

THE VIATORIAN.

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JOAN OF ARC.

PART I.

POETRY OF HER LIFE.

It seems that an era of reparation has dawned upon us. Only yesterday America invited all the nations of the earth to do honor to her immortal discoverer, whose memory had slept for centuries in the night of oblivion.

Today, France, unmindful of her late reverses, envied by all other nations, raises her head with pride when a new ray of glory encircles her deliverer's name—also too long forgotten.

And tomorrow that old Papacy will perhaps be hailed by every race as the benefactress of the world, and she will appear in our future, threatened as it is by a flood of evils, what she was in former ages, the saving ark of our momentous interests and hopes.

To achieve this great work of justice how many minds should be freed from the prejudice and falsehood which have darkened the brightest records and disfigured the greatest events. History has to be made over again; it was too often written with pamphlets and satires, and has thus become a conspiracy against truth. This is evident from the works of Lingard, Rhorbacher, Janssens, and others, who have so ably championed the cause of historic truth.

Oh, Joan of Arc! inspirer of these

few lines, art thou not a proof of these deadly plots against truth and worth? Have not thy matchless exploits been turned into ridicule? Were not thy fair face and fame besmirched in a vile poem as once was the Divine Majesty during an endless night? Voltaire, who named the son of God the *infamous*, and called himself a Prussian, had to drivel on the purity of a virgin, on the heroism of the sweet angel of France. Do not the birds of darkness hate light? The sophist's insults have not injured her incomparable renown any more than did her murderers' condemnation. The heroine's name emerges from these calumnies radiant as the sun through the clouds.

It has been justly said of Joan of Arc that she is the fairest, the purest, the most benign and womanly figure since Mary's morn-like smile rejoiced heaven and earth. Her history is a national poem such as France and no other country ever had. It blends in one life all the sublimest inspiration of poetry. Her youth spent in the blooming valley of Domremi, by the clear waters of la Meuse, in the shade of mountains crowned with forests centuries old, is an idyl full of grace and freshness. Delightfully does the soul linger amid these rural scenes, following the innocent shepherdess as she leads her white sheep to the green

pastures, hearkening to the heavenly sound of bells that echo amid the quiet shades of evening, kneeling by her side before the Archangel Michael, Saints Margaret and Catherine, who, dazzling with the glory of eternity, are urging the astonished maiden to free from its enemies the fairest kingdom after that of heaven.

Their call is heard and now begins another poem more wonderful than the creations of Homer. The epic, the divine element, is not absent from this living poetry. Joan recognized the king among his brilliant courtiers and convinces him of her heavenly mission by revealing secrets known to him alone. The timid girl is suddenly transformed into a warrior equal to the conquerors of Ilion and Solym. Under the altar of Fierbois a mysterious sword is found for her frail hand. Equipped like a knight and in the midst of camps and bloodshed, she still preserves her maidenly modesty and compassion. An atmosphere of purity, like the dawn fringing with silver the blue horizon, surrounds her wherever she moves, and fast do the tears flow from her eyes when they rest on the dying victims of battle.

In a few months she compels the English to raise the siege of Orleans, and from victory to victory she wins for Charles a kingdom that was hopelessly lost, and with all the splendor of the monarchy of old, has him crowned in the cathedral of Rheims. When this majestic temple was all ablaze with a thousand lights, perfumed with the censor's misty breath, re-echoing under its arched vault with

the triumphant songs of an overjoyed multitude, Joan of Arc stood by the golden throne of mighty monarchs, near her beloved crowned king, holding high her spotless and victorious banner! *Il avait été à la peine, il devait être à l'honneur!* "It had borne the brunt of the battle, let it share the honor of the day."

O, glad moments of triumph, but fleeting like all earthly joys! In tears, at the feet of her royal master, in vain did she beg to return to her flock on the hillside, declaring her mission fulfilled; she must now wage war without help from above and drink the bitter cup of sufferings, aye, to its very dregs. She will know the anguish of defeat; she will be betrayed, sold, dragged from prison to prison, until she is burnt at the stake. Is it not a renewal of Christ's passion in one of his chosen souls? A repetition of this most sublime, but most heart-rending drama ending on the cross? To have been so triumphant and so unmercifully crushed! To have appeared so angel-like and be stigmatized with the brand of hell! Oh, unparalleled tragedy written in tears and blood, and whose catastrophe is a scaffold, a torch, and a martyr dying amid flames!

Oh, gracious "Pucelle," nothing is lacking to thy fame; it is stamped with the seal of misfortune, the test of true greatness. Pined not for thy smiling fields, thy peaceful haunts, the enlivening solemnities of Easter. To free thyself, waste not the candor of thy guileless soul, the flash of thy bright intellect. As the encaged bird at-

tempts to wing its flight to the azure sky, thou wilt, unavoidably, spend thy strength against thy prison bars; thy judges are bound to destroy thee!

But be consoled: thy funeral pile shall become the pedestal of thy glory. Thou diest in the bloom of thy years, marked by the divine touch of sorrow like Germanicus departing this life so young and so far from his sunny native sky; like Cæsar crowned with the laurels of a hundred victories, and stabbed on the threshold of imperial power; like Napoleon, this new Prometheus devoured by the English vulture on the ocean's solitary rock! Thy misery moves every heart. Thy executioner exclaims he has murdered a saint; a soldier sees thy soul in dove-like form soaring to heaven; thy enemies wish they could, with their very tears, extinguish those cruel flames; but their lurid glow still projects on the horizon of ages, and thy name shall live forever.

