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A SILVER JUBILEE.

TO REV. M. LETELLIER ST. JUST.

A gray-haired priest still toils along
The rough and thorny way,
'Mid woes and tears and ribald song,
He works both night and day;
Reproving, pleading, aiding when
Occasion does demand,
He draws the soul from vice's den,
And teaches God's command.

For five and twenty years he's toiled
In northern climes and snows;
How oft man's enemies he's foiled
'Tis God alone that knows.
He ne'er has sought for earthly rest,
Through health both good and ill
When e'er his Master thought it best
He toiled but harder still.

The sturdy woodmen know his smile,
And wait his coming, too;
Their axes put aside the while
He speaks in friendship true.
The miners brush their darkened brows
And haste his hand to grasp,
The love that makes their faces glow
Beyond the grave will last.

Nor do the sturdy sons of toil
Alone revere his name,
For others, far from strife's turmoil,
Young students seeking fame,
Behold in him indeed a friend,
And ask on bended knee
That God to him may blessings send
On this, his jubilee.

And surely He will hear their prayer
With blessings rare and choice,
For glorious saints and angels fair
Must on this day rejoice.
Their King's ambassador has passed
His years in works of love,
A crown he claims where saints are classed,
In heavenly realms above.

—J. H. N.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

— —

The poet Lowell felt when he had completed this work that he had done something worthy of note, and so expressed himself to a friend. This judgment was worthy of the mind that conceived the work and all trusty critics unite in confirming the impression of the author.

This poem is not, of course, original in its entirety, being founded on a legend that had long done service. But the story lost nothing in Lowell's handling and received many lovely touches it had not from other hands.

The Vision of Sir Launfal appeared in 1848, more than ten years before Tennyson had sent out his first installment of the "Idyls of the King." There is little room for comparison in these two works, the one epic in its form and conduct, the other a mere incident, but Arthurian, like the "Idyls" in hero and reference.

Sir Launfal was to go in search of the Holy Grail, which was, so the legend ran, the cup used by the Savior when He first gave His body and blood to His apostles at the last supper. It was conditional to the search, that he who would be successful, must be pure in mind and heart: vainly would others seek. So Sir Launfal made a vow to go in search of the Holy Grail, and his going and returning form the two incidents which Lowell has woven into a poem of exquisite loveliness.

In the prelude to the first part, the scene opens amidst the effulgence of the early summer, when man must, if

ever, be struck with the beauty and goodness of God, who thus loads the earth with grandeur and warms men's hearts to noble deeds, as does the sun the earth to make it productive. So, too, the season was typical of the one who would go on the holy search—for he must possess youth and beauty. The strength of manhood must be in him, and all beholders must be charmed by his presence and take hope of fruitful finding, from his power and enthusiasm. And here the poet strikes the keynote in famous line:

"And what is so rare as a day in June."

Then, truly, the author draws a beautiful picture of the life and beauty everywhere seen. He makes us feel that it is a time to inspire lofty action and a season wherein to plan for a successful harvest:

"Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and
towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

Propitious time indeed when Sir Launfal rides forth proudly from his castle to go on his holy mission, for:

"'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green and skies to be
blue."

But the feeling of superiority bred in Launfal by imperious ancestors, made him overrate himself, and in turn made him despise Christ's poor. His dreams were limitless as his search which would bring him into all climes, for he knew not just where his quest would end.

As he came to the gate of his castle there met him a leper who sought an alms, to whom, in loathing, he cast some gold. But as no real charity went with the gift, it was spurned by the leper, who said:

"That is no true alms which the hand can hold;

He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,

* * * * *

The hand can not clasp the whole of his alms,

The heart outstretches his eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Sir Launfal meets here his first rebuke, but passes proudly on to fill the object of his vow.

The scene is changed. Chill December takes the place of summer. And if we not only enjoyed but really felt the pleasures of June in the description of the first part, we no less feel the chill and desolation, that

"Carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare."

These preludes are the crystallizing of a mood and they impress the reader as would the very scenes themselves. We have nothing superior in American poetry, to the beautiful, soulful, and artistic work of these introductory stanzas of the two parts of Sir Launfal.

If June be lifeful and hopeful, December is the season of gloom and sadness. It is symbolic of age—happy time if life's work be crowned with ever so little success.

And now comes homeward Sir Launfal, an aged, worn, and disappointed man. He has failed completely and wandered the world over in fruitless search of the Holy Grail. Arrived at his castle gate, he again meets the leper who once more seeks an alms. Not now, as in days gone by, does Sir Launfal look with contempt on the leper. Suffering has softened his heart and true charity, not mere gold, he gives to the beggar. For said the now man of faith:

—"I behold in thee

An image of him who died on the tree.

* * * * *

Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold through Him, I give to thee!"

But immediately the leper is transformed and appears as the Savior, who having heard Sir Launfal's story of a life's failure, comforts that broken knight thus:

"Lo it is I, be not afraid!

In many climes without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the stream for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee.

* * * * *

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—

Himself, his hungry neighbor, and me."

In the application of the parable the poet lacks what comes from a delicate and enlightened faith. His interpretation is a purely natural one, and as such fails to bring out the exalted grandeur of the fine lesson he had begun. He inculcates charity, but ignores one of the most divine gifts of God to man, viz.; the giving of Himself to be our food and drink.

in that he makes the doings of real charity, even though it be of a high order, a partaking of the divine sacrament, as if it were not rather the real participation in that heavenly banquet that gave men the fire of true charity and showed the world how small are the works of man, how little he can do, when guided by purely natural light and motives.

