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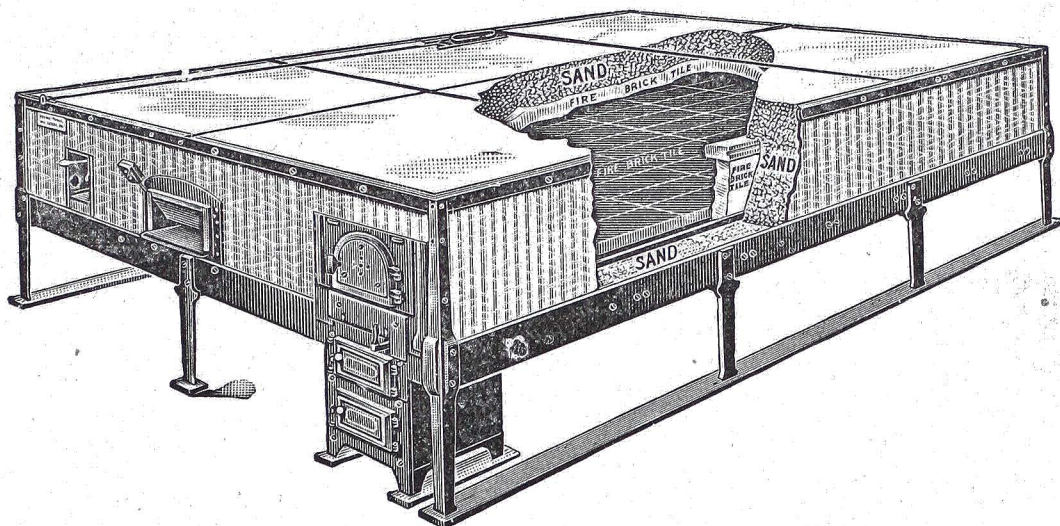
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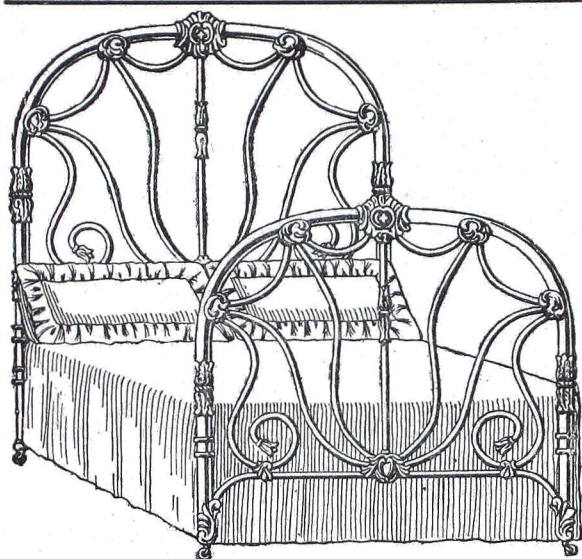
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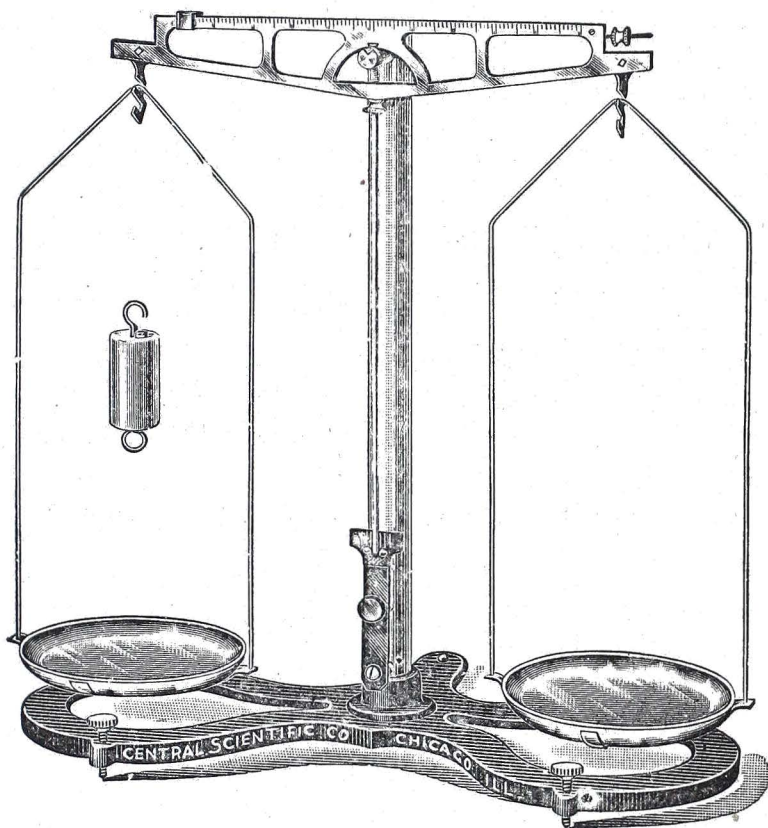
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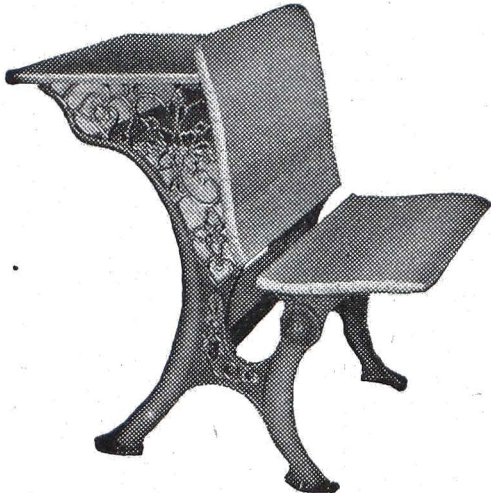
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“FAC ET SPERA”

VOLUME 28

MARCH, 1911

NUMBER 6

THE PROVIDENTIAL NATION

Child of protecting Rome, wert thou not heir?
Stamp not thy records lineal origin?

—*John Edmund Reade.*



OD created man to manifest His goodness. He made him to His image and likeness, wishing to communicate to a creature something of His own life. The Almighty Creator made man the link between heaven and earth. He gave him a body taken from the earth into which He breathed an immortal soul, like unto the spirits who dwell in the heavenly court. But man, listening to the whispers of the serpent, rebelled against His beneficent Maker, and inaugurated a long series of rebellions against God which have continued to the present day.

God had created all things in harmony. The angels who raised the standard of revolt under Lucifer, disturbed this harmony and were hurled from their exalted place in the celestial Kingdom into the abyss of hell. God, however, did not condemn man to the eternal torments of hell in punishment of his transgression; for his sin, although a deordination of the harmony breathed into all things by God, was not of such magnitude as that of the angels and hence did not demand a punishment so severe. But man, by his sin, lost his grand prerogative of immortality, his serenity and peace of soul and those splendid gifts of mind and body with which his heavenly Father had endowed him. As Adam was the moral head of the human race, so all born from him must suffer the terrible penalty of his crime. The loving Father who had created him did not abandon him in his distress; but in order to give the human race an opportunity of winning back the divine favor, forfeited by our first parents, and to re-establish the harmony violated by their fall, He promised

them a Redeemer who should enter this sin-laden world and repair the evil and re-adjust things. As our first parents lost their innocence and divine favor through the vice of pride, as the legions of Lucifer had, so the Savior must restore the divine friendship of man through the virtue of humility. The Redeemer must abase Himself to atone for the self-exaltation of the first man and woman.

Just as a creative act was required on the part of God to bring the world into existence, so also must He by His providence conserve that which He has created; otherwise it will cease to be and lapse into nothingness out of which He created it. But the divine providence does conserve the universe and Supreme Wisdom maintains the universal harmony originally infused into created things. Hence it was necessary that in order to preserve harmony and to carry out the divine designs, God should so arrange things as to facilitate the entry of the Redeemer into the world and to insure the success of His mission. He should prepare mankind for the coming of the great conqueror, who, in the pre-ordained decrees of eternity, was to triumph over the powers of evil and restore to man the precious birthright he had cast away. Consequently we learn the mission God imposed on Abraham and his children of preserving in its purity the true conception of God, i. e., His unity, and the dependence of all created things upon Him. From Abraham and his posterity should come the Savior of the world and in him all the nations would be blessed. What a glorious destiny did God impart to the Hebrew race! What a splendid picture of true national grandeur and greatness lay exposed before the eyes of the Jewish people! From that race was to be born the chosen one of God who was to sever the bonds of slavery and to release the world from the thralldom of a powerful and inexorable enemy!

In this commission of the race of Abraham we can easily discern the working of divine providence. We see the selection of a certain people "to make straight the path" for the "expectation of nations." God knows the hearts of men and can foresee the course of human events. He guides the human race in accordance with certain laws which He, in His wisdom, has devised and established. A mission of such tremendous importance stretching into the distant centuries of the future would be better accomplished by a nation than by the nations, and consequently after the defection of the na-

tions He restricted it to the family of him who had found favor in His eyes because he had walked in His ways and had observed His commands. He rewarded the fidelity of Abraham by making him the father of a great people.

This sacred nation of antiquity, which the supreme Lord of heaven and earth had set up for Himself in the darkness of paganism which encircled the earth was endowed with superior natural qualifications, with an endurance and a strong vitality which would enable it to remain firm and steadfast to the great purpose for which he had selected it. He gave the Hebrew people a code of laws which has elicited the admiration of subsequent ages. Their civil and religious regulations are works of stupendous genius directed and guided by the ever-present God. He gave them wonderful revelations that they might the more powerfully realize the greatness of their mission and have His presence constantly before their minds. The Hebrew nation was the city seated on a mountain from which emanated the celestial rays of divine truth for the enlightenment of the surrounding pagan nations which sat in the shadow of death. Even the territory God had assigned His chosen people is a striking evidence of divine providence, for Palestine lies on the confines of Asia, Africa and Europe, midway between the powerful empires of ancient glory, and continually in the view of the great nations of the world on account of its exceptionally favorable location.

This favored people, despite the many remarkable evidences of divine predilection which they had received from the Most High fell away at times from their lofty purpose and were severely punished by God. We read in Holy Writ of their defeats in battle, captivities, wandering in the desert, etc., as marks of divine anger. When they suffered too keenly from oppression on account of their adherence to His sacred law, God punished their oppressors, v. g., the Egyptians by the plagues and the destruction of their army in the Red Sea. He rewarded their confidence in Him by many tokens of love and providential care, v. g., by feeding them in the desert with the manna which fell from heaven, by victories over their enemies and great civil prosperity.

Through the prophets sent to them on various occasions He revealed more clearly the principal mysteries, the Trinity, the Incarnation, etc. He unfolded more particularly the nature of the Messiah, the circumstances of His birth, life,

death and glorious resurrection; so that at the advent of Our Lord the most unmistakable signs had been given the Jews by which they might recognize Him. All these things were conducive to the great scheme of Providence and prepared the way for the coming of the promised Redeemer; prepared in an especial manner the Hebrew people for the reception of the Great One who was to repair the evil of Adam's fall and to atone for his sin and those of his posterity. The prophecies were receiving their fulfillment, and Israel at the zenith of her spiritual destiny eagerly awaited the fruition of her mission, the Light that was to dissipate the dark clouds that overshadowed man and the Sun of Justice that was to appease injured Majesty by the intensity of a consuming and universal love.