M. J. M.

IRELAND'S GIFTS TO MODERN CULTURE.

Ireland is situated in the north Atlantic Ocean and on the uttermost verge of the Old World. It is the last spot of land which the sun lights before the great luminary leaves Europe in darkness, and the first speck seen by the mariner on his voyage from North America to Europe. In size it is about as large as the state of Ohio, and has a population of about five million. Of Ireland's history I

shall say little here. The primary and most beautiful portion of her history begins with the advent and preaching of St. Patrick, in the year 432. From the influence of his teachings she merited the title of the "Isle of Scholars and the Land of Saints."

While the continent was being overrun by the Goths, Visigoths, and Huns, Ireland, by her insular position, became the reviver of learning in Europe, and enjoyed the spiritual and intellectual leadership for over two hundred years. But the caprices of fortune are as strongly marked in the history of nations as they are in individuals. Fate had destined for Ireland the fullest measure of oppression and poverty. Still, her history tells of a race that has never decayed, of a people that have never lost their faith nor their love, and of a nation whose aspirations are as high today as when she wore the glories of religion and culture which made her people the "modern saviours of the world." National enthusiasm is the mother of genius. When pride and enthusiasm are gone, the nation decays. But as time has proved, the patriotism for which the Irish people were so long distinguished will ever be theirs. Ireland has been a fruitful mother of genius. The most beautiful and lasting monuments to her honor are the works of her authors. It would be impossible to adequately illustrate, within the scope of a single article, the literature of Ireland, so we shall be satisfied to choose at random a few of her writers whose works are of special interest.

Thomas Moore, "The Sweet Son of

Song," was born in Dublin in 1779. He is the representative poet of Ireland, and is not only the first songwriter of Ireland, but the first songwriter of the English language, not even excepting Burns. Born as he was in the darkness of penal days, he grew to manhood under the cruel laws that oppressed his countrymen. It was a hard task for an Irishman of Moore's day to win distinction unless he achieved it by treason to his own country. In his own bitter words:

"Unprized are her sons till they've learned
to betray;
Undistinguished they live if they shame not
their sires;
And the torch that would light them thro'
dignity's ways,
Must be caught from the pile, where their
country expires."

And yet, Moore set out to win distinction, and win it in the hardest field. He lived as an alien in London, and in those days it was hard for an alien to secure recognition anywhere, and especially an alien poet. Yet there he lived and sang of Ireland's glories and wrongs in such pathetic ways that soon, not only England, but the whole world, turned to listen. Though Moore was an original poet of excellent imagination, he undertook a national work for Ireland and one for true literature and art. He set himself to write new words for old music. He found scattered all over Ireland, becoming neglected, many beautiful pieces, inestimable jewels, that were purely Irish. Many of these airs were as ancient as earliest Christianity; he raised them into matchless

beauty in his exquisite melodies. This was one of his greatest works. He preserved the music of his nation and made it imperishable. Other nations hold the palm of superiority for musical composition, yet the music of Ireland has a peculiar melody of its own which cannot be equaled. The air "Eillen Aroon," so fair and so beautiful is a melody of this sort. The immortal Mozart declared he would rather be the author of this simple melody than of all the works that ever came from his pen or his mind. Well might Moore say, as took the harp in hand:

"Dear harp of my country! in darkness I
found thee;
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er
thee long;
When proudly, my own Ireland harp, I un-
bound thee
And gave all thy chords to light, free-
dom, and song.
The warm lay of love, and the light note of
gladness,
Have wakened thy fondest and loveliest
thrill;
But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep note
of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from
thee still.
Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy
numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we
shall twine.
Go, sleep, with the sunshine of love on thy
slumbers,
'Till touched by some hand less unworthy
than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbbed at our lay, 'tis thy glory
alone,
It was but as the wind passing heedlessly
over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was
thy own."

Moore was the author of many other works, as: *Lalla Rookh*, *Odes of Anacheron*, and his prose masterpieces, *Life of Byron*, *Travels of an Irish Gentleman*, and *Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*. But with the immortal Irish melodies the fame of Moore will be inseparably twined. Wherever the English language is spoken they will be read and sung with enthusiasm. He foresees the immortality of his verse, yet expresses his anguish in the lines:

“But tho’ glory be gone, and hope fade away,
 Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
 Not e’en in the hour when his heart is most gay,
 Can he lose remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
 The stranger shall hear thy lament o’er his plains,
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o’er the deep,
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their captive,
 and weep!”

Another of Ireland’s distinguished sons was Oliver Goldsmith. This gifted poet and prose writer was born in the county of Longford, Ireland, in 1782. His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, with hereditary improvidence, married when very young and lived for several years on a small country curacy and the assistance of his wife’s friends. His whole income, eked out by the produce of some fields which he farmed and some occasional duties performed for his wife’s uncle, the rector of an adjoining parish, did not exceed forty pounds.

“And passing rich, with forty pounds a year.”

