Had he lived in Christian times, he would, no doubt, have been another St. Paul or another St. Francis or Assisi. He would, perhaps, have wrought miracles, and would now occupy a place upon the altars of Christian saintship. But Providence had not so ordained it. Providence had designed to show how far heavenward unaided human wisdom could go in such men as Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, only the better to let appear the transcendent flights of Christian sages, such as were a St. Augustine, a St. Bernard, a St. Thomas, who reflected in their doctrines, in their pure lives and in their saintly deaths, the inspired teachings and the compelling examples of the apostles, who, in turn, but acted out the superhuman mission given them by Christ, the Man-God. Surely, water never rises higher than its source. All the marvels of heroic virtue thickly strewn over the pages of Christian history mount back to Christ as to their fountain-head. In Him, then, must we find the ideal, the perfect man; aye, and more than perfect man, for a mere man with all the accumulated wisdom of the ages, could never have accomplished what now we see Christ has accomplished, viz.: the complete renewal of the face of the earth. Christ made the world Christian. Socrates failed even with Pluto and Aristotle to make the world philosophic, or mankind wise and virtuous. This is assuredly an effect which marks or calls for a difference between Christ and philosophers.

Not that Christ had not all the powers of philosophy or human wisdom; but that he had infinitely more than mere human resources. Yet, withal, was He, like them, a man, and a wise one. He was commonly known and designated as the son of the carpenter, He ate and talked with men; He dressed like them; He suffered and He died as men suffer and die. He was no mere shadow; when they scourged Him and planted nails in His body they struck not nor crucified a phantom, but a real, tangible,

living human being. When Christ pitied the afflictions of men and condemned the loathsome vices that disgrace our kind, He again proved He felt the evils and knew the dignity of human nature. He said and did innumerable things that ordinary men might have said and done, things in which there did not shine forth the glow of the divine that was in Him.

But that Christ was no mere man, the entire course of His life, the burthen of His teachings and the manner of His death abundantly prove. To say nothing of His messiahship as announced in prophet's promise or sybil song, let me mention His miraculous birth attended by angel songs, by shepherd's humble adoration and regal gifts of Magi from afar; His infancy snatched from the inhuman cruelty of Herod; His childhood on whose pure brow shone forth the divine wisdom which astonished the questioning doctors of the temple. Precocious child, indeed! Is ever mere more gifted boy noted for submission and obedience to parents? This boy Jesus was divinely wise. Follow Him further in youth and manhood and see yet more plainly the God in Him. About He goes teaching lessons of virtue such as had never been heard from human lips. As one having authority He commands. Virtue lifts up her fair head, vice crouches and flees His presence. Fearlessly He attacks vice in high places. He converts sinners. He feeds the multitudes, He commands the forces of nature and they obey Him. He cures every disease. He calls back the dead to life and forgives sin. Surely these are the acts of God; these are restorations that are new creations and they demand creative power. Finally He proclaims His own divinity, calls Himself the Son of God, saying: "I and the Father are One!" He is even publicly acclaimed amid glad hosannas as Son of David.

And notwithstanding the blinding evidence of the truth this blameless One was uttering, there go forth cries of "He blasphemeth! He hath a devil! Crucify Him!" It was not the first time that fickle men, that the misguided populace had grown tired of just and wise men; long ages before hath they ostracized Aristides, condemned Socrates to drink poison and practically banished Aristotle. No wonder the powers of darkness arrayed themselves in hellish fury to drive out One in whom they recognized the most puissant foe they had yet encountered; One who, they saw, would crush their power to pervert and damm the world.

Christ forsees it all. He foretells His death and carefully

does He prepare His disciples for the humiliations to which they shall see Him subjected. He allows them to catch a glimpse of His divinity, revealed in the splendors of Mount Thabor. After giving them that supreme proof of His love in the breaking of the bread at the last supper, He, in bidding them farewell, tells them because He loves His Own unto the end, He must die for the redemption of mankind. Socrates had accepted death to prove his devotion to the Athenian republic. Christ wills death that He may redeem the world. The Christ God must prove to sinners that He loves them unto death and then reclaim them from the sway of satan. His disciples are sad, they weep. One of them betrays Him with a kiss. He is apprehended. The indignant disciples would strike the enemies of their Master. But He chides them. No! He, being God, could not allow His Own designs to be thwarted. Could He not summon legions of angles to scatter this mob? And yet, oh! incomprehensible mystery of Divine economy! He allows Himself to be captured and dragged before courts of human justice, there to be tried, He the judge of the living and the dead!

