

# THE VIATORIAN.

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FAC ET SPERA.

## ST. VIATEUR.

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That we could shape our courses,  
Like thine, O saintly one,  
And marshal all our forces  
Until salvation's won!

By Thebaid's waste surrounded,  
In palm tree's scanty shade,  
The depths of truth thou'st sounded  
With virtue as thine aid.

In many climes and regions  
Rise walls where knowledge dwells,  
Where teacher to his legions  
Thy name and virtue tells.

And may we spread thy glory,  
Wherever we may roam,  
By telling thy life's story  
In every hearth and home.

C. MAHONEY,—Second Rhetoric.

## WHENCE THE SOUL?

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Of all questions that interest thinking men, none are of such vital importance and of such abiding interest as questions about the human soul. First, is there a soul? Then, whence is it, what is its nature, what is its destiny? These are some of the great questions that men have employed the best efforts of their genius to elucidate.

We have often listened to learned and eloquent disquisitions on the nature and destiny of the soul, but there is an equally grave subject of discussion, one even more necessary to settle properly—one, which if properly defined and proved, clears the way to the demonstration of other points as to the soul—and this all-important subject is the origin of the soul. Is the soul the offspring of matter, or is it from above? If not born of matter but descended from the skies, is it a spirit expelled from Eden bowers for some craving after earthly delights? Is it a part of God's substance, or is it a bright new creation that comes fresh and fair from God's creative hand, and takes its dwelling place in the body?

To settle these and such questions is my present theme. Now let us proceed by way of elimination and briefly reject the wrong solutions, as to the origin of the soul—then it will be clearly evident, that we must accept the only one that remains and which must be the right one.

Whence then is the soul, the living principle in man? All philosophers that are worthy of notice admit a soul, a principle of life, of motion, sense and thought within us. But what that soul is and whence it comes, this is the question of questions. The materialists say, "Why! its not far to find—is not matter capable of giving birth to a soul? Look and see how infinite and complicated are combinations of matter! See how from out this wonderful alchemy of matter is distilled the clear, bright soul which thinks and wills?"

To the bland affirmations of these scientists, I have but one



answer to make. I say: "No gentlemen, it's not so!" I would ask them with equal blandness: "Can you gather oil from the rocks, sunshine from the mantle of night? or figs from thistles? CAN you now? No! Well, neither can I, nor can God, nor nature any more make a soul out of matter or out of any combinations of matter. Why? Simply because the soul has operations which are independent of and which far transcend all the properties and powers of organic matter, which, you know very well, is the most perfect sort of matter."

The rational faculties of the soul are such that they demand a principle, a soul, which is of other parentage than that of matter. God, himself, could not have endowed matter with the properties of thought and rational volition, since these are diametrically opposed to all the known properties of matter, such as extension, size, figures, weight and motion; much less could matter have endowed itself with a soul-giving power. The soul is, therefore, not an evolution or an outgrowth of matter. Let us say, however, to the credit of a certain class of less rabid evolutionists, that they trace at least the first human soul to the intervention of God. It is also the verdict of the most enlightened scientists that matter cannot give birth to any kind of life, much less can it be the parent of the principle of human life.

From this, then, it is apparent that the soul's origin is not to be sought for in matter. Knock as loud as you please at the door of matter, it can give you no answer as to whence the soul comes. Let us then address ourselves elsewhere. Plato, who is distinctly a spiritual philosopher, and not a materialist, teaches that the rational soul in man is produced by God in some mysterious way, out of what he calls the "identical and the different." Plato's human souls are spiritual and immortal. They must have been made, it is true, out of something pre-existing. No pagan philosopher had an idea of creation. Anyway these souls were made a long time before they ever came to dwell in bodies. They led a happy life in the celestial spheres and for some cause or crime unknown to us, were placed in the body.



This is called the theory of pre-existence, which cannot be admitted, because the human souls were not created before the bodies; for certainly a natural aptitude to unite with the body must be admitted in the soul.

Now, if the soul be created before it is joined with the body, it must be said that it is created by God in such a manner that it is devoid of its natural perfection, and hence be considered as something outside its natural state. But this is absurd, for whatever is immediately produced by God is produced in its naturally perfect state. Therefore, the soul is not created before it is joined with the body.

But since those who admit the pre-existence of souls deny the natural union of the soul with the body, we must refute them by another reason. If the soul could naturally begin to exist without the body, some cause must be assigned on account of which it is united with the body, and this cause must be sought either from the will of the soul or from some extrinsic principle. But neither can be granted. The first cannot be granted because, if the soul has no natural aptitude to unite with the body, certainly it cannot desire a body, because it does not need the body, on the contrary, the body will only cause the soul to forget all its previous, bright and happy knowledge, as Plato, himself, holds is the case. Hence there is no reason why it should desire to be united with a body. Neither the second reason can be granted, for the union of the soul and body, which proceeds neither from the nature nor from the will of the soul, but from some extrinsic cause, must be said to occur through some violence; and since every violence is opposed to nature, this union, then, must be regarded as something contrary to nature, and, therefore, man, who is composed of both body and soul, is something unnatural, which is manifestly absurd. Likewise, it is most false that the soul is thrust into the body in punishment for some fault; for as the Angelic Doctor says: "Punishment is adverse to the good of nature. and is called evil. If, therefore, the union of the soul and the body is a certain punishment, it is not the good of nature. But this is impossible, because, this



very union is intended by nature, for natural generation terminates in this union. Furthermore, it would follow that the existence of man would not be good according to nature, but would be fundamentally and essentially evil, and this is repugnant to common sense. Revelation tells us that after the creation of man "God saw all things which He made, and they were exceedingly good."

Consider for a moment, the absurd moral conclusions that would necessarily follow the admission that the soul's union with the body is a penal union. What are these effects? Why, no prince could justly punish criminals. Why? because he would only be setting them free. Listen to the sharp words of St. Cyril of Alexandria, on this subject, who says: "If the soul sinned before it was imprisoned in the body, and if it was in punishment of this sin that it was thus incarcerated in flesh, why, tell me, would the law permit the criminals to be put to death and the innocent to live? It would be even better to compel those guilty of most degraded crimes to remain for a long time in the body so that they may be more severely punished, and it should be our duty to free the innocent from their bodies by killing them. But always a homicide is punished with death; while on the contrary the just man is allowed to live."

Such is the common and most sensible judgment of mankind. Therefore, the soul is not placed in the body for punishment. Lastly it will not do to build up a theory in such a manner that one of its necessary effects will be to make God a monster of un-wisdom and injustice. But, now, this is precisely what would happen if this idea of penal union were admitted. For reason demands that he, who is affected by punishment, knows for what offense he is punished, especially if punishment is inflicted for the correction of the culprit. But in the hypothesis of our adversaries the soul, joined with the body, forgets the knowledge of all things which it had before. But with all its previous knowledge all remembrance of any crime is obliterated from the soul and therefore any punishment for such forgotten crime would be as useless as it would be unjust. For these several



reasons we reject Plato's explanation of the origin of the soul, although this theory seems far less objectionable than that of the materialists.

Now, let us briefly examine other solutions. Aristotle shrewdly enough does not commit himself on this point. He says the soul is produced by God and is distinct from God; how? this he does not say. He rejects Plato's myth as to the pre-existence of souls. Most of the pagan philosophers and all mediaeval and modern pantheists have taught that the same soul arises by emanation from Divine substance. In beginning to overthrow this, I say the soul is not a part of the Divine substance; and offer the following proof in support of this statement.

If diverse human souls be constituted out of Divine substance, it is manifest that this could not happen by a division of this Divine substance, for this substance being absolutely simple is absolutely indivisible, it would have to be said then that the soul of every man is efformed from the whole Divine substance, and since Divine substance is essentially one, one soul would have to be admitted for all men. But one soul cannot be admitted for all men. And why could we not admit that there is but one soul for humanity? The reason is as simple as it is firm and solid.