The Goldsmiths, as Oliver tells us, came from a kindly and respectable, but by no means thrifty stock. “They were always,” he says “a strange family; they rarely acted like other people; their hearts were in the right place, but their heads seemed to be doing anything but what they ought.” “They were remarkable,” he tells us in another place, “for their worth, but of no cleverness in the ways of the world.” And “Poor Goldsmith,” as Oliver has been so often called, faithfully inherited the virtues and weaknesses of his race. His private biography is mirrored from his gifted pages. Scarcely an adventure or character occurs in his writing that may not be traced down to his own patri-colored story. Many of his most ludicrous scenes and ridiculous incidents have been drawn from his own blunders and mischances, and he seems really to have been buffeted into almost every maxim, imparted by him, for the instruction of his reader. We know of the vicissitudes, failures, and reckless ramblings of Goldsmith’s early life, how he wandered lonely and in poverty through Flanders, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, buoyed up by dreams of fame and an inward consciousness of his own talents; and we know how he finally landed in London, that El Dorado of aspiring authors, “with wrinkled purse and modest name,” there to win golden spurs of literary fame, and to further illustrate the truism that “the prophet hath no honor in his own

land." He writes of himself in "The Traveller:"

"My prime of life in wandering spent, and
care,
Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the
view,
That, like the circle bounding earth and
skies,
Allures me far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune bids me to traverse realms
alone,
And find no spot in all the world my own."

Many a hard struggle he had to encounter for a livelihood after reaching London until his versatile talents and ready pen attracted the notice of the London booksellers.

For some time he wrote articles for various reviews and magazines, till in 1762 appeared his well known work, "The Citizen of the World." This is in reality a pungent exposition of the peculiarities of English manners and customs. "The Traveller" appeared in 1764. It is a meditative and descriptive work, depicting the impressions and experiences of his early life and struggles. "The Vicar of Wakefield" appeared in 1766. The "Good Natured Man" in 1768, and the "Deserted Village" in 1770. This work greatly enhanced his poetic fame. "His chaste pathos," to use the words of Campbell, "makes him an insinuating moralist and throws a charm of cloudlike softness over his descriptions of homely subjects that would seem only fit to be the subjects of Dutch paintings. But his quiet enthusiasm leads the affections to humble things without vulgar associations, and he inspires us with a fondness to trace the

simplest recollections of Auburn, till we count the furniture of its ale-house and listen to the "varnished clock that clicked behind the door." "She Stoops to Conquer" appeared in 1763, and in the same year he published his "History of England." This work has no historical value, but met with a most extensive sale on account of its purity of style and gracefulness of composition.

Goldsmith will be known both as a novelist and poet. As a writer, perfect ease is his characteristic, and nothing could be more natural, simple, and graceful than his style. He had faults; but was no man's enemy except his own. His errors in the main inflicted evils on himself and were so blended with humorous and even affecting circumstances as to disdain our anger and conciliate our sympathy.

"His works have outlived generations of works of higher power and wider scope and will continue to last unceasing generations for they have that magic charm of style by which works are embalmed to perpetuity."

Three-quarters of a century after Goldsmith had wended his way to London, and while Moore was in the zenith of his fame, there came to London in the autumn of 1828 another aspirant for literary fame. This was Gerald Griffin, who stands in the front rank of Irish novelists. With unbounded energy he struggled for several years in this great metropolis, amid distress of body and mind, obliged to write during entire days and the greater part of his nights. "Hollentide," "Munster Festivals," "Collegians,"

"The Rivals," and "The Invasion" are his best known works. "The Collegians" alone is enough to adorn the brow of Gerald Griffin with the envied laurels of fame, to hand down his name to posterity with honor, and to place one of Ireland's most talented sons side by side in the temple of fame with the most charming of novelists. It would be difficult to say what position Griffin would have reached in poetry had he remained an ardent votary of the muse, and had he enjoyed a long and healthful life. To him poetry was a passion, not an art. His principal poems are "Gillie Macree," "Orange and Green," "The Bridal of Malahide," "The Sisters of Charity," "The Isle of the Blest," and "The Shannon." Like Wordsworth, he recognized a soul in nature, and she with affectionate regard imparted her profoundest secrets. In all his writings he had ever aimed at a moral end. As time advanced he surrendered himself more and more to the impressions of faith, and in 1838, when only thirty-five years of age, he embraced the monastic life as a Christian brother, as he felt that nothing remained for him "but labor, patience, and retirement." He was rewarded with a sense of interior peace and contentment, which, in his own words, he "would not exchange for the fame of all the Scotts and Shakespeares that ever strutted their hour upon the stage of this brief play of life."

His religious career was short and fervent. In 1840 he died, after an illness of five days. He breathed his last as he had wished—in the cham-

bers of sacred retirement, surrounded by a holy brotherhood.

Sir Calvin Duffy, the great national "chief of 1842," said that the man most essentially a poet among the writers of the nation was Mangan, as truly born to sing deathless songs as Keats or Shelley. He was so purely a poet that he made it the only exercise of his mind. Mangan's genius had already won him fame as a contributor to *The Comet*, the *Dublin Penny Journal*, and other publications, when he passed under that cloud which fate decreed would never clear away. Life to him was a sad burden; of it he had already sung:

Speak no more of life;
What can life bestow
In this amphitheater of strife—
All times dark with tragedy and woe?
Know'st thou not how care and pain
Build their lampless dwellings in the brain
Ever as the stern intrusion
Of our teachers, Time and Truth,
Turn to gloom the bright illusion
Rainbowed in the soul of youth?
Would'st thou have me live when this is so?
Oh! no! no!

Again, in the "One Mystery" we find expressed the same loathing of earthly things and that longing to pierce the veil that concealed futurity from the gaze:

"No more, no more, with aching brow
And restless heart and aching brain
We ask the when, the where, the how,
And ask in vain;
And all philosophy and all faith
All earthy, all celestial lore
Have but one voice, which only saith:
Endure,—adore!"

