

XXIII
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FAC ET SPERA.

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

Full many flowers the beauteous spring
With pungent, odorous balsam sweet
To men from winter's snow and sleet,
Recov'ring, whilst they glad the ring
Of robin's carol hear, doth bring—
The marigold and daffodil,
And violet, bluebell by the rill.

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Beside what verdant meads and wolds,
And fields afford in piebald glee,
And groves of floral tapestry,
E'en with the lily which unfolds,
As 'twere, the purer life it holds—
There's one we specially acclaim,
And our own blessed proudly name:

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It is that "Flower of our Race"—
So chaste—"withal so sensitive,"
So far beyond all those that give
Mere nat'ral pleasure sans the grace
Of form religious, or the brace
Of supernatural array—
Our Virgin Queen of lovely May.

W. A. S. (Phil.)

ABOUT THE RUINS.

Ruins sometimes tell a story as well as complete buildings. Anyone gazing at the smoking walls of old St. Viator's on the twenty-second day of February of the present year, could have beheld a sight fraught with deep significance. Indeed, the dread realism of the scene afforded an occasion for all manner of reflection—from the commonplace and matter-of-fact to the poetical and sublime. There stood before us the crumbling remnants of our recent imposing collegiate edifice—"but yesterday" the pride and glory of the neighborhood, but now so poor and mean, that hardly anyone would "do it reverence." The Roy Memorial chapel in particular had been famous for its architectural beauty and artistic equipment, a sort of unique treasure of inspiring excellence. Yet this great monument of the architect's, the sculptor's and the painter's skill, together with much valuable property it contained, was suddenly destroyed by a devastating fire.

So thorough and pervasive had been the work of the destructive element, that for days, and even weeks, passers-by noticed within the smouldering ruins the dismal light of spasmodic flames.

Could it be that the very demons of the "awful holocaust" were celebrating "pale Hecate's offering," and nightly, crouched amidst the uncouth wreckage and charred debris, were sardonically gloating over the flaring embers in hideous, triumphant contemplation of their dire handiwork? Surely, it was a weird, harrowing spectacle—so drastically recalling the awful calamity and the untold trials we had endured. But whilst we pensively gazed at the tottering ruins and observed the lurid glare of declining cinders, it behooved us to put aside vain regret and morbid grief, lest like that actual "covered fire" we beheld, we should "consume away in size" and "waste inwardly."

No, with the confident and hopeful reflection, that from out the decaying form there would arise a new and "greater St. Viator's" we were called upon to take fresh courage and resolve loyally gathering around our beloved faculty in prayerful submission to the inscrutable designs of an all-wise and benignant Providence. Thus, with the parting glimmer of the lingering fire, many of us felt within our hearts the quickened glow of mutual affection and esteem—a lamp of lofty experience never to be extinguished. Although in days before the burning there had been much good-will and fraternal charity at the college, still the realization of common misfortune and distress and the unmistakable signs of unswerving fidelity, no doubt intensified those sterling and inesti-

mable qualities. As our Very Reverend President pointedly remarked in his farewell address to the assembled college inmates on the morning after the conflagration: "To name one's self a student, and especially an alumnus of St. Viateur's, has always spelled loyalty." May we indeed prove faithful to the trust reposed in us, and, continuing, Father Marsile's words, "like true born eaglets be worthy of the eyrie that is fledging us for superb flight!" Moreover, as the glistening snow of the waning winter decked the blackened, seared remains of Alma Mater with a whitish funeral shroud, we realized, perhaps more fully than before, that the real, initiative St. Viateur's was quite alive, unchanged and indestructible. From those very "eyeless sockets" of the erst so charmingly beautiful stained glass windows of the chapel, we might fancy the imperishable spirit of the collegiate personality to have fled, out into the chill wintry night, carrying on its light ethereal wings many of the beauteous gems that had adorned the sacred panes, sublimated and mystically adapted to the subtile transportation—only quickly to return to the indomitable reverend leaders and prime movers of the institution, and in due season to be rehabilitated and endowed with a far grander "loyal habitation and a name."