Is it not an admitted principle in philosophy that that which gives being to a thing, also gives to that thing oneness and individuality? Now, it is unquestionably the soul which gives man his being and consequently it is the soul which makes man one in himself and distinct from all other men. But, since there are many men, it is absolutely necessary to admit that there are as many numerically distinct souls or principles by which these several men are constituted in unity and individual oneness. Hence, it follows that there cannot be but one soul for many men, as would have to be the case if the soul were an emanation from out of the Divine substance.

The same conclusion is but strengthened when we consider the immutability of God and contrast this with the changeful



and capricious moods of the human soul. Therefore, it is absurd that the human soul be constituted from out the substance of God.

Besides the theory of emanation, there is another which is equally erroneous and consequently untenable; namely: That the soul comes from the body and soul of the parents, —either mediately or immediately. It cannot come mediately—because “no active power acts beyond its genus.” But the rational soul is a form entirely spiritual not communicating with the body in its own distinctive operation, and is far outside the genus of any and all the generative powers of corporeal substance. Therefore, the soul cannot be propagated mediately; nor immediately, as the following reasons will show. The soul of the child cannot be produced by the abscission of a part from off the soul of the parent; because the soul of the parent is simple and indivisible; hence, it would be necessary to say that the soul of the child is produced by the proper action of the parent soul. But this manner of explaining the origin of the soul is opposed to the immateriality of the soul. How? Because, since the efficient power of the parent soul cannot extend so far as to produce the soul of a child out of nothing, this being a creative act, the child soul would have to be educed from certain pre-existing matter and thus the soul would be considered as some compound of matter and form, or as a material form. But the soul is neither a compound of matter and form nor is it a material form. It is simply a form and a spiritual form. Therefore the soul of a child cannot be produced either mediately or immediately by the parents.

Now, apart altogether from the various theories just disapproved I maintain on the grounds of pure reason that the soul comes from God through creation. The acceptance of this thesis is a logical consequence of the rejection of the previous views. And here, let me be as brief as a clear statement of proofs will permit. How convincing are the words of St. Augustine: “Did the soul come from matter?” he asks. “No. Did it come an exile from the skies? “No.” Is it



part of the Divine substance? By no means! Was it produced by the parents? Impossible. Yet it exists. It is not self-made; nor made by any created agent; it must then have been created by God Himself! This is the only remaining alternative." Now, mark well the soul. Does it not exercise its own distinctive operations of intellection and volition independently of material organs? If the soul is independent of matter in its operations it is likewise free from matter in its nature, for such as are the operations of a thing, so is its nature. This is why we call the soul a subsisting form. But now let us come a little closer to the solution of the question in hand. It is a recognized principle in metaphysics that such as we find a thing in its existence, so, too, must the thing have been in its origin or in its production. Now, since in its existence, the must likewise have been free from matter it follows, that it must likewise have been free from matter when it was brought into existence; that is, since the soul has a "per se" existence, it must have had a "per se" mode of production. Certainly it could not have been made out of pre-existing matter, for then it would be material; nor could it be made out of some spiritual substance, for spiritual substance is indivisible and immutable. It must then have been made out of nothing. But this is what we call creation, and creation belongs to God alone. Therefore, the human soul is and must be produced through creation by God. Who, as the Scripture relates, "formed man of the slime of the earth; and breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul," or as Dante beautifully relates: "Forth from His plastic hand, who, charm'd, beholds her image ere she yet exist, the soul comes like a babe that wantons sportively, weeping and laughing in its wayward moods; as artless and as ignorant of aught, save that her maker being one who dwells, with gladness ever, willingly she turns to whate'er yields her joy."

In the course of these remarks you have been shown by proofs: 1st, that the soul does not come from matter, but that it is immaterial since it has immaterial faculties and opera-



tions. 2nd, that the soul did not fall from the skies. 3rd, it is not a part of Divine substance. 4th, that the soul comes neither from the body nor from the soul of the parents. 5th, and lastly, it has been proven and testified by quotation from Scripture that the human soul comes from God through creation.

I need not here enter into the subject of the moral effects of this doctrine. Let me conclude by saying that as everything has a purpose, so likewise this doctrine has a purpose, and this is, to make us think highly of our soul, since it is God's masterpiece, and to make us act so as to proclaim our kinship with God, to manifest our gratitude for a soul endowed with such excellent intellectual, aesthetic, and moral faculties, for a soul whose noble instincts and religious emotions proclaim alike its heavenly origin and its heavenly destiny!

L. M. K.—'04.

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## REFLEXIONS ON FIRST CANTO OF CHILDE HAROLD.

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For the benefit of those who care for books and reading and who delight in the search for the actuating principle of the things which they read there has been formulated the dictum, that "style is the man." Look through the written page, read between the lines, attend closely the turns of speech and the niceties of language; in short, read intelligently, and gradually the "man" will evolve. But it is attention to the thought that will tell us what kind of a man we are beholding through the written words. Style of diction is not nearly so safe nor so comprehensive an index to the man as style of thought, though both are valuable and included under the generic term "style."

In reading "Childe Harold" we can see Byron in every line. We can say, not simply with the conviction begotten of the knowledge that it is Childe Harold and not some other work that we are reading, but with the assurance that even ordinary observation will furnish, that this or that line is Byronic. But



it is when we come to examine the thought, the particular matter selected for treatment, when we note carefully the strong, unmistakable "subjective element" that we learn not only who the writer was—namely, Lord George Gordon Byron, but the vastly more important lesson of what he was. And the knowledge of what he was, should be of more importance to us than the knowledge of who, in relation to all other men and writers, Byron was. Because such as he was, and such then as he inevitably reveals himself, such will his influence tend to be.

In Childe Harold, the identity of Byron with his hero is too patent for discussion. There remain only such observations as his manner of describing himself may suggest. There is a repulsive boastfulness, also a surprising lack of modesty, in this self-revelation. To think that a man might defy all social conventions whatever, willfully antagonize everything that spells morality, finally through sheer fatigue, attain to a morbid satiety, and then make little—nay, indeed—nothing, of the moral aspect of his transgressions, is to consider that man as approximating degeneracy. There is no morality in the forest fire which ceases to burn only when there is nothing left to devour, neither is there any morality in the forces that brought Byron to the end of "sin's long labyrinth." "Vice should be more modest" and this thought impressed so eminent a critic as Sir Walter Scott, who, though he admired the melody of Byron's verse could find in the misanthropic lines of Childe Harold no good symptoms of mind and heart.

The introductory stanzas reveal to us the sated knight who has no apology to make for the causes of his lamentable condition, "worse than adversity." He simply states that such is the case but has the good sense to note that

" Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,  
Nor florid prose, nor honied lines of rhyme  
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime."

In observing characteristics then it soon becomes plain that we are to read the words of a very brazen libertine, who possesses great genius in the craft of using words.



By way of giving scope to his inclination, Byron introduces a few agreeable variations of the Spencerian stanza in which the "Pilgrimage" is written. The first variation of construction occurs in the "Adieu," which the Childe takes of his native land. The chief merit of the "Adieu" is its easy grace. There is a rythm about it that is charming and entirely a part of the poet's art. There are times also when he exhibits a sort of sympathy, but it is sympathy of the "fiat" order; he doesn't mean it. Had Byron lived to a sane (mark sane) old age, there are verses in this passage that would undoubtedly cause him to be ashamed of himself. It is hard to forgive him for some of these lines and all his genius, all his other sentimental, extravagant and sometimes even theatrical efforts cannot efface the insult that in the eighth stanza, he flings in the face of all womankind. By way of comforting (?) the sorrowing yeoman (and it is here that we observe his counterfeit sympathy) who was "thinking on an absent wife," he causes Childe Harold to say:

" For who would trust the seeming sighs  
Of wife or paramour?

Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes

We late saw streaming o'er."

So to juxtapose "wife and paramour" and to impute to women, without qualification of any sort, the depravity that marks only such as Byron himself, and his stripe, is what?—for the lack of something more damning, let us call it just plain putridity—its stench offends the high heavens—it is the offal of a diseased fancy. It is not enough that the "Adieu" has shown Byron to be insincere, incapable of faith in woman, but it must perforce show him to be unpatriotic,—an abomination in an Englishman, surely. He leaves England regretting only that he leaves nothing to regret; he wishes to go any place but not again to his own country, and all because he has spent himself there in orgies. He has not even the patriotism of instinct. It is a tribute to Byron's genius as a versifier that Scott, who asked:

" Lives there a man with soul so dead



Who unto himself hath not said  
This is my own my native land?"

should still have any admiration for him.