His most beautiful compositions are: Mangan's Rosleen, The Dawning of

the Day, The Sorrows of Innisfail, Kinkora, Lament of the Princes of Tyrone, Soul and Country, The Nameless One, The Dying Enthusiast, The One Mystery, The Time of the Barmecides, Twenty Golden Years Ago, and the Irish National Hymn. Fain would I dwell on what Irishmen have done for culture and for the glory of their nation; but to tell all would be an impossible task, for like Tennyson's brook, months might come and months might go, but onward it would flow forever, or at least till my indulgent readers would have grown weary. It was the sympathy of Ireland's music—the strong tender sympathy of her bards,—that sustained the national spirit even when all around seemed hopeless. Her poets and writers were a glorious band united to restore the place Ireland had once held among the nations.

J. T. H.

ART IN AMERICA.

The most striking feature of the great Columbian Exposition was not its spontaneous growth, its springing up from the Chicago pools and bogs as if by enchantment. We Americans are used to seeing things thus quickly transformed and converted into marvels of beauty and grandeur. But the wonder of the great exposition for American eyes, was its artistic beauty.

Doubtless it has done much to instill into American minds a better taste for the beautiful, and the recol-

lection of its splendid architecture, and of the many wonders of the artist's brush and chisel, will go far to cultivate among us a desire for nobler architecture and artistic work.

It is a notorious fact that in many of our cities even the public edifices are constructed with savage disregard for beauty and art. It is not surprising, therefore, that this feature of the Fair so strongly impressed itself upon the American minds. It suggested the fact to the American people, that, up to the present time, American architecture has been sadly neglected, and consequently the great necessity for cultivating architectural beauty herein.

In former days it was well to give all pains and attention to the cultivation of the soil, the clearing of forests, and the drainage of the land; but now there is not so great a necessity for all this. America has now reached a period in which great pains and attention, not only can, but should be given to adorn and beautify her by all possible means. Older countries have already learned this lesson; their bridges, towns, and cities are well constructed, and consequently but little remains to be done in the way of architectural perfection. But in America great care should be taken that she may receive only the best work from the most skillful builders, painters, and sculptors.

The time is surely coming when America will have put into execution the art lessons of the Fair; a time which will be marked by the happy consummation of all the ideals of

beauty which the great Fair prompted in every one visiting its wonders. Like the White City itself, America will be a vision of palaces, towering domes, and majestic colonnades; flower-decked gardens, peopled with speaking concretions of ennobling ideas and statues of the world's best sons. But in order to realize this ideal of the beautiful, much remains to be done. Our cities should receive great attention, that they may be properly laid out, that the streets and walks may be both useful and ornamental, and that all the edifices therein may be the embodiment of noble and praiseworthy ideas. Parks should be numerous and much attention should be given that their beauty may please and educate every passer by. Dwellings, also, should no longer be destitute of the beauty of architecture. They should be made appear more beautiful by being surrounded by beautiful plants arranged in various forms. Roads and highways must no longer be paths of desolation, but should be lined on both sides by shade trees, and should in many other ways be relieved of their monotony by architectural designs, and made appear as though they led to some fairy-land.

So much has been said as to exterior beauty; but much may also be said as to beautifying and decorating interiors. Public edifices should contain many wonders of art. Statues and paintings expressive of high and noble ideas should be stationed upon every side, so as to raise the beholders to higher ideals, that they may

inspire a love for that which is most perfect and true. Our capitols should be gems of beauty and art. Besides, they should be alive with statues and images of the wise and noble of the land, that those who behold them may have models to look up to, and worthy of imitation. Churches should be decorated also, with statues and paintings of holy places and persons, so as to raise us to the contemplation of the beauty and perfection of God and His servants.

When we consider the importance of developing architectural beauty, we are all united in believing, and hoping, that America will not be slow to learn the great art lessons of the Fair, and thus in time rival Athens and Greece, the home of all the muses.

M. J. FORD.

COMPLIMENTS.

Compliments are the expression of civility, the bestowal of commendation or praise for merit of some degree or other. Sometimes they are deserved and from certain quarters are pleasing to hear, and also a stimulus to renewed efforts in the right direction.

Often it costs a great deal to get them; not infrequently more than they are worth, and not a few men, in many cases, bestow them a *quid pro quo* in return. In the latter case, as everyone will conceive, they amount to nothing.

Praise me or I'll praise you, or the mutual admiration society, is one without much standard, ordinarily, of scanty

resources, and no capital worth considering. Compliments, like almost everything in this world, are relative. They go a certain distance, and beyond certain limits, to a man who knows anything, become, instead of flattering, offensive.

The fool will seek and take praises on all sides for whatever he does. The level-headed man will measure his strength in advance of its display and be satisfied, even with no man's "well done," to rest the good action accomplished, or the worthy deed generously performed, whose sure and immediate reward, sufficient in itself, his own conscience bestows.

Nor is this pride, or if it be, it is that allowable pride and justification, spontaneous in the heart, harmless within and without.

Compliments from the virtuous are as waters from pure sources. They enrich the lands through which they flow; whereas those from the vicious, like streams from polluted fountains, leave behind them only the refuse gathered in their course.

To work with no other object in view than to gain praise from equals or superiors is, for the most part, pains thrown away. If praise comes from the first, it may be an implied bargain, or perhaps unappreciated; if from the second, even when advised, it may be untimely enough to be faint, or so grudgingly bestowed as to be discouraging.

Compliments, like wine, must be qualified. Too new, or *facile dictu*, "too fresh," they have no bouquet; too old, they nauseate, perhaps worse.

And yet compliments are worth having, and where the amenities of life are cultivated, worth effort. But there are standards to direct and standards to desire. To aim high in both cases is each man's business. Obtain them or not, a sure guide in life is a conscience answering to right and truth.