In this connection we apprehend the justness of the charge that the "generality of men" so little heed the profitable lessons which even soulless Nature presents by means of her inanimate phenomena. If they would endeavor to discern beneath the mere outer, accidental forms the inward spiritual essences, what a vast store of unsuspected truths would they not discover! Nor could thenceforth candid souls accuse them of arrogance, if thus imbued, they offered their hearts "a generous sacrifice to truth," for in all the vicissitudes of mundane life and universal activity—calamitous fires, wrecks by land and sea, "wars and rumors of wars", floods and earthquakes, the contending atmospheric agencies, with fiery, often destructive hurls of Thor and Jupiter, and the collision of colossal planetary sphere—in all these diverse contingencies they would perceive that throughout the wondrous scheme of the corporeal universe—"one unchanging purpose runs"—controlling, directing, and preparing it for the fruition of that far-off divine event toward which "the whole creation tends."

Hence, though by our recent visitation we have suffered many losses—some indeed irreparable, and are now laboring under various inconveniences, still we feel amply repaid by the consciousness of having added to our mental and moral treasury from the trying ordeal and experience sustained. We know that on that memorable night of the conflagration self-denial and heroic self-sacrifice,

as well as unfaltering obedience to constituted authority, were put to the test, and that many of us—Reverend Borthers, seminar-ians, collegians, and even little “minims,” thus “weighed in the balance,” were not “found wanting.” Furthermore, we are fully aware, that since the resumption of the college course, a goodly number of students have willingly and ungrudgingly accepted the rather crude and defective temporary arrangements—making “a virtue of necessity” in the spirit of faithful resignation and forbearance. Then, as we daily behold the vanishing remnants of old St. Viateur’s on our way to the village church, and mingle our orisons with the lovely chimes of the Angelus—those sweet, melodious sounds filling the blithe responsive air as with heavenly fragrancy; as we watch the crowds of light-hearted boys and youths pulling down the unsafe, tottering walls, and observe in promiscuous heaps bedraggled fragments of the once so splendid Carrara marble altars and statues mixed with baser vestiges of mere brick and mortar constituents—do we not almost instinctively realize the truth of Tennyson’s beautiful, expressive lines: ,

“Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy’d
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell’d in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another’s gain.”

W. A. S. (Phil.)

REMINISCENCES.

On an early May morning I stopped to take a last view of the ruins which are even now fast disappearing. The leveling process, which is actively going on, will ruthlessly efface every visible trace of the once monumental buildings of the old St. Viateur’s. I confess it is not without a pang one sees these venerable stones,

that seem like old friends, rudely torn down and borne away to to be piled up in promiscuous heaps.

I sat on a broken tower of the princely chapel, and as I looked over the scene soon fell into reverie while the birds, fresh returned from southern climes, twittered and chirped, as it were, pouring forth in broken accents their astonishment and disappointment. Who has thus robbed them of those great towers, domes and spires, of their favorite nooks and nesting places in the wide cornices and under the protecting eaves? What had become of those lofty crosses and statues in whose sustaining arms they had so often rested on their airy flight, carolling in gleeful song?

The near-by buds which years before were first to open forth their fragrant lips and join the spring chorus of universal life, refuse to be comforted by the invigorating sap of the earth or the vivifying warmth of the sun. The birds fly away to other scenes! the buds remain as silent mourners. On the beds whence sprang every year the luxuriant peonies and graceful roses, huge piles of stones gathered from the debris are alligned. These fair innocents will not be with us to cheer the scene with their gay colors and sweet perfume, but must sleep beneath their untimely monument. But that clump of festive lilacs under yonder maples promises to break forth in all its glory soon and join with the irrepressible dandelion to relieve the dullness of the surroundings.