During all these mock trials before Caiphas, Herod and Pilate, the wisdom, the justice, courage and humility of Christ stand forth in striking contrast with the pride, the foolish pusillanimity and rank injustice of His accusers and judges. Even though the wisdom and eloquence of His answers and of His very silence be already familiar to you, it will not be amiss to point them out to you in order to bring out yet more vividly how even in this particular Christ's defense far outshines that of the philosopher of Athens. It was while this pure crystal of divinity was struck with the hardest blows of human injustice, ingratitude and hatred that it gave forth its last sparks of wisdom and shone with the blinding majesty and grandeur of divinity. What mere man could have or ever has acted thus? Remember how mildly He reproves Judas, His betrayer, and bids the impulsive Peter sheathe his sword nor ever resort to violence. Note also with what clearness, with what penetrating and dispassionate reason He shows that the Pharisees, who use a traitor and avail themselves of the weakness of a governor to compass their hellish intents, are more guilty than Judas and Pilate; and how He lays at the feet of the high priest and of the Pharisees the crime that is about to be accomplished at their bidding. With sublime calm He tells them that their hour has come simultaneously with that of the powers of darkness. He feels the malice

of the priests, submits to the derision of Herod, to the scoffs of the mob, to the desertion of His disciples. True, these things do not in themselves prove the divinity of Christ, but they form the dark background from out of which the "Light of the World" shines forth all the more luminously for being so shadowed. It is well to recollect in this connection that Socrates had his friends with him to the end—that his cup of human sorrow, though bitter enough, was not overflowing as the chalice which Christ was to drain. In this bitter draught every anguish of body and soul was mixed—when asked by Caiphas to give an account of His doctrines, when accused of teaching subversive doctrines in secret, Christ like Socrates, with the calm firmness of innocence bids the insolent high priest ask His disciples and those who heard Him speak ever publicly. When accused of calling Himself the Son of God, He no longer remains silent, but boldly proclaims that He is the Son of God. Thereupon He is unanimously condemned as worthy of death. He explains to Pilate that His (Christ's) Kingdom is not of this world, and that the Roman governor need fear nothing.

"Believe Me not a rival. I came to establish the kingdom of truth and virtue, to reign over souls."

He does not answer a word to Herod, His king, who had had every opportunity of hearing Him and knowing Him. He submits to derision—to flagellation, to being considered a criminal more dangerous than Barabbas. What a pang of humiliation, that in this multitude there was not one who had the courage to cry out for the liberation of Jesus! The multitude was cowardly, it was ingrate, for many of these had been healed and fed by the very One to save Whom not a voice is raised.

When Pilate, to induce Jesus to defend Himself threatens to exert his power to crucify Him, Christ grandly reminds him that what power he has as governor of men is from on high—sacred then, and not to be misused in unjustly punishing an innocent man, such as Pilate himself acknowledged Jesus to be.

Notwithstanding this charitable advice, Pilate frightened by threats of displeasing Cæsar, delivers up Jesus to the mob, who cry: "Be His blood upon us and upon our children!" He is led to Calvary, where the long series of harrowing tortures was to end. What a difference between all these scenes of clamorous accusations and cruel beatings and the comparatively quiet circumstances of the death of Socrates!

On his way to the desolate hill of skulls, Golgotha, loaded with His cross, He comforts and enlightens the women of Jerusalem, bidding them weep for themselves and their children. While being crucified He pronounces that appeal for mercy for His executioners, words that ring with infinite pity: "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do!" In return for this the rude soldiery, the mob, insulted Him. He promises paradise to the repentent thief and commends His mother to His bosom friend, St. John. Then He calls upon His Father in His utter abandonment and in the last struggle of His human soul with the mortal body—and then all was silent—He commends His spirit into the hands of the Father—and gives up the ghost—all is consummated.

At this supreme moment, in the midst of ominous darkness, for the sun had veiled its face, the temple's veil is rent, the earth trembles, the rocks are riven, the sepulchres give up their dead. "Surely," cries one at Athens, "the machinery of the world is broken or a God expires!" The centurion cannot withhold his testimony and exclaims: "This Man was certainly a just Man; He was truly the Son of God." The multitude, now fear-stricken, return home striking their breast.

Such was the death of Christ. Not the triumph of cold reason, to be followed by the distant admiration of ages; but the triumph of divine love, to be followed by the glorious resurrection and the final mission to the apostles to go forth and teach all men to love God and fellowmen even unto death.

Rousseau himself, not to be suspected of weakness (being an *esprit fort*), after wondering at the sanctity and majesty of the gospel of Christ, compared with which the wisest sayings of philosophy, he finds, are but pompous verbiage, asks himself if this colossal work could be the work of a mere man? "What mildness, what purity in His morals! What touching grace in His eloquence! What elevation in His maxims! What profound wisdom in His discourses! What presence of mind, what fine exactness in His replies and what empire over His passions! What mere human sage could then suffer and die without weakness or ostentation!" That imaginary just man whom Plato paints as covered with opprobrium and yet worthy of the reward of every virtue, this, say the Fathers, is Christ, feature for feature. "Yes," continues Rousseau, "if the life and death of Socrates are those of a sage, the life and death of Christ are those of a God!" No need then have we to fear, lest by exalting

human greatness we should diminish the surpassing dignity and majesty of God. Christ is eternal truth, that brilliant and steady center of light, before which the flitting flames of human wisdom pass, only to show how dim is their glow when compared with the radiant sun of essential truth.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Next to Shakespeare, there is, perhaps, no name among modern English poets more familiar to the student of today than that of Alexander Pope. Nor is there any on whom more opposite criticisms have already been made, both as to his personal character and his works.

It would seem, however, that those who have sought to tarnish the illustrious name of this great poet, were actuated more by prejudice than by honesty; they have looked upon him with a microscopic eye from his very youth, and carefully recorded the most minute, the most trivial and the most commonplace defects which beset a life of fifty-six years, taking care at all times to avoid mentioning many of his higher qualities.