An infallible testimony to secure in great and humble efforts, more desirable, richer than praise from human lips, because imperishable, is a blessing from heaven in the morning, at the noon, and in the evening of every undertaking.

H.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Many periodicals have been received during the month. Among them are: *Ave Maria*; *Factory Inspectors of Illinois*; *Annuaire d' Universite Laval*; *Reports of the Commissioner of Education for '92 and '93*.

Exchanges have been few so far. Several came: *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Normalia*, *Our Young People*, *Kalamazoo Augustinian*, *St. James School Journal*, *Annals of the Sacred Heart*. We hope to see many others during the month.

The seminarian department is quite large this year. There are twenty-two members, and the Philosophy class has a membership of twenty-six. Rev. J. A. Laberge, D.D., teaches Philosophy and Dogmatic Theology; Rev. G. M. Legris, A.M., teaches Moral Theology. We predict a very good year for this department as its members have opportunities they will not be slow to appreciate.

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EDITORIAL

The college opened September 6, with a good attendance. Later arrivals have increased the number to one hundred and fifty-five.

Mr. W. H. Thorne will not be with us this year. He will give all his time to the *Globe Review*, and will continue to publish it at the old stand, Title and Trust Building, 100 Washington St., Chicago. We wish Mr. Thorne every success.

The Acolytical Society was reorganized for the year of 1894-5 on the evening of Sept. 29. The offices of president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and censor being vacant, the members balloted for all the officers except the president, who was appointed by the director. Rev. T. A. Williams was appointed president, Mr. J. M. Sullivan was elected vice-president; Mr. J. D. Mortimer, secretary; Mr. J. Marx, treasurer, and Mr. E. Marcotte, censor. Messrs. J. M. Sullivan, P. Dube, and H. Sullivan were appointed assistant censors by the president.

Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., takes his departure for Rome early in October. He will most probably spend several years abroad and take an extended course in Philosophy. Father Rivard has been a devoted and zealous teacher in this institution, and his genial presence and ever ready assistance lent grace and strength to every work he undertook. Marks of his devotedness are to be found at every turn. While all regret his absence, the good wishes of the community go with him, and we hope that his stay abroad will be pleasant and profitable. We have no doubt that he will send us accounts of his impressions of Italy and other places, for which THE VIATORIAN will always find space. *Bon voyage!*

PERSONALS.

—Mr. W. J. Dolan, of last year, writes us as a student of law at Champaign, Ill.

—We are pleased to know that Mr. J. D. Laplante, A.B., B.S., and Mr. S. Brennock, of '94, have entered St. Viateur's Normal Institute at Irving Park, Chicago, Ill.

—Mr. D. J. Sullivan, who has finished his philosophical course at St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, called to see his old friends at St. Viateur's before returning to St. Mary's to begin the study of theology. Dan still plays good ball. Mr. E. Grobush, of '94, also begins theology at St. Mary's, Cincinnati.

—Mr. A. Krause, of the law firm of Moran, Krause, and Mayer, of Chicago, spent a day with his son Adolph, who is attending college here. They enjoyed a pleasant afternoon together.

—Rev. J. Kelly, '93, who has lately been appointed to Gilman, Illinois, made us several calls during the month. Father Kelly is doing good work in his new field, and we rejoice in his promotion.

—Mr. Bernard McDevitt, sr., spent a few days visiting St. Viateur's College, and with Fathers Rivard and Cregan spent many pleasant hours along the banks of the Kankakee, fishing and hunting.

—Rev. J. Lockney, of Chebanse, left for Europe September 4. He will spend two months visiting England, Ireland, and the continent. Priests from the college will replace him during his absence.

—Rev. T. J. McDevitt will return to St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, until Christmas, at which time he will be ordained. We are glad to know that Rev. T. J. McDevitt is so near the object of his ambition.

—Messrs. Rowan and Dubell of the firm of Work Bros. & Co., Chicago, spent two days measuring the boys for military suits. A large order was taken before the gentlemen left. The Shamrocks and others return thanks to Mr. Rowan for kind remembrances.

—Many visitors called the past month, among whom we notice: Rev. Fr. Bergeron, Chicago; Rev. F. Langlais, C.S.V., St. Mary's, Illinois; Rev.

C. Fournier, C.S.V., Irving Park, Illinois; and Mr. P. Haley, Joliet, Illinois. Mesdames Dougherty, Portland, and Shippers, of Chicago.

—Messrs. M. Shea, A. Burns, M. Fortin, and J. P. Maguire, formerly students of St. Viateur's, made their alma mater a visit before returning to Baltimore to finish their philosophy. St. Viateur's will be represented at Baltimore the coming year by Messrs. P. Kelly, T. Kelly, T. Small, J. Lynch, and T. Quinn, all of '94. We wish these young gentlemen a prosperous and happy year.

ATHLETICS.

—Lawn tennis, croquet, and various other sports are being taken advantage of by those not inclined to harder exercise, and the campus on free days presents a lively appearance.

—A league has been formed among the seniors and four nines, under the captaincies of Doody, Quille, Ruel, and Fitzpatrick, will play a number of games. The winners are to be treated to a banquet by the genial prefect of discipline, Brother Ryan.

—The Kankakee "Electrics" and the Chicago "Carlyles" played a game on the college grounds, Sunday, Sept. 9, which was devoid of any special features. The "Electrics" being short a few players, took Doody, Quille, and Sammon, of the Shamrocks, to help them on to victory. The score was 21 to 1 in favor of Kankakee.