But what was the condition of the other nations? What were they doing during this time? The promise of a Redeemer had not been confined to one race. It had been given to all the children of Adam. Hence the mission to prepare for His coming had been general. The other nations, as they departed from the cradle of the race, had well-nigh forgotten their destiny and plunged into various kinds of polytheism. They abandoned their mission and relinquished it to the Jews. God had punished them for their iniquities, but they did not return to penance, and finally He chose a certain people and made that people the sacred nation. The farther the other nations pushed away from the center of the race the deeper they sank into idolatry. They worshipped false gods, the sun, moon and stars, the heroes of their race who had passed from this life, and even lapsed into a groveling adoration of the work of their own hands. Great cities sprang up; the Orient was dotted with centers of tremendous commercial activity, the emporia of the civilized world; academies flourished in the East, in Greece and Italy, culture and refinement of a material kind marched in tune to the music of the gods. But all these things were serving their purpose in the great plan of providence. Centuries before the Christian era, the great empires of Oriental splendor and magnificence, Assyria and Babylon, and Persia, and Egypt on the borders of Africa had crumbled away and nothing remained but the ashes of their ancient prowess. The conquering power of the Greeks and Romans had gradually linked the former centers of imperial greatness into one mighty chain which extended over the civilized

world until we behold at the dawn of Christianity the Roman eagles soaring over the universe. Rome was the world. From her seven hills the Cæsar viewed his vast domain. She was the center of unity. In her was found all the learning, all the wealth of triumphant paganism. In her sacred groves the gods of all nations were adored; yes, the gods of all nations except the God of the Hebrews, the only true God. The Romans had taken the best of everything they found in the countries they had subjugated; and lest the gods frown on them, they had erected idols of the principal deities of the peoples and tribes which were compelled to submit to the Roman yoke. Thus was Rome the capital of paganism, the home of idolatry.

We may now view the unfolding of God's tremendous plan of unification. The children who had adhered to His law and worshipped Him in truth, gathered at Jerusalem to openly proclaim His glory and majesty and to manifest their dependence upon Him; the erring children who had strayed from the fold, wandering in the gloomy recesses of the forest of paganism and idolatry, gathered at Rome to pay homage to the false gods. Thus we have Jew and Gentile, faithful and unfaithful, the unity of the spiritual in the city of God and of the material in the city of Satan. Man is partly spiritual and partly material; so was the world, Jerusalem and Rome.

The glory of Israel appeared, Jesus Christ, the Savior of mankind. The Jewish people received in His birth the greatest possible mark of divine favor. Had they not rejected Christ, they would have continued to enjoy the special vocation they had acquired in the call of Abraham. Their mission would have been amplified—would have been universal, not national. They had preserved that mission for ages until the culmination of their glory was at hand, and then when the full beauty and radiance of Israel had blossomed forth and the budding flower was about to cast its perfumed fragrance over the world, they discarded it;—"they knew not what they did."

We have seen how the pagan world was centered in the sacred groves of Rome; how the unbelieving nations in the hands of providence had been unified and brought under the sway of one race; how when the Jews threw away their splendid heritage for a mess of pottage, the Gentiles, the pariahs from the House of God, eagerly seized it. The prince of this world looked with ill eye upon the disappearance of

his power over the children of men and clung tenaciously to the shadowy scepter which was rapidly slipping from his crippled grip. He exerted his herculean influence to stay the progress of the new religion—the Kingdom of God on earth.

As Christ had sealed the new creed with His passion, so must the favored people seal their faith in persecution, in suffering and in martyrdom. The Christian spirit of sacrifice was abundantly manifested in the early days of Christianity; for the world, averse, then as now, to humility and self-denial, endeavored to nip the fragile flower of Christian faith in the bud. But the guiding hand of the Supreme Ruler of nations and men directed otherwise, and from the blood of martyrs, seed planted in fertile soil, sprang up the hosts of converts who clung so stanchly to the new faith. The blood of so many of her children, shed under such varied circumstances, is an eloquent tribute to the divinity of Christ's Church. The infant church waxed vigorous and strong and steadily enlarged the zone of its influence until the fourth century witnessed the complete triumph of Christian effort when the Roman Emperor declared the religion of Jesus Christ the religion of the empire.

The church was founded in blood and agony, in the sufferings of the God-man, and her divine Author predicted that her lot was to be one of sacrifice. He did not establish His Church to be an embodiment of material splendor and prosperity. He told His disciples to walk in His footsteps. He well knew that the great virtues He came to inculcate, that sanctity of life and universal love of mankind, are rarely associated with remarkable worldly success. Hence it is that the Church is not destined for a career of unremitting temporal glory. She is launched for eternity, not for time, and unchecked prosperity leads to pride and decay; whereas rebuffs and sacrifice purify and lead to renewed efforts, dictated by the experiences of trials encountered. We may confidently assert that the excellent and certainly indispensable Christian virtue of humility thrives only under the shadow of adversity. It is a flower that does not flourish in rich soil. The smiles and caresses of temporal success, as we ordinarily use the expression, only contribute to its ruin.

The gross materialism and paganism, which had dominated the Roman world before the Church gained the ascendancy, had been eating at the vitals of the race and had sapped

the energy and strength of the cultured peoples of Europe and Asia. Southern and Central Europe was in a horrible condition; decay was apparent everywhere. Consequently when the vigorous tribes of barbarians, the savage hordes of Goths and Vandals, made their descent upon the ancient cities of Roman power and splendor, they encountered very weak opposition. They swept over Europe, obliterating the monuments of civilization and wreaking untold havoc throughout the empire. The frightful destruction and desolation wrought by these wild fierce soldiers of fortune carried in their train the extirpation of seats of learning and religion and the consequent decadence of knowledge and faith in many parts of the continent. The Roman pontiffs and the bishops wrestled heroically with the giant forces of destruction, which were endeavoring to tear down the fair edifice of faith and Christian culture but inadequately were it not for the providential assistance rendered at this crucial period by bands of missionaries and scholars who emerged from their ivy-covered abbeys and secluded schools in a little island of the West. These holy and scholarly missionaries came to the rescue of stricken Europe and poured upon the bleeding mangled continent the life-restoring balm which only a short time before Europe had afforded her.

But how comes it that Ireland was in position to succor Europe in her distress and to send the rich blood of life coursing through her withered veins? Erin lay far to the west, many leagues away from the great center of Christian life and unity, lay not in the beaten path of the hardy mariners who braved the dangers of the deep to carry the cross, symbol of man's redemption, to the erring children of Adam. She had slight communication with Europe and had careered through time without her assistance. The providence of God is a wonderful thing and His designs are often inscrutable. The star of hope hovered over Erin when the sainted Patrick embarked on his voyage casting its brilliant light on the sturdy people who were about to receive the glad tidings of great joy. Patrick landed in Ireland in 432, and there without the shedding of martyr-blood in a virgin soil which has proved so rich and productive were implanted the seeds of Christian life. The conversion of an entire people without the shedding of human blood is a marvel hitherto and since unrecorded in historic annals.

What explanation have we to offer for the unprecedented conversion of a nation accomplished without the spilling of human blood? The early history of the Irish race affords a very natural explanation. It may be ascribed to the high order of civilization, the adherence to ideals and traditions unadulterated by Roman or barbarian dross, which prevailed in Erin for centuries prior to the advent of the ambassador of Christ. True, the Irish shared in the universal miseries, intellectual as well as moral, which Adam bequeathed to his posterity; but despite the error which was interwoven in the fabric of Irish life, much of the pure gold of eternal truth and morality had been passed down from generation to generation as a sacred heritage. As a consequence the faith which Patrick preached, was not a complete and total uprooting of old practices and beliefs. Christianity was rather a complement, as well as a correction, of many ancient beliefs and practices. This condition of affairs is another striking evidence of the providence of God in regard to those to whom He is to confide a mighty mission. As the Lord had preserved the Jewish race from the contaminating influences of paganism that it might the better accomplish His great design; so had Divine Wisdom shaped events that the Irish people should cling to their comparatively pure traditions and habits free from the enervating and corrupting practices of European life.

When the barbarians had swept away in their destructive march the monuments of learning which careful hands had erected, all eyes turned to Ireland as the beacon-light which should illumine the continent in the depressing darkness which ensued. The missionaries and scholars of Ireland poured into the continental countries carrying far and wide the lamp of knowledge, the searchlight of faith, which recalled Europe to the gifts of the Most High and which brought about the conversion of the savage hordes and their civilization, their submission to the Vicar of Christ who sat upon the throne of Peter, and peace and concord to the nations. The Irish are soldiers and always have been, not of the sword however, but of the cross, the divine emblem of salvation. The Irish prior to their conversion had very little intercourse with the peoples of Europe and seemed satisfied with their own green island. But from the moment that the sun of faith rose over her, shedding its burning rays upon her children, they

were quickened with an ardent and fervent love, and the Irish monks and schoolmen seemed to realize their glorious mission and eagerly sought opportunities of spreading themselves over the world and of carrying faith and knowledge far and wide. They saw in transport new worlds to be conquered, not unto the military glory of their race, but unto the glory of Christian faith. They boldly penetrated the most distant countries to combat paganism and to crush infidelity and heresy. The principal glory of the Irish people must be sought in their miraculous fidelity and zeal for the saving doctrine entrusted to their progenitors by the holy Patrick. This fact is plain that of all Europe, of the then civilized world, one nation alone preserved the faith of Christ in its purity and integrity. This fact ought to appeal to us most powerfully and eloquently; for there is no sight which should touch us more than to observe the greatest of all worlds—the world of human souls—in the beauty and order of its only true dependence upon the Source of all things. Could anything indicate more clearly that the general mission confided to the Gentiles upon the defection of the Jews had been particularized and transferred especially to the people of Ireland. When the Eternal Father peered into the future and saw the vision of countless individuals, of numerous nations, acting their little parts on the vast stage of life, He determined to reward the unswerving fidelity of this people to His Holy Word and their uncompromising loyalty to the Chair of His authority. He determined to commit to their charge the precious mission formerly given to the Hebrew people and to make them His chosen people. This mission, entrusted to the Irish, is more glorious and far grander than that of the Jews. The Jews were to prepare for the advent of the great monarch of eternity; the Irish are partakers of the eternal Kingdom He established and are to spread it to the confines of the earth; the Jewish mission was one of prophecy and figure; the Irish, one of fulfillment and reality. God has placed the Irish race aloft on a pinnacle of eminence that it might glow as a bright and burning light for the weary passengers who cross the troubled sea of life.

For centuries the Irish monks and scholars continued to instruct and enlighten Europe. Their services were eagerly sought by the most distinguished princes, and their ripe scholarship received the recognition of the master-minds of

their time. I might mention just as an instance, the esteem and respect in which the Irish schoolmen invited to the Court of Charlemagne were held by the great emperor himself. But not only did they migrate into foreign regions to impart knowledge, and that profane as well as sacred, but they maintained great monasteries and flourishing schools at home, which constantly received considerable additions of monks and schoolmen from Europe, brought thither by the reputation acquired by the Irish scholars. These schoolmen devoted themselves assiduously to all the sciences then held in esteem, priding themselves particularly on their knowledge and love for the great classical treasures of ancient Greece and Rome. Montalembert, the eminent French scholar of the last century, in his justly celebrated "Monks of the West," informs us that Ireland not long after its conversion was dotted with abbeys and academies and that single monasteries contained not less than three thousand religious, men or women. This marvelous state of affairs evinces the deep devotion and piety of the people, as well as their zeal for the spread of learning. Princes entered monasteries and daughters of chieftains enrolled themselves amongst the consecrated virgins of Christ.