However, when we consider by whom his personal character is thus portrayed in all its gloom, and when we advance a step farther and examine the grounds on which the most harmful charges brought against him rest; then, indeed, we may easily find an explanation. It is true that Pope's private character, like many other English poets, had its lights and shades; he was sensitive, irritable and envious; but on the other hand, his love for virtue, his wonderful genius and his affection are equally as remarkable as these defects.

We admit that he was sensitive when his writings were attacked by the minor poets and critics of his day, when they pointed out the petty flaws and holes in the mechanical structure of his poems, and especially when they overlooked the many grander qualities, as poetical harmony and moral sublimity. It was these critics who first aroused to activity the satiric powers of Pope. It was these, as somebody has well said, who did their best to annoy the "little wasp of Twickenham" with the hope that he would give them importance by answering them, and as we may infer from his *Dunciad*, they were far from being disappointed.

In this, his masterpiece of satire, the sensitive poet heeds

not the admirable principles which he himself laid down in an essay on criticism for the guidance of the critic where he said:

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown, proposed as things forgot.

But on the contrary, he dips his pen in gall, and attacks those who had slighted his poetical supremacy. Ruskins says that "the Dunciad, in his opinion, is the most absolutely chiselled and monumental work executed in his country."

Never did any poet, ancient or modern, embody more pungent and ironical ideas in verse than did Pope in this work. We may observe that he was not satisfied with what it contained, but he makes the very title itself show to whom it was directed.

Being deformed from birth, and always delicate, it is not remarkable that he should be the victim of sensitiveness, and these circumstances also serve to explain why he was irritable and even envious, and why we should expect nothing but an outburst of sarcasm in the Dunciad, since it was directed against those who had attacked his literary merit.

But his caluminators do not stop here. Being unable to find anything in his works that would contribute to a still more base and ignoble purpose—to bespatter a name which has shed lustre on the English language—they have declared that they saw passages in his private letters so gross as to imply licentiousness. They have gone farther: they have asserted that while Pope was still quite young, he was induced to enter a house of carnal recreation by an English nobleman, and they add: he a Catholic!

What a glorious boast for the dissenters! that they in prowling through letters that were never intended for publication, as wasps in quest of poison, should find such passages; and again, that Pope was led into disgrace by what they have the presumption to call an English nobleman. If these commentators were lovers of virtue or truthfulness, why do they choose to use the word nobleman, rather than scoundrel of the lowest type? For who can conceive anything more hideous or more contemptible in the eyes of both God and man than the monster who by his cunning artifices leads the youth into such a snare, and then triumphantly proclaim to the world that he has succeeded in staining the spotless name of one of God's creatures! That he has corrupted the morals of the innocent and dragged him down to his own degraded level.

These are the two great charges they bring against the character of Pope, and taking into consideration the grounds on which they are based, we may conclude that they are as false as the source from which they spring.

It is true that Pope was no saint, neither was he strong or handsome; he was an invalid and a poet; he was a victim of the almost universal passions, of sensitiveness and envy; he repelled the attacks made by his contemporary writers on his productions, and we look in vain for the poet of our own day who would act otherwise under similar circumstances. Again these critics have given him little, if any credit for his benevolence, or his untiring industry in the pursuit of the ancient and honorable art which he had chosen, and for which he had not the advantage of a university education, they pass over in silence many of his higher qualities which would unquestionably more than counterbalance his defects, and surely this is anything but what we expect from the critic.

It has been remarked that Pope, far from being unsusceptible of tender emotion, could never read the words of Priam, in the works of Homer, without bursting into tears, and that his devoted care and tenderness for his parents stands out as a model. This is evident from his own words:

Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age.
With lenient arts, extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and soothe the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep at least one parent from the sky.

The depreciation of Pope's writings may be attributed to a false idea of his order of poetry. It should be borne in mind that during his age, descriptive poetry threatened to wholly occupy the field, which in itself was never considered a high species of the art, and ethical, the highest order of all poetry, was rapidly falling into obscurity. To him may be attributed the glory of having brought about a happy revolution in English poetry, as he himself has boasted:

That not in fancy's maze he wondered long,
But stooped to truth and moralized his song.

He was by no means the mere descriptive poet, describing murmuring streams, green fields, craggy peaks or thundering cataracts, although far from being insensible of their splendor, as we may infer from his Temple of Fame. In this he has left as

fine paintings of external nature as any to be found, even among the purely descriptive poets. But he afterward engaged himself with sketches of life and morals, and so utilized his talents for a higher purpose—to make men better and wiser. We read in the history of English literature the names of many poets possessing greater intellectual wealth, and indeed less offensive in some respects than Pope; yet these have contributed little to the enlightenment of their fellow beings. As somebody remarked:

A thousand great ideas filled their minds;
But with the clouds they fled and left no trace behind.

They allowed their vast stores of knowledge to become, as it were, a stagnant reservoir, or expended all their energies in describing external nature, which not only the poet admires, but also the farmer, though the latter expresses his admiration by his choice of occupation rather than by his choice of words. Not so with Pope, his pen became the running fountain that fertilized the barren wastes of English literature. From the early age of twelve, he spent his life in acquiring and uttering moral ideas, which have ever since been to every generation as trumpet calls to duty, strengthening their moral sinews and filling their souls with noble scorn for all that is base or mean.