BASE-BALL.

The Shamrocks organized Sept. 10, with the following officers and players:

Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., President.
 Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., Vice-President and Manager.
 C. Quille, Secretary.
 T. Legris, Treasurer.
 Charles O'Reilly, Captain.
 John Fitzpatrick, H. Kromenocker, Substitutes.
 F. Roy, Official Umpire.
 G. W. Fallon, Official Scorer.
 Felix Provost, Mascot.
 M. Sammon, Catcher.
 F. Marcotte, Pitcher.
 T. Legris, first Base.
 J. V. Lamarre, second Base.
 Wm. Corcoran, third Base.
 C. Quille, Short-stop.
 ✓ Wm. Doody, Left Field.
 Frank O'Reilly, Right Field.
 H. Ruel, Center Field.

With a few exceptions the members of the Shamrocks of '93 and '94 are again with us, and they will endeavor to sustain the reputation borne so long by St. Viateur's Shamrocks as champions of Kankakee and Will counties.

—The Shamrocks opened the season Sunday, Sept. 16, by crossing bats with the Wilmingtons on the college campus. James Darcy, of the Shamrocks, of '87, and Bud Carroll, '86, played with Wilmington. Darcy did the twirling for Wilmington, and pitched a winning game if proper support had been given him. Marcotte pitched for the Shamrocks, and kept his opponent's hits well scattered. The features of the game was a running catch of a fly ball by Doody, and the errors of the visitors. The score was:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Shamrocks...	3	3	0	0	2	0	6	0	-14
Wilmington..	0	0	1	3	0	3	0	0	0-7

—The Shamrocks having no game scheduled for Sunday, Sept. 23, and being in need of practice, accepted a challenge from the Tri-city combination nine, viz., North Kankakee, Kankakee, and Bourbonnais, and took them into camp to the tune of 16 to 9. The visitors were slaughtered in solitude and silence, the crowd being too cold to yell. Marcotte and Sammon were in the points for the Shamrocks, while Houde, Harpen, and Guertin did the work for the visitors. The principal features of the game were Doody's inability to catch either a fly or a ground ball without doing a slide or hand-spring, and T. Legris' batting.

—A challenge has been received and accepted from the Momence base-ball club for a game in Momence Thursday, Sept. 27. The Momence club has defeated every nine so far this season, and a close, exciting game is expected. Full particulars will appear in our next number. U.N.O.

The play selected for St. Viateur's Day is a five-act drama, "From Sumpter to Appomattox"—a war-play, as its name implies. The play is enlivened by many humorous scenes; of course, the tragic predominates. In the hands of our skillful Thespians the play is insured a worthy interpretation, and all that is serious or comical will be properly attended to. The date set for the entertainment is Sunday evening, Oct. 21. We cordially invite all our friends to be present.

VIATORIANA.

—Z.

—Q.

—Run home!

—Blow the bit!

—Take him out; he needs fixing.

—Say, there's a pig in the yard.

—Do you want any vegetables? Yes.

—“You are in right church but the wrong pew.”

—Some one tells of a pig that barks, at St. Bridget's.

—Stringed instruments are in great demand. Take them all.

—Some one is very anxious to know whose chicken Black Jack may be.

—The “Pickwicks” are more than ever ready with an impromptu soiree.

—The tornado passed over the juniors—about the only thing that did get by.

—St. Viateur's Day, which falls on Sunday this year, will be celebrated Monday, Oct. 22.

—Base ball brings a very enthusiastic crowd, but the Shamrocks are too much for the crowd and the enthusiasm.

—We have the satisfaction of knowing that the overflow of rain is beautifying the lawn and campus even if it does interfere with recreation.

—The play for St. Viateur's Day is now under preparation. It will take place Sunday evening, Oct. 21. The

cast is strong and we are promised a treat.

—F— knows who paid to get in and see the game and who did not. You can't bluff him around these diggings at any rate.

—Anyone needing information about the detective force in Kankakee could get *some* pointers from D. and H. Joke them easily at first.

—The orchestra is preparing a fine selection of popular music. This, with the fine singing now assured, will afford us many musical treats during the year.

—One of the mysteries of base ball is why the ball coming full force against a player hurts him less than an adverse judgment of the umpire, delivered ever so sweetly.

—Several walks to the woods were enjoyed by the Seniors and Juniors. The old place loses none of its attractions from year to year; the cave, the spring, and the river allure the student as of yore.

—A man that can invent some means of removing the fumes of a certain pipe, smoked in a locality, to be determined later on, could make a fortune—not to speak of the good he would do to a few suffering mortals. Particulars on application.

—Beans are very good food; molasses is not bad—but a combination of these makes a pretty strong prescription, to say the least. When this is topped off with watermelon it goes far to prove that Americans are not a race of dyspeptics.

—This year there will be a piano left in recitation hall, and steps will be taken to give entertainments both vocal and instrumental every week. This will help to while away dreary evenings, and incidentally to shake the bark off some crusty voices.

—Old students will be pleased to know that Mr. John Nawn, '91, has returned to college and donned the cassock as a proof of the aspirations he entertains. We wish him success. Mr. George Clancy also takes up the line where he dropped it three years ago. Courage, George.

RECEPTION

To Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., at St. Viateur's College, on the Occasion of his Departure for the Eternal City.

On Sunday, September 25, the students and professors gathered in exhibition hall to tender Rev. E. L. Rivard a reception previous to his departure for Rome; at the same time a purse of \$100.00, made up by the pupils, was handed him as an expression of the good will that prevails towards him.