Turning away from the desolation without I gazed musingly upon the wreck-filled interior of the ruins. I journeyed in thought through the "Via Sacra" on the second floor to the sacred precincts of the chapel, and there rushed in upon my mind fond recollections of all that had been enacted there for our spiritual nourishment and comforting. How regretfully I thought of these grand chapel pageants now forever gone! No more will that vision of beauty rise before our enraptured gaze—those wonderful windows which seemed like a glimpse of the glory of paradise, that marble altar so white and fair, peopled with angels inviting us to adore, the gleaming tabernacle, that spotless "arc of worship undefiled," that loved shrine of the Sacred Heart, that home of the great lover of the children of men! That large sanctuary so often the scene of the most elaborate and inspiring ceremonial, with its trains of gracefully moving altar boys clad in the white raiment of angels, its majestic priests offering the all-atoning sacrifice amid white clouds of fragrant incense—all this has vanished forever and is now but a sweet, a cherished memory. Those banquets of the soul at our rich sanctuary table, those First Fridays, those First Communion days were all chapel events, chapel feasts that we ever welcomed and in which we delighted to participate. Here, too, the soul-sustaining word of God was broken to our youthful minds;

sermons on great occasions, on our college feast days, on Jubilee celebrations amid all the added splendor and gala of special festivity, sermons during our days of retreat, sermons for novenas, exhortations on the devotion to the Blessed Virgin and to St Joseph, religious advice on the virtues of the Catholic young man, spiritual conferences which in the intimacy and the impressive stillness of our chapel penetrated to the very core of our being; sermons by distinguished alumni, by learned and eloquent prelates, by bishops and archbishops, by reverend doctors and missionaries, by our own learned band of college priests and professors with the eloquent Father Marsile at their head. Never did I appreciate a sermon more than those given in our chapel. It seemed that everything there spoke to the soul. The atmosphere of the place was so deeply religious, so thoroughly spiritual, so elevating that it seemed to lend an irresistible power to the words of the preacher. This grand concert of sacred eloquence, with its myriad, mystic, persuasive tongues is now, alas, silenced forever!

But what is this protrudes from out yonder pell-mell heap of scorched iron? Could it be a surviving organ pipe? Well might it be kept as a cherished relic of the our chapel joys. The majestic, sweet toned old organ! It, too, has sung its swan song and will sing no more. With what almost animate enthusiasm it would throw itself with its thousand voices into our acts of solemn worship! How grandly it sang and made us sing and pray when its spirit was roused by the awakening touch of a Bourget, a Dube, a Kelly, or a Goulette. Musically beautiful and spiritually uplifting was ever our chapel song service. Vainly do I seek to recall having heard that peculiarly happy effect resulting from the blending of a hundred boys' and men's well trained voices so frequently enjoyed here in old St. Viateur's chapel. From the simple vesper psalm to the soul raising "Sanctus" of Gounod and the joyous "Gloria" of Mozart and the funereal accents of the Gregorian "Requiem," what was ever attempted was always faultlessly and most effectively rendered. Dear old organ, I stop, for I should have to confess that the half of my soul is buried there with you.

Yes, these windowless windows I see on whose stony thrones sat in crystal glory our chapel's departed soul. How I delighted to catch the glow of their morning splendor as the new risen sun lit up their every gem! Like fond encircling arms their colored beams fell gently upon the chaste marble of the altars as though to clasp in love the saints and angels there. And then, with their mystic play, went forth from our hearts more pious orisons. When on that fateful night I witnessed with tearful eyes the vanishing of all this celestial panorama, when the great flames within lit up

for the last time the splendor of these windows, when I saw and heard that rain of molten colored glass which fell to earth like the pearly tears of heaven, I could not help exclaiming: "Fire fiend, you are robbing us of the earthly treasures most closely wedded to our souls!"

And, indeed, isn't it so that the soul makes for itself a home here below on some hallowed spot where it erects an altar? And has not the soul then, too, its own home associations and sacred ties? As when the scourge of war lays waste a country or a ruthless earthquake destroys a city, the homeless people mourn for their dead, seek in vain for shelter and food, look for a sight of their loved banners, listen wistfully for the voice of father and fatherland, sigh for their loved festivals—and miss all that has fed the sacred flame of patriotism; so, too, do we lament in the midst of these unsightly ruins the loss of all that has nourished our spiritual patriotism, the destruction of our spiritual home, the cessation of our religious festivals, the silencing of our sacred song and eloquence, the vanishing of all the beauty of outline and of color amid which we loved to dwell.