We have consented to be guided by the Childe now so we sail with him southwards, and enter Spain, passing through Portugal. We can agree with the errant wight in condemning dirt when he finds it and we enjoy his felicitous stroke when he does so; but he is unnecessarily severe with these Latins. Dirt is not their characteristic as a people and he has been blind, stubbornly so, to many good, even great qualities. He reveals the proud nature of the Spaniard and represents him as crafty and revengeful. He leaves a tinge of the romantic in the portrait, however, but still fails to exercise the fine discernment of which he is easily capable.

Byron's admiration of Spanish women is characteristic of him in his role of the blase "man of the world." He looked upon them as superior playthings, by reason of mere physical beauty, but fails utterly to realize and to appreciate what is best and most womanly in them. A formal gallantry induces him to spend words of praise on the maid of Saragossa, who stalked "with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread." It has been said that these are the best inspired and most happily executed verses of the Canto, yet there is lack of high motive. The maid of Saragossa fights in her dead lover's stead from a personal motive, "to appease the ghost" of her slain sweetheart. There are a thousand deeds indicative of intrinsic nobility in women in Spanish history but Byron has inconsistently passed them by without stopping. He has uttered a gross libel against the purity of Spanish womanhood in tota in the same stanza in which he caustically refers to their devotion to the Blessed Virgin and calls them "saint adorers." Still, while we read this we recall that elsewhere Byron has eulogized the devotion to the Virgin. Here is an opportunity to note his inconsistency and peevish bigotry. Given a proper sentimental mood, twilight shadows and a generally appropriate stage setting and worship of the Virgin is not so obnoxious to him. He hates



Catholicity, just as he hates any and all authority and restraint, —not as a matter of principle.

Mechanically viewed, Byron does not leave much to be desired. Except in things that come direct from the heart, he was the first poet of his time. For example, his descriptions are delightfully written. In its descriptive portions "Childe Harold" is "like traveling." Notice:

" The horned crag by toppling convent crowned  
 The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep  
 The mountain-moss by scorching skies embrowned,  
 The sunken glen, whose senseless shrubs must weep  
 The tender azure of the unruffled deep,  
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough  
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap  
 The vine on high, the willow branch below  
 Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

If Byron can describe natural scenery he is certainly a not less delightful limner of moving events. In Spain the bull fight's the thing and most travelers thither have something to say of this national pastime. Byron touches upon it in about eight stanzas, which for striking effect, vividness and brilliance are unsurpassed of their kind. The "featly" prancing steeds, "light limbed matadors," the mighty brute "with threatening front," "angry tail" and "eyes dilated glow," the disgusting sight of the "unseamed charger," and the "crimson torrent clear" all flash on us and startle into life that lingering element of barbarity, that never dies, but only sleeps—and we could almost wish ourselves Spaniards for the nonce. "Sweet sight for vulgar eyes" surely, but who among us shall cast the first stone? We'd probably be very much interested if the opportunity of seeing a bull-fight should present itself. Restricted to its own class, this description is quite unrivalled. Brought into proximity, for instance, with the description of the fight between Ursus and the bull in Quo Vadis, to which it



bears a sort of family resemblance, it suffers. But it suffers for that it lacks high motive and particular events of real human interest, which might be symbolical of something greater than the description itself. Whether or not it suffers in point of execution, must be determined by the individual reader's preference for prose or poetry.

There is a broad difference of conception in the two conflicts and the difference is vastly in favor of Sienkiewicz. To begin, then, at the beginning, let us look at the respective motives. Sienkiewicz wrote in commemoration of the triumph of Christianity over Paganism, and strove to show that the help of God is ever with the faithful:—a great purpose:—he introduces us to living people; he tells us a story of heart interest; he places before us a sublime tragedy; he brings us to a lofty climax by a strong and well sustained flight; he exhibits inventiveness; he paints a terribly realistic picture; we see Nero, Petronius, Vinicius, Ursus, Lygia,—living, breathing persons and we are held breathless until the final curtain.

What is Byron's purpose in his description of the bull-fight. The application of a little local color. Is it a great purpose? No, it is commendable and a not bad literary condiment but it is not great. Who are the actors in this bull-fight? Certain dumb brutes and the hired members of a profession which has performed and still performs the same exploits daily. Is there any heart interest? Only such as would interest the society for the prevention of cruelty. Is this a tragedy? Yes—for the bull. Have we reached a climax here? Not at all, it is merely "mentioned in passing." Does this bull fight stand for anything? No, it has no relation to any great principle, it is only a national custom, the playing of a national game; fortunately only national. Are those who are actually engaged real persons? Do we know any of them? No, they are the merest of puppets; they have no word to say and nothing to enact but feats of physical dexterity. All accounts of travels in Spain have the conventional adjunct of a description of a bull fight. Byron describes his rather better than most other travelers, in



fact, it seems as graphic and animated as verse could be made; but there is no invention discoverable. It touches us but in one way; it excites just such sentiments as things purely physical and earthly are calculated to move in us and it has no intrinsic quality that makes for even a slight moral elevation. On the contrary, the combat in *Quo Vadis* affects us variously and always has inherent possibilities for elevating us. We are disgusted with Nero and the populace. We applaud the unswerving loyalty, the simple faith, the leonic courage of Ursus, our hearts are touched by the plight of the maiden queen and as to Vinicius, why, all the world loves a lover, even the blood-mad Romans. But above all else, is the Cause. That fact alone suffices for our considering the Childe Harold bull fight as unworthy of comparison with that virile stroke of Sienkiewicz.

But we cannot conclude from a particular instance that Byron suffers absolutely and always from this inferiority of conception. To hoist Sienkiewicz over Byron were not only beside the purpose, but foolhardy in the face of tradition and superior judgment. Had Byron written prose undoubtedly it would have been better prose than that of Sienkiewicz. But personally, in view of the fact that Byron shows himself (and here history concurs) to be misanthropic, unpatriotic, insincere, a pleasure drugged but brazen libertine, a scoffer, as inconsistent in his views of life as in his love affairs, an impeacher of womanly virtue, (in this unforgivable), when we consider that almost without qualifying the remark we may set him down as a moral pervert, we can feel honest, if not finely discriminative, in saying that, having looked behind the words, having learned to an extent "what" Byron is, we prefer the writing of Sienkiewicz or of any other sane writer with clean hands, to that of the brilliant bard of Newstead Abbey.

J. F.—'06.

## WHO KILLED THE CAT?

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Peaceful slumberers were awakened with a start; unearthly sounds echoed and re-echoed throughout the gloomy corridors; heavy missiles were hurled about with little discrimination; door after door was thrown open, from whence issued ghostly figures in more or less complete armor, each bearing a lighted candle in one hand, and a choice assortment of the most effective modern ammunition in the other.

The scratches and cries slowly receded breaking discordantly upon the ears of the second floor inhabitants. In hot pursuit, followed the valiant third corridor detachment, each one adopting his own peculiar way of descending the stairs. Some took the balustrade air line, while others rolled down, but it is not known whether the latter route was taken out of preference or under stress of circumstances. The rear guard consisted of a sedate individual, who, candle in hand, walked gingerly down the chilly steps, uttering as he did so, fierce invectives and threats of direst vengeance upon the cause of the confusion.

An inquisitive breeze rustled through the corridor gently extinguished every candle and stole through the flowing robes of the little company in a very chilling manner.

There is a rumor going the rounds among the wise ones, that "Doc," thinking a meteor had fallen, arrived upon the scene in negligé costume, ever on hand in the interest of science.

The candles were re-lighted, and the company, strengthened by the arrival of re-inforcements from the second corridor brigade, marched valiantly in perfect order into the room from which floated the most entrancing harmonies.

