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### EDITORIAL.

WE should strive to know and love the beautiful, because it surrounds us on all sides. Beauty peeps from the tiniest flower, as it also shows itself in the sturdiest oak. It is reflected from a drop of water and from the surging ocean. It speaks to us from the grain of sand as it does from the snow-clad peaks of the "Rockies." Beauty moves the poet's pen, the painter's brush, the sculptor's chisel. It carries us from earth to heaven and casts us at the feet of God—from whom comes all the beauty we can see around us; and is but a dim reflection of His immensity. Should we not, then, study beauty? By all means, yes. It purifies, elevates and ennobles us, keeping our minds in healthy and pleasing occupation.

MAN thinks, reasons, judges! What possibilities are his! The boundaries of earth and air, and ocean stay him not. He soars above and beyond all these, penetrates heaven itself, reaches even to God. No wonder weak man, feeling these possibilities, becomes rebellious and is tempted to think complacently of his own sufficiency. Still, if he pause to study these powers, he will find that they are often wanting—his thoughts are not always his own—his reason cannot explain all the mysteries which surround him, and too often his judgments are wrong. Then what an abuse is often made of these faculties, even by so-called learned men, who would make everything unreal and unreasonable by saying that there is no *knowable* cause for all we see about us. The number of wild theorists is beyond counting. Still we boast of reason.

\* \* \*

CHRISTMAS, with all its joys, memories and delights, is again with us. All the little trials of the year are to be cast aside, and hearts that have grown weary, that have been heavily laden, shall now rise up like a drooping flower after a

refreshing shower. And why not? Doesn't this day appeal with irresistible force to our better nature? Does it not bring back happy recollections? and surely, it still has in store for us many pleasures. Oh, we have plenty of days to give to lonesome feelings, if we must be *blue*; but surely every one must see that this is the day of days on which to rejoice. Let us unfold our hearts to the joys that abound and our minds to unravel the mystic meaning of the time; and feeling happy ourselves, let us also try to make others happy.

The rest and change and good feeling of Christmas ought to be a means of awakening in us greater energy for good and determined efforts during the New Year. We ought to return with elevated hearts to the work that has been interrupted. Dejected spirits and sour faces are a poor remembrance of Christmas holidays. The joys of Christmas ought to produce other results. The JOURNAL extends a most cordial greeting to its readers, with the best wishes of the season, hoping that joy and peace may come to every home whose threshold it crosses. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

The *Catholic Reading Circle* contains a beautiful article by Miss Elisa Ellen Starr, in which she says that all true art is blended with Christian thought. This review is quite interesting and a good medium for exchange of opinions between Catholic educators.

### EDWIN ARNOLD'S "LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

*Written for the Christmas Number of St. Viateur's Journal.*

The life of Christ has been muchly written in our times. The infidel Renan wrote it; the staunch believer Louis Veuillot wrote it. The scientific P'ere Didon and the poet Arnold have both told the mysterious story of Christ's earthly career. Mr. Arnold has artfully woven into a poetic whole the principal events which fill the days of a God visibly sojourning among men. The subject is happily chosen. The poem is one that borders on the epic, and will take its place alongside of *Paradise Lost* and the *Divine Comedy*.

In the introductory chapter, "Bethlehem," the poet relates the birth of Christ. He brings the reader upon the rugged scene, amid the shepherds who heard the Angels' song. Every object thrills us with its divine associations. In an outburst of admiration he thus addresses the fortunate peasants of old:

"Oh, thrice blest shepherds, suffer if we  
creep  
Back through the tangled thicket of the  
years  
To graze in your fair flock, to strain our  
ears  
With listening herdsmen, if, perchance,  
one note  
Of such high singing in the fine air float;  
If any rock thrills yet with that great  
strain  
We did not hear, and shall not hear again;  
If any olive-leaf at Bethlehem  
Still lips one syllable vouchsafed to them,

If some stream, conscious still — some  
breeze — be stirred  
With echo of the immortal words ye  
heard."

The mysterious star guiding the Magi, the Angels' anthem of Peace; the perfidy and cruelty of Herod are very artfully made use of as poetic elements. The opening chapter is a splendid introduction to the poem proper. It is by no means the great boast which, as Horace says, is followed by nothing. We are not disappointed by the sequence, which is quite in keeping with the excellent beginning.

The curtain rises to disclose the now deserted village of El Mejdal, "Stamped for immortal memory by one Name,  
Her's who 'loved much' and had her home in thee  
Mary of Magdala."

The chapter "Mary Magdelene" relates the chance visit of Pilate and Claudia, his wife, to the house of Mary Magdelene. The speech of Pontius is full of the outpourings of a remorseful soul, of the pangs of a strong spirit that betrayed itself; of rage for the act that reflection pardons not. His terrible words, "What is writ, is writ," haunt him. The remembrance of the Patient One who came to witness truth, and to rule without a throne, without royal purple and signs of power, galls him. Despair possesses his guilty soul. He calls for the hostess, the convert, Mary Magdelene, formerly

"A Queen of Sin, crowning the shameless  
brow

With a diadem of tresses, tied with pearls,  
And set her henna-scented feet on necks  
Of Greek and Latin lovers."

Transformed into an angel of penitence, of meekness, of Godly forbearance, she appears in presence of the slayer of her most beloved. To his query,

"Wottest thou who I am?"

she answers :

"Time hath been  
When, with a curse, or by my girdle-  
knife,  
The answer of thy handmaid had been  
given.

Now I have grace to say I hate thee not,  
But pray His peace for thee. Did He not  
pray

'Father, forgive them?' Yea, I know  
thee well,

'Twas thou didst send my Master to the  
cross."

To this high spirited speech Pilate  
adds :

"Hast thou forgiven, who didst love him  
so,

That which my well-worn soul, careless  
of blood,

Pardons not itself?"