I see from here the very window that used to light up Joe Martin's room on the "Via Sacra." That was a hospitable den and an hospitable host. Many is the fragrant pipefull I smoked there after borrowing the same from great big hearted Joe. We'd sit where there was no furniture and have a few rounds with Tanqueray or Sabetti. Likely as not Jos. J. or Jos. C. or W. C. would come in for pipefuls, too, and in return shed their theologic light on some obscure passage of St. Thomas. At times you could hear in the next room strange sounds as though all the anvils of Vulcan were at work there; it was W. C. counting his poetic feet by finger thumps on the tin cover of his trunk, and forging rhymes for the Viatorian. It was also here on chapel row that our lately arrived R. O. L. would let loose from his Irish violin melodies that recalled Orphic wonders—the trees and rocks listened; most of the living inmates ran out so as to enjoy the enchantment that distance lends.

Of the long impregnable third floor we can say what Virgil said of ill-fated Troy: "Ilium Fuit!" It was here chiefly the college life was lived, that serious study was in honor and but seldom interrupted, that silence reigned unbroken except by occasional and spontaneous explosions of youthful good nature. Here games were planned and schedules arranged many a time, though not oft, over festive cups of milk or cocoa. It was here, too, that we experienced the queer sensation of "standing on the carpet" either to stand an examination or to render other accounts. It was in a solemn room, all lined with books. 'Twas there, too, the Dantean mine was exploited which yielded those interesting lectures on the

great Catholic poet. The sanctum of the Viatorian was also on this floor and it was in its precincts those deep editorial effusions were thought out monthly. It was in that tribunal that our exchanges appeared to be judged. It was a cosmopolitan city, this, our "Iroy that was." On its streets were seen the Junior and Senior, the Seminarian and the Viatorian Cleric, students of classics, of business, of philosophy, of theology in the diverse years of these diverse courses—in all a population of two full scores. Like the heart in living things this third floor occupied a central position in the institution; above it were the large dormitories, below it were the class rooms and lecture halls and libraries, on one side of it was the chapel and on the other the refectories, the infirmary, and its own rival corridor, the little "St. Jos." But perhaps I am partial to the old third floor. However, if it was the heart, the center of activity, it was not the head—for there was never any mistaking where lived the directing spirit of all the activities of the college. Every one knew and every one loved to obey the commands that issued from the fatherly president, whose kindly door was ever opened to receive petitions, to grant favors, and to impart wise counsel to all.

Above here was the Rt. Reverend Monsignor Legris' suite of rooms, the home of theologic lore and of a princely soul. But no more can the eager theologian go slake his thirst there at that copious spring of sacred knowledge where books in plenty were always conveniently at hand and willingly opened to the searcher where well weighed advice on mooted points was never denied. Many a page of college history erstwhile written or carved on the old desks and painted walls of class rooms and study halls has been most effectively effaced by the hand of the red fiend. I can feel no deep emotion, however, over the effacement of these tokens of boyish ennui and discontent. They are among the things one likes to forget, and the red tongues of the great flame have well licked them off. But of our patient work there is in these workshops of the mind, of our friendly rivalry to win distinction, of our delight in the consciousness of awakening to the larger life and light of new knowledge, of our competitions and victories in the fine arts of elocution, oratory, and music, I can think but with fondest recollection. All these things go to make up college life, form its texture and give it its peculiar quality and charm. What a host of memories cling to those dilapidated walls. I would probably long have remained there ensconced in the sunny angle of that tower if my friend Joseph had not, after a rather patient search, discovered me and put a stop to my reverie by proposing that we go fishing. He insisted that the Kankakee hadn't burned and that it fairly teemed with fish. I finally yielded. J. P.