This is surely the highest species of poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects is moral truth, and this is what makes philosophers of our own day march under the banner of the foremost men in the world—their moral truth. But how often do we hear the most severe complaints made against Pope, because he failed to exemplify in his life the precepts which he laid down in his printed page. And yet how unreasonable!

As well might we expect that he possessed strong legs or a body entirely free from deformity, because he was vested with extraordinary poetical genius. Such critics are too apt to forget that imaginative power and practical ability are two distinct kinds of talent, and although not unfrequently found in the same person, yet in very unequal proportions; and if Pope failed to be a model of what he wrote, this fact does not detract from the value of his lines as they stand today. Truth being the same in all times, it will admit of no change. We do not wish by any means to depreciate descriptive poetry, but we wish to show that it cannot be compared with ethical, since it is less associated with the human mind.

If we ask the traveler who has made a tour through Ireland,

which someone has well named, "The land of music and the home of song," what struck him as most poetical there, the green lawns, the crystal lakes, the heath-clad mountains or the old round towers, the abbey ruins or the dilapidated castle? He will invariably answer the latter. And should we ask him why, he will answer that whilst he gazed on those shadowy grandeurs of the past, he could see in his imagination the workmen who were engaged in their erection hundreds of years ago. Now they lie mouldering in their graves and their work remains. He could see in the ruined abbey the very cloisters where once the monks engaged in prayer, now covered with ivy and crumbling away. What a great lesson he will tell us he has learned from those reverend chroniclers of time. But to return, although Pope does not rank with the greatest masters of the lyre, he has never been surpassed in ethical poetry. In his works the student of human character will find a fertile field for inquiry, and as time rolls on each succeeding age of English literature may look back to him as one of her greatest benefactors, who, by untiring efforts, made every line in his work so strong as to preserve its own immortality. His shortcomings, great as they may have been, should be forgotten through his transcendent merits; his faults have injured few, and in his own time alone, whereas his genius has benefited all men even to the present day.

J. A. LYNN '03.

 TO A STAR.

Art thou, O fair and brilliant star,
 The guide that led the holy kings
 From Oriental clime so far
 To see such great and wondrous things?

Mayhap thou art that mystic star
 That shines o'er all that troubled sea,
 That guides the sinner from afar,
 If so, then be a guide to me.

Art thou a gem in Mary's crown,
 Encircling her majestic brow?
 That brow which never once did frown;
 O, light it ever more than now.

Art thou a spirit fair and bright
 That gleams beyond the clouds so far,
 That roams in fields of dazzling light;
 Or what art thou, O little star?

Art thou an angel, pure and fair,
 Sent down from God's sweet home of rest,
 My sinful soul aloft to bear
 Upon thy pure, angelic breast?

Didst thou entone the angels' song
 That pealed around the Saviour's birth?
 Wert thou of that celestial throng
 That sang His coming down to earth?

"I'm none of these," the star replied,
 "I'm called by some, the Venus fair;
 Through endless space I ever glide,
 And lighten up the evening air."

M. J. MCGUIRE.

 JOHN DRYDEN.

When we enter a magnificent art gallery and are surrounded on all sides by the grandest works of artistic genius, we are filled with admiration by the beauty and grace of the marble statues and the expression and mellow coloring of the paintings.

But when we pass through the portals of poetry a new world of beauty breaks upon our astonished gaze, as the poet bears us along on the wings of his inspiration, through the land of enchantment created by his genius. Our ears are charmed

by a flood of such harmonious music that it fills our heart with rapture, and our imagination is exalted by the grandeur and magnificence of its sublime images.

Among the poets whose works have won for them a foremost place in fame's peerless temple, the name of Dryden shines with a lustre not to be dimmed by the slow lapse of centuries.

As Shakespeare may be styled the king of the first rank of English poets, Dryden may safely sway the sceptre of the second rank. No English poet, Shakespeare, Milton, Spencer, and Chaucer excepted—displays such a melodious and majestic flow of eloquence, presents us with such sublime and splendid images, and portrays such true sentiment and pathos as John Dryden.

Like Apollo heralding the morn, he ushers in a new era of poetry—an era altogether different from the former poetry, perhaps not so majestic, but far surpassing it in pureness, simplicity, and sweetness of tone. The splendor of Milton, the imagery of Spencer, and the sweetness of Chaucer are all combined with pureness and simplicity.

As he lightly draws his fingers over the harp of poetry he charms our ears with a melody so rich and harmonious that it melts us into secret rapture. The beauty of his imagery and descriptions, the exquisite melody of his versification, rising and falling like the tones of an æolian harp, as he successively portrays the pangs of guilty passion, the deepest repentance and the highest devotional rapture, have never been surpassed.