"And Mary said : 'I could not love Him  
so,

Nor rightly worship Him, nor live to-  
day—

As always I must live—on the dear food  
Of His true lips, nor trust to go to Him  
The way He went, if I forgot His word—  
'Love ye your enemies.' Remembering  
that,

I bear to look upon thee, Roman Lord!"

During this conversation, Magdelene, to satisfy the inquiring mind of Pilate, told him of the Christ and Calvary :

"How, surely, with the sad days ending  
New days were dawned and hope un-  
known to earth,

How He walked, the shadow of Him Love,  
The speech of Him soft music, and His  
step

A Benediction. Making sick folk whole,  
The lame to walk, the lepers to go clean;  
And taking back the dead from Death,  
by might

Of some deep secret which He had from  
Heaven."

Whereat Pilate, fearing to be con-  
vinced, fled, saying :

"One other watch spent here  
Will brand me Nazarene !"

He rushes into the outer world,  
pursued by the questioning of his  
soul, fearful lest Olympus be emptied  
of its Gods.

\* \* \*

The next chant introduces the  
youngest of the Magi, returning aft-  
er a long lapse of years in quest of  
some further knowledge of the mys-  
terious babe whose birth had been  
told by the spheres above and troops  
of white-winged angels. He seeks  
conference with Mary Magdelene,  
who walked closest in the presence  
of Christ. He tells her he would  
learn from her what truths Christ  
taught that Buddha did not teach.  
She pays the honest Buddhist a  
compliment, saying :

"Surely thou art one he would have  
praised  
Desiring truth."

The other chants are but the con-  
tinuation of the discourses held be-  
tween Mary and the Magus. The  
discussion at times becomes very  
animated, being a comparative study  
of Christianity and Buddhism, and  
though it often takes a philosophical  
turn, yet, never loses its poetical

character. The words of Mary are  
the breathings of an intensely lov-  
ing soul; those of the Magus reveal  
a fairly inquisitive, but not skepti-  
cal mind. In Book Third the story  
of the alabaster box is wonderfully  
told. Then come the parables in  
Book Fourth, in which Mary ex-  
plains how Christ chose themes from  
nature to impart his lessons of wis-  
dom, as Syrian girls pluck flowers  
to spell dear names. At last the  
Magus exclaims :

"Whence are words to thank  
These words which teach me where Jesus  
filled

The leaf of Wisdom in and wrote for men  
The Name Lord Buddah would not say  
nor spell?"

We stop at Tyre, by way of di-  
version, where Christ came to be the  
"Gentle Destroyer of this Heathenry."

The transition from sensual pag-  
anism to Christianity is a victory of  
that

"Love which is the sunlight of peace,  
Age by age to increase,  
Till angers and hatred are dead  
And sorrow and death shall cease :  
'Peace on earth, and good will !'  
Souls that are gentle and still  
Hear the first music of this  
Far-off, infinite bliss !"

\* \* \*

The Fourth Canto is a grand  
poem of love. It sings of the Love  
of God and Man. It is here that  
the climax is reached; at least, so it  
impressed me. Here Mary explains  
how Christ taught men to love like  
God, with a love undying, unflin-  
g, undivided, disinterested, pure,  
perfect, divine. Whence comes the

law which is above all laws: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind—and thy neighbor as thyself." This is shown to be the distinctively Christian teaching, the most important law, the flower of our common brotherhood. There have been noble men, wise teachers, worthy soldiers,

"Yet, never was there one might say at height

Of topmost virtue, 'See in me that God  
Elsewise unseen. For my sake find in

Man  
Heaven's glory hiding; and for my sake  
love

The least of these my brethern, since the  
least

Hath God in him, or shall have!' Oh,  
our best

Left us still sighing, 'All this petty world  
Is full of spoiled and spoilers; strangers,  
foes,

Hating and hatred; rending each from  
each

By force or fraud the means to live; low  
souls,

Base, void, unholy! What should make  
us love

This poor forked fellow-worm, plagued  
with vile needs,

By savage passions scourged, whose brittle  
life

Commenced in helplessness, runs its vain  
round

Of meats, drinks, sleeping, striving; then  
sinks back,

Helpless again, to that day whence he  
came?

Where shall we find Heaven's image in  
these brows

Ape-like and low? these faces foul with  
lusts?

Those hands with guiltless blood dyed  
red, those eyes

Aflame with greed and anger;—nay, and  
worse,

Those false, deceiving hearts that cog and  
cheat,

The smooth, reputed hypocrites who  
smile,

And, with serpent's glitter, drag his  
sting?"

In view of this desolate waste of  
vileness, what hope might man still  
have that he was ever akin of God  
and that he might pass, at his end,  
a purged thing, to the Infinite? To  
this Mary says:

"This has my Lord and Master satisfied!  
This from the mouth of doubters and  
unfaith

Forever hath He taken.....

I—even I—the wilful one, the wild,  
Because He did forgive, because my feet  
Are clean with treading in His step.....

I, Miriam of Magdala, rejoice.....  
Standing persuaded that no height, no  
depth,

Nor present things, nor things to be, nor  
powers,

Nor pangs shall separate us from His  
Grace."

The following word-picture of  
Christ by Magdelene reveals the  
God-man as seen by Mary and all  
those who loved Him:

"This Godlike One,  
This spotless, sinless, stainless, blameless  
Christ,

Whom none did once convince of one  
small swerve

From perfectness; nor ever shall!—so  
strong

The elements obey Him; so divine  
The devils worshipped; so with virtue  
charged

The touch of him was health; so master-  
ful

The dead come back upon His call; so  
mild

The little children clustered at His knee  
And nestled trustful locks on that kind  
breast,

Which leans to-day on God's—Consider,  
Sir!

A human heart beat there! a human brain  
Pondered and pitied, and was sorrowful  
Behind that Sovereign brow."

The Buddhist is curious to know from the daughter of Jairus her impressions of the world beyond, from which she returned reluctantly at the call of the Master. The treatment of this subject is masterly.