The following address was read, on behalf of the students, by Mr. Charles O'Reilly:

"REV. AND DEAR FATHER RIVARD.—But a few hours more and you will have left this quiet spot where you were born and grew to manhood; you will bid farewell to this institu-

tion, the constant witness of your triumphs as a student and your devotedness as a teacher.

"It is useless to say now that we shall miss you; your whole life has been associated with our youthful days. There is not a department in this institution where you have not shown your interest in favor of Christian youth.

"You have inspired us with a love of the beautiful in literature, and for the true in philosophy; you welcomed in your dear VIATORIAN our first ventures in the fields of letters, and encouraged our jousts of eloquence in old St. Patrick's; you gave a new impetus to all our studies, and enabled us to hold a place of honor in the ever memorable exposition at the White City. You were more than a teacher to us; you were a father and a friend. Shall we forget those noble thoughts, which, when you were on the altar, fell from your lips on our souls, like the heavenly dew in night's silent hours? Shall not our ears and hearts long re-echo your pleasant words and laughter as you took part in our college games? Every room where we have seen you so often, will remind us of him whom we have lost and even his absence will be a new proof of his interest in our behalf.

"We know that you do not quit our shores for your own enjoyment, but for the good of our Alma Mater; like the bee that returned with the honey of every flower, you will come back to us after having heard the greatest scholars of the age and after having studied the wonders of ancient and mod-

ern civilization. This thought will enable us to bear the separation for a few years and open our hearts in fervent wishes for your welfare.

"May God preserve your health and grant you success in all your undertakings; may He bring you back to those who will follow you on the seas, to the Eternal City, to the feet of the vicar of Christ, and who will await impatiently the happy moment of reunion. Please accept this small purse as a token of the esteem in which you are held by the students and your friends."

FATHER RIVARD'S REPLY.

Many times have we, as students, entered our college hall to partake of an intellectual treat and listen to tones whose vibrations echoed in far more famous and stately walls than those of our recreation hall; we have been carried aloft by the expression of sentiments that had won applause from larger audiences than our little band of professors and students, but I think that I am safe in asserting that no words ever uttered in our presence made such an impression upon us as those spoken by Rev. E. L. Rivard in response to an address read to him by Mr. Charles O'Reilly on behalf of the students. The Rev. Father being entirely unaware of such an action, was much surprised and embarrassed with conflicting thoughts, but in a few moments that self-possession which is a distinctive trait of his, returned. He said that he was making a sacrifice in leaving his native place, friends, Alma Mater, and his good, kind director,

Rev. Fr. Marsile, in order that he might equip himself to be of more service to the cause of education in the future. He also said that he was unaware of the fact that he was of such service to the various departments of his Alma Mater as the address stated, but rather all those were aids to him. He expressed his warmest sentiments on the large number of professors, and he hoped that they would lend their time and spend their energies in the cultivation of the hearts and minds of the students, and that the students would correspondingly bend to that which their professors asked of them, and that they should not grow melancholy when a task discourages them, or when they discover the shortcomings of their intellect; because a beginning is not enough, perseverance is necessary, and students should make up their minds that without conflict they could not be crowned. That if they would do this, he assured them they would be an honor to their Alma Mater, useful to themselves, their country, and beloved of God. That it was also his greatest wish that they might be successful and diligent in his absence, and that on his return three years hence, he would find many of the younger students here, and that he might hear good tidings of those who meanwhile may have gone forth. He highly appreciated their generous offering, and thanked them sincerely for it, saying that he did not at all deem himself worthy of it. In return, he promised that he would remember them in his prayers, which, under his

present circumstances, was the only token of gratitude he could give them. Overcome with that feeling natural to all on leaving their native country, he bade them all an affectionate farewell, and asked their prayers that he might have a *bon voyage*.

D. E. W.

MILITARY.

The present year indeed promises to be most successful. Col. O'Reilly has organized the various companies, and everything is now running in the best of order. We all know of Mr. O'Reilly's ability in handling military affairs, and are convinced that no pains will be spared to make the battalion successful, and to keep up the high standard of preceding years. A competitive drill was held the 13th; Ex-Col. Pelletier, Rev. M. Lennartz, and Mr. J. Hayden, acting as judges. The drill devolved great credit on those partaking, and resulted in the following promotions:

S.V.C. STAFF.

Major, F. O'Reilly.
Adjutant, J. A. Casey.
Aid-de-camp, C. J. Quille.
Commissary, A. Lyons.
Sergeant-Major, F. Provost.

COMPANY A.

Captain, J. Murphy.
First Lieutenant, J. Fitzpatrick.
Second Lieutenant, J. Sullivan.
First Sergeant, J. Clancy.
Second Sergeant, J. Marx.

COMPANY B.

Captain, J. O'Dwyer.
First Lieutenant, J. Mortimer.

Second Lieutenant, E. Bouchard.
First Sergeant, J. Hennig.
Second Sergeant, P. Darche.

COMPANY C.

Captain, E. Legris.
First Lieutenant, D. Moore,
Second Lieutenant, A. Provost.
First Sergeant, E. Gazzolo.
Second Sergeant, A. Golden.

COMPANY D.

Captain, J. Vanderwenter.
First Lieutenant, J. Cullerton.
Second Lieutenant, D. Deneault.
First Sergeant, J. Cavanaugh.
Second Sergeant, J. Berry.

The Ford exhibition squad has been organized with sixteen members, and will practice new movements daily, so as to be prepared for their first public appearance on St. Viateur's Day. The squad has always been in past years a decided success, and we feel confident that it will not only meet but exceed our expectations. J. K. C.