But, alas! Dryden's muse is not always mindful of her heavenly origin. To what end are all these excellent qualities? Are they to clothe virtue in royal garments and set her up as the queen of nature? No. It is in many instances to dethrone virtue and set up licentiousness; to hold chastity up to scorn, and set before the eyes of men the idol of passion. Instead of depicting grand and noble characters he represents to us low, licentious and vicious persons; instead of portraying noble scenes, he introduces us into degraded society. What has been said of Byron we may say of Dryden: "He is a god gone astray." But Dryden is not wholly to blame for the immoral tone of his plays. The time in which he lived is equally responsible. He lived in an age in which every one pandered to the low tastes of the nobility. He was raised among men who taught him to follow their vicious tastes, and thus he imbibed their ideas. But in his later years he discarded the hateful

character of court panderer and ranged himself under the banner of virtue. Instead of applying his genius to matters that tend to degrade, he pours out his mighty genius in a subject worthy of a man gifted with such mental abilities—the defense of the religion he thought to be true. Such noble sentiment, profound reasoning and solid sense has never before been written in poetry. Each idea and figure is presented with such ingenuity and clearness that it is like the crystal waters of a stream through whose limped depths we can clearly discern what lies on the bottom.

Among his later poems, the greatest, perhaps, is “The Hind and the Panther,” a work in which he shows the superiority of the Catholic faith over all Protestant religions. It clothes the most profound and intricate reasoning in the brilliant garb of poetry. It is a work which combines the beauty of the painting, the grace of the statute, and the rythm of music. It is the ripest fruit of his genius, for Dryden, unlike the majority of poets, produced his best poems in the latter part of his life. The images throughout shed a rich and mellow tint over it, enlivening those parts which otherwise would be dry, like the hues of the saffron morn gilding the dark clouds in the sky and converting them into a brilliant mass. This is, undoubtedly, the finest allegorical poem in the language, and had he produced nothing else, this alone would have entitled him to the first place among the poets of his time.

Like most other poets, Dryden’s character as a man, and his claim to our esteem as a poet, would both have been nobler and higher, had he left some of his poems unwritten, or at least unpublished. His plays do him no credit from the poetic standpoint whilst they are, for the most part, so grossly licentious as to be a disgrace to the poet himself, and to the age in which they were not only tolerated, but even found favor. These, however, can now do little injury, since they are almost entirely forgotten or neglected. But the productions of his later years will ever continue to win the admiration of all who can appreciate harmony of versification, splendor of diction, grandeur of conception, and felicity of execution. Dryden is assuredly one of the great masters to whom we must forever remain indebted for the present perfection of the English language.

A. F. HANSL '04.

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EDITORIAL.

THE LATEST EDUCATIONAL FAD.

"Never before in the history of the world has there been such an extraordinary occurrence." This remarkable sentence we found in one of our high school exchanges. We would defy any of our readers who have not read the article from which the above quotation is made, to guess what this important event may be. And yet it is not expecting too much to suppose that an occurrence, such as the one spoken of by our exchange, would be familiar to every student. Not to know the most *extraordinary event* the world has ever seen, surely argues woeful ignorance. No; it is not Greek civilization; nor Roman; nor the establishment of Christianity even; nor any of the events recorded in history as permanently influencing the world's destiny. It is a brand new occurrence made to order. None of your antiquated, historical fossils could play this important role in our modern high schools.

But poor, unfortunate mortals that you are, whose benighted intelligence the glorious beams of high school enlightenment have never illumined! We will not hold your souls in suspense any longer as to the nature of this *occurrence* which, we doubt not, will revolutionize the face of the earth. A certain "high school," to quote once more, "has thrown off the tyrannical yoke of monarchy, and now and forever, we hope, will breath the spirit of liberty." But, reader, perhaps you are not more enlightened now than you were after reading the first mystifying sentence. Well, then, "to throw off the tyrannical yoke of monarchy," simply means that the students of said high school have taken their direction into their own hands and established a school government "by the students and for the students." In other words the "tyrannical" rule of professors,

both in the studyhall and on the campus, has been discarded, and in its stead the wise, beneficent, supremely enlightened and infallibly right rule of students themselves has been substituted. What fools our fathers have been to imagine that they, with their old fogey notions, were as well qualified to govern us as we are to govern ourselves.

But really the matter is too serious for jest. That students throw their hats into the air and go into hysterics over such a condition of things, shows dense ignorance or unbounded conceit; or perhaps both, since they are twin brothers. Every reasonable man gladly submits himself to the direction of one whom he knows to be wiser, more experienced, and capable than himself. Now surely professors may be fairly presumed to be wiser, and therefore better qualified for right direction than their pupils, else they are not worthy of the name of teachers. The man who is not wiser than I am is not qualified to be my teacher. It must then inevitably follow that these high school professors are unworthy of the positions they occupy, or that they are far more capable of rightly directing students, both as to studies and discipline, than the students are of directing themselves. Now we are very far from believing that these professors are incompetent men. On the contrary, we have the greatest respect for their undoubted ability. But we are forced to conclude that those students are very unwise, not to use a harsher word, who desire to take their direction out of the hands of professors and to assume that important office themselves. From the school there is but one step to the home and after having divested teachers of their authority these young men and maidens will next proceed to proclaim their sovereignty at home. They look upon every exercise of authority as tyranny, and of course find it insupportably irksome.

But after all what better results could be expected from the godless system of education, or rather instruction, under which they are trained. Without knowing it perhaps, they are merely pushing the system to its logical consequences. For it is a truth, susceptible of absolute demonstration, that if there be no God, all exercise of authority of one man over another, is merely usurpation or tyranny. Since all men are born equal, and no man has naturally the right to command the obedience of another, unless there be some higher source from whence authority may be legitimately derived, no obedience can rightly be exacted. Since God is not recognized in our present school sys-

tem, the students rightly conclude that their teachers have no legitimate title on which they can demand obedience. Hence we find them designating the rule of professors as tyrannical.