\* \* \*

The sixth and last book commences with the acknowledgement on the part of the Magus:

"Then thy Master wrought  
Better than Buddh, showing the world beyond

Where men shall find their treasures of  
good works

Laid upon trust, awaiting; loss made gain;  
The Kingdom come."

Mary, to confirm the speech of the risen girl, as told in the preceding chapter, tells the wonderful story of the resurrection of her own brother, Lazarus, which she witnessed herself, and then the crucifixion, the real, the cruel, the lonely death of Christ and his likewise real and glorious resurrection. Perhaps the most characteristic passage in the book is the stanza which so vividly expresses the passionate love of Magdelene for Jesus. After her vain searching in the empty tomb she finally meets Him. Thus she describes her emotions:

"When I was fain  
To fling my arms around his knees and  
pour

My hair upon his feet and eat, eat, eat  
His garment's hem with kissing, meas-  
uredly

He stayed me, saying: 'Touch me not!  
Not yet

Am I ascended to my Father! Go!  
Speak to my brethren; say that I ascend  
Unto my Father, and to yours—my God,  
And your God."

The Buddhist then asks whether he was seen again of men, to which she avers that he had spoken and walked and eaten with them in Galilee. Then the Magus exclaims:

"Truly the Son of God!"

Thus ends the poem.

\* \* \*

If I may be allowed a few critical remarks in conclusion, I would say that on the whole the poem lacks dramatic element, being too recitative and descriptive, especially toward the end. The end, which should be the climax, is too abrupt. It should have consisted more of an animated dialogue between Mary and the Magus, a speech during which both would grow enthusiastic over the victory of Christ risen, somewhat in the style of the *Te Deum* of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine. There are a few minor theological flaws which can be overlooked *in poetry*.

The book is a very recommendable one and will do much good. It will be read by many who would not read the more serious and argumentative works on the subject. And it is sure that those who read it will learn to love Christ and to follow His precepts, even though they do not will to believe. Many will, like the Magus, believe and become apostles in their own way. —*T. K.*

## WHO IS ST. VIATEUR?

*Translated from the "Annuaire de L'Institut."*

The saints often inherit an obscurity which seems strange in the eyes of a vanity-loving world. They are hidden gems. They do their great deeds in the silence of deserts, and crave not the admiration of men nor the puny fame that this world gives. Thus it was with St. Viateur, the patron of the Clerics who now bear his name. He lived in the fourth century, an age which presented the astonished world the spectacle of the most admirable virtues. The exact time and place of his birth are not known; his title of Lector of Lyons leads us to reasonably suppose that he lived at Lyons. Likewise the exact date of his death is unknown. It is certain, at all events, that, as St. Aloysius of Gonzaga and St. Stanislas of Kostka, he reached a high degree of perfection while yet very young. He is, therefore, fittingly chosen as a model of those virtues which should characterize youth. The bishop of Vienna, St. Adon, referred to the Lector of Lyons as a *very saintly young man*. The Roman martyrology fixes his feast on the 21st of October, the day which is piously observed in all the houses of the community as their patronal feast.

### THE NAME VIATEUR.

Providentially, as it were, the name Viateur was conferred on the child who was to realize in after life

the meaning of the name by becoming the constant companion of Bishop Just during his long exile.

Not only did he thus literally verify the meaning of his name by becoming a *voyager* on earth; he also fulfilled the deepest, the mystical sense of the word *traveller* by his absolute detachment from earthly pleasures, thus proving that he was only a stranger on the earth, aspiring with all the ardor of his soul to the possession of the abode of lasting peace and of true pleasures.

### THE LECTOR.

Owing to the happy dispositions observed in the young man by the bishop of Lyons, young Viateur was called to the order of Lector. To this call he readily responded, thinking the word of his superior the will of God. In the fulfillment of the obligations of his office, which consisted in reading the scriptures to the people, ministering at the altar and catechising the young, he distinguished himself by great humility and zeal.

### PRELUDE OF A NEW DESTINY.

Here an interesting turning point occurs in the peaceful life of the young levite. No human life is without some romantic element. It happened that at this time an unfortunate man of Lyons in a fit of frenzy killed his wife, and sought refuge in the church, availing himself of the *right of the sanctuary*, or the *Droit d'Asile*, which then obtained. The people, although aware of the sacred custom, were so indig-

nant at the crime that they sought to drag the criminal by force from the church. Bishop Just at first opposed this violation of the sacred right; but, as the anger of the multitude increased and he feared a riot, he thought it his duty to surrender this man to the governor upon <sup>his</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>own</sup> oath that he would protect the criminal from the fury of the crowd. As soon, however, as the murderer stepped outside of the church the people seized him, as they would a wild beast, and instantly put him to death. Notwithstanding the prudential measures the good bishop had resorted to in this affair, the tragical denouement so vividly affected him that he thought himself responsible before God for the terrible death of the criminal. He therefore made up his mind, then and there, to seek the solitude of Egyptian deserts, then the populous rendezvous of penitence, in order to atone for his pretended fault. Many years did he cherish this project, only awaiting a favorable opportunity of putting it into execution. Finally in the year 381, after the Council of Aquileia, at which he assisted in quality of *Legate of all Gaul*, he thought the favorable moment had come for taking his leave of his Episcopal See and fleeing into the desert.

#### THE EXILES.

Young Viateur, to whom the bishop had confided this secret, had promised to follow him on his distant journey. While returning

from the Council the bishop dismissed his suite on pretext of visiting his parents at Fournon, but in reality to spare his people the emotions of a painful separation. Viateur, who had been advised to meet the bishop at Arles, secretly left Lyons, abandoned the hope of the dignities for which his virtues and his talents qualified him, severed <sup>all engagements with</sup> ~~himself completely from~~ parents and friends, and hastening to Arles, cast himself at the feet of his bishop, saying: "My Lord, thou hast called me, behold, here I am, here is Thy son." Thereafter the bonds of spiritual affection which already united their two souls became closer and more indissoluble. Both made their way to Marseilles and thence took the first vessel for the East. Nor did they long tarry in the historic cities and rich valleys of the Nile; they sought godliness, and found it in the monasteries of Thebais. Under the guise of ordinary penitents they gained admittance into a monastery, where they distinguished themselves by great humility, obedience and mortification. The young cleric who had edified Lyons by his candor and innocence became in this "arena of the strong" an example of all the religious virtues; of self-denial, of poverty, of obedience and purity. Such are the qualities which render the life of this "very saintly young man" so worthy of our admiration and imitation.

