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LIFE.

Is it true that life is weary,
That its way is lined with thorns?
Is it true that all is dreary
Till to Heaven each returns?

In this lovely world of ours
Can no happiness be found?
Near the thistles, do not flowers
Spread their fragrances around?

Is there nothing here but sorrow?
Naught but sadness, grief and pain?
Will there be no bright tomorrow
When the sun will shine again?

Tell me, baby, always playing,
Do you dream of what will come?
Does a voice come to you, saying,
That you must leave your home?

Oftentimes, when you are laughing,
All at once your eyes grow sad.
Is it that you hear the scoffing
Of the busy world so bad?

Or, perhaps, you hear the whisp'ring
Of a voice that says, "Prepare;
You will join the never-ling'ring,
You will join the workers, there."

Does it say there is but sadness
In that world where you will go?
Only clouds, no light or brightness,
Naught but mourning, grief, and woe?

Cheer up, baby, cease your crying;
Life is not a grewsome tale!
Man was never made for sighing,
Nor was woman born to wail.

Life is beauty, life is gladness,
Baby, with those golden curls,
Happy sunshine follows sadness,
And those tears are changed to pearls.

—Procter W. Hansl, '99

EDUCATION.

When, in the course of ages, education,—that queen of civilization, clad in the shining robes of regal splendor and mounted in a triumphal car is seen pursuing her course over all lands, and while her ears are assailed by the cries of victory arising from the enthusiastic multitudes, it is the duty of wise men to arrest the progress of that dazzling goddess, made dizzy by the whirl of popular applause and ask her where she is leading man.

For, as the fruit when it is becoming ripe and beautiful is the more liable to fall from the stem, likewise, historical experience proves that nations and all great social powers, when they have risen to great splendor and perfection, call for special care and attention lest they take a wrong course and fall from their elevated station.

This was the case with learning in Europe. Being roused to great energy by the Renaissance it grew in vigor and excellence till the eighteenth century when, elated by its glorious achievements, it became proud, vain, and impious. Philosophers taught skepticism; scientists atheism, and poets sung of despair. Current literature was made the conveyor of these three ideas, and as they were in great part the outcome of moral anarchy they gave it general diffusion; and this, as a natural consequence, soon found external expression in individual, domestic, and social disorder.

Thus education, whose aim always ought to be to recast our world into a new Garden of Eden, became the molder of those times which de Musset, though himself much tainted with the spirit of that age deplored so much. "Those times," as he says, "when men doubted everything; when youths denied everything. When young men came forth from school with insolent brows; with lips always ready to scoff, sneer, and blaspheme. When," as he continues further, "the rich said to themselves: 'There is nothing true but wealth, everything else is a dream; let us rejoice and die!' and the poor said: 'There is nothing true but misery, everything else is a dream; let us blaspheme and die!' When the antagonists of Christ would say to the needy: 'You are patient till the day of justice; there is no justice! You are waiting for the life eternal to claim your vengeance; there is no eternal life! You gather your tears and those of your family, the cries of your children and the sobs of your wife in order to carry them to the feet of God at the hour of death; there is no God!'" These men, says de Musset, were too blind to foresee

that the logical belief towards which these assertions would lead the toiling poor would also make them exclaim: "Since there is no justice, no future life, no God, I also must have the best out of this world, and therefore war to the rich; war to authority; war to everything!" Thus resulted an age of revolution, anarchy, barbaric bloodshed, mad injustice, and insane rage. Its spirit was embodied in the French revolution and its influence was felt throughout the civilized world.

Even today our national system of education, though splendidly organized, wealthy, brilliant, and open to all, nevertheless, has, in its current blood, much of the poison of the ages of impiety; and although there are strenuous efforts being made, by men of great ability and eminence, to ameliorate the condition of affairs in this line, yet little of their influence has so far been felt in the general tendency of our educational system.

And so it is a fact much to be deplored that not a few of our young men and women, who approach the fountain of knowledge to drink deep of its waters, leave there the better influences and sentiments received in their childhood, and bring back in their stead skepticism or atheism.

Now when this becomes a rule it is a sure indication that the education forming these men and women must be fundamentally false. Moreover, its baneful influences will quickly be felt in society; general decay of morals will follow, and you will see hypocrisy, self-interest, and dishonesty creeping, like rats, into social positions, and fast gnawing the frame-work of Christian virtue which upholds the edifice of all right ordered governments.

It is evident that true education ought to bring forth far better results. It must not destroy the moral influences of home and childhood, but perfect and strengthen them. It must not make men skeptics, but rather illumine their minds concerning the great realities of life and the universe, and arouse their love for truth. It ought to make of them not atheists, but men who know, love, and fear God; men who bend and kneel in reverence before what is sacred and great. It ought to make of life not a dark, selfish, and miserable dream, but a thing full of reality, importance, beauty and goodness.

We know how the human mind has been weakened by original sin, and how much it is further clouded by actual sin. Both the Græco-Roman and our modern civilization have proved that the human mind, when left to itself and without a guide, wanders

astray and falls into innumerable precipices of error; while truths the most important and fundamental are lost or ignored.

Hence, there is need of some beacon light spreading its rays of bright illumination far and wide over the sea of life, in order that the vessel of the human mind, as it strives for the harbor of truth 'mid the storms of passions, may enter therein safe, and not be shipwrecked on the craggy cliffs of error which line its entrance.

So the bark of true education must be anchored to that rock on which Peter's Church is built,—that adamant rock against which the tempest waves of time break themselves, and the thunderbolts of error are shivered.