IN THE ORATORY CLASS—THE STAGE DISCUSSED.

The second session of the senior class of oratory was held April 9 under the presidency of its director, Rev. Dr. Rivard, C. S. V. After an introductory address in which the reverend professor briefly stated the object of the meeting and the special features which would characterize forthcoming sessions, he appointed a committee on resolutions, consisting of Bro. Moysant, C. S. V., and Messrs. W. McKenna and W. A. Schoenle, who were to canvass the sentiments of the class regarding the questions discussed and embody them in suitable literary form. The reverend director then announced the subjects for discussion at the present meeting, namely, "The Stage; Its Advantages and Deterioration," and "The Gaelic Revival," also considered in its favorable and unfavorable aspects. The discourses which followed were in the nature of sequels to two orations on these themes, delivered at the previous meeting of the class by Messrs. H. Fitzgerald and L. O'Connor respectively. The speakers for the present meeting were Bro. Rheams, C. S. V., and Messrs. W. McKenna, D. P. Drennan and J. Hayden on the evils, and Mr. W. A. Schoenle on the benefits of the drama, and Messrs. J. B. Shield, J. Hickey in opposition to, and Mr. E. Burke in support of the Gaelic movement.

The first speaker, Mr. W. McKenna, delivered a forceful arraignment of current plays and performances. He introduced his remarks with the assertion that there was no greater agency for good or evil in the world than the theatre, inasmuch as the visible, lifelike portrayal of social characters and events impressed and influenced the public mind more than the reading of books and periodicals and the promiscuous harranguing of turgid lecturers and politicians. But today, owing to its depraved condition, the drama was together with official corruption ("graft"), divorce, and "race suicide," one of the principal afflictions of society. Conjugal infidelity especially was rampant among the followers of the histrionic age as was exemplified by such notorious performers as Lillian Russell—the multi-married and divorced Cleopatra of the American stage. Yet as long as even the better element of society gave its financial and moral support to spectacular travesties on public decency and morality, no real, effectual improvement in this department could be expected. Hence the Christian people in particular should consider it their sacred duty to combat the vicious profanation of the theatre.

The next to speak on this subject was Mr. D. P. Drennan, who began by instancing that which he had read of in the "Saturday Evening American," and which had taken place in Pittsburgh, Pa.

It was the case of an actor who was refused admission to the Y. M. C. A. of that city on account of his calling. The writer in the paper mentioned took occasion to remark that the player in question should not feel offended by this proceeding of the Christian young men, but regard it simply as an act of stupidity. Time was when members of the dramatic profession were even denied honorable interment, being classed, as it were, with outcasts of society, their bodies at death being relegated to "potter's field."

As a proof of the actual decadence of the modern stage the orator referred to articles which had recently appeared in "Men and Women," "The New York Tribune," the one in the last publication written by Wm. Winter, the dean of American dramatic critics. These essays revealed an almost incredible state of moral putridity on the part of the actors and actresses. Shocking as these exposures were, the facts which, according to de Maistre, "are stubborn things," could not be disproved and ought to be reckoned with. The drink habit particularly was prevalent among theatrical people, to such an extent that an aspirant to histrionic success would soon lose the good will of the company unless he or she participated in almost nightly drinking bouts. In view of these deplorable conditions prevalent among the dramatic fraternity it was the speaker's opinion that all interested in the moral uplifting of society ought to withhold their patronage from plays which were immoral, inimical to public decency. Social ostracism of players and the boycotting of plays will go a great way towards solving the present difficulties.