With what force the stern, solemn words of Carlyle come home to one when listening to the nauseating cant about liberty and independence uttered by conceited youngsters whose one conception of liberty is absence of all restraint. "Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only small, mean souls are otherwise. The sincere man is by nature the obedient man "

Our high school friends are as much mistaken in their idea of what constitutes good citizens as they are in their conception of liberty. They make liberty consistent in the absence of all restraint, whereas it is only the absence of all *undue* restraint, just as they make good citizenship consist in doing one's own will. At least they consider this the best preparation for rightly and intelligently fulfilling the duties of citizens hereafter, as is evident from the following quotation: "We believe it is the height of folly that the young American should live, as he does, the most important part of his life, in a place where the air itself is that of absolutism and tyranny." To this writer's mind there is no distinction between the rightful exercise of authority and tyranny. He does not dream of accusing the professors of his school "of cruel government or discipline," which, according to Webster, constitutes tyranny in a teacher; nor does he object to school discipline as such, but merely to the enforcement of discipline by a professor. Hence it becomes apparent that these young men and women are opposed to the exercise of authority at least in the school. But if it be *folly* to submit students to the direction of others during their course of studies, it must then be foolish to oblige them to submit to the authority of parents, since the rule of parents and teachers extends over the same "important part of life." We do not believe our high school friends are quite prepared to push their principles to this logical conclusion, and it is well that they are not, but this only shows how inconsistent they are in their opposition to the authority of their professors, which they boldly call tyranny. Teachers are, in so far as their office extends, the representatives or agents of parents. Now it is a generally admitted principle that the agent always receives all the power from his principal necessary for the fulfillment of the duty assumed by him. But teachers cannot properly perform their duty

unless they can maintain a reasonable discipline. Therefore they must receive this power from their principals, the parents. It is furthermore admitted that whoever opposes or disobeys the agent contemns the principal. Thus, if a man resists a policeman or disobeys a judge, who is acting within his official capacity, he is considered an offender against the state, because he resists or disobeys an agent of the state. In like manner, by charging their teachers with tyranny, who are merely exercising a right delegated to them by parents, these students condemn their parents, since it is hardly less criminal to induce one to do what is unjust than to do the injustice. They may not perceive this, but that only goes to prove how useful it is to know the bearing of the principles you advocate before setting them forth with flourish of trumpets.

Our only excuse for taking any notice of this affair is its general prevalence and the tone of superiority with which those who have adopted the system air their views on the subject and pose as if they were marching in the van of progress.

W. J. COSTIGAN.

EXCHANGES.

Ruskin and the Anglo-Boer war are the leading topics of discussion in the March exchanges. One of the best papers which we have read on the latter subject is that which appears in the *Skylark*. It shows that the writer has studied the matter carefully and has grasped the true state of the question, instead of being deceived, as so many others have been, by the clap-trap and canting hypocrisy about English "liberty" and "civilization." "Ruskin's Ethics of the Dust" is also praiseworthy. This is the first visit the *Skylark* has paid to our sanctum. We are much pleased to make its acquaintance, and heartily extend to it the invitation to call again and again.

What is the matter with our high schools? Considering the vast resources which they have at their disposal, they ought to be able to produce something of a decent journal. We must say that our high school exchanges are very deficient, both in the quantity and quality of their literary matter. Most of them are filled with mere gossip. It would not, perhaps, be a just or fair criterion if we were to judge the efficiency of the high school system of education by the quality of the average high

school journal, else we should be forced to pronounce it very inefficient and superficial.

The *Fleur de Lis* is another new visitor which we are pleased to welcome to the list of our exchanges.

The *Loretto Magazine* has several good articles, but the most noteworthy is that entitled the "Autocrat of the Kitchen Table; Some of Her Views," in which some of the topics and personages of the day are discussed in a captivating and humorous style.

The *University of Ottawa Review* maintains its usual standard of excellence. In the March issue there is a rather long article on the poetry of Edwin Markham, the author of the "Man With the Hoe," in which the writer vigorously defends Mr. Markham from the attacks which have been made upon him in certain quarters. Several references are given from his poems, showing his originality, keenness of thought, and richness of imagination. On the whole we believe Mr. Markham deserves a more just consideration than he has received, and that his works will be better appreciated as they become better known. *The Dark Ages* is also interesting and instructive, and shows that the so-called "Dark Ages" were not quite so dark as they are sometimes represented.