The aim of true education ought to be to elevate and perfect man; to furnish him with lofty ideals, and give a strong impulse to his self-development of those many and great capacities which lie buried within himself. Also to teach his intellect to know the true, the good, and the beautiful, and train his will to choose the same, that he may be truly free, as Cardinal Satolli calls it,—true freedom being liberty to do what is best.

It also ought to be a very essential object of education to spiritualize man and bring him into closer communion with God and Creation. It is only by repeated applications and efforts that the mind can be made to take root and continue life in her spiritual realms, because the brutal tendencies of the animal nature always draw her down to the material and the sensible. If this lack of spirituality is not the only cause, it at least is an important one, why mankind in general are so little attracted to religion and things related to God. As if God were some strange and unknowable nuisance, devoid of all interest and attractiveness. It seems that if people could convince themselves of the fact, and realize the idea that the finest sceneries and grandest sights in nature; the highest beauties of literature; the most perfect and excellent in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture; the highest soul-thrilling music that ever moved mortals to ecstatic bliss; the fairest and sweetest faces; the kindest hearts and noblest minds, are all symbols or images of God Himself. Yes, if this were strongly impressed on the mind it seems that it would be natural to love the Creator above all things since we are most fond of those faint images of His Divine Excellence. What, therefore, in great part, prevents this from being an actual fact is our lack of spirituality. The leaden weights of our animal nature keep us tied to the earth and pre-

vent us from rising to the supernatural and immaterial through the symbolism of the natural and material.

In thus spiritualizing man it is also obvious how education would be paving the way to a higher and more excellent morality; for then the paramount importance of good works would appear in a stronger light, and incentives to them would be multiplied.

Think best, love best, act best,—we might call a precept capable of embracing the highest ideals of education if it is well understood in all its extension and comprehension.

By teaching the youth how to think best we teach him to see things as they are, to seek truth above all things, to give to each thing its right place and due importance, to be sure to know, understand, grasp, and cling to the most important truths; also how to reason rightly and accurately. By teaching him who to love best we show him how to love things in proportion to their real worth,—their perfection, goodness, truth, and beauty; to have his highest love take root in things intellectual, spiritual, and eternal; for all other things are little more than mere symbols, are fragile, and dissolve themselves in time and space as does smoke in the air; also, cause his love to expand and intensify, to embrace the universe and mingle with it. Finally, by teaching him how to act best we teach him how to train his will and mind to elicit most excellent actions. And this he is naturally much inclined to do as a consequence of the two first, being through best thinking fully conscious of the infinite worth and significance of life, and through wide and intense love urged to be most willing to do what is best.

✓ Now the importance of right education of youth cannot be overestimated, for the greater part of social diseases owe their origin to bad educational forces, and their best remedy is amelioration of the same. Moreover it may be received as an axiom that when men are reformed, things will reform themselves. And, as of all arts that of man-making must be the highest and most important, it may be inferred what should be the qualities of those employed in it. Also, how laudable the one who acquits himself of it worthily;—with mothers and legislators he may take his seat among those who rule the nation.

Of course in his subjects the teacher may very often find a lack of those dispositions which would be necessary for the realizing of his sanguine hopes and the incarnating of his lofty ideals, but he may nevertheless be consoled in this that even failure in such an enterprise is not to fail, since—

“There is a Judge
To Whose all-pondering mind a noble aim
Faithfully kept is as a noble deed;
In Whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.”

—Joseph I. Granger, '99.

THE POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES AND HER DESTINY.

Nations, like individuals, are continually changing. They follow that universal law of nature. Nothing is lasting, all is brief and transient.

Nations are born; they grow; they mature; they decrease; they expire. Governments hold their short empire, but soon are supplanted. Kings are crowned, and then beheaded. Laws are made and immediately changed. A nation is guided for years by a certain policy, then it embraces the exact opposite.

So it is with *our* country. Fifty years ago America took no part in the affairs of the rest of the world; she exercised no influence in the formation of its history; she was not recognized by the nations of Europe as a factor which must be taken into account. Today there is no nation on the face of the globe that does not respect her, and but few that do not fear her.

And why has such an extraordinary change occurred in this short time? Is it on account of our military power? Partly. Is it because of the vastness of our country's resources? Partly. Is it because she is the dominant power in this western continent? Partly. But above all, the reason of this change is the banishment of the old conservative policy of the last one hundred years, and the acceptance of the aggressive policy of other nations.

For almost a century the United States tenaciously clung to the parting words of the immortal Washington. But the falling away has come at last. Nor does it detract anything from the glory of our first president. A people's needs change with time; and with this internal mutation must come a change of policy. The conservative policy of Washington was necessary for this nation, whilst it was yet in its infancy. But now when it can walk without falling, and since its voice has assumed the deep but harsher tones of the man, it must take its proper place amongst the nations of the world; it must prepare to dictate and not stand idly by watching events shape themselves detrimental

to itself. The American nation has grave responsibilities to assume; and it must not shirk its duties. To do this she must lay aside the old policy and embrace that of other nations. Ever since the war of '61, and more noticeably in the past ten years, the people of the United States have been striving to shake off the shackles of *conservatism*. There has been among us a tendency toward territorial expansion. Success has at last arrived. The 'hundred days' war" heralds the death of the old and the birth of the new statesmanship in our country.

Of course there are dissenters; there always have been, and upon all subjects; men are fated to think differently. We heard their loud cries in various parts of the United States when the "Hispano-American war" was being prepared. The people, in general, have not as yet arrived at a knowledge of the change. When the newspapers declare that a great change is about to take place they do not believe them, merely on principle; because newspapers are generally considered as unreliable.