During the centuries which elapsed from the revival of learning in Europe to the Protestant Reformation, the Continent was torn by heresies and schisms as numerous as those which rent the Church in the days of its infancy. Scarcely a country of any population was free from the pernicious influences of these religious upheavals and dissensions except Ireland. The faith delivered as a sacred trust to the Irish by Patrick had been retained without the slightest admixture of error. Ireland had never wavered in her fidelity to the Bishops of Rome, and when the terrible hurricane of religious revolution broke in the 16th century and swept over Europe dimming the lustre of faith in many places on the continent, if not extinguishing it, Erin shone with solitary brilliance as religion's untarnished star in the sanctuary of the imperishable Church. Is not this fact that of all the nations of Europe, Ireland is the only country that never permitted heresy or schism to cross her threshold strong evidence that providence had a special mission for the Irish?

That sacrifice with which Christianity commenced in the bloody immolation of Calvary has characterized every great Catholic nation. Sacrifice is of the Christian conception of

religion, and humiliation and suffering have marked the course of these nations. Ireland has borne out her mission of the specially elected Christian nation. "She received her baptism of water from Patrick, her baptism of blood from the Danes, and her baptism of fire from the English." The water of baptism regenerated her in Christ; blood consecrated her to a career of martyrdom and suffering for his sake, and fire tried her and purified her for the great mission He had reserved for her. Despite the warfare of three hundred years with the Danes during which monasteries and schools were leveled to the ground, monks and scholars offered up as holocausts to the furious savagery of the Norsemen and the country converted into a desolate wilderness, not one instance of notable defection from the Patricine faith is on record. These were, indeed, centuries of severe trial and yet centuries of Christian glory for Ireland. She

"Whose blood, like sacrificing Abel's cries
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth
* * * * for justice and rough chastisement,"

on the ruthless invaders who destroyed her peace, desolated her fair beauty and butchered her children, never wavered in her constancy and devotion to the sacred representative of God on earth.

Dreadful as the Danish wars were, and deplorable as the condition of Ireland was in consequence of them, they were only a prelude to the terrible storm which was hovering over her. From the reign of Henry VIII almost down to the Nineteenth century all the powers of human malignity and bigotry have been in operation endeavoring to crush out all that was fair and beautiful in Ireland. The persecution of the Irish for their Catholic faith under Elizabeth is one of the many black spots on the character of this fiendish queen. The devilish ingenuity with which the horrible mandates of this merciless woman were carried out is appalling. The cold-blooded and heartless system of extermination pursued by her was as cruel and as ruthless as those of Nero and Domitian. Edmund Spencer, the poet, commissioned by Elizabeth to report upon the results of her policy, in regard to the Irish writes:

"Ere one year and a half had passed they were brought to such wretchedness as would move even a heart of stone. Out

of every corner of the woods and glens they came creeping forth on their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like skeletons; they spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves." This is the work of one whom some Christians call "Good Queen Bess!" How words lose their significance when distorted, and perverted from their normal sense!

The Stuarts were little better than the Tudors. James I carried into effect the colonization of large stretches of territory by English and Scotch adventurers commenced by Elizabeth after she had robbed the Irish princes and chiefs of their patrimonies. The Irish had been deprived of all civil, political and religious rights by the Tudors and priest-hunting had become a favorite pastime with the oppressors of Ireland.

Who can recall the dreadful scenes of carnage and rapine which attended the Cromwellian invasion. The inhuman monster butchered whole cities, like Drogheda and Wexford. The description in Burke's oration on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts of the destruction wrought by Hyder Ali and his savage horde in their descent upon the Carnatic in 1780 will give a vivid picture of the terrors of this invasion and one might easily conceive it as written to describe Cromwell's visit. "Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to respect of rank or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and, amid the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities, but, escaping from fire, sword and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine." This passage does not present an overdrawn picture of the condition of Ireland at this time, but one that is literally true. Nearly half the population was destroyed; many thousands were sold into captivity; thousands escaped by emigrating; persecution of the clergy was renewed with redoubled vigor; all the property of the Irish was confiscated and the barren, bleak province of Connought was assigned them as a residence.

After the restoration of the Stuart dynasty persecution continued with a slight intermission during the short reign of James II. William III pursued the heartless policy inaugurated by the Tudors. He violated most shamefully the solemn treaty signed upon the surrender of Limerick, by the terms of which he promised liberty of conscience. Priests were hunted down like wild animals, and a third great confiscation of land and colonization was inflicted upon the unfortunate inhabitants, Dutch and German Protestants being introduced into the island as proprietors of the stolen land. The penal laws were enforced with unabated vigor by the House of Brunswick until, fearing a successful uprising in Ireland during the American revolution, they were somewhat relaxed towards the close of the eighteenth century. The Catholic Emancipation Bill, advocated so powerfully by O'Connell and passed in 1829, did away with many of the inhuman restrictions upon the Irish Catholics. Edmund Burke characterizes the penal laws of Ireland as "a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of men." These infamous farces of law carried in their wake numerous famines which swept the people off in multitudes when apostasy meant health and plenty. The Irish are taunted with ignorance when education was prohibited under the severest penalties and the suspicion of learning was a crime; with improvidence and indolence when the land of their fathers was stolen and given over to adventurers and the natives left to die of starvation; with pillaging when they were deprived by violence of their most sacred rights and of property which was theirs by all law except English, with violence when the whole country was thrown into turmoil and chaos by oppression and butchery. These are additional results of the penal code, which is the darkest stain in the pages of history. We can sum up Irish history in a few words. It is a melancholy chronicle of murder and rapine, of travestied justice, of foulest oppression and of intolerant bigotry. Her government is the epitome of all that is hateful, malignant and despicable in statesmanship. Yet despite systematized injustice and intolerance, the divine light of Christian faith burns as ardently and as brightly as when the holy Patrick enkindled

the flame and set it up as a glowing torch to the nations. Truly can we with her own poet, Aubrey De Vere, say: "A cross and not a wreath, was placed on thy brow."

We may well ask what country has withstood her overwhelming burden of oppression and preserved its faith in all its pristine purity and beauty? Germany and the Scandinavian countries lapsed and fell in the Lutheran revolution; England and Wales weakly gave up the faith in compliance with the command of a shameless and brutal king and his debauched and tyrannical daughter; France abandoned all religion in the terrible cataclysm of 1789; Italy, Spain and Portugal have suffered, and suffer keenly today, from anticlericalism and rank infidelity; Scotland vacillated and fell in Calvinism and Knoxism; Russia and Greece had long since rejected the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff and established a jurisdiction independent of Rome. One country, however, held herself aloof from the prevailing heresies and schisms, the land of Patrick. When the Reformation passed over Europe with its death-dealing blows to the established creed, whence again came the missionaries and schoolmen to heal the wounds of Europe? Many, very many came from Erin, expatriated on account of the penal laws and forced to seek the education abroad which would equip them for the vocation God had given them. These holy missionaries, trained in the seminaries that still taught the faith in Germany, France, Spain and Italy worked zealously to stem the tide of irreligion and infidelity which followed in the train of the Reformation.

However one of the most striking and convincing proofs of the vocation of the Irish race is to be found in the work of the Irish priests and missionaries in the new continents, America and Australia and in the lands of the infidel, of the benighted pagan of Asia and Africa. It is here that we may see the working of divine providence in the conquest of Ireland by England. To borrow once more from the rich philosophy of Edmund Burke: "Some states, at the very moment when they seem plunged in unfathomable abysses of disgrace and disaster have suddenly emerged, they have begun and opened a new reckoning, and even in the depths of their calamity, and on the very ruins of their country, have laid the foundations of a towering and durable greatness." Of no country can this be said with more truth or with more justice.

than of Ireland. When the splendors of Tara's hills and the glories of Brian Boru had disappeared in the twilight of Irish history, the Irish "opened a new reckoning." On the very ruins of the material grandeur of their nation, they "laid the foundations of a towering and durable greatness," the greatness of the missionary nation par excellence which should encircle the globe in quest of souls to be conquered unto Christ; not that they did not fulfill the mission of a sacred and specially elected people in the days of their temporal glory, but that they consecrated themselves exclusively to the magnificent work of salvation in the days of declining temporal glory.

Ireland must needs suffer to refine and purify herself for her great calling, and English tyranny and injustice seems to be the instrument of affliction. Persecution has been the purifying agent which has breathed a fuller Christian life moulding the Irish people in moral beauty and power. God's judgment searches out and rends asunder the strongest things, whose strength is not divine; but those things which rely on the divine receive a doubled power. His blessing is not imparted to the proud and ambitious, but to the meek and suffering. The suffering undergone by the Irish race and the persecution endured have been sources of its true greatness; for persecution has been a powerful and efficacious incentive for expansion so necessary for a race destined to carry the cross around the world. More striking is the finger of God seen when we realize that for centuries Britain has been the predominant military and commercial nation of the globe. As Rome extended her sway over the world at the birth of Christianity; so England was destined to be foremost in settling the new hemisphere and the mighty island of the Pacific and of penetrating into the dark and gloomy recesses of Africa. The material has always gone hand in hand with the spiritual. As Rome typified the world at the commencement of the Christian era and Jerusalem, the city of God; so now England embodies the material and Ireland the spiritual. Wherever the British soldier, sword in hand, has carried or is carrying the civilization of the world, the Irish soldier, the cross on his breast, has brought or is bringing the pure civilization of the Savior. As the British flag flies from the mountain tops of every quarter of the globe, likewise as a consequence the emblem of Christian redemption, the cross of

Christ, is planted as a sign of the union of earth and heaven.

The Irish colleges in Spain, Belgium, France and Italy are sending their sons forth through the nations to do the missionary work, so characteristic of the race. The colleges in Erin have been and are sending their alumni to preach the gospel in America and Australia and into the pagan regions of the far East. Her sons compose the hierarchies of America and Australia. Her priests are following the command of their model "love your enemies," and wonderful to relate, are doing the work of Christ in the very heart of worldly England.

Ireland represents the spiritual life, the civilization of the Crucified Redeemer; England is a fair type of materialism, the civilization of the world. As the spiritual far excels the material, it must eventually triumph. That is why the English who settle in Ireland are assimilated and ultimately are swallowed up, in great numbers by the Irish race, and become as the familiar phrase has it "more Irish than the Irish," whereas the Irish who seek a home in England retain their habits and racial characteristics and form a distinct and peculiar class in the great English nation. The higher and nobler civilization will inevitably predominate; for guided by the eternal rules of truth and morality, a people possessing this higher life is resolved to risk its very existence to maintain the just and holy objects to which it is consecrated. It has an infinite advantage over a people which is disposed to yield when interest and present success dictate such a course. The English nation is chained to Time and its ambition is placed in the success of earthly projects; the Irish nation hopes in Eternity, and will suffer any temporal loss rather than sacrifice the pearl of immense price, the happiness of eternal life. When the hirelings of England's power drove forth from their humble cabins and lowly huts the widow and the orphan, the aged and enfeebled, and deprived them of their earthly possessions, they were unable to wrest from them their most precious possession, the faith of their fathers. A system which has had might to sustain it and time to establish it certainly has no right to be pretentious when it fails dismally in its purpose. With Dr. Brownson we can say that "the severest comment on Anglo-Norman civilization is simply to name the Irish people," which has successfully defied the system of England, conceived in tyranny and brutality, sustained by

the power of Britain for centuries, thereby proving to the world the inferiority of the civilization of the world and the superiority of a civilization which has forced it to yield. Ireland still possesses her splendid heritage of faith in the very midst of the magnificence and evils of modern civilization and Anglo-Saxon supremacy. She has retained a purity of manners, which no conqueror can deprive her of, which no other force can equal or lessen.