Mr. James Hayden, the following orator, averred that the average play produced before American audiences was manifestly immoral. The generality of our citizenship seemed to be satisfied or even pleased with the trashy and frivolous, sensational performances—in short, were willing to justify the late P. T. Barnum's sneer that our American people like to be humbugged. Although there were many earnest, thoughtful persons who condemned the abuses connected with the modern stage, still too large a number favored and supported disreputable dramatization. When the very height of dramatic abomination, the burlesquing of the sublime magisterium of the church and the prostituting of the sacred institutions and traditions of the human race was unblushingly enacted before the footlights of our playhouses, it was indeed time for the forces of common righteousness to bestir themselves to accomplish the removal of this social monstrosity. And no better means to the accomplishment of this end, in the speaker's judgment, could be found than the establishment of a national censorship over plays and performances. Then such theatrical infamies as Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Pro-

fession," and Sardou's "Dante," would be tabooed from every respectable theater. The last named was especially reprehensible because of its slanderous attack upon the illustrious author of the Divine Comedy," the master genius of Catholic poetry and the superb exponent of didactic versification.

Mr. F. Miller was one of the speakers who took a rather favorable view of the stage. He prefaced his remarks by saying that there is no institution on earth that men use and do not sometimes abuse. The sage shares the same fate as other institutions. It were idle to condemn it and suppress it because of the occasional evils connected with it. Perhaps, too, the evils of the stage in general are being magnified. All plays of the day are not bad. Far from it. I dare say that the plays which the largest number of our people see are not those of the reprehensible sort described by those who condemn the stage. The majority of the plays enacted on the American stage may not have great dramatic merit, but they are not immoral. They are simply amusing. They merely afford our busy work-a-day people an opportunity to rest their minds, to laugh and recreate themselves. They go from the playhouse refreshed, address themselves to their absorbing work and think no more of the show. If a poet might glory in writing the songs of a nation, certainly those deserve credit who amuse the nation. Perhaps if one were to make a very careful examination of the situation he would find that the stage sins at the extremes—that is, by furnishing low, vulgar and outrageously lascivious plays to the frequenters of the "dives" and by supplying only more refined moral deformities to the social elite who frequent the higher class theatres. He would likely find that here as elsewhere worth stands midway between these extremes. The speaker concluded by saying that rarely had he been able to discover anything condemnable in the plays which he had witnessed, and often had he been edified by the moral content of the play and the impressiveness with which the lesson was conveyed.

The next speaker, Mr. W. A. Schoenle, also endeavored to show the advantages of the stage. As "every question had two sides," so also did the present topic admit of a favorable consideration. As had been eloquently upheld by Mr. H. Fitzgerald a few days ago and in presence of this assembly, the theatre was originally intended to uplift mankind rather than to degrade it. During the Middle Ages (and here the speaker invited his audience to return with him in spirit to that so-called dark period of human existence) the drama was a potent factor for the improvement of public morals. The Miracle Plays, as they were denominated, exhibited and unfolded to the spectators through tangible personification and scenic demonstration the saving doctrines of

the church. In course of time, however, the people became weakened or effeminated owing to protestantizing influences, the inspiring religious performances were abandoned and more worldly and irreverent theatricals were substituted. In Shakespeare's day a kind of revival took place, due largely to the glorious bard of Avon himself, and his contemporary Marlowe. This healthful, quickening tone, though temporarily disregarded by later Elizabethan dramatists, was never quite forgotten, surviving "the vicissitudes of time and place," and reappearing to some extent in the playwrights and actors of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In the latter age such players as the elder Keene, Edwin Forrest, Joseph Jefferson, Lawrence Barrett, Modjeska, Mary Anderson, Edwin Booth, Helen Terry and Sir Henry Irving had done much to preserve the stage from the depraving tendencies of mere mercenary agencies. Within about the last fifty years, besides the old classic dramas of Shakespeare, chiefly Hamlet, Macbeth and King Lear, which bore a deeply, though peculiarly concealed religious character, the old morality play, "Everyman," Rosland's "Aiglon," "Cyrana de Bergerac" and "La Samaritaine," "Ben Hur," "The Sign of the Cross," "The Prince of India," Cardinal Wiseman's "The Hidden Treasure," "The Passion Play" of Oberammergau, Father Hill's "St. Hermenegild," Levesque's "Malediction," Father Marsile's "The Sons of Clodomir," and descending more to the commonplace, Dumas' "Monte Christo," and Bulwer Lytton's "Cardinal Richelieu" had in a measure offset the debasing effect of such purient and nauseating productions as Hall Caine's "Don Carlos," Sardou's "Dante" and Sarah Bernhardt's highly offensive repertory including "Sappho," "La Tosca," "Fedora," "Camille," "La Sorciere," etc.