Bishop Just was approaching his end. He had at his side his faith-

ful lector, and a priest of Lyons, called Antiochus, who had found out the hiding-place of his beloved friend and bishop. The dying bishop, in prophecy, announced to the priest that he would become bishop of Lyons. This was accomplished. To young Viateur, who, in tears, supplicated the bishop, his kindly guide, not to leave him thus alone, he said: "Do not weep, my son, for soon <sup>Thou shalt</sup> you will follow me to the heavenly country." Comforted by these words, Viateur dried his tears and piously rendered his last services to this good bishop, who died Sept. 2nd.

#### HIS DEATH.

His hopes, his affections, his desires were all celestial; the love of God consumed him. Soon his constitution gave way and his beautiful soul, prematurely rich in merits, winged its flight to its heavenly home to receive the crown of the blessed. His death took place October the 21st, some weeks after the death of St. Just, whose promise had thus its fulfillment.

The monks who had welcomed both penitents appeared at last, after the death of the venerable old man, and they manifested a high opinion of his sanctity. They admired, also, the heroic conduct of St. Viateur when his end was approaching, and the constancy of his virtue in the desert. They thanked God for having made of their monastery these souls' entrance to heaven.

#### ~~THE FATE OF~~ THE RELICS OF ST. JUST AND ST. VIATEUR.

We may suppose that the same tomb received the remains of our two saints. However this may be, the inhabitants of Lyons having learned of the death of their good bishop, desired to have his body in their midst. Meanwhile, they sent a deputation to Egypt to reclaim the precious remains. At that time each town was eager to possess the relics of its saints on account of the temporal and spiritual graces granted by God as a recompense for the respect shown His faithful servants.

With the body of St. Just they brought that of St. Viateur. Thus, while their souls enjoyed the same happiness in heaven, they received like honors on earth.

The same church which was, before, the Church of the Macabees, at Lyons, became their last resting place and has since taken the name of St. Just. There these precious remains were religiously preserved and honored until the 16th century. At this epoch, the Calvinists captured Lyons, and according to their customs of insulting those things which Catholics look upon with pious veneration, they profaned in a horrible manner all the relics which fell into their hands; those of St. Just and St. Viateur suffered the common fate.

However, the head of St. Just was preserved from their fury. It is precious preserved in Primatial Church of Lyons.

A considerable relic of St. Viateur

remained until the revolution, in the Church of St. Just; and as the fanatic impiety of the revolutionist was not less dangerous than the former fury of the Huguenots, the sacristan of the Church protected the sacred relics from new outrages. He bequeathed it as a legacy at his death to M. Caron, the sacristan Priest of St. John's of Lyons.

M. Caron, seeing M. Querbes praying in this church, gave to him the sacred deposit, of which the founder of the clerics of St. Viateur became the guardian. M. l'Abbe' Caron rightly judged that this rich treasure naturally belonged to the congregation under the protection of St. Viateur. Rev. M. Querbes divided the precious relic into many parts, which he distributed among the principal houses so as to excite the devotion to St. Viateur among all the members of the institute.

—F. A. Moody.

#### EXCHANGES.

The *Peddie Chronicle* for November contains some serious and instructive articles.

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We extend our hearty greetings to the college confraternity. May peace and good will prevail.

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The Peoria *High School Opinion* has found its way into our sanctum. We will exchange with pleasure.

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The *Sunbeam* has some timely editorial hints about the cultivation

of pure English in conversation in and out of school, and practical hints about the study of music and of the arts generally.

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We always welcome the *Sodalist* and the *Holy Family*, which are full of interesting stories for the Minims.

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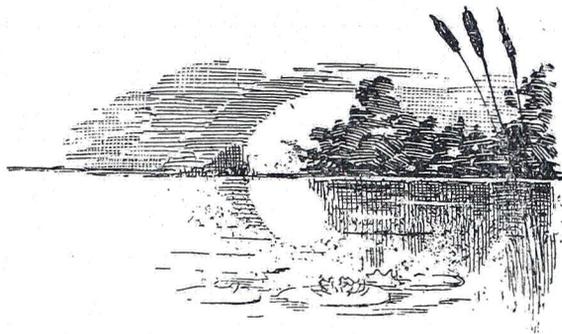
We give the Georgetown *College Journal* a hearty welcome, and are pleased to note its steady progress. Its Table of Contents contains many interesting subjects, all very nicely treated.

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The *Lever* is quite a neat paper for a high school, but its editorial pen, judging from the light matter issuing from it, is not yet powerful enough to move the world. Ambition is sometimes laudable, presumption never.

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For a paragon of perfection, the very beau-ideal of a college journal, we shall always look up to the *College Message*. Yes, in spite of such hypercritical remarks as the following in the November *High School World*: "*The College Message* might have been printed in better type. There is hardly a perfectly formed letter in the whole paper." Let us remind the *High School World* that it is not the habit which makes the monk. No—no—there is not in the *Message* one small swerve from perfectness. The *Message* itself says so, and that settles it. We dare wish the aforesaid modest sheet all the joys of the season.



## HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE.

Near the banks of the Kankakee River is situated the quaint little village of Bourbonnais Grove. The place itself, though not a scenic resort, is far from being unattractive. The little town has an air of life about it, and the unassuming few who make their home here are as happy and contented as the denizens of the metropolis.

The village is an old landmark, having been settled over sixty years ago by Mr. Noel Lavasseur, who died Dec. 12, 1879. The village is hemmed in by one of the most fertile tracts of land on the Illinois prairies, and the inhabitants are mostly retired farmers, who now enjoy the sweets of well earned repose. The Kankakee at this point has cut itself a deep and winding valley, through which it leisurely winds its way to the Illinois River some thirty-five miles northwest.