At first all that could be discerned were two phosphorescent discs of green fire, but the ire of the pursuers towards the disturber of their slumber was so great as to make them absolutely fearless, and (oh, mercy, did any one hear a noise?) further investigation proved "the thing behind the headlights" to be a very scraggly and miserable specimen of feline beauty.



This much persecuted quadruped, having lost its way to the nightly concert on the roof, had, without any malice, aforethought, treated the third corridor denizens to a marvelous and rare exhibition of its vocal powers as a solist.

There sat the cause of all the disturbance, awaiting, with the air of a martyr, its doom, with a ludicrous expression of injured innocence upon its whiskered countenance, that would have moved a stone to laughter or tears. With dignity, becoming a judge, the sedate party, who had not yet arrived at such a high state of petrification, tenderly flung the sorrowful and wondering cat out of the nearest window.

In its rapid decent the cat lost one of its nine lives, but it arrived upon terra firma, and incidentally, its feet, with eight other lives still intact.

Looking up to the anxious watchers above with an injured air, it emitted a farewell yowl, and then stole silently away into the night.

After all was quite, the Bourbonnais fire department, a most prompt and efficient body of rustic heroes, arrived upon the scene, only to retire in disgust.

The following day the office was literally flooded with orders for ink bottles, books, and shoes. The height of presumption was reached when a certain well known individual asked for a wig, but on being assured that a few gray hairs only served to farther offset the beauty of auburn locks, he departed with a hair-cut ticket.

The same adventurous feline which figured so prominently in the above stirring event, has ventured to prowl about the inhospitable halls of the institution several times since its unceremonious ejection, but has finally sunk into oblivion. The editors of the Viatorian anxiously solicit information as to the present whereabouts of the cat, or who killed the cat? Some persons claim to have seen it amongst the numerous band in that veritable cat's Paradise, the barn, but it is only reasonable to assert that a cat which has been the cause of so much trouble, will never be allowed to enter the sacred precincts about the



barn, where all the retired cats of the surrounding vicinity rest immune from disturbance by mortals, where delicacies dear to cat appetites are to be had for the asking, and where they can congregate for nightly concerts without fear of rude interruption.

R. T.

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## ROSSEAU AND OUR NORMAL SCHOOLS.

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It has always been difficult for us to understand why Rousseau and Emile should ever have been selected and should be now retained as a classic in the normal schools of the country. Perhaps the timely remarks of S. O. D. in the Chicago Tribune, Oct. 26, will set instructors in pedagogy to thinking and help them to form a true estimate of that much overrated "classic." The animadversions of the Tribune are timely, because it is needful that we seek by all means to avert socialistic propagandism; and of a certainty the normal schools of the nation, those fecund centers which bring forth the educators of the childhood and youth of America, should not be nests of socialism and schools of revolution and anarchy. Rosseau and Voltaire and a score of other brilliant Frenchmen were, as the Tribune calls them, the "Makers of the French Revolution," the parents of the "sans-culottes," and Jacobins of their day and the grandparents of modern dynamiters and of all obstreperous rebels against all lawfully constituted authority, human or divine, parental, ecclesiastical or civil. What inspiration for the rearing up of God-fearing and law abiding generation of young Americans can our teachers derive from the works of men whose brilliant genius was ever employed in attacking, in decrying, in ridiculing all institutions human and divine? And in particular what profit can be gained from reading "Emile," the work of a man who lacked the first requisite of a good teacher, viz: the love of children, "a work," says the Tribune, "telling parents how to rear their children by a father who had sent his own five children to the hospital for foundlings, a man



who was immoral, ungrateful to his friends, and who exhibited a detestable deficiency of parental affection," and finally a work, which, because it contained views obnoxious, both to the church and the government, caused its author to flee from France to Neuchatel? That book teaches teachers to teach children that all authority is tyranny, and that consequently insubordination, insurrection, rebellion are marks of healthy independence. It teaches teachers to teach children a supreme disregard of religion, to ignore it absolutely.

Rousseau taught that the demon of property pollutes whatever it touches, and the later Proudhon was emboldened to declare that all property is theft. Is there not danger here as there was in France in the dissemination of such teachings? Has France ever attained the glory of the days of the "grand monarque" since the Goddess of Reason was enthroned upon the altar of Notre Dame? Has she progressed so wonderfully along the pathways of higher civilization since her multitudes have carried in their pockets the gospel of Rosseau? What political instability is evidenced in her many changes of government! With two-penny pettifogging lawyers and loud-mouthed infidels and ubiquitous socialistic demagogues to hoodwink the gullible crowd from the hustings and especially in the press France is rapidly sinking to the rank of a third-class power. France is becoming a babel of confusion. Atheism is rampant, religion, the inspirer of those valiant Franks who did the deeds of God, is persecuted, schools are conducted much on the Rousseau plan, with the consequent lowering of national ideals, the dampening of patriotism, the increase of juvenile crime and the threatened extinction of the nation thro race suicide. The absurd social teachings and the demoralizing pedagogical doctrines of Rosseau, even tho presented with all the attractive finish of a literary artist, will ultimately land those who feed upon them in a state not far removed from the original sylvan bestiality of the race supposed by Rosseau himself. Is it not about time that our normal schools select another book than the "Emile" as the "Vade mecum" of American school teachers?

R.



## ST. VIATEUR'S DAY CELEBRATION.

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### (CHAPEL EXERCISES--THE PLAY.)

With anticipation, joy, and eager hearts we all looked forward to that day of festivity upon which we would commemorate the lofty ideals of virtue of our patronal Saint. To the joyous content of all, this long desired day at last came bringing with it, however, an atmospheric gloom that prevailed throughout the entire day; but in spite of this inclement weather, a large crowd of distinguished visitors from all parts of the state had arrived for this glorious event, which began with Pontifical High Mass. Sharply at 8:30 a. m. came from the sacristy, the solemn procession, headed by eight acolytes bearing lighted tapers and followed by the celebrant and his assistants who, on reaching the sanctuary, took their respective places. Mass was sung by Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris, D. D., assisted by Rev. M. Dugas, C. S. V., of Beaverville, as deacon, Rev. T. Kelly, of Chicago, as sub-deacon and Rev. P. F. Brown, C. S. V., as Master of ceremonies. Very Rev. Cyril Fournier, C. S. V., Provincial Superior of the Clerics of St. Viateur was present in the sanctuary. The beautiful spotless white cassocks worn by the acolytes, the splendid vestments of the officiating clergy, the magnificent marble altars so artistically decorated and illuminated, and especially the shrine of St. Viateur to which attentive care had been given, showed forth with brilliant effect. As the celebrant ascended the altar steps at the beginning of mass there came forth from a choir of a hundred voices a heavenly music that seemed to carry our very souls to the destination of our prayers. All this remains with us as sweet remembrances to the mind of a scene that time can not make us forget. The manner in which the choir rendered the difficult sacred music reflects great credit upon the zealous director, Rev. L. G. Goulette, C. S. V., through whose persevering efforts the great success was gained. The programme for the occasion was: Kyrie, Bollman's Mass in B flat; Gloria, Farmer's Mass in B



flat; Veni Creator, La Hache; Credo, Bollman's Mass in B flat; Offertory, Gratias Agimus Tebo; Rossini; Sanctus, Beethoven's Mass in C; Benedictus, Dow; Agnus Dei, Gounod's Mass of St. Cecilia.

After the Mass, Rev. Thomas Kelly, of St. Elizabeth's church, Chicago, delivered an eloquent sermon in which he first paid tribute to our patron, extolling his virtues, great zeal, piety and humility, after which he spoke at length on the formation of Character. He mentioned the three great influences, heredity, environment and education, bringing out in the latter that man is not merely a creature of circumstances, but that he is molded and polished by education. Fr. Kelly insisted on the necessity of moral as well as mental training stating that religion must become a part of our nature. In conclusion he gave advice to the students, telling them to make the best of the excellent opportunities afforded them here, to strive to acquire an education that would not only aid them in gathering dollars and cents, but one that should make them, good, true, moral Christians, with an aim in life that is the highest and noblest.