Considering how much good was accomplished by such dramatizations as "Ben Hur" (the story of which in the orator's opinion, being one of the grandest and noblest ever penned by man, and whereby the author himself, the late Gen. Lew Wallace, had been converted to the belief in Christ's divinity), "The Prince of India" and the many other commendable dramatic compositions, it was a pity that not more of those truly excellent romances, as Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," Newman's "Callista," Keon's "Dion and the Sybils," Bulwer Lytton's "Eugene Aram," Conan Doyle's "White Company" were not prepared for the stage. Besides, the orator believed that respectable virtuous classes should be more aggressive in their warfare against the purveyors of histrionic pruriency, and as a practical remedy advocate the institution of restrictive postal regulation. Several years ago Mr. John Wanamaker, the then postmaster general of the United States, had forbidden the passing through the mails of that dangerously obscene

novel or squib entitled "The Kreutzer Sonata," by Count Tolstoi. If such official discrimination could be meted out against works of fiction, why not against the unsavory effusions of vicious dramatists? Under such a law all disreputable plays, either of native or foreign origin, would be denied postal transportation, so that theatrical managers would experience great difficulty in trying to obtain texts of any but the better class of compositions.

Brother J. Rheams, C. S. V., the succeeding orator, began with a brief review of the addresses delivered at the previous meeting. It was not his purpose to repeat what had been so eloquently said, but he desired to call the attention of the class to one notorious representative of the dramatic profession over whom the American public at large seemed lately to have well nigh lost their reason, Sarah Bernhardt. Just the other day his eyes were startled by the conspicuous half-page advertisement of the "divine Sarah" in the Chicago Chronicle, giving her whole questionable and suggestive repertory. Among the plays to be presented was "La Sorciere," by Sardou, in which everything sacred was vilified. The author, "the Voltaire of the nineteenth century," taught herein a view of history which would be amusing were it not tragic in its consequences. He was shockingly indecent in his characterizations, blasphemous in his passionate appeals and flagitious in his diatribes. In "Sappho," one of his matserpieces, the sanctity of the marriage bond was impugned and thus implicitly the inviolability of the home; in "Camille" lewdness and profligacy were paraded undisguisedly, and in "La Tosca" sacrilege formed the underlying motive. The orator concluded by affirming that without concerted action on the part of the respectable members of society to resist the steadily increasing menace of a deteriorated stage the public mind would be hopelessly vitiated and the civil body doomed to moral ruin.

The Gaelic Revival Discussed.

At the close of the foregoing address the Rev. Director called for the discussion of the Gaelic Revival which had been treated in a stirring discourse the week before by Mr. L. O'Connor.

Mr. J. B. Shiel, who led the argument on this question, undertook to prove why the movement should not be furthered at least as regards the resurrection of the Gaelic tongue. The restoration of the Gaelic vernacular, the speaker contended, was not only useless, but even detrimental to the most solid interests of present day Ireland. The welfare of nations did not depend upon their language, citing Brownson as an authority for this statement, and instancing the examples of classic Greece and Rome. Moreover, he held that no people as a people could be expected to master two

languages, as the Irish in pursuance of the Gaelic revival would have to do, namely, the aboriginal tongue and the predominant English. Besides, the language of England was greatly to be preferred to the ancient tongue of Gael because of its modern character, more copious vocabulary and power of expression, and the literature of the vigorous Anglo-Saxon was for similar reasons superior to that of the dreamy Celt. Add to these considerations the scarcely refutable fact that the children of contemporary Gael evinced but little liking for the speech of their Celtic forefathers, and it appeared pretty evident that the whole much heralded agitation was only one of those spasmodic, faddish and impracticable vagaries so characteristic of our present age.