We are very sorry to see the *Review* put up such a weak defense of some faulty work appearing in its pages. We are glad to admit that the *Ottawa Review* has always maintained an excellent standard of literary worth. It can, therefore, afford to be honest and freely acknowledge minor defects when they are pointed out, or at least not aggravate the fault by attempting a lame defense. In the first place, we would remind the *Review* that it was not so much to any particular word to which we objected, but to the intemperance of the writer criticised. But since our friend insists that the use of the words criticised, was correct, we will endeavor once more to show their inaccuracy. We objected to the following phrase and several others of similar import: "That parasitical humbut, the praise-monger, is a compound of about equal parts of cowardice and insincerity," etc. Our friend defends this on the plea that *praise-monger* is a synonym for flatterer. What authority he has for this assertion we do not know, but we are certain that this use of the word is incorrect. According to the *Review*, a monger is a trafficker. Now, the mere fact that a man is a trafficker, is no reason to

condemn him. It is what he trafficks in that renders his occupation commendable or blameworthy. Since, then, praise is simply the "commendation of worth; approval of merit; honor rendered because of excellence or worth," those who are engaged in this occupation, or, if you prefer, mongers of this sterling article, far from being open to censure, are worthy of commendation. Our friend seems to imagine that the word monger necessarily implies something despicable. But in this he is grievously mistaken. To be a monger is not wrong, and to give praise is a very commendable act. What, then, warrants the extravagant language the writer we were criticising uses? Nothing but a misconception of the terms he employs.

We confess the faults we pointed out were not serious, and we would not have noticed them in many of our exchanges, but what is a slight fault in composition for a mere beginner, may be very censurable in a writer of more practice and ability. We were glad to see that the *Review* so heartily agrees with our principles of criticism and that we so well expressed the views of the ex-man that he can find no words more appropriate to express his thought.

The writer of the "Mission of the Anglo-Saxon" in the *Georgian* seems to be afflicted with a rather severe attack of the Anglo-Saxon "mania." The "Mission of the Anglo-Saxon" he tells us, "is the mission of manhood;" "the mission of Christianizing and civilizing the world, not with the sword, not with a resort to oppression, but upon the platform of genuine, sterling manhood;" "the mission of war, not of greed or gain or self-aggrandizement, not of war that is characterized by the inhumanity, the cruelty and treachery of the *Spaniard*, but a war of principles—a war that is *noble* and *sublime*, because (forsooth) it is ever subservient to Anglo-Saxon manhood." To be brief, according to this Anglo-Saxon enthusiast, the Anglo-Saxon is the personification of all the virtues, through him the world is to be regenerated.

Now we assert without fear of successful refutation that the Anglo-Saxon has not been most successful in civilizing and Christianizing barbarous nations, though he has done much to exterminate them. Go ask the Indians, the Arab, and the Maorick, and they will tell you what the methods of the Anglo-Saxon are. Since he first left his northern wilds, centuries ago, he has never ceased to plunder and rob weak nations, and today he is faithfully carrying out his "mission;" not it is true

in "search of gold," no; he prefers diamonds. Instead of uplifting, he has been pulling down the work which other races have accomplished in behalf of civilization and Christianity.

The only kind of civilization the Anglo-Saxon can claim to have advanced is commerce. He has been going around the world with a Bible in one hand and his wares in the other, and when any nation or tribe has refused to accept them, he has applied himself vigorously to bring about their destruction, nor has he been scrupulous in the means used for that end. But all this he has done for the *honor and glory of God and for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the plundered and the exterminated*. When Cromwell sold a number of Irish youths as slaves in the Barbadoes, was it not with the hope that, under the mild influences of the lash and a tropical sun, they would become Christians? That there have been noble exceptions, we of course, readily concede, but we are not speaking of individuals, but of the race collectively taken. Space will not permit us to refute all the absurd and extravagant assertions contained in this article. In conclusion we would advise our Anglo-Saxon friend to try a change of climate, and he may recover from his malady, for the atmosphere in which he is at present does not seem to be a healthy one.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT ST. VIATEUR'S.

As the weary traveler through the trackless desert hails with delight the view of a green and pleasant oasis in mid-desert, to rest his tired limbs and quench his burning thirst, so the student at St. Viateur's College, plodding through the monotonous course of college life, yearns for and welcomes the joyous feast of St. Patrick, which comes like a smiling oasis in the middle of a weary year and still more weary Lent.

There are three great land-marks in our collegiate year at St. Viateur's, which may be termed the beginning, the middle, and the end. Soon after we have left home and entered upon pastures new, while we are still sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt; while still in the clutches of that deadly disease called home-sickness, studying against our will, and still undecided whether to stay or not, the glorious St. Viateur, our patron, comes along on the 21st of October to cheer and encourage us and to bid us be stout of heart for the rest of the year.

When in the course of a year we begin to grow weary of our journey and to look forward to the distant commencement day, we are borne down with the labor and cold (not the heat) of the day, the great St. Patrick comes to our relief with a staff in one hand and a tiny green plant in the other, reminding us that nature is already donning her verdant garments, and that we have but three more short months before the end.

Finally, when we reach the goal, after a hard but profitable year's work, we look back and find that after all, a year of college life is not the weary thing it seemed to be. It is not all gloom and hard study, nor is it a continual strain of solving crazy problems, analyzing Latin syntax, and digesting Greek roots. On the contrary, it is a happy mixture of the useful with the pleasant. We have had plays and games and recreation days galore. We have formed a host of friends and some life-long companions, from whom we part in sorrow, when the joyful commencement day—the crowning day of the year—puts an end to our happy year at college. I called it happy, for when we shall have left these sacred precincts forever we shall yet look back with pleasure to our college days and say, like many others, that they were the happiest days in all our life.