Still this "vision of Sir Launfal" is a superb creation—"a thing of beauty." It will repay earnest reading, and one appreciating its beauties will surely say that its author was no less a poet in conceiving it than a prophet in predicting that it would live. M.

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

"A nation's greatness lies in men, not acres;
One master mind is worth a million hands."

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Just eighty-three years ago there was born in the charming little town of Mallow, situated on the picturesque banks of the lovely Blackwater, County Cork, Ireland, one who had received a due share of genius, the illustrious Thomas Osborne Davis, Ireland's own true and untainted patriot, poet, essayist, and scholar. The young Davis grew up imbibing a deep and passionate love for his dear native land, with her lovely valleys and majestic hills, her melodious woods and shady groves, her noble rivers and crystal streams, and the very skies above.

It is this love, pure and undefiled, that had its fountain head in nature and nature's God, that gives to Davis's

prose and poetry such a charm, and such a high position in the world of letters.

Davis was a graduate of Trinity college, Dublin. We are told that during his probation within those ancient walls he was a hard worker, retiring in disposition, not a mere pounder of text-books, for he read extensively, but without selection. He completed his course creditably, indeed, but without any distinguished honors.

When he undertook the praiseworthy task of devoting his talents to the service of his country, the world beheld in him a man of superior intellectual endowments.

The autumn of 1842 witnessed him an active factor in the establishment of a new journal, *The Nation*, its object being to promote the cause of nationality by all the helps which literary and political genius could bring to its assistance. Thomas Davis and his allies found that their staff was complete enough in every department save the poetical. After some deliberation, Davis and his copartners resolved to occupy the poet's chair themselves, which, indeed, they did, and with such success that they not only astonished themselves, but the community at large.

In 1844 Davis contributed his greatest portion and his most worthy poems to the literary world. But, unfortunately, his glorious powers were early extinguished in the slumbers of death after a short illness in his mother's home in Dublin, September 16, 1845, at the early age of thirty-one.

He won for himself great distinction as a poet in three short years, and what he has left to posterity is but a faint glimmer of his real greatness.

Unquestionably Davis was as true a son of song as ever struck the chords of Erin's harp. His music came from the heart, and magic-like, steals its way into the heart, where it rings in sweetest strains of all that is heroic and beautiful.

Truly, he sang of Ireland, and for Ireland alone, and this may be readily seen in his poem, "My Land:"

"She is a rich and rare land;
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land;
She is a dear and rare land,
This native land of mine."

Is there not a real love of motherland exhalng from these lines? How truly the poetic soul is reflected in every verse, and how the Celtic blood courses warmer and warmer with patriotism fired anew by the mere hum of these.

Was there ever uttered anything more patriotic than this:

"I'd freely die to save her
And think my lot divine."

What enthusiasm marks these verses in this glorious outburst, "A Nation Once Again:"

"So, as I grew from boy to man,
I bent me to its bidding,
My spirit of each selfish plan
And cruel passion ridding;
For this I hoped some day to aid—
Oh! could such hope be vain?
When my dear country should be made
A nation once again."

What noble, lofty, and genuinely patriotic sentiments.

"National poetry," says this dearly cherished poet in one of his essays, "is the very flowering of the soul, the greatest evidence of its health, the greatest excellence of its beauty. Its melody is balm to the senses." Yes, verily yes, it is the "very flowering of the soul," for in his song or ballad, "Oh for a Steed," the health and beauty of his own great soul, pregnant with genuinely national song, bursts forth in strains that loudly speak the delicate sensitiveness of his humane heart not alone the wrongs, those cruel, unnatural wrongs, under which his own loved land groans, but also any country smitten unjustly by the rod of tyranny:

"Oh for a steed, a rushing steed, and dear
Poland gathered around
To smite her circle of savage foes, and
smash them upon the ground.
Nor hold my hand
While on the land
A foreigner foe was found."

* * * * *

Oh for a steed, a rushing steed, on the Cour-
ragh of Kildare,
And Irish squadrons ready to do as they are
ready to dare

A hundred yards
And Holland's guards
Drawn up to engage me there.

We quote from his essays: "This country of ours is no sand bank, thrown up by some recent caprice of earth. It is an ancient land, honored in the archives of civilization, traceable into antiquity by its piety, its valor and its sufferings. Every great European race has sent its stream to the river of Irish mind. Long wars, vast organizations, subtile codes, beacon crimes, boding virtues and self-mighty men were hers.

If we lived influenced by wind, and sun, and tree, not by the passion and deeds of the Past, we are a thriftless and hopeless people."

The songs of Davis that smack of history are, unquestionably, the offspring of a soul not directly aroused by "wind, and sun, and tree," but by passions and deeds of the Past, as is portrayed in the following extracts from two of his most powerful and passionate historical songs, "The Sack of Baltimore;" and "Fontenoy." Baltimore is a small seaport in South Munster, a castle of the O'Driscolls, and after its ruin colonized by the English. On the 20th of June, 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of the night, sacked the town, took into slavery all who were not too old or too young, or too fierce for their purpose:

"Then flung the youth his naked hand
against the shearing sword,
Then sprung the mother on the brand with
which her son was gored,
Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his
grandbabes clutching wild,
Then fled the maiden, moaning faint, and
nestled with the child.
But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and
crushed with splashing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there swoops
his Syrian steel.
Though virtue sink and courage fail, and
misers yield their store,
There's *one* hearth well avenged, in the sack
of Baltimore."