Thus, during the late war, to the people it seemed strange, it appeared wrong for us to wage a war upon the offensive. They could not comprehend that it was possible for our navy to harass the enemy's possessions, for our army to penetrate into their country and strike a death-blow at their very heart, instead of waiting until they burned our towns and villages and despoiled us of our wealth. But these are the external manifestations of the change of our nation's policy. Unknown to ourselves we have been drifting towards expansion, until at last the fact burst forth upon us in the war which has just terminated.

We have become a factor in the making of history. Henceforth, it will be with the consent of America that empires are dismembered or created, or that kings are crowned or dethroned. We can not help it. A nation with such vast resources can not be contented with mere domestic relations. Our commerce is so large that the least move of other powers directly affects it; hence we must exercise vigilance to assure ourselves that nothing will happen detrimental to our interests.

Behold the coming dictator of the world! The nation whose resources are the *vastest*, whose wealth is the *greatest*, whose people are the *most* sacrificing for their country's glory! Behold the glorious stars and stripes! Behold America! A century ago she was a baby; a century hence, Russia, England, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and all other nations will bow their proud heads before her and acknowledge her supremacy.

PROCTOR W. HANSL, '99.

A COLLEGE TRAGEDY.

A number of prominent business men were sitting in their comfortable club-room relating anecdotes of their college life. "Now Harry," said one of them, "it is your turn." The gentleman addressed related the following story:

"Whilst I was attending a college in Colorado, conducted by the Viatorian Fathers, a tragedy occurred which I shall never forget. The college had been founded only a few years before, and as it was not an endowed institution it had a large indebtedness. Brother L—— was treasurer, and as he paid a higher rate of interest for money than the city banks, many of the neighboring ranchmen and miners deposited large sums of money with him. One day in the latter part of October these deposits had been greater than usual and besides this he had received a considerable sum from one of the city banks to pay a heavy debt due the following day. His creditor was an eccentric old gentleman who asked as a special favor that Brother L—— would pay him in ready cash rather than by a check.

"It was a dark, stormy night and the good brother sat at his desk alone in the little office making up his accounts preparatory to retiring. He heard a gentle rap at the office door, and to his question, 'Who's there?' came the reply, 'Brother S——. Brother S—— was the infirmarian, and thinking he needed something for a sick student Brother L—— went to the door and opened it. Before him stood a tall, slender man who held a gleaming revolver within a few inches of his head and ordered him in a low tone to hold up his hands. The Brother obeyed promptly, for he saw that he had a desperate character to deal with. 'Now,' said the man, 'I do not wish to injure you unless you force me. Don't make any outcry, for if you do you are a dead man. You have a large sum of money in your possession; that I know. Open that safe and give me the money it contains or I'll let the daylight shine through you. I mean business, so be quick about it. I have no time to lose in useless parley.' The Brother hesitated for a moment whilst a series of thoughts crowded through his brain. If he complied with the man's demand, the college would lose such a large sum of money that in all probability it would never be able to pay its creditors—certainly not for a long time, and to many of those who had lent him money this long delay would mean failure. If he did not obey he felt sure the robber would execute his threat. Life was dear to him and should he sacrifice it for the sake of money?

"These thoughts flashed through his mind with the rapidity of lightning yet the slight hesitation did not please his unwelcome visitor. 'Well,' he said, 'move along.' The brother recovered from his momentary terror and felt an unusual strength in his soul which desperate emergencies sometimes arouse in noble minds. He saw at once that it was not merely a question of saving a sum of money, but a far more solemn and sacred one of performing his duty. His determination was taken in an instant. Calmly but firmly he replied, 'I will not open the safe.' 'You shall,' yelled the highwayman, 'or'—with an oath—'I'll blow your brains out.' 'You may kill me,' replied the brother, 'but I will not open the safe. The money has been committed to my care and I will not prove false to those who have confided in me.' 'I give you until I count five,' said the robber, 'to change your mind.' There was a dangerous look in the man's eyes and a desperate determination about the lines of his mouth as he began to count slowly. Hardly had the word 'five' left his lips when a shot rang through the college hall. I was just coming down stairs at the time the shot was fired. I saw a man run through the hallway and disappear in the darkness. I hastened to the office and found poor Brother L—— lying on the floor in a pool of blood. He was still conscious and asked me to go at once for Father M——. I ran to the president's room and told him that Brother L—— had been shot and was probably dying. He went at once to the office whilst I hurried away for the doctor. When the doctor arrived he examined the wound carefully and found that the bullet had passed through the right lung and lodged in the lower part of the spine. He said he did not think the brother would live more than a few days. We carried him to the infirmary where all that medical skill and loving care could do, to lessen his sufferings, was done. He seemed to grow stronger towards morning, but the doctor shook his head sadly when asked if there was any hope for his recovery.

"The next day the ranchmen and miners heard of the crime. They spared neither expense nor labor to bring the criminal to justice and a large reward was offered for his capture. In less than a week after the deed was committed, a party of Indian scouts accompanied by a number of ranchmen and miners brought a man to the college whom Brother L—— identified as his assailant. Without saying a word the men left the college, placed their prisoner on horseback and rode away. 'What are they going to do with him?' Brother L—— asked the infirmarian. 'They

will,' he replied, 'very likely lynch him.' 'Then I must save him. Have a carriage prepared and drive me to the place of lynching.' Pleading was of no avail, his purpose could not be changed. 'I could not die in peace,' he said, 'if such a crime were committed on my account, without at least making an effort to prevent it. If they lynch him they will be guilty of murder.' Brother L—— was propped up in the carriage with pillows and driven rapidly in the direction the ranchmen had taken. When he reached the spot they were about to execute the death penalty upon the criminal and had already fastened the noose around his neck. The good brother pleaded that for his sake they would deliver the guilty man into the hands of the law and let justice take its course. The men yielded reluctantly to his entreaties and promised to take the wretch to the nearest prison. Brother L—— was driven home but the exertion he had made told on him and he began to fail rapidly. A few days later he died, glad that he had sacrificed his life at the call of duty.