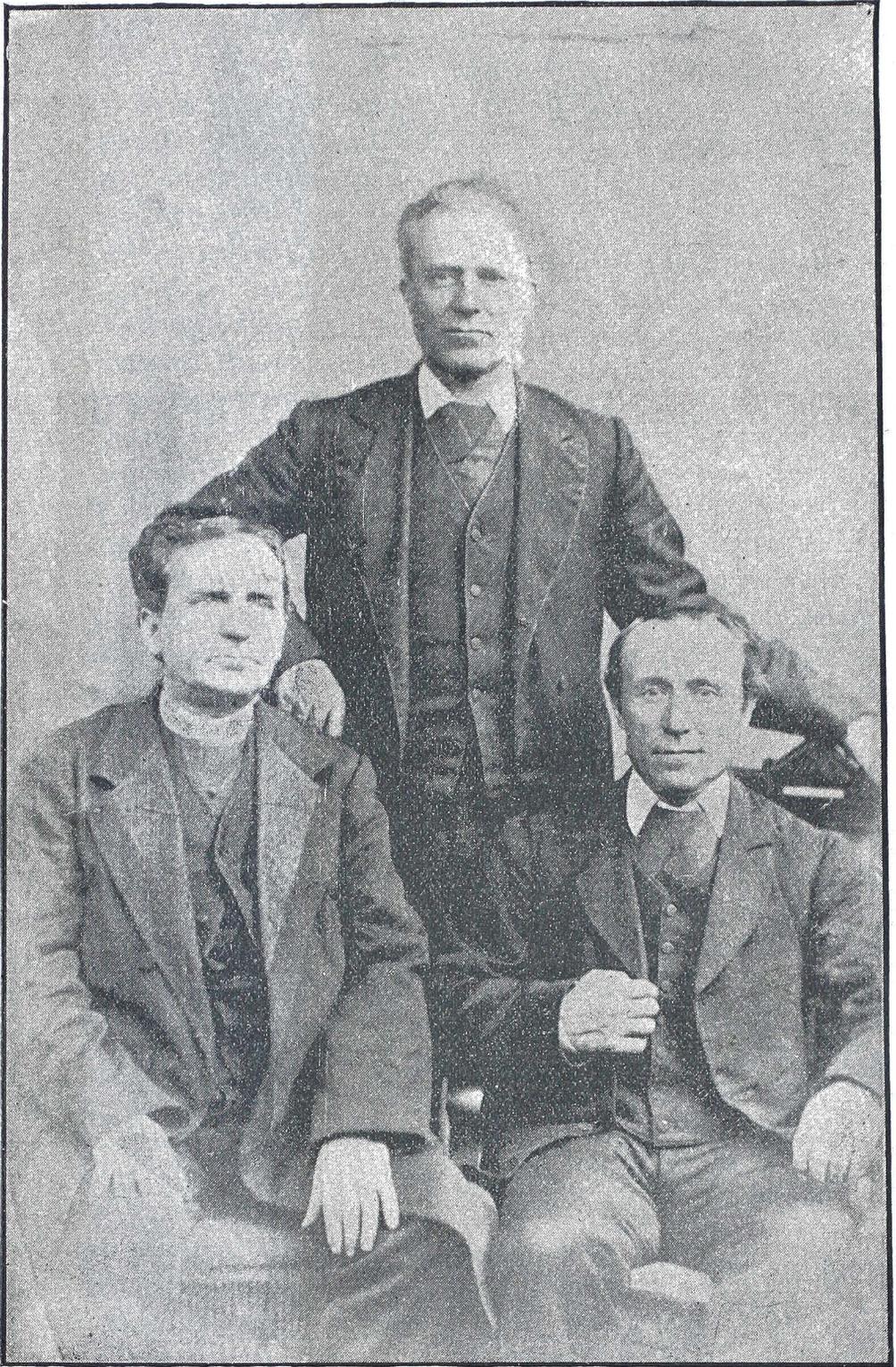
Dense groves line the river on either side, and altogether the river and surrounding landscape present

a ruggedly beautiful scene. It would seem that a more favorable spot could not be chosen for a school or college than this little village, and it was this which induced the founders of St. Viateur's to choose this appropriate place.

This site is no less remarkable for its healthy surroundings. Standing high over the valley of the river, the drainage is complete; no stagnant pools are ever present to develop and spread malarial poison.

Local advantages are no small matter in the selection of a college site; healthy and attractive surroundings do much to make the student content with his college home.

The history of St. Viateur's College, though short, is interesting. It has not been without its difficulties, but it has overcome these and now stands on a level with the foremost educational institutions of the West. The history of this institution began in 1865. The people of



FOUNDERS OF ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE.

Bourbonnais Grove feeling the need of good educators for their children made application through their pastor, Rev. Father Cote, to Very Rev. C. E. Champaneur, C. S. V., Joliette, Canada, who was then provincial of the community of St. Viateur. The Superior saw plainly the need there was of good teachers, and he sent three religious of the order to open a school. These were Very Rev. P. Beaudoin, C. S. V., R. D., Rev. J. B. Bernard, C. S. V., and Rev. J. Martel, C. S. V.

These three young men came not merely to teach the young secular knowledge, but to instil into these growing minds sound principles of religious doctrine, to shield them from the dangers of apostasy then rendered so alluring by the fatal eloquence of the fallen priest, Chiniquy. No better means could have been adopted for reaching this end. Upon their arrival they took charge of the district school which became a parochial school, and later a commercial academy. The building which they then occupied was what is now the refectory and infirmary. It was a two-story building, 60 x 40 feet. While Fr. Beaudoin administered the affairs of the parish he ever kept a watchful eye over the interests of the infant school; Bro. Augustine Martel acted in capacity of director and taught the French course, and Bro. Bernard taught English and arithmetic. At the end of the first year the success of the school was assured, and in order to do justice to the increasing num-

ber of pupils Bro. Lamarche was sent as a reinforcement. The latter became director, Bro. Martel taking charge of the *procure*. That year, 1877, a commercial course was inaugurated. The students were becoming interested, and as they required more time to study they were given hours of study in the evening, and even room was made for a limited number to sleep at the school. There were, however, no boarders.