At eleven o'clock the visitors were invited to the gymnasium to witness the exhibition drill. The Battalion first appeared and the skillful manner in which the members performed the feats of military art is a result of the attentive work of Col. J. B. Sheil and his efficient corps of officers. Major Albert Kelly, Adjutant Captain Fred Shippy; and Captains Clarence Conway Co. A; Cornelius Mahony Co. B; F. Shippy Co. C; Walter Maguy Co. D.

Next came the Minim Squad which entered the hall in so lively a manner and fell to drilling so quickly, as to win applause at once. These little soldiers with their quick movement, fancy steps, ability for building human pyramids, and accuracy in every move, won the spectators and received round after round of hearty applause. The little Capt. Orion Ford and his two Lieutenants, Matthew McDevitt and Thomas Harrison, did great justice to their offices. Much credit is due Rev. A. N. St. Aubin, C. S. V., who devoted so much time and attention to the



training of this little squad. Also deserving of praise was the work of the noted Zouaves, composed of sixteen of the best drilled men in the college with Col. J. B. Shiel as commander. The drill of this year surpassed that of other years and was a credit to all who assisted in making it a success.

ANATOLE J. DROLET—Third Rhetoric.

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### THE PLAY.

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At 2:30 p. m. a large crowd of people assembled in the gymnasium to witness the drama "The Malediction," which was presented by the Thespians under the direction of Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V. It would have been difficult to have found a play more suited to the occasion and to the exceptional talent of the actors. This work of Leveque brings before our eyes scenes displaying the grandeur of patriotism and fidelity to faith, and is a true moral lesson. The scene is in Spain and the time the fifteenth century, when the Mohammedans, under their leader, Tarik, had overrun entire Spain, and replaced the symbol of Christianity by the crescent. Pelagius, the king of Greece, raised an army to check the advance of these infidel hordes and solicited the aid of all Christians. Respondent to the call Don Vasco de Gomez, a noble Spaniard, already in the autumn of his life, fearing for the safety of his holy religion and his country, enlisted in the army of Pelagius. Alonzo, the son of Gomez, was prevailed upon by an evil companion to renounce his allegiance to his God and his country and to ally with the Mohammedans with the promise of a liberal reward. Thus it was that father and son unrecognized by each other, met in battle, and the former with his followers was defeated and taken prisoner by Tarik. Brought into the imperial palace of the Moors and condemned to death, Gomez recognizes his son Alonzo in the garb of a Mohammedan, wearing the crown of the king of Mercia. So incensed does the father become at sight of his apostate son that he utters a curse upon him and Alonzo becomes insane. Some time after, the youth, no longer useful to



the Moors in this demented condition, wandering through the Mountains, meets his father who had escaped from the hands of Tarik. Gomez hears the plaintive speech of his afflicted son crying aloud his allegiance to God and his hatred for the Moors, and is so moved to compassion as to pray to the Heavenly Father that the malediction be removed. On the instant Alonzo recovers his reason, recognizes his father, declares his faith in God and draws his sword in defence of his country. The play ends with the defeat of Tarik by Alonzo who is mortally wounded and dies in his father's arms, a martyr for his religion and his country.

The characters for the drama were well chosen. The difficult role of Alonzo was taken by John J. Monahan, who is a talented actor and interpreted the part of the young Christian in a manner worthy of great praise. Especially was Mr. Monahan fine in the part of the insane Alonzo, when he brought forth all his skill, placed his whole soul into the work and received great applause for his masterful efforts.

John J. Flanagan, as Vasco de Gomez was a grand success and is worthy of especial mention. He is perfectly at home on the stage and his deep, rich voice and princely appearance, made him well fitted for the part of the aged Spanish nobleman.

Fred Shippy, as Lopez, showed us clearly the villainy of the Spanish traitor, who seduced the youth to betray his country and renounce his God. Mr. Shippy proved himself to be a master elocutionist.

The part of Tarik, the Mohammedan general, was played by William J. Cleary and could not have been better rendered. With his stately and commanding appearance and resonant voice, we had in Mr. Cleary a true image of the Turkish chieftain.

Throughout the entire play was a vein of humor created by Anatole Drolet in the comic part of Pedrillo, the "happy-go-lucky" peasant, who was always in trouble. This was Mr. Drolet's first appearance on the stage at St. Viateur's and he has already become an immense favorite. He acted with great



ease and kept the audience in an uproar of laughter during his frequent appearances on the stage.

All the other actors showed great talent for the work in hand and deserve great praise. The success of the drama is due to the efforts of Father Marsile and his efficient band of performers. The cast was:

Don Vasco de Gomez .....	John J. Flanagan
Don Alonzo .....	John J. Monahan
Don Lopez.....	Fred Shippy
Tarik .....	William J. Cleary
Imbram .....	Frank Rainey
Pedrillo .....	Anatole Drolet
Pedro.. .....	James Mullaney
Fabricio.. .....	James Long

Soldiers.....	{	J. B. Shiel,
		John Brankin,
		John Hickey,
		William Keefe,
		Joseph Legris,
		Cornelius Mahoney,

JOHN P. BRADY,  
3rd Rhetoric.

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People who month after month enjoy the advantage of reading the Viatorian and immediately forget to send us their subscription, perhaps forget also that it is not fashionable in this country to get something for nothing.

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"This pay roll is too big," exclaimed the manager of the "Hamlet" company. "Can't we get along with less people?"

"You might give up the ghost," suggested one of the grave diggers.—Ex.



# THE VIATORIAN.

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## EDITORIAL.

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### JOY AND WORK.

The real brilliancy and joyousness of the events chronicled in this number is but feebly reflected in our pages. It is difficult to kodak in print the live enthusiasm with which college boys throw themselves into a college feast; it would take a master word-painter to repicture the glow of their joy-lit faces as they breathed the all prevading aroma of festivity. And to tell of the inward thrills of delight, caused by the mere mention of a loved name, St. Viateur, by the eulogy of his humble virtues, and by the song of sacred melody, would be the task of one who can peer deep into the secret recesses of the soul, whose finer and profounder emotions often remain unuttered. Much of the shaping of our future course depends on the sorts of pleasures we have most relished. This is why those delights which are of the purest and most bracing and elevating kind should form a large part of the education which home and school impart. A joyless home is a school of criminals, and a feastless school were but a forbidding smithy, where syllogisms are forged rightly perhaps, but which, because it has no love feasts, no alumni reunions, no family traditions, must,



as an educative factor, fail to exercise upon youth any strong power of inspiration to higher life. Its present impressions are all of but painful effort—effort to go thither as Shakespeare records it, effort to work there, effort to get away from there as quickly as possible. And it will live in memory as a sombre haunting spectre. All work and no play not only makes a dull boy, but prepares a wicked man. It is unnatural. Man at all stages of life craves for pleasure of the sensible and of the higher order, and work, in itself, alone, is not pleasant. To study elocution, to study music, to study philosophy, is all work—but when there are days on which the student may hear the patiently learned teachings of philosophy sounded upon the great organ of eloquence, or when he may see the great motive passions set in the artistic motion of a great drama, or again, days when music will take her harp and give expression to what is sacredest in joy and love, days on which the school will resound with gleeful songs and patriotic exultations over the glorious deeds of the country's heroes, days on which the class room becomes silent to let the chapel sing joyous praise and thanks to the bounteous Giver of all good gifts, these will be so many exclamation points which punctuate school life with gladness; they are so many moments of glorious and inspiring triumph, for instance the triumph of elocution, of philosophy, of music. The youth who has been trained to and in these delights and whose college life has been flavored with other such healthy pleasures will in his orientation towards the future seek such pursuits as will be compatible with those superior enjoyments alone which his well taught soul has been trained to revel in.

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### OBITUARY.

After a short, but severe attack of pneumonia, Rev. P. Griffin died at the Alexian hospital, Sept. 26. Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., assisted at the funeral. Father Griffin, who was ordained in June '04, had been but on a few week's service at the cathedral of Lincoln, Neb., when the fatal illness which carried him away, so untimely knocked. He hastened back to Chi-



cago, but only to bid a hasty farewell to his brother and friends. Tho deprived of the opportunity of amassing merits thro a long life of consecrated ministry, Father Patrick departed from this life with fewer of the awful responsibilities of the priesthood. May his soul rest peacefully in the Lord.