"The students made up a subscription and had a life size statue of the martyred brother placed at the main entrance of the college. I am not a Catholic, gentlemen, but every time I passed that statue I raised my hat with profoundest reverence. It seems to me that a religious faith which can inspire such sublime devotion to duty, must be good, although it may be strange."

W. J. SOMOS, '99.

THREE WISHES AND AN ANSWER.

"What do I want?" the Cynic said,
 "A grave, a spot of earth,
 A place whereon to rest my head,
 A couch of silk to be my bed,—
 To dream as I dreamt before my birth."

"Yours is the wish of a fool!" one cried,
 Whose face was flushed and red;
 "Give me the sparkling ruby tide,
 That conquered kings when kings defied,
 And soothes to sleep the fevered head."

The poet, in accents of scorn replied,
 "I want neither death nor wine;
 Give me the beautiful world, so wide,
 And Nature, so lovely, to be my bride;
 Then joy and happiness will be mine."

A voice arose from a hollow grave,
 In tones of deep despair:
 "Use ye well the time you have,
 Be you poet, or fool, or knave,
 To build a heavenly home up *there*." —Malcolm, '99.

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EDITORIAL.

St. Viateur's day, October 21, the patronal feast of the college, has always been celebrated here with unusual magnificence. Although it occurs shortly after the opening of school, and therefore gives but little time for preparation, yet the students enter upon the work with such hearty good will and enthusiasm that the day has never failed to call forth a splendid entertainment. This year was no exception to the rule. It is right that it should ever be so. Of all the influences thrown around the life of a student, during his college days, few have a more stimulating or ennobling power, than the celebration of college holidays. On these occasions old students return to their *alma mater*, to rejoice with her in her joy and to urge onward in the path of knowledge and virtue their younger brothers by their words and example. Who did not feel his soul glow with enthusiasm and a strong determination spring up in his heart to be true to the high ideals that must at times animate the mind of every earnest student, as he listens to the thrilling words of Father Finn? Who has not treasured up in the sanctuary of his heart the sublime lessons which the eloquent preacher drew from the humble life of the lowly St. Viateur? Many a student, who was allowing the opportunity of developing all that is best within him to slip through his hand unimproved, will be aroused to shake off the spirit of indolence that was rapidly gaining the mastery over him and to exert himself in the noblest cause that can engage the attention of man—the perfecting of his whole being. Among the alumni of a college there are always some who have attained distinction in their chosen sphere of life. Some of them comparatively young men who are already in the front rank of their profession. To meet these men, to feel the lofty purposes by which they are guided in their life work, and to listen to their earnest words of counsel and direction cannot fail to exercise a good influence on the average student.

Those who took part in the rendition of "King John" are deserving of every praise for the excellent manner in which they performed their parts. We congratulate the young men on their splendid interpretation of this great drama. Under the efficient direction of Rev. Father Legris, the orchestra rendered several beautiful selections in a brilliant manner. Although they had but little time for rehearsal, yet we were not surprised at their splendid success, for to say that Father Legris has undertaken some thing and to say that the undertaking was eminently successful, are almost synonymous.

If it be true that genius is nothing but "a prodigious capacity for sustained mental labor and intense conviction of its necessity," with how much greater truth may it be said that talent is largely dependent upon effort. How many students, who pass for dullards and never attain proficiency in any branch of knowledge, owe their little success in developing their minds to the lack of an energetic will. We are willing to admit that there is considerable diversity of talent, but we are by no means ready to grant that talent is always in the front rank. So long as a man enjoys the use of reason he is capable of learning. What may be learned by a student of quick parts in half an hour may require an hour's labor from his less gifted classmate, but if the duller student employs the whole hour he will attain the same result. There is therefore question of time only, and even this may be counterbalanced by intensity of application. One student may crowd into a few hours more mental activity than another employs in a whole day. Of course he will accomplish as much or more than the other, although he seems to be doing little more than losing his time. Suppose two students of equal ability, with equal opportunities. The one from the start labors diligently for the development of his intellect, the other makes little or no effort; in the course of a few years there will be an immense difference in their capacities for acquiring knowledge. The one will be able to grasp with facility what is wholly unintelligible to the other, yet nature has been equally kind to both.

Why do the world's greatest geniuses as a rule arise from the middle and lower classes? Are they the special favorites of heaven? Does nature love to lavish her gifts and favors upon the poor and lowly in preference to the wealthy and powerful? Homer, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and a host or other illustrious men have come from the lower walks of life.

It is, we think, because a lowly position in life impresses more strongly on the mind of man the necessity of effort. The difficulties to be overcome and the obstacles to be surmounted give to these men a vigor of mental health and an unconquerable strength of purpose that can never be obtained in more favored positions. A man who cannot look difficulties bravely in the face and meet them with indomitable energy of will can never hope to achieve anything noble in life.

The mind is the most finely attuned, the most delicate, the most intricate and complex instrument of which man has any knowledge. How then can anyone hope to attain even a slight proficiency in using this magnificent instrument unless he day by day with tireless labor familiarizes himself with its divinely ordered laws? It would be far less irrational to expect to become a great musician without ever having studied the laws of harmony, or a great painter without a careful study of the art of painting, than to hope to acquire solid scholarship and profound originality of thought without developing those faculties which alone render deep thinking possible. This is we think the sense of Longfellow's oft quoted words: "Learn to labor and to wait." In this sense these words contain a deep and important truth. It is only by long and patient labor that a man can hope to bring his highest faculties to any degree of perfection, and it is we think owing to a lack of persevering effort, and not to a want of talent, that so many fail to acquire an education. They are not in earnest.