In his dashing, high spirited "Fontenoy," Davis pours out a volley of fiery thoughts in perfect blending and harmony with his theme. Sometimes he grows mighty, and thunders like

the roar of artillery, full of that majesty and heroic splendor characteristic of the old masters that sang of the warrior. Does not this stanza start out in all the dignity of rhetorical grace, and flow on to the end in the same majestic grandeur of like passages in the "Æneid" and "Illiad:"

"Like lions leaping at the fold when mad
with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish
exile sprang.
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their
guns are filled with gore,
Through shattered ranks and severed files
and trampled flags they tore;
The English strove with desperate strength,
paused, rallied, staggered, fled,
The green hillside is matted close with dy-
ing and with dead.
Across the plain and far away passed on
that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon
the track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in
the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the
field is fought and won!

Truly, Thomas Osborne Davis was an illustrious figure in that brilliant group of patriotic Irishmen that flashed in the firmament of Ireland's literature; and the genius of these proud sons of "Innisfail" is, and forever shall be, indelibly marked on the hearts of their countrymen, and their immortal contributions to literature shall be an adornment to the "Green Isle" as long as she keeps fresh and pure her faith, and the glorious treasures her noble sons and virtuous daughters have bequeathed to her libraries.

A. H. W.

MARK ANTONY
(IN JULIUS CÆSAR.)

Where is the one who has fought with "Cæsar" in Gaul, who has aided him in building his famous "pontoon bridge" and has never had a desire to read, or more, to see a production of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar."

This drama is perhaps the author's best known work. Dealing as it does with a part of history, which even when written in an unadorned, prosaic style, cannot fail to attract the attention of the youngest student of history, but when retouched by the master-hand of the greatest of modern poets it never fails to arouse the deepest attention.

This play is not without its brilliant lights. Brutus and Cassius may be favorably compared with Shakespeare's greatest creations, and the "quarrel" scene between these two men is truly one of the finest examples we have of dramatic art.

But there is in "Julius Cæsar" a character of which I would speak, one which for me has always had a fascination. I refer to the eloquent Mark Antony.

Although not to be compared to Hamlet, Macbeth, Richard III., or Brutus, he may nevertheless be regarded by serious and conscientious critics as a creation worthy of a great artist. A character most true to nature, and which, considered in its proper sphere, Shakespeare himself has never surpassed if ever equalled.

Antony's life seems to have been one of love and devotion; love for Rome and

an unfailing devotion to Cæsar, whose word to him was law.

"I shall remember: When Cæsar says
Do this, it is perform'd."

If one will but connect Antony's two truly great speeches over Cæsar's body, the one before the assassins, the other before the populace, he will find portrayed a character which is indeed worthy of study. Entering the forum in haste, he is amazed at the sight before him and over the corse of his friend gives vent to his amazement. Then in the fullness of his sorrow cries out:

"Who else must be let blood, who else is
rank,
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour.
Nor no instrument of half that worth
As those your swords made rich
With the most noble blood of all this
world."

It seems strange that after talking thus he should address the conspirators as

"the choice and master spirits of this age"
and shake hands with each in turn,
thus to all appearances making his
peace with them; but we see his purpose in the following:

"And I am suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral."

Notice his conduct when left alone with Cæsar's body; at first esteem, reverence, love dominates.

"Oh pardon me, thou bleeding piece of
earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these
butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of time."

But as a volcano seemingly extinct, suddenly gushes from the earth, so Antony pours forth with uncontrollable vehemence, those feelings which he has so long subdued.

"Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood * * *

* * * A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;

Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all parts of Italy."

We have seen how Antony gained permission to address the people, and we all know how he moved and quieted the mob at will! How he broke the barrier of Brutus's eloquence which stood between the populace and vengeance! How he turned the people from a love of Brutus to a most intense hatred. See with what craftiness he informs the mob, of Cæsar's will, and how he makes them eager to hear it though not appearing to do so.

"I must not read it; it is not meet,
You know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones,
But men; and, being men, hearing
The will of Cæsar, it will inflame you,
It will make you mad."

And when the fury of the mob breaks forth, see how he seemingly attempts to quiet them, yet withal spurs them on:

"Good friends, sweet friends!
Let me not stir you up to such a flood of mutiny
That they have done this deed are honorable.

Though when they have started on the rampage, his true purpose becomes evident from these few words:

"Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt."

Throughout we see Antony seeking but justice. In his address to the people he seemed to have but one purpose, justice for Cæsar. In every way conceivable he attacked Brutus for his part in the conspiracy, and seemed to incite the mob more against this man, whom he thought to be the leader, than any other. He may have been rash in his judgment of Brutus, but this we can excuse, for it was his love for Cæsar that made him hasty; and we find him not slower in forgiving Brutus on finding the true cause for his part in the conspiracy. Of him Antony said:

"This was the noblest Roman of them all * * *

Nature might stand up and say
To all the world, This was a man."

The character of Mark Antony is indeed one to be admired and worthy of careful study, for it portrays a man who feared naught, who did what he thought was right for justice's sake. A man steadfast in his devotion to his friends. A true and honorable protector of his country's rights.

C. J. Q.

—Fear not till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane."—*Macbeth*.

The spectacle of a "moving wood," which the witches had foretold, was the last straw needed to break the camel's back in Macbeth's case. Still we were treated recently to the sight of large trees being bodily moved and transplanted at a considerable distance from their former abode. We have a man who does such things with great agility.

NECESSITY OF READING.