CHANGE.

It is a fact that nothing in this life can indefinitely maintain the same state of being as that which it had on coming into existence.

This shortcoming is called change, caused more or less by the laws of nature, according to the different circumstances under which the thing represents itself.

A little brook, though narrow at its source, soon becomes wide by uniting with others. At one time you see it flowing silently along the valleys, dividing and subdividing into little streams, and at another time uniting with larger ones and flowing down the

cliffs with a deafening noise. Thus it is continually changing until it becomes lost in the depths of some river, which in turn is swallowed up by the fathomless ocean.

The wind, now calm, pleases us with its refreshing breezes; but the breeze later on becomes violent and unpleasant, and soon arises a storm which sweeps over the plains, tearing up trees, knocking down houses, and spreading ruin and disaster on every hand.

Trees are gradually undergoing some changes from the time they are planted till they decay. In the spring, when they are in bloom, we see them covered with leaves and blossoms; but, as summer approaches, these blossoms become fruit, which autumn ripens, winter removing the last sign of life.

Flowers first appear in the form of buds. These little buds by receiving nutrition from the soil become larger, and spread themselves until they have reached a certain size, and again are destroyed by the influence of time.

The sea is another example of change. At one time it is calm and tranquil, allowing the smallest boats to float on it undisturbed, and at another time it tosses about big vessels and dashes them against the rocks.

Change goes on indefinitely. We look on and see these changes and feel that we, too, are constantly becoming different.

Our appearances, our tastes are not today what they were yesterday. The friends of former years grow cold in their love; we miss them for a time, but soon learn to like others just as well.

Our manner of living is constantly changing. We find new things, and these we desire.

In fact, if we examine closely we find in ourselves a love of change. We soon grow tired of sameness, and feel a great rest in diversity of scene or employment.

Whilst we notice these movements taking place about us, and although we find pleasure from many of them, still we know that all this is an imperfection. This cannot be *all*, and we love to think of a time or place where the fullness of perfection shall manifest itself and where there shall be such complete enjoyment that no change will be needed, and none desired.

That such possibilities exist, our longings, together with this very change constantly going on, give ample proof.

JOHN DEVANE.

DILIGENCE.

Those do well who, in their college days, foster and encourage the spirit of advancement, and aim at success with determination and diligence. The moral and intellectual education of each one must be, in a great measure, the result of his own work. We are obliged to give the final shape to our own character, since no one else can do it without our consent and correspondence. And we must also be the architects of our own fortunes.

On all sides we see those who have the same opportunity that others had for strengthening and educating their minds; but they produce different results. And even when we compare

different characters of our own knowing we can see two kinds of people, one of whom, by being more diligent than the other advances up the hill of life with unerring steadfastness, gaining new footing at every step, and mounting at length to eminence and distinction; whilst Lazy Bones attains to nothing but poverty, wretchedness, and obscurity. Now, this is manifestly the result of their own respective efforts and application, the one watching every opportunity to improve, but the other letting many a precious moment slip and "wasting his sweetness on the desert air."

The infinite value of time is not realized by the sluggard, but to the diligent it is the most precious gem in all the world; for he, desiring not only to train himself morally, but also to hold a respectable position in life, and remembering the adage that "time and tide wait for no man," "makes his hay while the sun shines." Time is so precious that there is never but one moment in the world at once, and that is always taken away before another one is given. What folly, therefore, to waste and disregard this most precious gift of God! A terrible account must be rendered to the Author of such a gift by those who squander it, for its abuse is a crime from which they will not be exculpated by any plea they can manufacture.

Diligence will lead us to the founts of knowledge and make us enlightened and refined. This consideration should be another spur to goad us upward, so that by repeated efforts we may gain the crown. But how is knowledge ac-

quired? Not certainly by idling our time or by keeping bad company. It is by employing well the time that is given us, and by studying diligently. In order, then, to practice what I preach and lest "I should myself become a castaway," I will form strong habits of application, try to be diligent, and aim at success. As for those with whom I come in contact, I shall always encourage them as much as I can to fight and win.

Thou, O Diligence! art my motto. Thou dost speak to me in whispers of encouragement and inspire me with resolution to put down in myself the sloth of the old Adam and to set up in its stead the activity of the Life-giver. Thou dost even lead me to heaven's holy threshold and there point out to me how beautiful thou art in the only place thou art justly appreciated, and never allowed to become encrusted with idleness.

LUKE MULLINS,
Bloomington, Ill.

Rev. J. A. Kelly, of Gilman, Ill., had first communion at his church Sunday, Sept. 16. Several priests and seminarians assisted at the celebration. Rev. M. J. Marsile was celebrant; Rev. J. Laberge, D.D., deacon, and Rev. G. A. Williams, sub-deacon. Dr. Laberge preached a very eloquent sermon. Four members of the college Altar Society graced the occasion by their presence. The church was beautifully decorated; the music superb. The sweet, innocent children, some fifty in number, were not only well instructed in their religion, but moved around with a grace that showed how well they had been prepared for so important an event. The people of Gilman are to be congratulated on having so efficient a pastor among them.

• • • FACULTY • • •

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Professor of Latin, Reading, and Grammar.

MR. C. KOCH.

Professor of Arithmetic, Geography, and German.

MR. J. F. HAYDEN.

Professor of History.

MR. J. NAWN.

Professor of English Literature and Elocution.

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Professor of Reading, Spelling, and Arithmetic.

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