In 1868 the Brothers bought the school from the town board for \$3,000, payable in teaching. They were allowed fifteen years to finish this payment. The school steadily prospered and gained a reputation that attracted students from abroad. As Fr. Beaudoin saw that it was bound to outgrow its present proportions he thought it would be best for the interest of the school to call for another priest who would take charge of it and enlarge it so as to supply the demand. In answer to his appeal Joliette sent Rev. Thomas Roy, C. S. V., with Bro. Guay. With their arrival dawned a new era.

In concluding this first sketch let us be allowed to say that of the three who first came here two survive—Fr. Beaudoin, who is still pastor of Maternity Church and president of the Board of Trustees, and Bro. A. Martel, who is now director of the prosperous Viatorian Academy at St. Timothee, Canada, Bro. Bernard died Aug. 24, 1890, after a long and devoted career as treasurer of St. Viateur's College.

SYNOPTICAL REVIEW OF  
PROPERTY.

THIRD ESSAY—WHAT WE MAY POS-  
SESS.

Thus far we have been discussing the *why* and the *how* we may possess; let us now very briefly say the *what* we call our own. It seems to me we can possess in three general ways, physically, morally, and intellectually. The laborer is entitled to his wages, and the man who builds a house for himself has a right to its possession. Whatever we make or effect by our own efforts, of whatever we are the producing cause, of that we can claim ownership, generally speaking. If he improves and heightens its value he is entitled to the enjoyment of that improvement, and evil is the law or system which ignores his title.

Men as individual factors constituting a community have one with the other entered into a tacit agreement, a silent contract, concerning their honor and reputation. These are goods which a man can call his own, and to which he has a most undeniable right. They cannot be rated in court at any conceivable price or money value, nor purchased with gold. They are property precious and priceless, the robbing of which will ever cry aloud for justice, and never cease till vengeance is wreaked on the black-mouthed slanderer. Since man has a right and title to his good name and reputation detraction and calumny are sins, not against charity, but against

commutative justice, and they call for restitution. Whoever defames another's character thereof commits a cruel injustice, wrongs and robs him of what is his, of what is more closely connected with him and of greater value than any material wealth or property, enters thereby into an involuntary contract with the defamed party, and thus takes upon himself, *ipso facto*, whether he will or no, the obligation of restoring the good name his detracting tongue has taken away.

“Good name in man or woman,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :  
Who steals my purse steals trash ;  
’tis something, nothing.  
’Twas mine, ’tis his, and has been  
slave to thousands ;  
But he that filches from me my good  
name  
Robs me of that which not enriches  
him,  
And makes me poor indeed.”

Productions of the mind are one's own, and there is every right to their possession. When a person labors mentally, writes a book, paints a picture, or invents a new machine, such a work becomes the produce of his brain, his own mental offspring, to the ownership of which no one else can dispute his title. Hence the injustice of ignoring patent right, of plagiarism, and a *fortiori* of wholesale book plunder carried on without international copyright law. Intellectual exertion, moreover, is of a much more valuable and precious kind than is manual labor; because it is of an immaterial nature and more inti-

mately connected with the soul than with the body. It even affects health and strength more than does bodily toil, and besides, the produce of the mind is very uncertain and depends often on peculiar circumstances and varying influences; whereas, a man in health can work with his hands at almost any time, highly important brainwork can be accomplished only at rare intervals, and in one happy golden hour the intellectual worker may often do more than he would in half a week. Such men, too, are scarce compared with the other class, and consequently they are always paid at a much higher rate and deservedly for what they accomplish.

Thus, then, we have made a hurried synoptical review of possession in general, as it is commonly treated in the ethical part of Scholastic Philosophy. General points have been touched on without entering into details. We will only add that if men in all their transactions in life would have a due regard for honesty and integrity, would respect the rights and privileges, the talents, enterprise and industry of their fellowmen; love virtue for virtue's sake, and labor to serve society and their country, then they would be true to themselves and their own interests, and false to no one; nor would the dangerous, unsound principles and theories of Socialism, fickle creatures of a day, be allowed to raise their heads in the land.

F. C.

## VIATORIANA.

- Merry Xmas!
- Happy New Year!
- Vacation at last!
- Gaudeamus igitur!*
- I killed him in self defense.
- And the clerk was fined.
- He forgot to bring his sword.
- Did you see the poison label?
- It is my court; I own it; I am the judge.
- Freddie was anxious to disfigure a senior.
- A new version, Ego sum homo— I am at home.
- Are you guilty or not guilty? I am *unguilty*.
- I shall rest my argument on this point, because—
- Paddy will revive "The letter that never came."
- Your Honor, gentlemen of the jury, and the dog!
- Alphonse has lately acted in the capacity of a mop.
- Prize duck story—22 drowned. How *beout* that, Tom?
- Many are called but few are chosen—on the hall-alley.
- Jocho has discarded his vest in order to show his new necktie.
- Our genial Dan wears his necktie in the latest approved style.
- Our good-natured Denny will soon be singing Christmas *carols*.
- The anticipated sleigh-rides during the holidays must be abandoned.
- On Dec. 20th the Altar Society

enjoyed their annual celebration, and according to the testimony of all, it was a "huge success."

—St. Patrick's celebration, which occurred on Dec. 12th, was a brilliant one.

—Bro. McCormick will act as sub-deacon at Holy Rosary Church Christmas day.

—Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., will preach at Notre Dame de Chicago Christmas day.

—Dr. Laberge will assist Rev. P. Paradis in Kankakee Christmas and New Year's day.