Knowledge is derived chiefly from two sources: personal observation and intercourse with those who are better and wiser than ourselves. Our sphere of observation is so limited in its range and so circumscribed, especially in youth, that but few are able to draw from this source any valuable knowledge.

If, then, we would learn to think noble thoughts and elevate our souls into a purer atmosphere of intellectual life we must commune with the wise and good.

We must sit at the feet of some sage and learn wisdom from his lips.

But where find this sage, this oracle, able and willing to teach us the wisdom we seek? Are any of our friends or acquaintances able to perform this service for us? Yes, the wisest sages, truest friends, and those who would be our most intimate acquaintances are patiently entreating us to listen to their teaching.

Good books, "containing the hived wisdom of ages," are ever at our disposal. Behind the two boards that bind them we can speak to the wisest men that ever lived. "They will talk to us," says Ruskin, "in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts."

Minds illuminated by the light of genius and surpassing in keenness the glance of an eagle's eye have felt in their looks the living, burning thoughts of their souls. These are the inexhaustible mines from which the golden ore of knowledge must be drawn.

They are the God appointed teachers of the world, for great men are gifts of God sent on earth to make truth and righteous prevail over falsehood and sin.

In reading the sublime productions of these master spirits we are unconsciously purified and ennobled. Our souls, like clay, in the hands of a potter are moulded into forms of truth and beauty of which we before had no conception. Nature lies before us stripped of all its grossness and clothed with such lofty grandeur that we must needs be drawn to worship its Almighty Maker. Their words are like flames of fire consuming all that is base within us and fitting us for the higher and more noble duties of life.

No one can be great and noble who does not in some manner enjoy the company of the great and noble. Hence some mistaking the semblance of nobility for nobility itself court the society of those who are decked with the empty trappings of outward pomp. They spend their lives in fawning upon those who have nothing to give and perhaps even despise them. Base spirits these, incapable of seeing that all true greatness lies within.

Earnestness of purpose, purity of intention, faith, hope, and love, these are what constitute the truly great man, whatever be his condition of life or accident of birth. Every great author possesses these in an eminent degree.

Philosophers and poets, saints and sages, would gladly take us by the hand and lead us through the pleasant fields of knowledge; and shall we

ignore such company to follow the common herd?

How few there are who love the society of the illustrious dead, and how fewer still is the number of those who try to fit themselves for fellowship in this society of earth's greatest sons. There are hundreds who devour a certain class of novels by the thousand, and fancy themselves intelligent readers and highly cultured persons, but they can not in the best sense of the word be said to read at all. If reading is to be of any benefit to the mind it must be accompanied by some mental effort.

In fact, novel reading as a rule does not call into play the higher faculties of the mind. It is thus described by W. D. Howells, who is himself one of the foremost novelists of the present day: "It may be safely assumed that most of the novel reading, which people fancy is an intellectual pastime, is the emptiest dissipation, hardly more related to thought or the wholesome exercise of the mental faculties than opium eating; in either case, the brain is drugged and left weaker and crazier by the debauch. If this may be called the negative result of the fiction habit, the positive injury which most novels work is by no means so easily to be measured in the case of young men, whose character they help so much to form or deform."

Reading, when rightly understood, is in no sense a mere pastime. To be serviceable it must be a mental discipline. All the faculties of the mind must be brought to bear on the subject we are reading. If it degenerates into

a mere amusement it ceases to be beneficial and may become endlessly harmful. Ruskin lays down the true rule for reading when he says: "First of all I tell you earnestly and authoritatively, (I know I am right in this) you must get into the habit of looking intently at words and assuring yourself of their meaning syllable by syllable, nay, letter by letter. You might read all the books in the British museum (if you could live long enough) and remain an utterly illiterate, uneducated person; but if you read ten pages of a good book letter by letter—that is to say, with real accuracy—you are forevermore in some measure an educated person."

Reading after this manner is something more than a means of passing a few pleasant hours. It will do for the mind what outdoor exercise does for the body—give it strength and suppleness.

The multiplicity of books seems to render a choice extremely difficult, but in reality it is not so. The number of good books is comparatively small and whoever reads with a purpose will soon learn to know and love them.

B.

We are but children,—God is great!
In face of death we could not live,
Were there no castles in the clouds,
No earthly hopes that hearts elate,
No daily joys His dear hands give,
No flowers to hide the somber shrouds.

—*Maurice Francis Egan.*

Love that doth count its gift is a weak prop
Whereon to stay a weary human heart.

—*Eliza Calvert Hall.*

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EDITORIAL.

The stormy month of March has some pleasant features. It is the time between the chill wintry days and the all-delightful ones of spring. Marking the passing of the dullest season in college life, it speaks of the bright, hopeful days so near.

One of the happiest memories this month brings, one hallowed by time and filled with recollections of many happy days now gone, is the occurrence of a great day that comes within its limit—St. Patrick's Day, the patronal feast of Ireland—a feast on which our college societies have always put forth their best efforts to do the occasion honor and on which they have invariably succeeded.

A day on which we celebrate a great national and religious event, the conversion of a whole race to the true religion, is one worthy of perpetual remembrance. And when all the memories are still fresh and the old faith still lives warm in loyal hearts there comes with the recurring years a greater veneration for him whose

honor we proclaim and a profounder respect for the remarkable nation whose fortune it was to have such an illustrious Apostle and who have been so true to his holy teaching.

We have a further reason for making the day one of joy, in that then we meet our friends and with them renew old acquaintance and perhaps recall the former times when together we celebrated this day at home or when other and very dear friends were with us, whose kind words we miss and whom we shall henceforth know only in memory.