Before concluding let me repeat that Ireland's greatest and only glory for the last nine or ten centuries has been her phenomenal adherence to the Catholic faith and her untiring zeal in carrying its holy doctrines to the nations. Moral heroism is the only claim the Irish historian may advance for his people. But it is the grandest claim that a nation may put forth. Military renown and commercial prosperity are soon forgotten and lost in the mists of time. They lead only to inevitable decay and dissolution. The moral heroism of a race leads upward and onward. God replies to a nation's constancy and devotion with a grander promise of greater things than the fleeting riches of earth; He promises her the treasures of eternity, the imperishable glories of the heavenly court and the ineffable joy of the Beatific Vision. Her name and her deeds may not be inscribed at great length in the pages of profane history; but they are written in characters of richest gold in the great Book of the Recording Angel. Although not receiving its proper recognition in the annals of historians or perhaps escaping their scrutiny, the influence of Ireland upon the world cannot be measured by men; for it is beyond human calculation. George Eliot expresses this thought very appropriately in an observation in "Middlemarch:" "For the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs."

Compare Ireland's history with that of the other nations and observe how resplendently her divine mission shines forth. "Whom the Lord loveth, He chastiseth." God has tried His people in fire and blood and they have come out of the ordeal purified and strengthened for His work. May the Irish people in the era of temporal peace and prosperity which seems to be dawning upon them be mindful of their glorious mission and not obscure its unsullied brilliance by acts incon-

sistent with and unworthy of such an illustrious past. Let not the Irish boast of the glories of by-gone years and bask in the splendor of their moral heroes; let them not rely entirely on their magnificent lineage, and dwell in the monasteries and academies of ancient Erin or in the shadow of the great mediæval abbeys. But let them show the world that they are worthy of the noble procession of saints and scholars, monks and heroes who have coursed through the ages to the undying glory of their race. Let them live in accord with their mission by continuing the work their race has done in the past, thereby shedding additional lustre on the Irish name.

I can find no words more appropriate, more fitting to conclude this article than those which introduced it. The words of that quotation are pregnant with meaning when applied to the Irish mission and I trust their significance has been made clearer:

“Child of protecting Rome, wert thou not heir?
Stamp not thy records lineal origin?”

Stephen Edward McMahon.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM

THE literature of the nineteenth century was ushered in with much intellectual activity and was notably fertile for its spirit of research, freedom and a certain eagerness to unravel all mysteries or lay aside what human reason could not readily elucidate. The artificial restraint of the preceding century was ignored and “poetry sought inspiration in the freedom of nature.” The Lyrical Ballads of Wordsworth and Coleridge were the first to inaugurate this movement and were quickly followed by Byron, Shelley, Keats, Moore and Campbell. Every lover of literature has been charmed by the delightful lyrics of Shelley and Keats, while the grace and natural beauty of Wordsworth have become famous throughout many lands. Yet there lived at this period one whose muse soared the heights of Parnassus,

and whose genius reveled in the beauties of nature's charms as manifested in her mountains, valleys, lakes and rivers with such delight that his pictures of the lives, customs and manners of a people are so true to nature that they can never fade into the dim haze of memory; still his works are practically unknown outside the land of his birth, though they deserve a place in every library where an Irish exile has found a home, I refer to the works of Charles J. Kickham, author of *Knocknagow* or the homes of Tipperary; for no Irish writer has ever more faithfully portrayed the customs, manners, joys and sorrows of a people than this genial poet who lived 'neath the shadow of Slievenamon beside the banks of the sparkling Anner river.

Charles J. Kickham was born in the little village of Mullinahone, County Tepperary on May 9th, 1828, of a family that ranked high among the most respected people in the South of Ireland, his mother being a near relative of the illustrious Phenian leader, John O'Mahonv. The early life of Charles was like that of most boys of his age, uneventful; yet he manifested very early in life a decided aptitude for the poet's calling, though his parents intended him for the medical profession, as we can easily glean from the episode in composing the poem "My Old Dhudeen." One day in school the master called up his class for an exercise in arithmetic. When the slates were examined no answer was found in Kickham's but instead the master found his first poetical work "My Old Dhudeen." Another incident occurred at this time which greatly frustrated the designs of his parents. One evening while holding a powder flask before the fire either for drying or experimenting purposes it suddenly exploded with the result that his sight and hearing were permanently impaired during the rest of his eventful life.

At the age of eighteen his literary career began by the publication of many stirring poems on "Irish Liberty." Kickham was an ardent patriot and followed with keen interest the efforts of O'Connell to win back Ireland's birthright. But when the Liberator declared "that a nation's liberty was not worth the shedding of a drop of blood," the poet grew sick of such doctrine, for he believed with the Young Ireland party that "One man who dies for liberty is worth a thousand men" and that liberty is the only worthy inheritance of a nation". At this time also he organized a political club at Mullianhone

which had for its object the amelioration of conditions then existing in Ireland. Many of the members of this movement were afterwards identified with the Phenian brotherhood in Tipperary, with the result that Kickham was soon suspected of disloyalty to the British crown and for this reason had to abandon his quiet village home and seek protection among his friends on the hillside mid the glens and purple heather of Slievenamon.

The dreary years that followed this political agitation marked the departure of many of Ireland's best and bravest sons to foreign climes in search of the employment denied them at home by an oppressive and despotic government. Yet Kickham never lost hope of Erin's ultimate freedom ever believing that:

Freedom's battle once begun
Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son
Though baffled oft is ever won.

Gradually the storm of political unrest abated and we find Kickham back again in his father's home, taking an active part in the "tenant right movement" and contributing an occasional letter to the "Tipperary Examiner." When this movement failed the poet lost confidence in further Parliamentary agitation, but still continued writing to the "Celt," a weekly periodical published in Kilkenny, such poems as "The Irish Peasant Girl" and the famous Tipperary war song "Rory of the Hills."

No truer or purer type of Irish maidenhood was ever more faithfully portrayed than Kickham's "Irish Peasant Girl." With master hand aided by the fine, delicate and native imagination of the poet is described this "Irish Evangeline," whose history is founded on actual fact so true to life that we cannot refrain from giving in full the history of this "lily of the mountain foot that withered far away."

She lived beside the Anner,
At the foot of Shevenanon,
A gentle peasant girl
With mild eyes like the down;
Her lips were dewy rosebuds,
Her teeth of pearls rare,
And a snow drift 'neath a beechen bough
Her neck and nut-brown hair.

How pleasant 'twas to meet her
On Sunday, when the bell
Was filling with its mellow tones
Lone wood and grassy dell,
And when at eve young maidens
Strayed the river bank along,
The widow's brown-haired daughter,
Was loveliest of the throng.

O brave, brave Irish girls,
We well may call you brave,
For the least of all your perils
Is the stormy ocean wave.
When you leave your quiet valleys,
And cross the Atlantic foam,
To hoard your hard won earning
For the helpless ones at home.

"Write word to my own dear mother—
Say we'll meet with God above;
And tell my little brothers
I send them all my love;
And may the angels ever guard them
Is their dying sister's prayer—"
And folded in the letter
Was a braid of nut-brown hair.

Ah, cold and well-nigh callous
This weary heart has grown,
For thy helpless fate dear Ireland,
And for sorrows of my own;
Yet a tear my eye will moisten,
When my Anner's bank I stray,
For the lily of the mountain foot,
That withered far away.

Kickham contributed many excellent articles on Irish peasant life at this period also, such as "Lease in Reversion," etc. In 1860 the contingent, organized at Mullinahone to aid the Papal Brigade, returned and Kickham was chosen to deliver an address of welcome to these unselfish patriots. His speech possessed all the qualities of true oratory, interspersed

with sound advice on the efficiency of the use of arms. He warned them to guard against the wiles of the British recruiting sergeant, for an Irish soldier fighting for England will never help to free Ireland. At this very time Kickham took the Phenian oath from John O'Mahony and henceforth we find him heart and soul in the movement for the spread of its principles, lecturing and advising the people on every possible occasion besides writing stirring articles for the press. Thereby striving manfully to regain for Erin what he believed nature intended her to be: "Great, glorious and free, first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

Many people seem to be under the impression that the Phenian movement and its teachings contained some radical measures for the freedom of Ireland; even a few have asserted that it contained anti-Catholic principles. To dispel this delusion I shall here give the exact words of the Phenian Oath: viz—. "I (N) in the presence of Almighty God do solemnly swear allegiance to the Irish Republic, now virtually established, and that I will do my very utmost, at every risk, while life lasts, to defend its independence and integrity; and finally that I will yield implicit obedience in all things not contrary to the laws of God to the commands of my superior officers so help me God: Amen."

From this declaration it can be clearly seen that to be a Phenian did not necessarily imply a fierce rebel or one who was a menace to society—no, their motto savored more of the days of Chivalry whose watchword was "quo fortior eo metior." Indeed their only ambition was to break the gyves of bondage that welded them to England during six centuries of oppression and regain "Ireland for the Irish and the land for the people." And though their best efforts were doomed to ultimate failure yet the spirit begotten of that movement still lives in the men of today.

In the year 1863 Kickham sailed for America to inform his countrymen there of the hardships endured by the tenant farmers of Ireland under Landlordism. He was received with unbounded enthusiasm by the sea-divided Gael in the growing metropolis of the west, the youthful city of Chicago where he held a Phenian convention the following year. The scattered sons of Erin were thus informed of the Phenian movement and eagerly looked forward to the day when an opportunity might present itself of returning to their native

hearths and striking a blow to regain their long lost liberty. Unfortunately perhaps, that opportunity never really presented itself; and the saner means of Parliamentary agitation are gradually dispelling the clouds of gloom hanging over Ireland, so that the day is not far distant when the "bright noon of freedom shall shine o'er her yet."

The following year Kickham returned to Ireland and became a member of the editorial staff of the "Irish People," the official organ of the Phenian movement. Into the very offices of this newspaper the British government sent a spy under the guise of a helper who carried to Dublin castle all news pertaining to the movement. This traitor's name was Pierce Nagle, whose treachery caused the arrest of Kickham, Stephens, Duffey and Brophy. They were brought before a jury at Green Street Courthouse, Dublin, on the 6th of January, 1866. After a brief trial they were convicted for the crime of "Treason and Felony," principally because of an article published in the Irish People in defense of self-government for Ireland. Judge Keogh who passed sentence asked Kickham if he had anything to say why the sentence of death should not be passed on him. Kickham replied: 'I believe, my lords, I have said enough already. I will only add I am convicted for simply doing my duty. I have endeavored to serve Ireland and now I am prepared to suffer for Ireland.' The judge with some expressions of sympathy in recognition of the literary attainments of the poet sentenced him to penal servitude for fourteen years. The prisoner received this sad news through an ear-trumpet and without uttering a word of complaint retired into captivity. Owing to his extremely delicate health he was released after three and a half years of prison life. The hardships of a British dungeon (and they were varied and manifold) could not subdue the spirit of this gifted child of song as can be seen from those inspiring lines written during his incarceration:

My dear-loved land, must it be mine
No more, except in dreams, to see
Yet think not, friends, that I repine
At my sad fate if sad it be;
Think not the captive weakly pines—
That from his soul all joy hath flown
Oh, no! the solemn starlight shines
As brightly as it ever shone.