—The JOURNAL wishes untold joy to all students, professors, editors, friends and readers.

—Fr. Marsile, C. S. V., and Fr. Defoy will take a trip to Canada during the holidays.

—Don't forget to return the 5th of January, boys, or you will lose your chances for medals.

—Broncho and Barnum will make an extensive tour of Bourbonnais during the holidays.

—Great preparations are in progress for the French drama, which is to be presented during the holidays.

—Bro. Senecal, C. S. V., returned from Montreal lately, leaving his aged father in an improved condition.

—"Skeletons, Living and Dead," was the subject of a lively debate among the members of the S. B. C. recently.

—The editors will receive callers from 11 to 2 on New Year's day.

Callers will please bring their own refreshments.

—Rev. Fr. Dore is booked for a lecture in January, and Rev. Alex. McGavick for February. We are anxious to hear these eloquent gentlemen.

—The JOURNAL receives some very flattering notices which innate modesty forbids us to publish. Subscribe for the JOURNAL and judge for yourselves.

—Bro. Jas. Ryan will accompany the boys to Chicago, where he will spend a few days with friends and also purchase new gymnastic appliances.

—The new class medals sent by Feeley & Co., of Providence, R. I., are very nice and they ought to create a great deal of emulation among the boys.

—If an employe' of the stock-yards were to approach the Pickwick headquarters the awful noises emanating therefrom would make him feel quite at home.

—While enjoying your Xmas turkey don't fail to think of ye poor editor men who have to be satisfied with the feathers. Subscribe for the JOURNAL, and we can afford turkey next year.

—The Prefect of Discipline will purchase several new apparatuses for the gymnasium during the holidays. He will also purchase a complete outfit for the indoor base-ball association. The prospects for a lively season after Xmas are very good, indeed.

## PERSONALS.

—BOYLAN.—Our adjutant visited his military friends and enjoyed a drill given by the Picked Squad.

—MARTEL.—Rev. P. Martel, of Chicago, the gifted musician, called upon his confreres during the month.

—CLEARY.—John has been obliged to give up studying; ill health was the cause. We miss our friend and fellow-editor.

—SEXTON.—Colonel Sexton informs us that he is employed in his brother's store and expects before long to have an interest in the firm.

—LEGRIS.—Harvey J. Legris, '87, is in the banking house of Warren B. Hickox at Kankakee. He visits Bourbonnais frequently and steps in to see us.

—FLAVIN.—D. J. Flavin, '88, is a near neighbor and frequent visitor. He has a lucrative position in the offices of the 3 I road and is stationed at Kankakee.

—GRANGER.—In the same building in which Harvey is employed a shingle hangs over the door. "A. Granger, Attorney at Law," it reads. He is doing well, and we learn with pleasure of his success.

—MCGAVICK.—When Rev. Father Marsile returned from Chicago lately he was accompanied by Rev. A. McGavick, of All Saints' Church, Chicago. The Picked Squad acknowledges a very substantial favor.

—GRANDPRE.—We are grieved to announce the death of Tell Grandpre, of '84. It occurred at his brother's place in Chicago. He was

buried from the Church of the Maternity at Bourbonnais. May his soul rest in peace.

—NAWN.—A visit from John was received by F. A. Moody, during the past month. John was ill during vacation, of typhoid fever. He has recovered and is attending school in St. Louis, in company with Eugene Childress.

—GALLET.—Joe B. Gallet writes from Pocatello, Idaho, where he is employed in the Union Pacific office. He is doing well. He contemplates spending a week in Portland, Ore., during the holidays, and perhaps getting married. *Macte virtute esto*, Joe, as the Romans used to say.

## HOLY NAME CADETS.

We were glad to learn through the columns of the *Chicago Herald* the gratifying success of our young confreres in arms at their late exhibition drill. We congratulate them heartily and wish them continued success. The *Herald*, after some flattering remarks bestowed upon these young soldiers for their proficiency, says: "All the boys of the regiment are under the care of the Brothers of St. Viateur, particularly of Brother S. J. Saindon, whose knowledge of military drill has fitted him for the task of training the regiment in the way it should go." We are certainly proud of our former captain, Saindon. How about a competitive drill between Holy Name and one of our junior companies?

SIXTEENTH ANNIVERSARY ST.  
PATRICK'S LITERARY AND  
DEBATING SOCIETY.

Saturday the 12th inst. was for St. Patrick's Society a day of festivity, a day of happy reunion, a banqueting-day, on which not only the inward man, but also the intellectual man was delighted in a degree long to be held in happy remembrance. The members celebrated the sixteenth birth-day of their society by approaching Holy Communion and assisting at Holy Mass, which was read for them by our Rev. moderator. The rest of the day was given to enjoyment. Some sought the ball alleys, others the billiard table, whilst some found pleasure in the quietness of the library. In the afternoon some of "ald members" arrived and the hours sped away with great alacrity. The society prepared an interesting entertainment for the evening and invited the faculty and students to attend. The principle feature was a very choice lecture delivered by Hon. M. C. Quinn, of Peoria, Ill. His subject was "Can the Irish Race be Saved?" treated in a novel and scholarly manner. The entertainment was finished at 8 o'clock, and the society led their invited guests to the banquet hall, where each one enjoyed the delicious feast spread before him. After all had done justice to their appetites, the toast-master announced the toasts, which were responded to in the order as given below. The rest of the time until 11 o'clock was de-

voted to the enjoyment of good cigars, pleasant jokes, songs, comic recitations. So passed away this pleasant day. May St. Patrick's Society live to enjoy many such as that! Ex-President J. Condon, of Bloomington, Ill., and A. J. Boylan, of Peoria, Ill., were among our many guests. The following program was rendered:

PART I.

MUSIC.....*Heart and Hand*

ORCHESTRA.

LECTURE...*Can the Irish Race be Saved?*

HON. M. C. QUINN.

MUSIC.....ORCHESTRA

PART II.

BANQUET.....TOASTS

*We Sons of Foreigners*..JAS. T. CONDON

*Pope Leo XIII*...REV. J. LABERGE, D.D.