This year the Thespians will endeavor to entertain their visitors in the excellent way they do such things. They have adapted several scenes from Tennyson's great drama *Becket* with some additions from the play of the same name by Aubrey Devere. The choice is an excellent one and the rehearsals promise results in keeping with the high order of the drama. There will be a farce to conclude the evenings entertainment, entitled the "Great Umbrella Case," in which all our comedians will take part. Our friends are cordially invited and may expect a good evenings enjoyment.

The play will be given Tuesday evening March 16.

Each suffering is a new flower added to the crown which is prepared for us in eternity.—*St. Liguori.*

SILVER JUBILEE OF REV. M.
LETELLIER ST. JUST.

Wednesday, February 24, was a day of great joy and festivity for the students and faculty of the college. The occasion was the celebration in honor of a memorable event in the life of one of the college's benefactors, the twenty-fifth anniversary of Rev. M. Letellier's elevation to the holy priesthood. Father Letellier was born August 14, 1832, at St. Thomas of Montmagny, Canada. He studied classics at St. Ann's College, Quebec, and completed his course at Laval University. He joined the community of St. Viators in 1862, and spent six years teaching in many of their leading Canadian colleges. Feeling called to missionary work, he became affiliated with the Diocese of Chicago, and finished his theological course in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal. He was ordained in 1872, at the Cathedral of Chicago, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley, and immediately assigned to the parish of St. Anne, Ill. Here he built a magnificent church, and zealously attended the spiritual needs of his flock. Owing to the scarcity of French priests in the Diocese of Marquette, he, at the solicitation of the bishop, joined that diocese. He was installed as pastor at Muskegon, Mich., where he labored four years, leaving (when transferred to Alpena), a beautiful church as the result of his zeal. From Alpena he was sent to Menominee, Mich., where again he raised a grand temple to God's worship. Being stationed, respectively, at Ispeming, Nodau, Lake

Linden, Calumet, and Iron Mountain, his present location, he left everywhere monuments of his devotion to his sacred ministry, and he endeared himself to all by his faithfulness, kindness, and unstinted generosity. The Reverend Father, accompanied by forty priests from Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois, arrived at the college Tuesday evening, February 23, and was entertained by a four-act drama, entitled "The Children of Clodimir," written by Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V.

Wednesday morning at 9:30 the Rev. Jubilarian sang solemn high mass in the college chapel, where, by a happy coincidence twenty-five years before, he had offered up his first mass. The officers of the mass were: Rev. P. Boudoin, C.S.V., deacon; Rev. Father Fournier, C.S.V., of Irving Park, Ill., sub-deacon; and Rev. Brother Bergin, of the college, master of ceremonies. After the gospel, our president ascended the altar and preached a very beautiful and most appropriate sermon. He referred feelingly to the many places where Father Letellier had labored in the sacred ministry, not to win success, or wealth, but from simple duty and loving kindness; to the many noble edifices that he had erected for the worship of his Master, and which stand as glorious monuments of his great devotedness; to the many souls, which he has regenerated at the sacred fount, fed at the holy table with the bread of life, united in the bonds of wedlock at the altar, and strengthened by the spiritual food, their passage from earth to the other world, saying that all these in spirit

unite with us their praises of such glorious actions, and on this memorable day assist us to crown a life so nobly spent in the vineyard of the Lord, and that they join us in praying that so faithful a laborer may be spared for many years to perform those priceless deeds, which are the jewels of history.

The music during mass was rendered by the college choir, assisted by the orchestra. At the offertory Mrs. C. F. Morel sang "O Cor Amoris" in a manner that betokened a great artist.

After mass the Jubilarian and visiting priests repaired to the college hall where they reviewed the battalion drill of the cadets, and the fancy gun and sword drills by the Ford Exhibition Squad and the Columbian Guards. At the conclusion of the drill, Mr. H. P. Rainey stepped forward and on behalf of the students and faculty read the following

ADDRESS.

Reverend and Dear Father:

Be it our privilege on this auspicious day to rejoice with you and unite our young voices with those of thousands who all gladly hail this opportunity of wishing you joy and of telling you hearty thanks. With them let us be allowed to pray that you may long be spared to those who are the grateful recipients of the blessings that fall daily from your consecrated hands.

Reared as we are here beneath the salutary influence of devoted religious, we are, even though young, already deeply sensible to the affection and kindly light of the priesthood in whose gentle beam the young may learn to

walk to manhood's greater duties and manhood be lead to that higher perfection of human life in which consists the glory both of the citizen and of the saint. Knowing, therefore, as we do the excellence of the priesthood's ministry among men, we respectfully beg to lay at your feet, Reverend Father, the homage of our sincere esteem and respect.

Every man writes his own history in his deeds; along the path which he has pursued are strewn the monuments of his works, great and little. How beautifully, as with old imperial magnificence, you have adorned the path which you have travelled; the churches and schools and especially the spiritual edifices the conversions with which you have enriched St. Anne, Momence, Muskegon, Alpena, Menominee, Nadeau, Ishpeming, Lake Linden, Iron Mountain, and Calumet form triumphal arches that mark the road by which you have mounted to that Spiritual Capitol the perfection of the Christian eternal priesthood.