Although a long time has elapsed since the death of Rev. Louis Grandchamps, which occurred last July, still this present item may be the means of acquainting his many friends among our readers, with the sad news of his demise, and of winning for his departed soul many a prayerful remembrance. Father Grandchamps was in the midst of a most successful clerical career as pastor of Crookston, Minn., when he was stricken ill and taken from his much attached congregation. He was remarkable all thro his ministerial life, both in Crookston and in Duluth, for his zeal in educational work and in preaching the word of God. May he enjoy the reward of those who have spoken well of Him.

Wednesday, Oct. 26, Rev. Dr. J. E. Laberge celebrated solemn mass in our chapel in behalf of the departed soul of his mother. The religious and seminarians and a large number of lay students received holy communion, which they offered for the repose of the soul of this good Christian mother.

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Character, says the New Century, (Washington, D. C.,) rests upon a good conscience, a good reputation and self-ownership as a foundation. The superstructure is sobriety with energy, modesty with self respect, tolerance without timidity, invariable good judgment; in short, something of all the cardinal virtues, the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost and the other attributes of true religion. The worship of success is too frequently the neglect of character-building. Purposes narrow us to their pursuit—occupations warp us to their ruts—times and events mould us to their imperfections and prejudices. The good judgment of a strong character does not despise success, does not neglect business, does not live in dreamland or utopia. But neither does virile character sink itself in these affairs and submit to their moulding and manipulation.



## PERSONALS.

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Rev. M. I. Dermody paid the college a pleasant visit Oct. 4, on his way to St. Louis.

Mr. Gerald Barry, 5402 Dearborn street, Chicago, is employed in a remunerative clerkship.

Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., assisted at the ceremonies of the dedication of St. Joseph's church in Pekin, Ill, Oct. 12.

Rev. J. Cregan, C. S. V., of St. Edward's, Chicago, visited the exposition in company of Rev. Father Griffy, of Odell, Ill.

Mr. Peter Fallen, formerly of Logansport, Ind., is now employed as clerk in the large freight offices of the Illinois Central in Chicago.

Mr. Henry Pichette, who was studying classics here last year, has entered the Milwaukee Medical college, corner 9th and Wells streets.

Mr. J. Van Loon, of 133 Adams Ave., E., Detroit, Mich., has recently commenced a course of Dental Surgery at the Detroit College of Medicine.

Rev. Father Vachon, O. M. I., of Manitoba, was among our many clerical visitors St. Viateur's day and was delighted with the military and dramatic entertainments.

Rev. J. F. Bennett, of St. Jarlath's, Chicago, recently gave a very interesting illustrated lecture on the Holy Land to the young ladies of St. Clara College, Sinsinawa, Wis.

Rev. Moise Mainville, professor of Greek and Latin in the early years of this institution, visited his many friends in Bourbonnais last month. He said mass for the students Oct. 18.

Rev. H. Durkin, of Rantoul, took a fortnight's vacation in the early part of October. Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., attended Rantoul and Ludlow during Father Durkin's absence.

Mr. Charles Gelineau, of Kankakee and Miss M. Campbell, of Peoria, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. A. Granger, Oct. 14, in Peoria. Our congratulations to the youthful spouses.



Rev. J. Barry was recently transferred from Poca to Chadron, Neb. Father Barry has for many years been a faithful worker in the large Omaha diocese and his transfer to a larger field is a deserved promotion.

Rev. J. Callahan, of Butte, Mont., recently on a business trip east, had the pleasure of meeting several of his friends in Chicago, among whom were the Revds. T. J. McCormick, C. S. V., T. McDevitt and J. F. Ryan, C. S. V.

Rev. Dr. J. E. Laberge was summoned to Quebec by the death of his mother, which occurred Oct. 13. We respectfully tender our sympathy to our learned and devoted professor and to all the members of the bereaved family.

Rev. J. D. Laplante, C. S. V., director of novices at St. Viator's Normal Institute, Irving Park, Chicago, spent several days at the college during the last fortnight, visiting his many friends in the institution and in Kankakee.

Bro. Boisvert, C. S. V., was until quite recently conducting the very successful work of quarrying stone from the river bed. A large quantity of excellent stone now stands ready for use whenever circumstances will permit the undertaking of a new building.

Dr. Frank Moran, 693 Hough ave., Cleveland, Ohio, who has built himself up a large practice in dentistry, promises to contribute a paper on the care of the teeth for one of our future numbers. We thank Dr. Moran before hand and can assure our readers that his paper will be both interesting and profitable.

At a beautiful entertainment given to Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, Sept. 28, by the children of the cathedral school the *piece de resistance* was the pretty operetta specially composed for St. Mary's school by Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V. To say, moreover, that the preparation of this piece for presentation was in the able hands of Rev. Father Kelly, explains why it was such a gratifying success.

V. Rev. P. D. Lajoie, C. S. V., left in the early part of October to revisit Canada ere he takes his final leave for Europe. On his way he will visit friends in Providence, R. I., and has



promised a call upon his very dear acquaintances in Connecticut, the relatives of V. Rev. A. Corcoran, C. S. V., late provincial of Chicago. We wish the venerable father and his companions a **bon voyage**.

Rev. Father Grenier, pastor of St. Gregoire, in the diocese of Nicolette, Canada, paid a welcome visit to the college on his return from the St. Louis exposition, Oct. 24. The Rev. father was delighted with the chapel, the gymnasium, the largeness, airness and orderliness of dormitories and study halls. He was no less pleased with the evidences of intellectual work done in the institution and gladly took with him a copy of "Levis," a high grade metrical drama from the poetic pen of Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V.

We learn with pleasure from a correspondent that the generous people of St. Mary's parish in Derby, Conn., are erecting a handsome convent building for the Sisters of Mercy. It is not many years ago that the same progressive people under the direction of their enlightened pastor, Rev. J. McElroy, endowed their parish with a splendid parochial school. There is nothing that better assures the stability of virtue and the perfection of culture among us than Catholic schools, academies and colleges, whose growth in number and in efficiency we can but note with pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Maroux, of Lead, South Dakota, recently visited their son, Fernand, and their friends at the college, thus pleasantly spending several days in Bourbonnais and Kankakee on their return from the world's fair. Mr. and Mrs. Marcon returned home by way of Henderson, Minn., where they called on their former pastor, Rev. Father Chasse.

Mr. August Frazer, who is remembered here as professor of graceful penmanship curves, and who has for several years been in the employ of the mining king, Clark, is now on a few months' vacation, visiting his brother, Mr. Ben Frazer, of Bourbonnais, and his relatives and friends in Kankakee. Mr. Frazer has engaged his valuable services to his uncle, Mrs. Jos. Giroux, and will repair to the Nebraska mines in the early spring. We wish Mr. Frazer a pleasant sojourn among his eastern friends.

Masters Charlie and Percy Klopp, of Lead, S. D., were delightfully surprised by the recent visit of their mother and little sister, Mercedes.

The Sibley County Independent, of Henderson, Minn., in reporting Rev. Father Chasse's recent bazaar, calls it the most successful church affair held there in recent years, and reports a clear profit of \$2,366. Our congratulations to Father Chasse.



## NOTICE.

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The Viatorian is designed to keep the former students in touch with Alma Mater. Its monthly visits bring you news of college events and of alumni. The editors rely upon the college spirit of St. Viateur's "old boys" to put forth a regular and well printed college paper. For the convenience of subscribers we append this form:

Business Manager Viatorian.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find \$1.00 my subscription to Viatorian for 1904-5.

Name.....

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## EXCHANGES.