Still the severity of prison life had done its work only too well on his refined and sensitive nature; and he returned to his Tipperary home broken in health, his sight and hearing almost completely lost; but the Spirit and genius of the poet was more active than ever. Hence we find his greatest literary works appeared after his release such as "Sally Kavanagh" and his masterpiece Knocknagow or the homes of Tipperary.

Kickham was unquestionably one of our greatest delineators of Irish rural life and character. This fact is evident to every one who has read Knocknagow. In it you will find the men and women as they really live today in the south of Ireland; men and women in whose lives are blended the humorous with the pathetic, the smile with the tear; their faults and their virtues are not overlooked, and in this respect he is true to nature and has not overdrawn the one or suppressed the other, like the late John Synge has done in his plays: "The Tinker's Wedding," and the "Playboy of the Western World."

"Knocknagow" like all great novels, was written for a determined purpose: namely—to show under what oppressive and despotic conditions the unfortunate tenant farmers of Ireland were forced to eke out an existence under the English landlordism; and thereby to seek the amelioration of their unhappy lot. Kickham did not labor in vain. His exposure to the world of the unjust serfdom of a persecuted people has been fruitful of untold good and brighter days have dawned for Ireland since Knocknagow was written.

Kickham was endowed with all those beautiful traits of a gifted soul; everything enhancing in nature appealed to him, and he was ever busy in depicting pastoral scenes. The wild grandeur of Slievenamon with its romantic and celtic tales has been immortalized in his poem the "Valley Near Slievenamon." Like the late editor of the New World, the versatile Charles J. O'Malley, whose delightful muse reveled in the pastoral scenes of Old Kentucky and ennobled all that is beautiful in this southern state by his lofty genius, Kickham was truly gifted with "the genius of the poet and the artist's soul." The sparkling and crystal waters of the River Anner have been made sacred by the memory of that beautiful poem "She lives beside the Anner."

But while singing the praises of the mountains and

rivers of Erin the poet has not forgotten her valleys. In his poem, "Patrick Sheehan," we get a glimpse of his pictures of the valleys and glens of Ireland, especially the Glen of Aherlow when Patrick Sheehan lived before enlisting in the English army. Here he gives us an idea of the attachment of a true "Celt" to his native valley with all its scenic charms. "Patrick Sheehan," after enlisting in the army, suffered much in foreign climes till he finally lost his sight. In this sad condition, when everyone seems to have forsaken him, the soldiers exclaim:

"And when I found that I was blind my tears began to flow
For I longed for even a pauper's grave in the Glen of
Aherlow."

Kickham is perhaps at his best in his patriotic poems whose every line breathe the spirit of liberty and make the heart throb with action. This is especially noticeable in Carraig-Mhicleara, his patriotic masterpiece.

To give even a brief summary of the entire literary works of Charles Kickham would extend this article far beyond its intended limits. I must consequently draw to a close with the earnest hope that the few lines here penned will familiarize some of his country-men in America with the name of this almost forgotten, because unknown, poet. His works speak for themselves, for no Irish-American ever read Knocknagow without feeling a desire to feast his eyes at least once in life on those old scenes around Slievenamon whose hills and dales, streams, rivers and rippling brooks are full of sacred memories of a truly great race. And, though Kickham is known to fame chiefly as the author of "Knocknagow," and this is not the least of his claims to grateful remembrance; yet beyond and above all his other characteristics there stands one more conspicuous than the rest, his unselfish devotion to Ireland. He sang of her freedom, her joys and her sorrows and though he did not live to see her chains of bondage broken, yet the work he achieved for the attainment of this end will not be forgotten "when Erin takes her place among the nations of the earth."

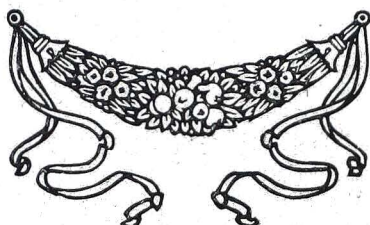
Kickham died in 1882, while still in the prime of manhood. The hardships of prison life had done only too well their grim work on his refined and delicate nature and Ireland has suffered by his death. He was laid to rest in the

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little church-yard at Mullenahone, "beside the Anner at the foot of Slievenamon," the river and mountain he sang so sweetly of.

A magnificent life-size statue of the poet was erected in Tipperary town a few years ago to perpetuate the memory of this gifted son in his native county of "Gallant Tipperary" with the following inscription: "Charles J. Kickham, Poet Novelist, and Miscellaneous writer, but above all, a Patriot."

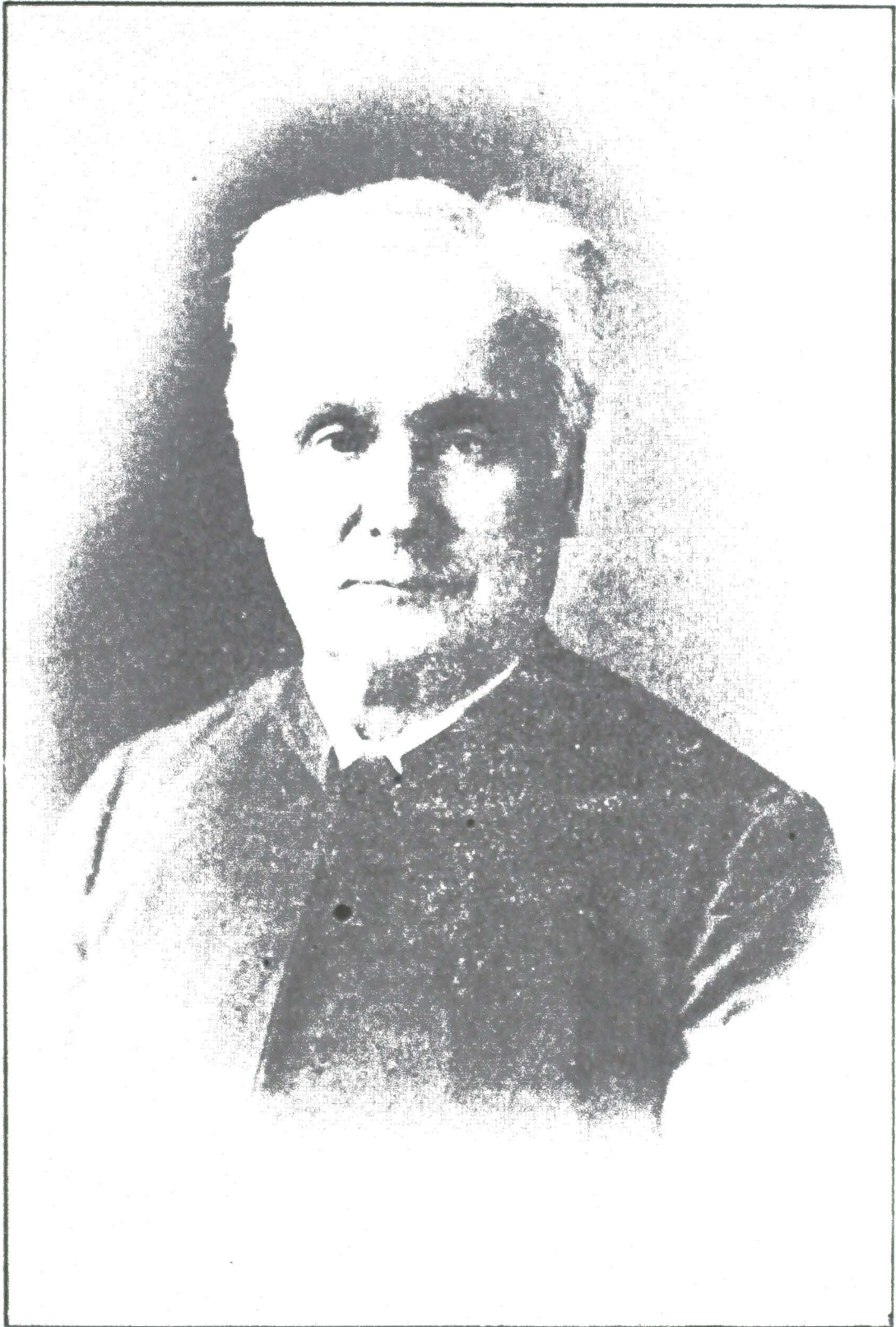
Thomas O'Brien.



DEATH OF FATHER COTE.

St. Viator college by the death of Rev. J. Cote, which occurred March 1 at the hospital of St. Joseph, Levis, Quebec, Canada, lost a lifelong friend and benefactor. Father Cote, who was appointed pastor of Bourbonnais in the autumn of 1864, seeing the need of a Catholic school for boys in this locality, requested V. Rev. Father Champagneur, Provincial of the Clerics of St. Viator in Canada, to send some of his community here to establish a school, and generously offered to resign his parish to a priest of that community. On Sept. 6, 1865 Father Cote, with the authorization of the Bishop of Chicago, installed as his successor in Maternity Church Very Rev. Peter Beaudoin, C. S. V., who with Brothers Bernard and Martel had been sent to found a school in Bourbonnais. Three years later this school developed into St. Viator College.

Father Beaudoin cannot sufficiently express his esteem for Father Cote. "I have lost a great friend," said he when



REV. JAMES COTE.

Whose Death Occurred March 1st. at Lethbridge, Canada.

speaking of his death, "I knew him for years and I cannot say how much I thought of him. He was always the gentle, noble, self-sacrificing priest. Though he had been here only nine months when I arrived to take his parish, he was beloved by everyone, and all were grieved to lose him. He was always a friend of our community, and when any of the priests or brothers went to Chicago, his home was their hotel. St. Viator College owes much to Father Cote, for it was at his suggestion that the Clerics of St. Viator came to the United States, and through his generosity in giving up his parish to them, they were enabled to open a school in Illinois. For years before coming to Bourbonnais Father Cote had been a missionary priest in Illinois, and it was no small sacrifice to give up his parish and return to missionary work.

Father James Cote was born at Etchemin, Quebec, Canada, April 5, 1829, and after completing his studies at the Seminary of Quebec was ordained priest June 8, 1856. For three years he exercised his sacred ministry in Canada, and then came to Illinois, where he was a missionary until 1864 when he was appointed pastor of Bourbonnais. After resigning this office he became assistant to Father Roles, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Chicago, and soon after succeeded to the pastorate of the Notre Dame do Chicago Church. This important office he held until 1884 when he was appointed pastor of Aurora, Ill. Old age and declining health forced him to resign in 1896, when he returned to Canada, and spent the remaining years of his life in the Hospital St. Joseph at Levis. A requiem High Mass was sung in the College chapel for the repose of his soul on Tuesday, March 14.

Requiescat in Pace.



THE VIATORIAN
MAN'S PILGRIMAGE.

237

A pudgy toy,
And yet a boy,
With winsome, cooing murmur.
Wild, wonder-eyed,
As worlds are spied
By apt and busy learner.