Blessed indeed be the Ambassador of Christ! Blessed be the Apostle, whose zeal for the propagation of the world saving gospel has not only inspired him the generosity to leave country, home, and friends, but the consecration of a lifetime of most indefatigable labors! Alike the rich and the poor, the great and the lowly, the denizens of prosperous cities, and the humble laborers of backwood lumbering camps have acclaimed your coming amongst them; for all men bless the feet of those who preach peace and love and who administer comfort to universal

human sorrow. And absorbed in all these tasks you have not forgotten our college, and we are among the many who today proudly and gratefully point out the gifts of your generosity.

Let us be allowed then on this epoch-marking day of your eventful life to place upon your deserving brow the wreath of youth's admiration and love for what is great and good in the deeds of men.

Be pleased to accept from us these flowers whose beauty and perfume, though short lived, are a fair emblem of the beauty and sweet fragrance of virtues which you have sown and cultivated in the thousands of souls committed to your zealous care.

Again receive the assurance of our most respectful love, together with the expression of our hearty good wishes for a long and happy continuation of your beautifully consecrated life.

A beautiful pillow of flowers, with "XXV" in raised letters, and two magnificent bouquets were then presented to the Jubilarian. Very Rev Father Bourion, V. G., representing Rt. Rev. Bishop Vertin, then arose and referred to his past friendly relations with Father Letellier and to the kind feelings of his Bishop towards him, and in a few well chosen words he concluded by presenting Father Letellier with a beautiful surplice and stole, a gift of his former congregation of Menominee, Mich. Father Letellier, visibly affected, responded by thanking the students for their military entertainment and congratulating them on their proficiency. He then

gave a brief resumé of his pastoral work in the arch-diocese of Chicago, enumerating the hardships and almost insurmountable difficulties which a quarter of a century ago had to be endured by the priest. He thanked the Reverend Fathers of the college for their grand celebration in his honor, and the visiting priests for the honors and favors which they bestowed on him, and which he would always treasure as souvenirs of the great event of his life, saying that he would hang in the halls of memory a picture of what had transpired on this occasion. Knowing that the recollection of it would make pleasant any and all of his arduous duties, until his Divine Master would be pleased to call upon him to give an account of his stewardship.

The next place of assembly was in the banquet hall, where abundance of delicacies awaited their coming. The hall was tastefully arranged, potted plants stood upon the tables, and in the south end of the hall hung a picture of the Rev. Jubilarian, beautifully arranged with banners inscribed 1872-1897. During the feast the visitors were delighted by the sweet sounds of the college orchestra, led by Bro. Desjardin. The menu card was a novel and ingenious one, the dishes of the different courses being dedicated to one of Father Letellier's many missions. After the last course Rev. Father Marsile, as toastmaster, introduced Rev. P. Boudoin, who responded to the toast, "Our Reverend Guest." Father Boudoin's recalling of early reminiscences, was very interesting and a source of much

pleasure to the guests. "The Bishop of Marquette" was the next toast, and Very Rev. Father Borion, of Menominee, Mich., responded, speaking highly of the bishop's goodness and kindness.

Rev. P. C. Conway, of St. Mary's Church, Chicago, Ill., responded to the toast, "Our Archbishop." Father Conway modestly asserted that he considered himself incompetent for so difficult a task as the one assigned to him, saying that any words that he could utter would be but a feeble tribute to the great arch-bishop of the Western metropolis, whose abilities and qualifications commanded the respect not only of the American hierarchy, but of the Universal Church, and whose mild, yet firm way of ruling has endeared him to all his priests and people, and justly earned for him the title of "Faithful Shepherd." The Reverend Father's speech was greeted with great and prolonged applause.

After the banquet the priests assembled in the music room, where they were entertained by some pleasing songs and original poetry composed for the occasion by Rev. Father Valaint, of Green Bay, Wis.

In the evening most of the priests departed for their homes, and only a sweet memory of the day's celebration remained to fill the void caused by their absence.

THE VIATORIAN extends its hearty congratulations to Rev. Father Letellier, and joins with them the wish that he may be long spared for the sacred ministry, and that his holy life may be fraught with all the blessings of God.

AD MULTOS ANNOS.

Among the many priests who participated were: The Very Rev. Fathers Fourrier, of Irving Park; Boudoin, of Fourbonnais; Borion, of Menominee, and Rev. Fathers Valiant, of Green Bay, Wis.; Kelly, of Gilman, Ill.; Labrie, of Momence, Ill.; Berard, of St. Anné, Ill.; Chouinard, of Manteno, Ill.; Mainville, of St. Joseph, Ill.; Crosson, of Crawfordsville, Ind.; Dandurand, of Lafayette, Ind.; Bordeaux, of St. George, Ill.; Granger, Sixt, and Poissant, of Kankakee, Ill.; McDevitt, O'Callaghan, Oulinet, Lesage, Lamontagne, Bourossa, Bergeron, Vizina, Simard, Kearney, Gilmas, and Conway, all of Chicago, Ill.; Boucher, Fond du Lac, Wis.

M. P. S.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

"THE AMBASSADOR OF CHRIST."