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Vol. 1, No. 1, The Michigan Intercollegiate bowed its way into the arena last month. The Intercollegiate owns to aspirations for broadening the journalistic prospect of Michigan colleges and aims at the establishment of a community of interest among the several educational institutions of that state. Undoubtedly its scope and policy will be broad enough and it will contain enough intelligently selected reprint to be a good college paper's paper, regardless of state lines. "The Time Factor in a College Course" selected from the Lombard Bulletin, though not the work of a student, is essentially of value to students. The article is full of uncommon common sense and gives the theme "learning is growth and growth takes time" a sane and pointed development. The following quotation, though probably not original, with the writer, is peculiarly apt just now: "When nature makes a cabbage she uses a few weeks only; when she makes an oak she spends a century." "The study of the Bible in College," from the Collegian Forensic, contains a pithy treatment of the literary value of the Inspired Word. It is of interest to know that Hall Caine declares the Bible to be the source of his strong situations. It speaks much for the nobility of the arts to say: "That the best in literature, art, music, are from the Bible. The great pictures and the great oratorios, like the master-pieces of literature, are based on that wonderful book of books." Also let this question arrest our attention: "We deem ourselves obliged to study Shakespeare and Tennyson and Browning and other great writers; why should we not go back to the very source of their inspiration?" Will your process of "natural selection" evolve an exchange column, Mr. Intercollegiate?

Among the things that we're really sincere about, Mein Herr Spectator, is an unreserved admiration for that genial classic who erst did guide the destinies of the Spectator that was. Consequently to speak of the Spectator as current is to conjure up a visitation of the Addisonian afflatus. "Casting



Shadows" in the September number of the Spectator begins in a rather shadowy, "where-am-I-at" manner, that looks much like uncertainty as to the congruity of the elements employed for illustration. It gathers momentum as it goes, however, and very wholesomely takes cognizance of the fact that "not all the colleges and universities of the country cast a wholesome shadow over their students. It often happens that a Christian young man goes to an institution where the Bible is thoroughly 'dissected.' He hears learned men ridicule miracles and deny the divine inspiration of the Word and consequently he begins to waver in his faith and finally graduates with a feeling of security in self and in self ability, entirely forgetting his Creator, of whom he learned in childhood days. The shadow of this graduate will not be for the eternal good." "Music is an extremely puerile effort for a man with '06 after his initials. "Just Jokes and Jingles" would be a truer title to the humorous department if "Jerked" were added, because that's how they got there. We can say "we have met before" to most of the jokes but we must trust to our memory to know just where we have met, since the waggish editor doesn't state where he does his culling. We beg leave to remind you, friend Spectator, of "to Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

What's the matter, Niagara Index, has "Ichabod" been written on your portals? Your first October issue will hardly do justice to your reputation. It is editorially vacuous and typographically illegible (shall we say "also?") The exchange fraternity must needs invest in a pair of stronger lenses for Uncle Rerum if he continues to allow such verse as the following from "In Autumn Woods," to escape the indigo quietus:

" The very trees where once we played  
Would fain a message speak,  
Of mirthful hours we one time whiled  
A-playing hide and seek."

And we could say "et al." And have you a real excuse for



running that June "commencement speech" in an October number?

The short, periodic sentence is generally preferable to the long involved expression of an idea, but there are times even in oatory, when the short sentence can be worked to death. The writer of "The Divorce Problem of the United States" in the *College Review*, has employed this short form with such unremitting regularity that his result is a cramped, monotonous style. With laughable gravity this youngster asks "Is the stand of the Episcopal church too ideal, when it refuses to re-marry (divorced persons)? Is it to our credit that refusal in one (?) (the query is ours) church does not mean refusal in all?" Is the Episcopal church the only church that refuses to re-marry divorced parties? Indeed, does not the Episcopal church date its beginning as such back to the time when its founder resisted the authority of the Roman Catholic church in the matter of divorce and re-marriage? Ever hear of Hank the Eighth, sonny? "Life's Beginning" in verse begins badly, proceeds indifferently and ends not well. Wherefore all these "gins?"

When the Autumn's powerful radiance  
    'Gins the maple leaves to turn,  
And the dry weeds from the garden  
    Our old gard'ner 'gins to burn;  
When the songsters from the tree-tops  
    'Gin their southward course to fly,  
Then it is I turn, with choked voice,  
    From my home and say, "Good-bye."

"The Missionary," the quarterly "Record of the progress of Christian unity," is on our table. This is the official organ of the non-Catholic Mission Movement, and is deserving of the particular attention of seminaries and Catholic preparatory schools. Its pages tell the story of a great work yet in its infancy. Opportunity may be knocking at some doors, so let the "Missionary" be circulated in our Catholic institutions of learning.



## READ THIS.

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As one of a series of valuable pamphlet publications, the Ave Maria Press has issued "Some Duties and Responsibilities of American Catholics," by the Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte. Mr. Bonaparte, himself a recognized exemplar of aggressively virtuous Catholicity, has handled his subject tactfully and with eminent good sense. By establishing the exact position of the Church in matters pertaining to citizenship and by throwing up on Catholics, themselves, as did Brownson, the onus probandi—wherefore a practical American Catholic is essentially a good citizen, he has struck home. "When there shall be no unworthy citizen, who is also in name a Catholic, the Catholic church in America will have no enemy whom any good man would wish to be her friend." That is pithy and sane. It is also indicative of the general merit of the pamphlet.

Some Duties and Responsibilities of American Catholics.  
By The Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte (Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind., \$ .10. )

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An orderly, temperate and concentrated effort is the essay on "The Function and Scope of Philosophy in the Catholic College Course," in the Pittsburg College Bulletin. The sanity of perfecting the mental digestion is mildly, albeit firmly, insisted upon. "To possess a living philosophic attitude of mind, to be able to take a personal look at things to understand these and harmonize them" is the desideratum in the opinion of the writer. To those who have taken cognizance of the usurpation of the function of philosophy proper by the history of philosophy in many curricula this statement will quickly appeal. Did one of the student editors pen those strong lines anent "Catholic Public Opinion?" Say "transeat" to the question if you will, but cling to your quill and continue to help in the right molding of precarious public opinion.



## VIATORIANA.

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Meow !

Chappie.

Old Fogy.

Oh! Now, you stop.

Who took the chicken?

Nix, nit and no!

Please call me Sid.

Thanksgiving is near.

He has a mirror in his hat.

That lets you out.—What? The door.

Janitor, heat if you please.

All aboard for the kick-off.

Tom—I hear they are going to vaccinate the entire police force of Kankakee.

Bert—I don't see what they want to do that for, a policeman never catches anything.

Richard—What is the difference between that ten dollars you owe me and Tennessee?

Shorty—What is the difference?

Richard—Tennessee I will see. The ten you owe me I will never see.

Shorty—Are you going to join the deer hunters this fall?

Richard C.—No I don't like stag parties.

Senior—So the Photographer told you to look pleasant and then asked you to pay in advance?

Junior—Yes; I suppose he wanted to look pleasant, too.

Bring back my crazy quilt! Piff, paff, pouf.

Rudolph—Well, I see you have been investing in an electric fan.

Tom—Oh, yes, I thought I'd blow myself.

Prof.—Yes, Shorty, there is only one way to learn, and that is to begin at the bottom.

Shorty—How about swimming?

Minim—Do you think raw oysters are healthy?



Junior—I never knew one to complain.

A swell affair.—Two Seniors' swollen eyes.

Bill—Can you tell me what a “spiritual light” is?

John—Yes sir, a spiritual light is an alcohol lamp.

Kelly—What does “much cry and little wool” refer to?

Morgan—The loud ten dollar suit.

Looks like a cat, walks like a cat, eats like a cat, and it ain't a cat. What is it? It's a kitten.

Visitor—There was a terrible accident down at the railroad the other day.

Student—What was it? Visitor—A fellow was lying on the railroad track; a train came along and cut all of his left side off. The took him to the Emergency hospital and he got fixed up. Now he is all right.

Con—My brother swallowed a cigar stump the other day while laughing.

George—The fellow you introduced me to?

Con—Yes, but he doesn't regret it. He is making stump speeches every day.