ST. VIATEUR'S DAY.

On the evening of October 20, the faculty had the pleasure of extending a welcome to many of the prominent clergy of the Chicago and Peoria diocese, and also to a large number of former students, who had assembled to celebrate the patronal feast day, to meet old acquaintances, and to show their love for their *alma mater*. The guests, together with many people from Kankakee and surrounding cities, gathered in the college hall at 8 o'clock to witness the play, "King John," given by the Thespians. The following is the cast of characters:

John, King of England.....	J. M. Kangley
Prince Henry, his son.....	Paul Legris
Prince Arthur, his nephew.....	Reynolds Cartan
Earl of Pembroke.....	William Cleary

Earl of Essex.....	Adolph Caron
Earl of Salisbury	James St. Cerny
Robert Bigot.....	E. Marcotte
Hubert	E. J. Logan
Robert Faulconbridge.....	P. F. Daniher
Peter of Pomfret.....	Wm. Granger
English Herald.....	D. Hayden
Executioners.....	{ John Patterson Joseph Carey
Page.....	W. Maher
Philip, King of France.....	P. J. Walsh
Lewis, the Dauphin.....	P. W. Hansl
Archduke of Austria.....	Joseph Legris
Cardinal Pandulph.....	Joseph Granger
Chatillion.....	Lucius Tong
French Herald.....	A. B. Casey
Pages.....	{ George Cartan E. W. Kane.
Austrian Page.....	M. Levit
Cardinal's Attendant.....	J. Cunningham
Queen Elinor.....	W. Rooney
Lady Constance.....	A. Hansl
Blanche.....	Roch Magnan
Lady Attendant.....	J. Fitzgerald

Mr. J. M. Kangley, as King John; Mr. P. J. Walsh, as King Philip; Mr. P. F. Daniher, as Faulconbridge; Mr. E. J. Logan, as Hubert; Master Reynolds Cartan, as Prince Arthur, and Mr. A. Hansl, as Lady Constance, especially distinguished themselves in their very difficult roles, as was evidenced by the hearty applause of the appreciative audience. The death scene of King John was certainly very realistic. The blanched cheeks, the heaving chest, the whole frame quivering with emotion, and the last struggle against death, sent a thrill of horror through the audience. The scene between Hubert and Prince Arthur well deserves to be called the most striking and pathetic one in all of Shakespeare's dramas, and it was admitted by all that the artists gave the best rendition ever seen on the local stage. The bold, gay-spirited soldier, Faulconbridge, with his keen wit and his burning satire, was most excellently rendered by Mr. P. F. Daniher. The conscientious Philip of France also received a splendid interpretation by Mr. P. J. Walsh, whilst the intense grief and passionate outburst of deep sorrow of Lady Constance was portrayed with admirable art by Mr. A. Hansl, who seemed to throw his whole soul into his utterances. At the conclusion of the tragedy a farce written by Rev. M. J. Marsile, entitled "Scenes in Cuba," kept the audience in roars of laughter for

another half hour. The cake walk was certainly well received. Following is the cast of characters:

Lieutenant Grant.....	James St. Cerny.
Pat McGinty.....	P. Geraghty.
Hans von Scheiherger.....	P. W. Hansl.
Teddy Moriarty.....	P. F. Daniher.
Levi Schweinsheimer.....	W. Hanlon.
Francois Bonnebouche.....	J. Granger.
Tony Brunette.....	E. Marcotte.
Peter Jones.....	W. Rooney.
Wash. White.....	L. Finnegan.
Phil. Lee.....	W. Schoeneck.
Cubans.....	{ W. J. Burke.
	{ J. Marcotte.
Surgeon.....	J. Dougherty.
Nurse.....	E. Lyons.

On October 21, at 9 a. m., all assembled in the college chapel. Solemn high mass was sung by Rev. J. Cannon of Gibson City; Rev. J. P. Dore, of Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, was deacon; Rev. T. McDevitt, of St. Columkille Church, Chicago, was sub-deacon; and Rev. W. Matheron, C.S.V., was master of ceremonies. The choir, assisted by the orchestra, rendered in its usual artistic manner the Kyrie, Sanctus, and Agnus of Gounod's Messe Breve; Gloria and Credo of Batman's Mass in D; offertory and quartette Ave Maria, by Mr. P. Dube. The oration delivered by Rev. Father Finn, of Chicago, was a masterpiece and was without doubt the most important feature of the day's celebration. The wet grounds and threatening weather made it necessary to dispense with the field day sports, for which very expensive preparations had been made. However, two foot-ball teams, chosen from among the students, gave an exhibition game on the college gridiron.