It may be truly said of the distinguished author of the above work that "he touches nothing he does not adorn." In his latest work, "The Ambassador of Christ," Cardinal Gibbons has maintained the excellence of his former work. Graceful in style, thorough in treatment, practical in its methods, it is a book full of genuine spirituality, with that touch of modernity that makes it peculiarly a book for our own day. Of course the principles of spirituality are and will ever be the same. But old fashioned methods in style and handling are apt to make a too practical people think that the sentiments of the book are as much out of place as the style. The author has succeeded admirably in re-

moving this impression, and without any concessions. Logical in its plan, complete in its treatment, it is filled with the soundest maxims, supported by the most forcible reasons, and expressed in a manner that leaves no doubt of the writer's own sincerity and conviction. This latest work is the third of the cardinal's efforts to reach the public and to impart to it some of the rich fund of knowledge within his possession. In a former work, "The Faith of Our Fathers," Cardinal Gibbons addressed himself to those outside the church, and sought with all the powers of graceful presentation and dignified pleading to put before the "lost sheep of the house of Israel" a knowledge of the saving faith that was still extant, still preserved in its primitive simplicity and purity. In his second book, "Our Christian Heritage," the author sought those already in the church, and tried to impress upon them the worth of the institution to which they belonged and the need there was of serving it well. In "The Ambassador of Christ" there is an effort to speak to the higher orders, and here is as successful as in his other books. This latest effort is a logical result of the former works of the cardinal, and they will make a worthy collection, reflecting honor on their distinguished author, and will at the same time be a high tribute from a zealous prelate to Catholic literature. John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md., 1896. Cloth, \$1.

From the American Book Company, Chicago, we have received "An Eng-

lish Grammar," by W. M. Baskerville and J. A. Sewell. This is a complete text-book, orderly in arrangement, concise and lucid in style, thoroughly practical, and its principles are founded on the real basis of grammar—good literature. The main objects it has in view are "to cultivate mental skill and power, and to induce the student to prosecute further studies in this field." Copious quotations from standard authors are given, in order to explain more clearly to the student the facts of the language. It is a work which should be in the library of every teacher. In this science, especially, a teacher should become familiar with several authors, otherwise his mind will naturally narrow, and he will become poorly qualified to teach this branch. In speaking of English grammar, we suppose *another* text-book has been put on the market because another one is needed, but there appears to be more need of an elementary text-book than an advanced grammar. There is no common school branch more important, and in no other branch do we find pupils more injured than improved. "Of making English grammars there is no end," and too many of these contain nothing more than mere technical terms, abstruse thoughts, and principles which can only be mastered by mature minds. It is no wonder that many pupils cultivate a distaste for this subject, for to them many definitions are too often meaningless, and so seldom are they applied that they do not *teach* anything. The pupil very frequently fails to see the end to

be gained by much of this study, and owing to the senseless way in which it is taught there is no end. If the English language were taught more and grammar less, the pupil would be able to see the practical use of the study, and would *want* to study English, as well as any other branch. In short, if "more attention were given to the cut of the garment and less to the color of the buttons," we might see better results in the study of English grammar, for that which was memorized would be made a part of the student's daily thought and practice.

"Practical Rhetoric" by J. D. Quackenbos.

The fact that another text-book has been written by Mr. Quackenbos is a sufficient sign of its worth, for his books have been considered standard authority for a generation or more. The edition before us is very comprehensive and is written in that same clear, pure, classic style of expression which have become the characteristics of the text books of this author. It is intended to meet the demands of all classes in high school, academies, and colleges, and is divided into six parts, namely: (1) The æsthetic basis of rhetorical principles, (2) literary invention, (3) literary style, (4) figurative speech, (5) functions and technic of standard prose forms, (6) practical forms. The book will be found clear, simple, and very philosophical in the treatment of different subjects and cannot fail to arouse an interest and give life to the class which uses it. New York, Chicago, and Cincinnati, American Book Co., 1896.

In the *Forum* for February the Hon. David B. Hill treats the subject of the "Future of the Democratic Organization" in a lucid and most entertaining manner. It is a brief resume of the history of this great political party, and in recalling Bryan's assertion that "the best of prophets of the future is the past," he foretells the union of the party and its victory in the last contest of the nineteenth century. "Economy of Time in Teaching," by Dr. J. M. Rice, is of special interest to teachers, and contains many suggestions which ought to be put in practice by those instructors who fritter away their time upon trifling matters, without making real progress. Other papers of general interest are: "The Present and Future of Cuba," "The Results of Cardinal Satolli's Mission," by Dr. McGlynn; "The Cure for a Vicious Monetary System," by Senator Peffer, and "The Criminal in the Open," by Josiah Flynt.

The *Rosary Magazine* for February is up to its usual high standard. Probably the most interesting article is a character sketch of "Gerald Griffin as a Christian Brother." It briefly describes the life of this famous poet, novelist and teacher, and gives us a beautiful pen picture of the sanctity, spirit of penance and purity of life of this renowned religious. "The story of a Convert" by Madeline V. Dahlgren is concluded in this number. The very Rev. J. M. L. Monsabre, O. P., contributes the "Rosary and the Holy Eucharist," and William Giles Dix,

"The President and the Rights of Christendom." A sketch of John Dryden is admirably given by Richard Malcolm Johnston. Two sonnets are also deserving of special mention "Acceptance" by Caroline D. Swan and "The Fourth Joyful Mystery" by Elizabeth B. Smith.

Donahoe's Magazine for February is an excellent number. The frontispiece, "The Vacant Chair," is extremely pathetic, and at a glance enlists the sympathy of the reader. "Presidential Administrations of the Past," by Theodore F. Benton, is replete with historical information, and will be especially interesting to a student of history. "Ireland's Past and Future," by Thomas A. Emmett, M. D. The subject is handled in a very lucid and interesting style, and manifests a rare degree of research. "The Sacred Heart Order," by Virginia T. Peacock, contains an account of the founding and progress of this order, which today is recognized as an important educational factor in America. Among other interesting and instructive articles might be mentioned "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," by Rev. Wm. Dolard; "The Cuban Outlook," by Carlos De La Isla; "People in Print," and "Restricted Immigration," from the pen of Edward O'Donnell. The short stories are also very well done.