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### ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

The old members of St. Patrick's Literary and Debating society assembled in an informal meeting on Oct. 26th, for the purpose of re-organizing and electing officers for the scholastic year 1904-5. The meeting was called to order by the Rev. Moderator, Bro. M. J. Breen, C. S. V., and the following gentlemen were installed in office: Messrs. J. Hayden, Pres; J. B. Shiel, vice pres; F. Miller, sec; A. Kelly, treas; W. Keefe, librarian; W. Maguy, sergt-at-arms. After the election of officers the members adjourned to the conservatory, where they were entertained with choice musical selections, after which the members disbanded. There is every indication that the past year's success will be again repeated during the ensuing year. The Rev. Moderator promises a full, interesting program for every meeting and the talent of the society will be frequently drawn upon for the instruction and entertainment of the members.

F. M.

## ATTENTION. ALL!

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CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 7, 1904

Esteemed and Dear Alumnus:

There are no days like the old days and no home like the old home. They are gone from us, but not forever. We can live these days again in the hearty handclasp of our boyhood friends and the tender embrace of the ever loving Mother. The opportunity of enjoying both will, we hope, be given many in the reunion of the "old boys" at the college Wednesday November 16th.

You are most cordially invited to join us in making this gathering of college boys the greatest and the grandest in college history.

The meeting will be without formality, just like the old days. The banquet will be at one P. M., better than the old, and we hope the appetites will be half as good "as when we were boys."

You know so well how much encouragement the coming back of the old students gives the college faculty, and how great the inspiration it gives the pupils.

This consideration, with your desire to be loyal ever to the Alma Mater, good and kind, will impel you to be present and to induce others to share your sentiments and your happiness.

There will be special cars on the I. C. R. R. train leaving Chicago 8:50 A. M. arriving at Bradley 10:30. Return to Chicago can be made at 4, 6 and 7 P. M.

Please send your acceptance to Rev. M. J. Marsile before Nov. 12th as preparations must be made for the banquet.

Trusting that you will make, if necessary, a sacrifice to be with us that day,

We are sincerely and fraternally yours,

RT. REV. A. J. MCGAVICK, D. D.

" " MGR. LEGRIS.

REV. A. L. BERGERON.

" J. C. LESAGE.

" C. P. FOSTER.

" F. J. O'REILLY.

" P. C. CONWAY.

" H. BOECKELMAN.

" J. A. BOLLMAN

" JAMES SHANNON.

" J. J. O'CALLAGHAN.

MR. JAMES MAHER.

" EDWARD LECOUR.

" JAMES CONDON.

" FRANK A. MOODY.



## ATHLETIC NOTES.

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The several athletic associations have re-organized and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

### SENIORS.

President—J. A. Hayden,  
Vice President—J. B. Shiel,  
Secretary—W. J. Keefe,  
Treasurer—Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V.

### JUNIORS.

President—J. Malloy,  
Vice President—A. Savary,  
Secretary—A. McCarthy,  
Treasurer—Rev. J. Corbett, C. S. V.

### MINIMS.

President—P. Lynch,  
Vice President—J. Cronin,  
Secretary—T. Harrison,  
Treasurer—Rev. A. N. St. Aubin, C. S. V.

Each society reports a large membership and the different committees are busily at work organizing teams and preparing games to rob the approaching winter months of their monotony and dulness.

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## FOOTBALL.

Though there is no first team this year a light team has been organized to compete with high schools and minor colleges. Already several interesting games have been played, in each of which our boys have left the field with flying colors, among the most important of these were two games with the Kankakee High school. The first game was played on the college grounds and resulted in a victory for the home team by the score of 17 to 0. In the second game which was played at Kankakee the score was 11 to 10 in favor of the college. The lineup in both games was as follows:

St Viateur's  
Burns

r e

Kankakee.  
Beebe, Senesac

Quille	l e	Sells
O'Connor	r t	Holcomb
Monahan	l t	Kisner
Kelly	r g	Burns
Roach	l g	Iniss
Senecal	q b	Haslett
X Shiel, Captain	rh b	Baker
Smith	lh b	Allen
Velergo	f b	Smith, Capt
Maguy, Mallaney, Substitutes,		

The Junior foot-ball team has played several interesting games with Kankakee teams and each time Capt. Clucker has led his men from the field crowned with the laurels of victory

### INDOOR BASE BALL.

An indoor base-ball league has been formed among the following clubs:

20th Century Club.

Company L.

E. I. H. I.

Three I.

Kankakee Athletics

Y. M. C. A.

St. Viateur's College.

The College will be represented by the following team:

X Shiel, Capt. c; Keefe, Manager, r f; Burns, p; Kelly, r s; Maguy Stack, r b; C. Conway, 2 b; Berry, 3 b; J. Hayden, l f.  
Monahan, Berry, substitutes.

As most of these gentlemen have already won laurels on the indoor diamond, we think we are justified in saying that St. Viateur's will make a hard race for first place.

### BOWLING, BILLIARDS AND POOL.

The bowling alleys have been put in first class condition and judging by the number of players and the high scores being made this game is becoming quite popular among the students.

The billiard and pool tables have been completely remodeled and the ivories are kept in constant motion.

W. McKENNA.



## ROLL OF HONOR FOR OCTOBER, '04.

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The Conway Medal for the highest note in the classical course was won by James Dougherty.

The classical excellence for a note of 95 and above was equally deserved by Louis O'Connor and Joseph Melloy. Drawn by Joseph Melloy.

The first classical for a note between 93 and 95 was won by Frank Walsh.

The second classical for a note between 90 and 93 was equally deserved by William Reynolds, John Goff, A. Drolet, D. Boyle, J. Buzick, J. Colleton, A. Kelly, A. O'Neil, A. Savary, Drawn by A. Drolet.

The Guilfoyle English composition for a note of 95 and above was equally deserved by L. O'Connor, F. Walsh, C. Conway, E. Conway, J. Brady and A. Drolet. Drawn by A. Drolet.

The Commercial excellence medal was won by Earl Harvey.

The First Commercial medal for a note between 93 and 95 was won by A. Klucker.

The Second Commercial medal for a note between 90 and 93 was equally deserved by A. Demers, R. Delaney, E. Jacques, A. Lowenthal, A. Pepin, P. Reidy and W. Schwantke. Drawn by A. Lowenthal.

The Conduct medal for a note of 95 and above was equally deserved by the following: J. P. Brady, J. Buzick, W. J. Carroll, P. Collette, F. Connors, Clarence and Emmett Conway, J. Corkery, R. Cunningham, A. Dandurand, A. Drolette, M. Dwane, F. Gordon, M. Hayes, A. Kelly, J. Kreutzer, J. Langan, A. Legris, R. Legris, J. Malloy, F. Marcoux, A. Marcotte, J. Mullaney, A. McCarthy, W. Nourie, E. O'Brien, R. O'Connell, L. O'Connor, A. O'Neil, C. Pinard, A. Quille, A. Savary, E. Senecal, A. Slattery, W. Trainor, L. Tully, F. Allbright, F. Albert, E. Beecher, G. Berry, F. Callaghan, C. Daley, R. Dillon, A. Demers, R. Delaney, E. Harvey, T. Hart, E. Jacques, A. Lowenthal, J. Ludolph, M. Lamarche, C. Mullen, R. Martin, A. O'Con-

nor, P. Reidy, A. Rivard, H. Schanze, T. St. Jacques, H. Valerga, H. Weaver. Drawn in the senior department by C. Daley; in the junior department by A. Lowenthal.

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### ROLL OF HONOR MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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The first excellence medal was equally deserved by Joseph McDevitt and Frank Westerfield. Drawn by F. Westerfield.

The second excellence medal was awarded to George Lyons; next in merit: L. Barrett, A. Gunderlach and E. Souigny.

Department medal was equally deserved by T. Harrison, E. McElmeel, E. Souigny, and F. Westerfield. Drawn by T. Harrison.

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### SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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The editors are pleased to learn from the business manager of the *Viatorian*, Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., that a goodly number of subscriptions have already been paid in. We hope the good work will go on and that the *Viatorian* trust will be able to declare dividends ere the law becomes too strenuous! Meanwhile we thank all those whose practical co-operation is making the *Viatorian* possible.

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Why not send in your subscription now and help us celebrate Thanksgiving?