So St. Patrick's day has come and gone once more. As hitherto, the feast of Ireland's great apostle was well and fittingly celebrated this year at St. Viateur. On the eve of the feast the dramatic society treated us to the great tragedy of Richard III. They had been carefully trained and thoroughly drilled, under the skillful direction of the Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, who was fully rewarded for his trouble by the grand success achieved in a most difficult play. The following program speaks for itself:

PROGRAM RICHARD III.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Duke of Gloster	John H. Nawn
King Henry VI.....	Joseph M. Kangley
Prince of Wales.....	Master R. Carten
Duke of York.....	Master R. Daly
Earl of Richmond.....	Mr. Jacobson
Duke of Buckingham.....	James St. Cerny
Duke of Norfolk	John O'Brien
Tressel.....	John Hefferman
Lord Stanley.....	Joseph Legris
Catesby.....	E. Marcotte
Ratcliff.....	William Cleary
Lieutenant of the Tower.....	James King

Lord Mayor.....	William Granger
Tirrel.	T. Cosgrove
Dighton.....	A. Caron
Queen Elizabeth.....	A. Hansl
Lady Anne.....	Master P. Legris
Duchess of York.....	J. Granger

MUSIC.

Overture, "Irish Airs,"—Wiegand.....	College Band
After Act I. Overture, "The Bells,"—Schleppegrell..	Orchestra
After Act II. "Zethus,"—Pette	College Band
After Act III. "Stars and Stripes,"—Sousa.....	Orchestra
After Act IV. Instrumental Selection.....	W. Northway

All the actors deserve a word of commendation, but as they are so numerous, the task, though pleasing, would be long to give each his meed of praise. However, we cannot help making special mention of a few; Mr. John H. Nawn, as Duke of Gloster, whose dramatic ability is already well established, seemed to excel all his preceding efforts. In many of the scenes, one would imagine he was the genuine Richard III, or at least a professional tragedian, rather than a mere amateur. Mr. J. M. Kangley, as King Henry VI, in his manly bearing and ringing voice, cleverly and accurately represented the unhappy fate of that unfortunate prince. Mr. James St. Cerny, as Duke of Buckingham, made a good representation of Gloster's friend and counselor. Mr. A. Hansl and Master P. Legris, as Queen Elizabeth and Lady Anne, respectively, genuinely impersonated those unhappy royal dames. And Masters R. Daly and R. Carten, as Duke of York and Prince of Wales, respectively, were extremely natural in their perfect representation of those most unfortunate royal children.

But I will spare the reader from further comment and simply say that the rest of our tragedians:

"Acted well their part, and there all the honor lies."

The hall was richly decorated for the occasion, and Ireland's green flag floated over the main entrance.

The feast day itself, was religiously observed by all. A solemn high mass was chanted at 8:30 o'clock by Rev. J. Cregan, assisted by Rev. J. Ryan, deacon, and Rev. W. J. Bergin, sub-deacon.

The altar was tastefully decorated, and St. Patrick's statue stood in the midst of a bank of palms and flowers. The music furnished by the college choir was of an unusually high order.

The Mass was Bollman's, the Veni Creator was by Le Hache, the Offertory, "Jesu Dei Vivi," by Verdi, and the Benedictus by Concone. A learned and patriotic sermon on Ireland's faith and martyrdom, was delivered by the Rev. Dr. E. Rivard, C.S.V.

The forenoon was spent in games and various other enjoyments, and when the dinner bell rang, all filed into the spacious dining room to enjoy a goodly banquet. Toward the end of this enjoyable feast silence was called for, and the cake of honor for good conduct was awarded to Master Joseph Lynn, amid loud applause.

In the afternoon, there was another treat in store for our many visitors. The college battalion "fell in" and went through countless military evolutions with perfect order, precision and accuracy. After the grand dress parade, the "picked squad" or "Zouaves" went through some select and surprising maneuvers. Then the little "Columbian Guards," from the minim department surprised and delighted everybody by their consummate proficiency in drill and sword exercise. Amidst loud and well-merited applause they marched out of the large recreation hall; and this brought the day's program to a happy close.

Among the many visitors we noticed the following: Reverends T. J. McDevitt, J. Lamarre, E. LeSage, and J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., Chicago; A. D. Granger, E. Bourget, Kankakee, Ill.; Mr. Houston, Guthrie, Ill.; Mrs. K. Moran, Chicago; Mr. H. Moran, Chicago; Mr. Murphy, Chicago; Mrs. Russell, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Welch, Highwood, Ill.; Miss Sullivan, Riverside, Ill.; Mr. E. Brais, Manteno, Ill.; Mr., Mrs. and Miss Towner, Manteno, Ill.; Mr. F. Legris, Bourbonnais, Ill.; Miss Carey, Kinsman, Ill.; Mrs. J. Hayden, Symerton, Ill.; Mrs. Flageole, Bourbonnais, Ill.; Mr. Kukac, Chicago; Miss Levit, Chicago; Mr. P. F. Daniher, Chicago; Mr. T. Cahill, Chicago; Mr. E. F. O'Brien, Chicago; Mr. M. Berry, Chicago; Mr. F. Reilly, Reddick, Ill.; Mr. Kangley, Chicago; Mr. W. Kreuger, Chicago; Mrs. and Miss King, Chicago; Mrs. Daly, Chicago.

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