Rebellious look
At chart or book,
And halting tread to school;
Defiant mien,
For pleasure keen—
An enemy of rule.

A heart "for rent"
A head intent
On leaping all barriers;
A mate is sought,
Love's battle fought
The first of mature years.

Now in the strife,
Of 'gressive life,
With sinews strained and torn;
He seeks to clutch,
And covets much,
The rose without the thorn.

Sedate and gray,
Removed from fray
And turmoil born of greed,
He views serene,
His home and queen,
And bids the world Godspeed.

With vision dim,
And tott'ring limb,
With sands of life near run,
He strives to gaze,
Thro' the misty haze
Of life's fast setting sun.

—Robert Ross.

THE VIATORIAN PHRONEMATA

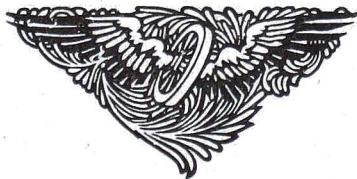
The great epic of unobtrusive nobility of life yet remains to be written, and perhaps will so remain until the end of time for want of a poet of sufficient genius to sing its praise.

There are noble men and women—whose earthly existences are spent in the unobtrusive silent, patient, obscure doing of good, perhaps at the cost of infinite pain to themselves, without their fame being heralded abroad, or their names being known beyond their own circles, but who have left the world better and brighter for their brief stay in it. These are the men and women who, during all time, have done the hard work of the world smilingly, gently and uncomplainingly without any hope of fame, wealth or honor, because it was their duty, and because One who had been despised of men had set them the example. Inspired with simple, but gloriously heroic courage, they sacrifice themselves for others, and are the soldiers that win the laurels for the general's brow, the attendants that bring success and fame to the doctor's skill, the clerks who faithfully watch the interests of the merchant prince, the hard handed laborers and toil-worn women who have really made the world what it is today. Such people live quietly and unnoticed, no one thinks of praising them, but when one of them is taken away, whom we once knew, we notice some of the sunshine and joy of life has gone. Their epic has not yet been written, but the lips of angels will sing their triumph song when they stand before the Great White Throne to receive the laurel of victory over self.

Year by year the observance of St. Patrick's day grows more universal, because it is the day upon which one of the most persecuted races celebrates its great glory, its never failing adherence to Catholicity, the only truly Christian religion. Upon this day the Irish commemorate the virtues of

their great apostle and patron saint who bequeathed to them the glorious heritage of their faith, which they have handed down from generation to generation unsullied and unimpaired despite the age of persecution, the sword of the oppressor, and the confiscation of their homes and lands by a foreign invader. St. Patrick sowed the seed of Christianity in Ireland without the shedding of a drop of blood, but since that time it has grown and fructified from deluges of martyr's blood. On March 17 we observe not only the feast of a great bishop and confessor, but the crucifixion of a nation, unparalleled in history. The only thing of which Ireland can boast is her unswerving, uncompromising and undying faith, but no other nation can make a prouder boast. She has had her Gethsemane, she has climbed her Calvary, she has been nailed to the Cross, she has walked the Viam Dolorosam with the Savior. Individuals have done this in large numbers, but Ireland is the only nation that has been so signally honored by God.

"Reading maketh a full man" says Bacon, and it seems that the voracious readers of the modern popular magazine are full of rubbish like the family ash barrel.



THE VIATORIAN

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EDITORIAL.

We are indeed happy to enroll among the long list of our distinguished college societies, the "Society of the Most Holy Name." This society, although a new Society of one in this community, is one which has long the Most been established throughout a great part of Holy Name. the Christian world, and is one whose influence has likewise permeated the hearts of all Christian men and women. Having for its aim, the respect and honor, which we should bear towards the Holy name of God and Jesus Christ, it can not but stir up in men, all that is noble and good. Hence, wherever we may look about us, we will always find, that if there, this society exists, there also are men worthy of esteem. The society here, thanks to the diligent work of our Reverend President, boasts of an

unusually large number, and we have therefore all the more cause for rejoicing.



Mexico is just now having more than her share of trouble. Revolution and internal warfare have so far advanced, that now the situation is most embarrassing to the Mexican government. The people have indeed grave reason to be alarmed, not only for their own personal safety, but even for the nation's welfare. In order to safeguard her subjects and her own interests, the United States has dispatched troops to the Mexican borders. These, together with a few of our iron-clads will in all probability insure perfect safety to all concerned, and eliminate any danger that might arise for us. War is a sad state of affairs in any instance and must always be a nation's last resort in time of trouble. Whether or not the action of Mexican subjects will result in further danger remains yet to be seen. From all appearances the trouble will be confined to Mexico; let us then hope for immediate peace, for as sons of a universal family we are concerned in this peace.



Bleak old winter is slowly fading into the bright and exuberant breath of sunny springtime. Nature is once more unfolding her wealth of treasures and all the air seems to abound in sweet perfumes. The returning songbirds herald the coming of the sunshine season, and mother earth awakened from her winter's slumber starts anew the work of life. As the season's change, so do we also, and as the years speed on constantly interchanging with their seasons, in the same way, do our lives. Renewed activities, diverse influences all go to make up a lifetime. We must ever feel the spirit of the different seasons and so infuse new in-

terest, new vigor into our existence. Spring is the sign of birth and rejuvenated nature, we can all partake in the spirit of the season.



Time and again, it has been noted and remarked, what a powerful influence the press can exercise. Now this assertion was never more true than in the present day. The average college student is a most voracious reader and of course in the same style as he reads, so is his youthful character molded. We look to the daily press for most of our knowledge concerning the outside world. Why could we not confine ourselves to a good Catholic weekly? Struggling under the disparaging influences of many so-called modernists, our Catholic pressmen need every effort, for success, which we can lend them. As official organs of truth we must co-operate with them in their work. On the other hand we must look to our Catholic books, magazines, and all periodicals for good sensible reading material, so that our minds may be fed with the purest and nourished with the strongest, that only great writers can offer.

*Catholic
Literature.*



SOCIETY NOTES



The first annual banquet of the Commercial class in honor of the Senior class took place Tuesday evening, February 28th in the college banquet hall. The newly organized Commercial class is showing unusual activity for such a young organization. They have made haste to reap the social benefits of organization. The business like manner in which the affair was conducted bears the characteristic mark of a commercial body of men. We would entertain great hopes for our nation in the future if these young men would carry

out into the world the same spirit as they displayed in class work, and undoubtedly they will. Congratulations and best wishes for future successes to the Commercial class of '11! After a generous supper the following program was rendered: Opening address, P. O'Leary; "Class Organization," A. Storr; violin solo, F. Connor; "Business World," H. Fitzgerald; "Last Link of Class Organization," F. Cleary; "St. Viator's Students in the Business World," Rev. El. L. Rivard, C. S. V.; vocal duet, El. Waters and El. Leinen; selected, Rev. W. J. Bergin; vocal solo, J. Kissane; selected, Rev. M. J. Breen; "Commercial Education," Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney.

The celebration in honor of the fifth anniversary of the fire, given by the Senior class in the college auditorium, Tuesday, Feb. 21, was an interesting and instructive affair. The various speeches delivered by representatives of the various departments, Minims, Juniors and Seniors, at the time of the fire, were replete with interesting anecdotes and descriptions, which painted anew, not only the havoc of the flames, but the amusing scenes resulting from gratuitous bravery on the part of excited students. Rev. James A. Hayden, '06, related in an eloquent manner the struggles of the class of '06 in behalf of class organization. He traced the development of a spirit of loyalty among the students of Viator, implanted in them as a result of the awful misfortune of the fire, and since grown strong in many ways; and he urged a continuance of this spirit not only during the time spent at college, but also during the career of the student in the world. In continuation of this idea, Mr. William C. McKenna, '06, in an excellent appreciation of class organization, urged a more thorough and practical organization of the alumni of St. Viator's college. The other speeches on the program, as published in our last number, added to the intellectual atmosphere of the evening. Such a generous and just appreciation of "Fire Day" reflects great credit upon the Senior class.

The Sophomore and Freshman Oratory club will have its Field Day March 22nd, on the evening of which a public debate will be held on the question "Labor Unions are on the

whole beneficial to Society in General in the United States." The opposing teams are working hard upon their matter, and, without doubt, it will be a close contest. This is the first of a series of debates which will be given by this club this year. At the last meeting of the Oratory club, Mr. Dougherty, Mr. Lynch and Mr. Langlois delivered very interesting speeches which showed deep thought and untiring preparation.

St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society held its first public meeting March 6th, in the College Auditorium. A very interesting program was rendered after which a vaudeville selection was given which proved highly entertaining. Entertainments of a similar nature have been carried on every week in the society, and the different participants were thus well prepared to sustain their parts. The first appearance of "St. Pats" this year proved a decided success; and future affairs of a similar nature would be heartily received by the student body. They not only relieve the monotony of the winter evenings, but they bring before the eyes of the students the local talent of which, by the way, St. Patrick's has its share. The various speakers showed experience and ease, as well as the result of the good training they receive from their Moderator Brother Sheridan. The music was exceptionally good. Program: Opening Address, E. Dunne; "Life of Washington Irving," L. Wall; Violin Solo, F. Carter; "Tendencies of the Modern Stage," P. McCaffery; Recitation, O. Merz; Piano Solo, M. Wilson; Vaudeville Selection, "Wanted—a Male Cook," W. Roy, D. Udell, M. Spitz, and C. Kelly.

One of the practical results of the Retreat recently held in the College was the organization of the "Society of the Holy Name of Jesus," in which all the students from the dignified Senior to the care-free Minim enrolled their names. It was indeed a very auspicious occasion for introducing this society into the College, as the students, having made a good Retreat, were worthy to enlist themselves under the banner of this wide-spread organization. Surely, the end of this society, to instill greater veneration and love in the hearts of Catholics for the name of Jesus, will be furthered by the ac-

quisition to its fold of so many Catholic young men, who are willing to propagate its work.

An election was held, according to the regulations governing the society in this country. Mr. F. Cleary was elected President, Mr. G. Bergan, Secretary, and Mr. J. Fitzgerald, Treasurer. Under the guidance of such able officers and conscientious young men as were chosen, the society cannot but grow and prosper and prove an important factor in combating the evils of this twentieth century.

St. Thomas' Day, Tuesday, March 7th, was fittingly observed by the Seminary Department. A special mass was offered up in the morning in honor of the great saint and scholar of the Thirteenth century who did so much by his sanctity of life and scholarly attainments to correct the evil influences at work during his time.

The Theologians enjoyed a holiday in honor of the great St. Thomas, which they fittingly brought to a close by an entertainment to the Collegiate Department, in the College Auditorium. After a very cordial address of welcome by Mr. Samuel Libert, several eloquent dissertations upon the various sides of St. Thomas' character were given, noteworthy among which was Mr. Clarence Conway's just appreciation of St. Thomas' great work in the Theological field. Brothers Sheridan and Plante, with their musical instruments tuned in accord with the intellectual flights of the various speakers, produced the harmonious strains, which were caught up by the Quartet and sent forth in the beautiful hymn composed by St. Thomas himself, the "Tantum Ergo."