At 12:45 p.m., the visitors and students sat down to a banquet in the college refectory. After the last course had been served, Rev. Father Marsile arose and in his usual winning and happy way, extended a most courteous welcome to all the guests; he then called upon Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Condon, of Chicago, for a few remarks. The latter gentleman responded in a very patriotic speech, which was interrupted several times by the applause of the students and visitors. Following Mr. Condon, Rev. J. P. Dore, of Chicago, delivered a very humorous address which, although it convulsed the hearers with laughter, also appealed to the good sense and duty of the students towards their superiors and teachers. The speaker was applauded again

and again. During the afternoon a very enjoyable impromptu program was given in the college hall. At 2:00 p.m. the S.C.V. battalion gave a dress parade before a very large crowd, and judging from the enthusiastic applause, their evolutions, which were directed by Major Haydn, were very highly thought of. Mrs. Phillips rendered several vocal selections to the great delight of the audience. The Ford exhibition squad, commanded by Col. P. W. Hansl, executed many fancy and difficult movements with a facility and precision that drew forth great applause. Miss Keefe, who has a very sweet voice, sang several popular and patriotic melodies which called for the renewed applause. The Columbian Guards were given the heartiest reception of all, and in their sword drill they proved that they were well deserving of it. The Rev. J. P. Dore brought the program to a happy close by singing several comical songs and rendering many humorous selections and impersonations which produced a continual strain of laughter. Thus passed St. Viateur's Day of '98, and although the weather was very disagreeable it is the generally expressed opinion that the celebration was as successful and enjoyable as any that has taken place in former years. Among the visitors we noticed the following: Revs. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V.; T. J. McDevitt, J. P. Dore, Chandonier, and J. S. Finn, of Chicago; Rev. J. Labrie, Momence, Ill.; Rev. Father Granger, Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. James Lamb, Lyons, Ill.; Rev. J. H. Cannon, Gibson City, Ill.; Rev. J. Poissant, Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. J. Kelley, Gilman, Ill.; Rev. M. A. Dooling, Clinton, Ill.; and Rev. D. O'Dwyer, Chebanse, Ill. Also from Chicago: Mr. and Miss Daniher, Miss N. Kangley, Miss K. Walsh, Miss Schofield, Mrs. Hildreth, Mrs. Conley, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Heister, Mrs. K. Moran, Mrs. A. Shippy, Mrs. E. Kane, Miss N. Callan, Mrs. W. McAssey, Mrs. H. Daley, Miss N. Garrity, Miss A. O'Connell, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. H. Schoeneck, Messrs. J. Sullivan, J. Rooney, J. Condon, F. A. Moody, D. Carroll, M. O'Toole, D. Doody, R. Hildreth, A. Campion, H. Levitt, F. Flannigan, J. Lyons, and A. Hansl. Also, Mr. and Mrs. Finnegan and Miss Morrissey, of Lemont, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Southworth, Rochelle, Ill.; Mr. C. Corkery, Kensington, Ill.; Miss Coleman, Kirkland, Ill.; Mrs. Lynch, Kensington, Ill.; Mrs. M. Kirkwood, Davenport, Ia.; Miss Kelley, Gilman, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. P. Flibson, Lstant, Ill.; Mr. C. Meehan, Canton, Ill.; Miss Punta, Gilman, Ill.; Mr. W. Fay, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. Stalz, Edgewater, Ill.; Dr. G. L. Rivard, Assumption, Ill.;

Hon. A. Magnan, Manistee, Mich.; Mr. H. P. Ryan, Chicago, Ill.;
Mr. P. Murphy, Chebanse, Ill.; and the Misses Keefe, of Kirk-
land, Ill. *Ind* —J. M. CALLAGHAN, 1900.

PRAY FOR THE DEAD.

When low beneath the hills far in the west,
The golden king of day sinks to his rest;
When bright the stars of night shine in the sky,
And on the earth long, dark, deep shadows lie;
Then lisp a prayer for those, poor suffering souls,
Who stained by breath of sin on life's fell shoals,
Now bear their burning tortures with lament,
Which God in justice on their souls has sent.

When thou, thy way into the chapel tread,
And by the shrine of Mary bow thy head;
And there thy heart to her thou then confide,
And beg relief of Him who for us died,
Then in thy memory bear them with thee,
And pray that they God's holy face may see,
A vision fair, for which they now do pine,
As it will fill them with a hope divine.

And when unto God's altar you ascend,
And down before our Lord in reverence bend;
When thou with grace receive the Blessed Host,
And are united with the Holy Ghost,
Then beg of thy dear, kind, sweet holy guest,
For He in love shall grant you your request;
That on those souls His light He'll deign to pour,
And lead them to the long sought shore.

O! pray for them who God's stern justice feel,
Who 'neath their burden of affliction reel;
And as thou twinest their names with thine in prayer,
And in thy soul their sufferings thou share,
O! pray that they from God dwell not apart,
But live forever in His bounteous heart,
And be united 'neath His loving care,
And praise and glorify His name with prayer.

—J. M. Kangley, 1900.

MAGAZINES.

Donahoe's October number is as interesting as usual. In the first article Marie Kieckhoffer discusses the question of church music—a much debated theme among Catholic writers of late. This article cannot fail to interest Catholic readers, and especially those who take part in the rendition of church music.

Many will not be disposed to find fault with the strictures made by the writer on the undevotional character of a great part of our church music. The second article, by James W. Clarkson, on "The House of Hapsburg," with several illustrations and pictures of the Austrian royal family, is particularly interesting at the present time on account of the recent brutal assassination of the widely lamented Empress Elizabeth. The Rev. Benj. J. Keily, V.G., in a paper entitled "The Siege and Capture of Rome by the Piedmontese," describes in vivid and forcible language the treachery and hypocrisy of the late Victor Emanuel, who, while professing loyalty and devotion to Pope Pius IX, was secretly plotting the seizure of the papal dominions and persecuting priests and nuns. The laying of the foundation stone of the Wolfe Lone Statue in Dublin on the 15th of August is described by P. O'Neil Larkin, and the prospects of the proposed Anglo-American Alliance is ably dealt with by James E. Wright.

McClure's Magazine for October publishes the first part of Mr. Ramsden's (late British Consul at Santiago) diary, which is to be completed in the November issue. It is a valuable supplement to the history of the late war. Mr. Ramsden gives a plain, unvarnished and unbiased account of the conditions in Santiago during the operation of the American forces there, and John A. Hill continues his series of thrilling "Real Railroad Tales." "An Appreciation of the West," apropos of the Omaha Exposition, with a view of the Omaha Exposition buildings, is a paper of considerable literary merit; but the writer seems too much inclined to look at everything through Anglo-Saxon spectacles and to accredit everything that is good in America to the Anglo-Saxon race.