*St. Patrick's Society*.....B. H. DURKIN

TOAST-MASTER..... W. B. MCCARTHY

ROLL OF HONOR.

*Classical Course*.—The excellence medal was awarded to Mr. D. Sullivan; first silver medal was awarded to Mr. J. Laplante; second to Mr. A. Burns; third to Mr. J. Roulean. Distinguished are Messrs. P. Bissonette, M. Fortin, F. Richard, L. Eberle, T. Kelly, A. Granger, J. Haden, J. Lamarre, L. Legris, C. McCabe, T. Moody, T. Peltier.

*Commercial Course*.—Excellence medal was awarded to Mr. J. Coady; first silver medal, W. Crimp; second, A. Lacharite; third, G. Conner. Distinguished, Messrs. J. Canavan, L. Hugle, H. Gertin, G. Garean, Stapleton, J. Besse, J. Gordon, A. Brule, M. Campion, J.

Huber, E. Fleger, A. Glagnon, A. Linch, M. Maher, M. O'Connor, E. K. Nornchild, F. Kurtz, J. Riley, W. Saindon, M. Torhill, J. Torhill, D. Tynan, F. O. Rilley, G. Shirer. The Guilfoyle composition medal was equally deserved by Messrs. D. Sullivan and A. Burns. The Conway average medal was equally deserved by Messrs. J. Laplante, D. Sullivan and A. Burns.

Distinguished.—A. Conner, M. Champion, R. Cromwell, C. Lucy, H. Frazer, J. Gregoire, T. Kelly, A. Lessage, L. Legris, A. Lacharite, D. Laplante, M. Maher, C. McCabe, D. Stapleton, J. Torhill.

*Senior Department.*—Gold medal for conduct was equally deserved by A. Burns, W. Granger, J. Hayden, J. Lynch, F. Moody, L. McNiff, F. McQuillen, T. Peltier, P. Quinn, G. Roulean, D. Sullivan, C. Shearen, H. Shea, D. Walsh.

*Junior Department.*—Gold medal for conduct was equally deserved by A. Butts, A. Granger, H. Ruel. Distinguished are: J. Barry, E. Huber, T. Legris, L. Lessage, A. Marcotte, R. Murphy, J. O'Dwyer, J. Reidy, W. Saindon, G. Schairer.

*Minim Department.*—Classical course excellence medal was awarded to Master Raoul De LaPlante. Preparatory course medal awarded to Master Willard Rouse. Department medal was equally deserved by Masters Edgar Legris and Willard Rouse. Distinguished are: Masters Russel Brennan, Felix Provost, J. Townsend, G. Duddleston, J. Leclair, M. Gardner, H.

Anderson, B. Elwis, A. Byron. Distinguished in studies are: Masters A. Byron, E. Provost, J. Leclair, J. Cahill, I. Bergeron, E. Downey, I. Blade, H. Anderson, R. Brennan, B. Elwis, P. Ingalls, G. Kiefer, M. Gardner, W. Lennon, T. Hogan.

#### A GOOD BOOK.

*Art, Society and Accomplishments*, (Chicago, Blackburn Co.) Price \$2.75.

There seems to be a decided move, at the present day, towards artistic, as well as practical education. This *practical* education, so prevalent in our time, is in most cases hardly an excuse for an education, yet men seem satisfied, or at least were satisfied, with the bare sufficiency that would fit them for a start in life. To-day, however, thanks to the efforts of advanced men, who see the need there is of more complete and refining education, and who, moreover, are able to point out the means of reaching higher ideals, we are on the way to better things. The love of art for art's sake is becoming more widespread and deep-seated. To meet the requirements of the times, and furnish both instruction and entertainment, the publishers of *Art, Society and Accomplishments* seem, we think, to have labored most successfully. The book is interesting and entertaining—very much so. Its chapters are complete on the subjects of which they treat. We noted with special pleasure the article on "Delsarte," by Prof. C. E. W. Griffith, of our

faculty. The article is a model, viewed from a literary standpoint, as it is an able exposition of the theories of Delsarte.

The fact that Delsarte is so little appreciated is due to the ignorance that prevails concerning his theories. Such able treatises as the one by Mr. Griffith must do much to dispel the ignorance concerning Delsarte's theory, as it will do a great deal towards cultivating a desire of studying this great exponent of art and grace.

It is generally supposed, but falsely so, that Delsarte had to do with the art of expression only inasmuch as it applied to elocution. Not so. The artistic soul of Delsarte loved beauty in its every form, as his mind reached it in every phase of nature. Hence the training that capable Delsartean teachers give, tends to form in the student a true idea of beauty, as it also cultivates a love for it wherever found.

Prof. Griffith is himself a prominent teacher of elocution, having studied under the best artists in Europe and America, and uniting skill and judgment to good taste, he ought to be, as he certainly is, an authority on the subject he so ably treats.

The book makes up a handsome volume—very suitable for a holiday present, or it is a useful one for any season.

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Our language, so abstruse, and as yet so imperfect, receives now and then careful attention from

various writers. These treatises on different phases of its construction are in some measure helpful. Such is certainly *A Stem Dictionary*, (American Book Co., New York and Chicago). It is useful if for no other purpose than to study the number of words derived from one stem. But to this help the author adds definitions of words and quotations from many writers, to illustrate these words in actual use. The words given are those which pass current in every day life, a further proof that the book will meet the needs of many. —M.

#### PERIODICALS.

The *Christmas Century* is an exceptionally good number.

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We recommend to our readers the *Current Literature* for information on letters in general.

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The *Catholic World* for December contains much and good educational literature.

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The last number of the *Catholic American Quarterly* gives a very interesting sketch entitled "*Acquinas Resussitatus*," which we recommend to our philosophical friends.

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To use a *messagism*, the *Catholic Mirror*, following our example, has very much improved itself by changing its size and general appearance. It is now almost a magazine, and is full of fine reading.