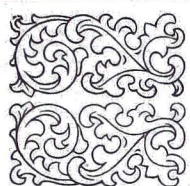
A fitting background was thus laid out for the principal feature of the program, a defense of the doctrine of the "Divinity of Christ" by Stephen McMahon against four of his fellow theologians who skillfully defended the Rationalistic view of this most important doctrine. Mr. McMahon, after delivering a Dogmatic lecture on the divinity, in which he showed himself well versed in Exegetics, successfully refuted the most plausible and convincing arguments which his resourceful opponents could advance. After an O'Donnell, an O'Brien, a Munsch and a Sheridan had been vanquished, the

able disciple of St. Thomas retired, having displayed a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, a skillful interpretation of sacred texts and, remarkable acumen in answering objections.

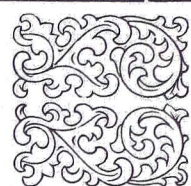
On Sunday evening, March 12, the Lajoie French Society entertained all its members and several invited guests. The music room where the entertainment took place was tastily decorated with the college colors, the old gold and purple. A substantial spread was enjoyed by all; after which cigars were passed around and while the white clouds of smoke were arising and sailing about the room an interesting and instructive program of speeches and music was rendered. Every one on the program deserves to be highly praised for his success. M. Elder Souligne made himself the representative orator of the society by his scholarly speech. The entire success of the evening is due almost wholly to M. Ralph Legris. The program follows:

"Maitre de Ceremonies".....	Harris A. Darche
"Le Pere Lajoie".....	Rev. M. T. Dugas
"Mes Experiences dans le Francais".....	Joe M. Lareau
Chanson—"La Vision de Ste. Cecile".....	Rev. E. L. Rivard
"La jeunesse d'aujourd'hui".....	Rev. J. E. Belaire
"Le but du Cercle".....	Elder J. Souligne
"Solo de Piano"	Gerard Picard
"Le francais d'aujourd'hui".....	Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney
"Remarques"	Rev. J. V. Rheams
"Le Cercle de cette annee"	Rev. J. D. Laplante





Exchanges



The short stories of the majority of our worthy exchanges are anything but high-class fiction. We do not expect a masterpiece from the "twinkling stars," who write for college magazines, but we do expect a well constructed plot. We do not expect the descriptions of a "George Eliot," but we demand readable, clear descriptions. Nor should twenty or more characters figure in a story of about six hundred words. These stories (pardon use of the word "story") are quite harmless, however, it would be well if censors would exercise their censorial power and also the waste basket more frequently.

The University of Ottawa Review in portraying Scott's women holds there is not one true Catholic heroine despite the fact that Mary, Queen of Scots, figures in his works.

Benefits of advertising is a plea for that not neglected element of money-making schemes. The influence of Catholicism on English literature proves that whatever is pure, holy, high, noble and elevating in literature is due to the influence of Catholicism.

The Collegian of St. Mary's, Oakland, Cal., teems with poetry, essays, wit and humor. The editors of this active college paper deserve praise for the selection and literary workmanship of the various articles found therein. Dramatic art is considered in an instructive paper on Henrik Ibsen. The women characters of Ibsen's dramas are free and independent; marriage a mere formality; love a natural instinct and personal freedom is their happiness. The writer shows this to be the undercurrent of Ibsen's female characters. Ibsen was an idealist, never a moralist, today he would be classed in the category of Modernists. The moral of the "Doughnut" is apt, some people see spots where others see stars. The editorials are the principal feature of a college paper. *The Collegian* understands.

It is really a pleasure to criticise a paper like the *Fleur De Lis*, of St. Louis University. Poetry, not doggerel is found gracing its bright pages. "Is Shakespeare" delves into the causes why the masterpieces of the English language might not have been written by the man "Shakespeare." Shakespeare was a man of low tastes, of anti-literary habits, unknown to London society. Nothing more unlike a great dramatist's life could be conceived. Whittier says Shakespeare never wrote the plays; Sir Edwin Durning-Laurence, in his new book, coincides; Mark Twain laughed at the idea; Lord Palmerston, Lord Houghton, Samuel Taylor, Coleridge, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Greenleaf Whittier were sure he did not write the plays. The article is instructive and is full of information. "Shakespearian Speak the Speech" is a lesson to orators, "would-be orators, people who feel they are orators, orators in potentia," and above all to "awe-rators." People have an idea, the writer says, that a man must be possessed of large, grasping, overpowering hands to take hold of his hearers by their scalps and to drag them into capitulation, in other words, sweeping gestures; that he must stamp his feet; toss his head, revolve his body; and of course he must be a massive person—Atlantean shoulders. No, this is not required to be an orator, to convince. This is the idea in less-cultivated sections of the country. The orator needs a simple, persuasive, concise, pleasing and convincing manner. Our St. Louis friend thinks so; all versed in the art concur in his views. Lack of space forbids mentioning the many other features of this paper.

"Psychology of an Examination" is the tale of a young philosopher, in the *Loretto Magazine*, of Nerinx, Ky., who possessed a remarkable memory. Hence, daily recitations were neglected, for could not the five months work be well grasped by two days "plugging" before the semi-annual exams? Don, the philosopher in question, did make good, but afterwards remembered "that a little philosophy inclines men's minds to Atheism, but depth in philosophy leads them back to God." "Peace be Still," a beautiful poem by Balbus, breathes a religious atmosphere, elevating thoughts and clothed in choice language. Balbus is no novice in the art of writing poetry.

"Lyric Poetry of Ireland," in the *Labarum*, is a compre-

hensive article and deals with many of the Lyrical productions of Erin's best poets. Of the many enumerated, Gerald Griffin, Rev. Francis S. O'Mahoney and Cannon Sheehan are given a place. While the above three mentioned wrote lyrical poetry, yet are they not known best as novelists? The article is intensely interesting not only to lovers of Irish lyrical poetry but to all lovers of poetry. "An Italian Journey" describes a visit to Europe and an audience with Pope Pius. "Ventures in Dreams" is a neat essay and shows us the many ventures great writers made in dreamland. Dante's dream, the writer thinks, was caused by pondering too much and allowing his over-wrought imagination to dwell upon thoughts of his lady Beatrice. Still, I believe no man could dream, if dream it was, as Dante did. No man saw so many things, related so much the result of a dream. "About a Little Book" is the story of the "Imitation." The stories have well developed plots and hold the reader's interest throughout.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

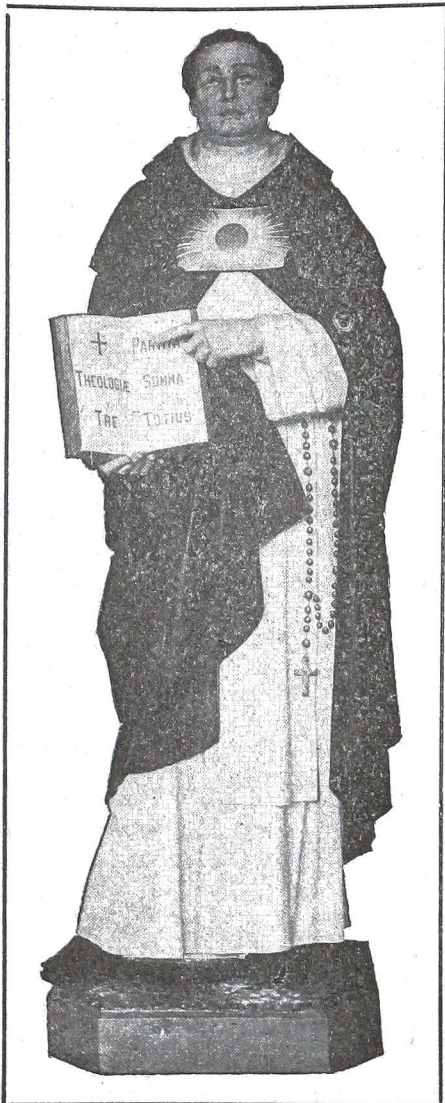
Rosemary, or Life and Death, by T. V. Huntington, 525 pages, 12 mo., \$1.00. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York and Philadelphia.

We feel sure that our fathers and mothers will be glad to hear that "Rosemary" which was a favorite and much discussed novel when they were boys and girls, has been brought out in an attractive, new and cheap edition by P. J. Kennedy & Sons. A copy has been received by us, which, we confess, we read with much, though somewhat disguised, pleasure. We do not wonder that the last generation enjoyed this strange work, for, despite its faults, which honesty compels us to say are many and glaring, the story is exciting and interesting and a strange atmosphere of mystery pervades it throughout, and we feel sure that the present generation will derive much amusement and enjoyment from its perusal. We were almost tempted into writing an exhaustive criticism of this novel of a past and gone generation, with a view to airing some views on novels in general and the Catholic novel in

particular, but space does not permit, so we must keep these views to ourselves until some later issue. The chief fault to be found with the present edition is that it contains some typographical errors which might have been avoided through more careful proof reading, such as disaccompanied for disappeared, profouse for profuse on p. 45, ancles for ankles on p. 219, Rost for Rose on p. 400, and one or two more which we failed to mark. P. J. Kennedy & Sons are to be commended for their enterprise in bringing out this old favorite again.



STATUE OF ST. THOMAS.



The first step towards filling the niches in the main corridor of Marsile Hall was taken on March 7, when a beautiful statue of St. Thomas of Aquin was placed in one of them. This statue is the generous gift of the Rev. Thos. F. Quinn of Everett, Ill., and is an extremely handsome example of the sculptor's art. It stands six feet high, and adds greatly to the appearance of the entrance corridor of Marsile Hall.

Father Quinn's generosity has set the example for others and there are already promises of two more statues which will leave only one more niche to be filled. THE VIATORIAN on behalf of the college tenders sincerest thanks to Father Quinn for his kindness and munificence.



Athletic Notes



BASKETBALL.

St. Viator, 33; St. Bede, 21.

On February 24 the hitherto invincible St. Bede basketball tossers, suffered their first defeat in four years at the hands of the locals. The Varsity were primed for the battle which, although played on a small, strange floor, resulted in a glorious triumph. St. Bede has had a great reputation of four years of victories, and St. Viator is indeed to be praised for their splendid victory. The pluck and determination to overthrow their haughty cry was written upon the actions of every St. Viator player and well did the pluck count. The team work was excellent and the passes sailed through the air with lightning rapidity and truest aim. The brunt of victory falls upon Fischer, who has played a calibre of the basketball art during the season that has been the source of great admiration to the fans. The summary best shows his performance. "Fish" was the "man of the hour" and chalked up twenty-five well needed units to the score. Moynihan was all over the floor, his speed dazzling the Peru lads, while Kissane towered over the far famed Monaghan to the extent that not a basket was corralled. The game will live long in the memory of S. V. C. students and stamps the Varsity as one of the best quintets in the state. Lineup:

St. Viator, 33.

Moynihan
Fischer
Fitzgerald
Kissane
Cleary

R. F.
L. F.
C.
R. G.
L. G.

St. Bede, 21.

Proesel
Monaghan
Walsh
McCann
Coyne

Field goals: Moynihan (2), Fischer (9), Fitzgerald (2), Proesel (6), McCann (1). Free throws: Fischer (7), McCann (7). Referee: Stewart. Umpire: Jacobs. Timers: Hendert and Gordon. Scorer: Doemling. Time halves: 20 min.

St. Viator, 51; St. Joseph, 6.