The Catholic World for October, opens with the concluding sketch of the life of the saintly Bishop Loras—first Bishop of Dubuque—by Archbishop Ireland, and Father McDermot, adduces some weighty arguments against the much talked of Anglo-American alliance, in the course of which he throws some side lights on Mr. Chamberlain's political tergiversations in the past. William Leton, LL.D., gives some interesting facts regarding Nervous Epidemics. "The Religious Problem in the Philipines," is ably treated by the Rev. H. P. Doyle, C.S.P., who welcomes what he calls the "Providential interposition of the Americans." "Catholic Life in St. Louis," by Lella Harding Bugg, is also worthy of notice. "Burgos; The City of the Cid,"

is a charming picture of Spanish life, with some choice sketches of Spanish architecture, by E. C. Vansittart.

"Anglo-American Friendship," Unpublished Letters of Carlyle," "The Development of Our Foreign Policy," "Bismark as a National Type," "Botching Shakespeare," are the principal features of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The last paper by Mark H. Liddell, is a plea for more attention to English literature and less to the classics, with some useful hints on the reading of Shakespeare.

Among the many good things, which are to be found in the *Rosary Magazine* for the month of October, the most interesting is that entitled "Father Ryan—Merlin and Ullainee." This is the story of an attachment which the poet priest formed in his youth for one to whom he had given the name of "Ullainee," himself having received from her, who was the object of his affection, the name of "Merlin." The history of this attachment and their parting—she to a convent and he to the altar—is touchingly told in a beautiful poem by Father Ryan himself, entitled "The Story Runneth Thus."

Among the leading papers of the *Century* are "Personal and Collected Impressions of Bismark," with portrait, which gives a very minute description of the "man of blood and iron," not only physically, but even intellectually and morally. Bismark, it seems, did not excel in the art of oratory, consequently many who went to hear him in the German parliament were often bitterly disappointed.

"The Trans-Mississippians and Their Fair at Omaha," with pictures and photographs. "Edward Detaille, Painter of Soldiers," with some of his quaint pictures of French soldiers. "The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race," is a detailed account of the annual rowing contest between the students of the two great English universities, on the Thames, by Joseph Pennell. "The Blockade of the Confederacy," "Life and Society in Old Cuba," —These are a few of the most important papers, with several others not unworthy of notice. A. L. O. S., '99

A SURPRISE PARTY.

—Uninvited Guest (knocks; admitted)—Say, have you—a—a—Is that your sister?

Host—Why, yes, Mc; allow me to introduce you.

U. G.—Ah! no—I—I think young folks would be more—we—wel—welcome. (Hasty exit.)

Host and Friends—Ha! ha! ha! That's one on Mc — — —.

ROLL OF HONOR.

The Conway medal awarded for the highest average in both courses was merited by Mr. P. Geraghty.

The (first) gold medal awarded for excellence in the classical course was equally deserved by J. Armstrong, W. Cleary, W. Hanlon, M. Morrissey, J. Murphy, D. O'Dwyer, J. Pflibsen, and J. St. Cerney. Drawn by W. Hanlon.

The first silver medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by W. Brault, Art. Caron, D. Carmody, C. Cyr, J. Dougherty, L. Finnegan, B. Fitzgerald, A. Gondreau, E. Graveline, R. Gahan, A. Hansl, L. Kroschowitz, A. Lamarre, W. Maher, D. Maher, F. McPherson, E. O'Connor, W. Rooney, M. Richer, L. Rivard, and W. Renwick. Drawn by A. Gondreau.

The second silver medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by W. Burke, L. Boisvert, Ad. Caron, J. Carey, T. Conley, P. Dufault, G. Hildreth, N. Marcotte, P. O'Connor, J. Regan, and A. Stanphel. Drawn by Adolph Caron.

The gold medal awarded for excellence in the commercial course was equally deserved by W. Cunningham, R. Fay, W. Houmiel, W. Kreuger, W. McVey, and C. Stacey. Drawn by W. Kreuger.

The silver medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by Alp. Caron, E. Drolet, A. Fuchs, W. Flanagan, R. Hansl, H. Heister, J. Kinsella, I. Leduc, H. Lacherite, R. Richer, and F. Riley. Drawn by H. Heister.

The gold medal awarded for good conduct in the senior department was equally deserved by J. Armstrong, W. Brault, W. Cleary, J. Clennon, E. Drolet, P. Dufault, P. Dube, W. Granger, J. Granger, P. Geraghty, L. Gafford, L. Kroschowitz, J. Kinsella, I. Leduc, A. Lamarre, J. Legris, J. Pflibsen, H. Prost, J. Patterson, C. Stacey, Schoeneck, and S. Sullivan. Drawn by A. Lamarre.

The medal awarded for good conduct in the junior department was equally deserved by A. Crevier, R. Hansl, R. Richer, and T. Southworth. Drawn by R. Richer.

FOOT BALL.