—Now that spring has come we can
hear the morning bird sing:

"Out with your light, up wid ye now;
Its time to be out—cross your brow."

EXCHANGES.

One of our most welcome exchanges is *The St. James Journal*. Not only do we esteem it for its literary merit, but for that charming feminine spirit which it breathes in every page. Even if the names of the fair scribes were not appended, the reader could readily guess the authorship.

We are never disappointed on taking up the *Ave Maria*. Its short stories, poems, sketches, and miscellaneous papers are inestimable. Indeed, a single glance at the list of distinguished contributors is sufficient to convince the reader of its worth.

The *St. John's University Record*, of Collegeville, Minn., is worthy of commendation. The copy before us contains three excellent articles, namely, "Culture and Education," "Religious Liberty," and "The Book of Nature." Subtlety of thought, exhaustive study, and beauty of style are plainly evinced by the authors.

The Adelphian presents a very neat and tasty appearance. The college colors (two bars of brown and gold), stamped diagonally across the cover, are quite unique in design. The only fault we note in its literary department is its scarcity of articles.

The February number of the *Abbey Student* contains three poems especially worthy of mention. These are: "The Lily and the Maid," "Simeon," and "A Day in Spring." Their imagery, musical rhythm, and touching devotional tone, notably of the first two, justify us in styling them exquisite.

We are pleased to add *The Lake Breeze* to our exchange list. Its list of articles and neat appearance commend it very favorably to its readers.

The Aquinus, published by the pupils of St. John's Cathedral School, Milwaukee, Wis., is a new visitor and a welcome one. It is certainly a credit to the school it represents.

—Joy fills the heart of the average boy at the approach of the fine days. Base ball, bicycling, and all the favorite outdoor sports will be revived, and with them will come a return of that joy that makes college life pleasant.

—The debate on the "Cuban Question," for which so much preparation had been made, and which was anxiously awaited by those who hoped to be present when it took place, was unexpectedly postponed by the sickness of one of the principal speakers. We had hoped to see this great dispute settled once for all, but here is an unlooked for catastrophe and an indefinite wait. Poor Cuba!

—The story of the wayward junior who hid himself and his toothache (?) over against Kankakee, and mistook the railroad depot for tooth-factory, and then thought a ride on the train would give him surcease of pain, is an old, a very old yarn. But the junior is a permanent institution, and when he goes, if go he must, we shall lose the fun a study of his *naïve* excuses now gives us.

—He has the history of the world.

PERSONALS.

—Revs. H. O. Gara McShane, of the Annunciation Church Chicago, and J. Dunne, of Oak Park, Ill., were entertained for a short time by Father Marsile on Washington's birthday.

—Rev. P. H. Williams '93, assistant at the Church of the Holy Rosary, Detroit, Mich., made a pleasant call February 27.

—Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., D.D., was in Chicago, the 28th ult., assisting the V. Rev. Superior at Irving Park.

—Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., lent his help at a mission given in Clifton, Ill., under the auspices of the Passionist Fathers.

—Rev. P. Dugast, C.S.V., is at present engaged in Lake Linden, Mich., doing missionary work in that region.

—Mr. Daniel Cahill '87, accompanied by Mr. J. Quinn, of Chicago, were welcome visitors at the college. Dan is in business in the city and shows every sign of a prosperous man.

—Mr. John Carroll, one of the long established business men of Chicago, visited his son John at the college the 21st ult.

—Mr. J. Barrett, a prominent board of trade man, spent Washington's birthday with his son and nephew of the junior department.

—Mr. and Mrs. Southard of Chicago, spent the afternoon of a recent Sunday in company with their little son, of the minims.

—Mr. and Miss Williams, of Kankakee, accompanied by Mrs. Stevenson, sister-in-law of Vice-President Stevenson, were recent visitors at the college.

—Rev. Bro. Hawkins, whose health has not been the best for some time, has found it necessary to take a rest and has been relieved from duty for the present. He will spend some time in Chicago for treatment.

—Mr. Jos. Kearney, of the seniors, has been laid up for some time and finally decided to go home where he will rest for some time.

VIATORIANA.

- Shoot.
- Joliet.
- Jump.
- Haley.
- Blackeye.
- 1800 B. C.
- Nit! Nit!
- The Dutch.
- Bob and me.
- Walnut grove.
- A game of cards.
- We came from the pen.
- This is a cordovan shoe.
- You are a high low man.
- He is a two-year-old lion.
- Three out of ten as usual.
- It's surprisin' how they come.
- Take them two and hide them.
- The city of the "Standards (?)."

—The 5th of the Greek Doctors.

—"Abe," "George," and "Patrick."

—He don't know the run of the cards.

—Patriotism blended with Christianity.

—"T" is going to run for police magistrate.

—What's the matter there, will you get up?

—Why don't you put it in the papers?

—Say, O'S—, when is the 17th of Ireland?

—If a girl took you, it would be to raise you?

—He had a dispensation for the other banns.

—If it rains any limity of time there will be a flood.

—I can't fit in my room, 'cause I can't stay there.

—That Crawfordsville cat can't catch this mouse.

—Did you ever see a mountain topple over on a mouse?

—Sweet pleasure, gratitude, and remembrance tell the tale.

—What can't you avoid when trying to spit on the floor? D's slipper.

—We have a little, ambitious pugilist, but he should not meet those—kins.

—Things have been one-sided lately. A feather got on the scales and the big weight became a patient.