For the second time this season St. Joseph came out second best with the Varsity. The class of ball they ventured to play was far below the brilliant variety and no trouble was

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encountered in walloping them. The runaway was not very exciting, giving the locals nothing more than a good practice game. The visitors seemed to suffer from the lack of two condiments, ginger and pepper, and their only field goal came near the finish on a fluke. Fischer and Fitzgerald played their usual shining game. Gordon and Cleary being perfection on the defense. Lineup:

St. Viator, 51.		St. Joseph, 6.	
Moynihan	R. F.		Moran
Fischer	L. F.		Grathwal
Fitzgerald	C.		Fiely
Gordon	R. G.		Carmody
Cleary	L. G.		Harrison

Field goals: Moynihan (5), Fischer (9), Fitzgerald (9), Fiely (1). Free throws: Fischer (5), Fiely (4). Referee: Reed. Umpire: Jacobs. Timers: Legris and Weber. Scorer: Regan. Time halves: 20 min.

St. Viator, 29; DePaul, 17.

Twice in the same place was what the Varsity handed to DePaul. On March 4 they played DePaul a return game at DePaul and came out on top to the music of 29-17. The locals played the same steady article as of yore and this coupled with Moynihan's gritty work and Capt. Fitzgerald's point getters gave us our second victory over the North Side school. Lineup:

St. Viator, 29.		DePaul, 17.	
Moynihan	R. F.		Leffert
Fischer	L. F.		O'Donnell
Fitzgerald	C.		Potter
Kissane	R. G.		Ward
Cleary	L. G.		Kolb

Field goals: Moynihan (3), Fischer (2), Fitzgerald (7), Leffert (1), O'Donnell (3), Potter (2). Free throws: Fischer (5), Leffert (5). Referee: Withers. Umpire: Jacobs.

BASEBALL.

The few warm days of spring weather found the candidates for the baseball team assembled on Bergin Field. Thus far only batting practice has been indulged in and the swingers of the bludgeon are sending the little five ounce, nine inches far into the field. The squad has been reduced consid-

erably and the following have been showing the best form: O'Connell, Lynch, E. Quille, Warner, Harrison, Fitzgerald, Sammon, McDonald, A. Quille, Helta, Savary, Dunn, Moynihan, Doemling, Legris, Kelly, Leinen, Duffy, Welch. The schedule is nearly completed and will be published in the April number.

THE JUNIORS.

The manner in which the Juniors have taken to baseball practice speaks much for the season ahead of them. They are all working hard, and the squad is very promising, so much so, that indications point to the fact that they will have one of the best, if not the best Junior team in years. At home games will be played every Sunday with the best teams in the vicinity and nothing but victories are expected. The following are the most promising: Capt. Sullivan, Wysocki, Warren, O'Neill, Keliher, Ostroski, McGee, Richert, L. Mortell, Kekich, M. O'Connor, Gearen, Raven, Kelly, Shea, Gartland and "Whirlwind" Pedro Zorilla. The Juniors' basketball season just closed was a successful one. They met defeat at the hands of Palmer Parks, at Chicago, and though defeated put up a lightning exhibition. They were treated royally and wish to thank the Palmer team for the spread and splendid spirit shown. They closed the season by defeating the Hamilton Parks 24-17.

THE MINIMS.

The Minims have just completed their best basketball year. Meeting only one defeat and that at the hands of a team of giants. They have defeated the best fives Chicago and surrounding towns could produce. The Palmer Parks, the best team of its size in Chicago was downed a second time on Washington's birthday, in an overtime contest, 19-18, giving the Minims a clear title to the 90 pound championship of the metropolis. The Minims also defeated Hamilton Park twice by scores of 18-12 and 30-14. And on March 12 they ended their chain of victories by defeating St. Mels 33-14. The credit for building such a wonderful little machine goes to Bro. St. Aubin who in season and out of season is always working in the Minim's interest. He possesses the happy

faculty of producing winners in every line of athletic endeavor. No matter how light the football squad, how small the basket shooters or how discouraging the baseball prospects, yet there always comes forth a champion team. The Minims are a credit to athletics at St. Viator's and will always remain so as long as their coach is with them. Besides the first squad the Minims had a league and many thrilling games were pulled off. A banquet was tendered the Minims by the league and it will suffice to say that all enjoyed the banquet as much as the league race, and that is saying a whole lot. The result was:

	W.	L.	Pct.
Dillon	11	6	.647
Boyle	8	7	.533
Kane	9	8	.529
Loyd	4	11	.266

The Minims brought their successful basketball season to a fitting close with a nice little banquet in their own recreation hall, during which all the battles of their busy season were fought all over again. Rev. Bro. St. Aubin, C. S. V., presided and called on the captains of all the league teams to speak. Fitzgerald, captain of the first team related how it was through the untiring efforts of their coach, Bro. St. Aubin that they had annexed the championship of Cook and Kankakee counties. G. Kane, M. Dillon, Lloyd and Boyle all reviewed the success of the basketball league and tendered their thanks to Bro. St. Aubin for his never failing interest and untiring efforts in their behalf. Mr. John Kissane who was present as an honored guest told how the college team won the state championship by defeating Millikin. Rev. W. Remillard, C. S. V., Rev. J. Maguire, C. S. V., Rev. J. V. Rheams and V. Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney also spoke, Father O'Mahoney's remarks bringing a most enjoyable evening to a close.

THRU A KNOTHOLE.

There remains but one more basketball contest for the Varsity. On March 13 they will journey to Decatur and battle with the champion Millikin University five. Millikin has just won the state title by defeating the fastest colleges in the state, and a victory for the Varsity will certainly mean the

championship. The team is in the best of condition and from their past showing should send Millikin into the second cabin.

The return of "Bert" O'Connell has greatly strengthened the baseball squad. Bert's pitching arm is in good shape and it will be a source of much joy to see the mighty stickers of Notre Dame, Marquette, Arkansas and others take three healthy whiffs at the circumambient atmosphere with "Alb" twirling his "mystery" ball.

You will have to hand it to the Philosophers. Besides being the elite of the college as regards student activities, they now claim the prowess in athletic events. Two class teams had the audacity to dispute their basketball championship and met with dire results. The Philosophers took the Fourth High into camp 38-18 and trounced the Sophomores, 47-13. No other class has come forth with a challenge and the Philosophers are still undefeated.

Two more Varsity baseball stars have followed "Eddie" Stack to the south. "Al" McCarthy, the dashing shortstop of 08-09 left to join the Pirates. "Al" had a very successful season with South Bend last year and Pittsburg was indeed fortunate to land him. "Louie" Bachant has also left to join Des Moines, where for the last two summers he has done heroic work. To both we wish every success and are confident they will uphold Alma Mater on the diamond.

Never were there two more exciting basketball contests than those between the "Third Corridor All Stars" and the "Sems." After two furious and hotly battled struggles the "Sems" succumbed to the "All Stars" 34-14 and 14-11. Captain "Shot" Flynn for the victors certainly deserved the honor conferred upon him of the captaincy and also the title of "shot" for his work in both games was little short of sensational. Besides pivoting the team he shot from all angles of the floor, his counters coming at crucial moments, and staying defeat. Sammon at guard was a whirlwind, playing a speedy, yet gentle game and keeping his opponent scoreless. The whole team worked as a unit and lineup as follows: Bergan and Quille, forwards; Flynn, center; Kenny and Sammon, guards.

The baseball diamond is being put into the best of con-

dition by Mgr. Cleary. The spirit of helpfulness which the students are showing speaks much for the success of this year's team. The team is light and must have backers to help in the victories.

Unless a little more interest is manifested in track athletics, St. Viator will have to go without a representative team this spring. Track athletics are just as essential to a college as other sports, and there is no reason why St. Viator should not excel in this sport. There is surely plenty of material, and the faculties are unexcelled, yet it seems that nothing of real worth is accomplished. It is up to the students to push this matter. Show a little spirit, take the initiative, and let 1911 be the first year of a track team.

The curtain is slowly lowering on the scene of the basketball strifes and struggles. But one more game remains. True it is that this year's quintet was the best that ever was in action at St. Viator. This year's aggregation far excelled basketball teams of former days. They are deserving of the greatest praise, and will always be remembered. But what was it that made this team of such a lofty calibre? The answer might be found in many things, but the best answer is "The Scrubs." It was the "Scrubs" that made this five the best ever at the college. They have worked every evening, taking their hard knocks, exerting themselves, staying away from study and pleasure, and for what? They are not patted on the back, nor do their names appear in big type as stars, no monogramed sweater coats adorn their person, they are soon forgotten; their only reward is in the Varsity's victories. It is the "Scrubs" who deserve praise, they are the ones who should be lauded, they are the ones for whom nine raahs and a tiger should be emitted. "Honor to the Scrubs!"



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THE SPINELESS MAN.

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He roams the world with hunted look,
With wandering step and action;
Is neutral when he's brought to book—
Takes sides with neither faction.

He quite agrees the day is fine,
Or, should you suggest the breeze
Bespeaks the touch of Arctic clime,
He readily agrees.

He's just too late, when from his door
Reluctant to depart,
"Opportunity," with gifts galore
Seeks out a stouter heart.

He sadly needs a jolt, or shock
From an electric buzzer.
He fears he may be a "has been,"
But in truth's a "never wasser."

—*Robert Ross.*

LOCALS

—"Well Sir!"

—"The top of the morning to you!"

—"Tis well, beware of the ides!"

—"My lord, a plot has been formed to baffle your extreme highness!"—"Would that it were not true!"

—"Bon Bosco, I congratulate you!"

—(Joe, all excited)—"Look at that sign, H. C., Shave 15c!"
"Gee, come on Jake!"

—"A goodly time had we, had we"—we, we!

—Peevy—Gee, I'm hot, Red!

Red—Better look out, for the spring fever.

—"You're my friend ain't you Frank?—Say have you got anything to eat?"

—(Another, on the 17th)—Oh, Frank! Can I have a piece of ribbon, I'll pay you back?

—Sol—How do you telephone, for ice-water?

Joe—Call the guy up, is the best way!

—"Meet me face to face"—Tom.

—Wanted!—"Nine husks, stalwart and experienced, for my orioles"—Coach Flynn.

—Oh, Brother! "I'm awful sick!" "Can I get the morning paper?"

—T. G.—"Say John, do they charge extra to sleep over, here?"

J. B. K.—"Yes, they do, if you sleep over night.

—"Altoist"—"I can read the notes, but how do you get the sound?"

—The following tear-stained masterpiece was found on the Minim's campus:

"Alas! Poor thing he's gone!
No barks, nor howls he sigh'd;
But left us, noble son,
In peace, may he abide.
Now this is all today,
And read it ev'ry one,
'Monarch our dog Monarch
He's left, for kingdom come'."

—Since spring has made her appearance the editorial sanctum has been overflowing with poetic utterances, hence this:

"A fishy old fisher named Fischer
Fished fish from the edge of a fissure,
But a cod, with a grin,
Pulled this fisherman in,
Now we're fishing the fissure for Fischer."
"Fish."

—Senior—"What makes the trees so dry this year?"
 Minim—"Can't you see, all the sap we got?"



New Books.

"Hunting by Moonlight"—By T. C. H. with illustrations
 by F. M.

"How to get out of a bad hole" or "Looking through
 Doughnuts"—By H. P. K.

"Held up and almost robbed"—By H. P. K. Selling at
 the remarkable figure of ten cents.

"Five years in Paris" or "How to master the French
 language."—By R. J. O.'L.

"As I saw It"—By A. Storr, with illustrations from W.
 W.

"Soul Mate"—Wm. A. S. assisted by T. J. F.

"Which One?"—Author unknown.

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