On Friday, October 14, at the Fair Grounds, our Reserves lined up against the Kankakee eleven for the initial game of the season on the gridiron, and were defeated by the score of 21 to 0 owing to lack of avoirdupois on our side. The game, however,

was closely played and was watched with interest by the many spectators present. Our admirers turned out in full and cheered lustily for the boys of "old gold and purple." While the game itself was not a fair trial for our chrysanthemum-headed pigskin kickers, it nevertheless showed them a few of their weak points, which is of much service to them for their future games. The prominent features of the game were the fine and snappy work of Captain St. Cerney at left end, who was ably assisted by his backs, Hansl, Legris, Hanlon, and Moran. Garrity, at right end, played a brilliant game. The tackling of Patterson, Fitzgerald, Rooney, and Hayden was fierce and smacked of the professional order. Legris was the ground gainer of the team, while Armstrong at center was unequaled. For the Kankakees, Captain Peck was eminent for his two long runs, and his men on the line were invulnerable. Had the teams been of equal weight, the outcome might have been different. Mr. P. J. Daniher umpired, and Mr. A. Hickox refereed the game. Their decisions were accurate and trustworthy. The timekeepers were Mr. P. J. Walsh, S. V. C., and T. Griffith, K. K. K. A. A. When shall we meet again?

EXCHANGES.

The most scholarly exchange as to thought and the most literary as to form upon our table for this month is the *Georgetown College Journal*. It opens with a beautiful poem entitled "October." Although the *Seasons* are rather a threadbare subject for the pen of the poet, yet there still remain many grand things to be said of them. This poem proves it. "Patsey, a Revolutionary Romance," is another of the treats which this issue contains.

The poetry in *St. Mary's Dial* for October is, it seems to us, very faulty as to metre. The thoughts contained in "When Morning Comes" and "Arrogance" are very appropriate, happily conceived, and well expressed, but the metre is so irregular that the beauty of the poems is marred. It is like playing one of Strauss' waltzes upon a badly tuned piano. The prose, however, is excellent. The principles promulgated in "The Returned Traveler" are very true. There should be more steadfast friends of the *Stars and Stripes* to remind the man who has "traveled the continent, don't cher know?" that America is the equal, if not the peer, of any other nation. Among the other readable articles in this paper is one upon "Reading Poetry." It is worthy of commendation:

The *Holy Cross Purple* opens with a well written essay on "The Imagination." The poem entitled "A Ballad of Youthful Dreams and Wasted Lives" is very commendable.

An uncompleted poem, entitled "Avarice," is begun in the issue of the *Niagra Index* for October 1. It promises to be excellent.

College Days, from Ripon, Wis., contains a very good essay upon "Lacksley Hall;" and "Lacksley Hall Sixty Years After."

The *Young Eagle* opens the year in a manner auguring well for the future.

The *University of Ottawa Review* for September contains some good articles, and also some well written poetry.

THE HERO.

A hero who dies in the battle's loud roar
Is enshrined in the temple of fame,
Where a nation with reverence worships the name
Of a son who's forgot never more.

For his glory lives on in the hearts of all men
Whilst the cycles of time roll away,
And though monuments crumble and empires decay,
Yet his deeds are recorded by genius's pen.

More glorious still is the grand deed of him
Who, like Sir Thomas Moore, can endure
To meet death on the scaffold with brave heart and pure,
For his conscience and duty a willing victim.

Though his name find no record on fame's brilliant roll,
And his glory by men be forgot,
Yet in heaven's own life-book a greater is not
Than the deed of that thrice valiant soul.

When the billows of time reach that echoless shore
Where the Angels of God hold assize,
Not to battle-crowned hero will they give the prize,
But to those who have died for their duty, like Moore.

—B.

VIATORIANA.

- Red.
- Lucky B.
- Give me water.
- O! who are you?
- Teddy was wounded.
- Does she love me yet?
- So Sleepy Dick is here.
- The windy boy from Calumet.
- “Hang a calf-skin on those limbs.”
- In this young hand stands Plantagent.
- Don’t you think she looks like a gypsy.
- The cake walkers are amongst us again.
- Say, Rex, send the false tooth to mother.
- Say Mc, lay go of the bottle; I say let go.
- Quit throwing water, you’ll wet my socks.
- Ha! here she comes; my Heavens, its Mary!
- Just let me catch the man who stole my vest.
- She loves me, she loves me, she loves me not.
- Say, Mr.——, give me a piece of that ribbon.
- The author of “Born in Boston” is not dead yet.
- Of all the songs, O give me the Banks of Wabash.
- Miss, please may I have that picture in the case——
- Rex, are you in the play? If not, please keep quiet.
- Say Father, I’ll come out if you quit throwing at me.

The Junior Athletic Association was formed September 19, 1898. The constitution was ratified by all the members of the association. The object of this association is the propagation of the athletics in the junior department, and to pass the winter months in a pleasant manner. The officers were elected, and each officer was assigned to his duty. Our prefect, Mr. J. Brennan, was elected president; Rev. J. Ryan, C.S.V., financial treasurer. We wish the association success.

A foot ball team to represent the Junior department was formed by the following members:


A. Somuchsen.....	Left End
R. Dahlem.....	Left Tackle
Hector Marcotte.....	Left Guard
W. Renwick.....	Center
Homer Marcotte.....	Right Guard
Ray Fay.....	Right Tackle
T. Southward.....	Right End
H. Lambert.....	Full Back (Captain)
W. Maher.....	Quarter Back
L. Boswert.....	Right Half Back
C. Flanagan.....	Left Half Back
Substitutes—W. Cunningham, T. Conley.	

JUNIOR SECOND TEAM.

R. Grahah.....	Left End
E. O'Connor.....	Left Tackle
B. Marselle.....	Left Guard
F. Tammen.....	Center
H. Cyr.....	Right Guard
Jas. Murphy.....	Right Tackle
R. Valentine.....	Right End
T. Conley.....	Right Half Back
W. Cunningham.....	Full Back
J. Carrol.....	Quarter Back
A. Fuchs.....	Left Half Back
Substitutes—R. Regan, W. Krueger.	

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