The following orator, Mr. J. P. Hickey, also opposed the Revival, assuring his audience that the movement resulted from a mere blatant outbursts of eccentric patriotism or chauvinism on the part of the mercuial Irish race, and that it was exploited by self-seeking individuals for heir own personal aggrandizement and financial advantage. Furthermore, this movement would certainly tend to retard the normal development of Ireland rather than advance it, inasmuch as English manners and customs prevailed among the predominant nations of the world, and it would rather be to the interest of the Irish people to accept, purify and perpetuate these.

Mr. E. Burke next taking up the argument essayed to vindicate the Revival. He maintained that many of Ireland's indigenous practices were closely associated with the spirit and faith of the original Gaelic inhabitants. There were her songs, her folklore, her legends, her traditions and her dances, so dear to the genuine Celtic heart, and the great church festivals and observances which, like a salutary, supernatural leaven, had permeated the Irish loaf, long before the apostate Saxon invader had tried to inject his heterogeneous admixtures into the plastic ethnic organism. The preservation of all these Irish treasures of sentiments would seem to necessitate a restoration of the old Gaelic in which they were conceived, spoken and sung.

While Ireland should adopt modern business methods she should neertheless strive to develop her own native industries, especially her superb laces, linen and wool manufacturing. The promotion of these trades would make Ireland prosperous.

Moreover, this great Revival would contribute materially to the ultimate acquisition of Home Rule. Most of the evils afflicting the Emerald Isle were caused by the misgovernment of officious England. The speaker believed that the leaders of the Gaelic

awakening should devote their talents and energies to the solution of this vital question.

With this speech the discussions came to an end. The Rev. Director, after a few appropriate remarks, dismissed the class, all the members leaving with the impression of having spent an interesting and profitable hour.

W. A. S.

RESOLUTIONS ON SPEECHES.

We, the duly appointed Committee on Resolutions, having been charged with the work of sounding the sentiment of the class of Oratory respecting the subjects presented by the speakers at its meeting of April 9, 1906, namely, the Stage, its Praise and Blame, and the Gaelic Revival, herewith offer the following resolutions embodying the general opinion of the class with regard to these questions, firstly, that,

Whereas, since the stage as a factor primarily intended to uplift rather than to degrade the public mind, and,

Whereas, It has been sufficiently demonstrated to us, that it is only owing to accidental influences that the theatre has fallen from its high estate; and,

Whereas, In this fallen condition it tends to demoralize rather than to elevate the public conscience; and,

Whereas, It would redound to the detriment of the common intellectual and aesthetic well-being to abolish the stage entirely merely on account of abuses; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while this class deplores the deterioration of the modern drama, it believes that by adopting the proper means, this great and influential agency can be restored to its rightful, pristine heritage; be it therefore further

Resolved, That all who have the moral regeneration of our people at heart, should use every means in their possession to further the production of pure and in no sense objectionable plays; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of this class, do all in our power to secure the writing and rendition of morally and technically irreproachable dramas, and thus contribute our share to the uplifting of the dramatic art.

Whereas, It is our conviction from the arguments presented by the respective speakers, that Ireland has been unduly deprived of her national language, manners and customs, to the detriment of the Irish race; and,

Whereas, The so-called Gaelic Revival aims to revive the ancient speech and traditions of Erin; be it

Resolved, That the sympathies of this class are in favor of restoring Ireland to her former glorious and honorable position among the nations of the world; be it therefore further

Resolved, That the members of this class lend their moral, and possibly their active support, to the furtherance of this commendable and high-spirited cause.

Bro. F. Moisant, C. S. V.,
Wm. McKenna,
Wm. A. Schoenle,
Committee.

AN HOUR WITH NEW BOOKS.

The class of literary criticism consisting of the Junior and Senior year students gave themselves a delightful hour's entertainment April 19, which consisted in the reading of several criticisms of recently published books. The volumes had been distributed among the members of the class about a week before with directions to prepare critical appreciations for the instruction and entertainment of the class. It was a welcome diversion, after wrestling with Shakespeare, Calderon and Dante, to attempt to measure more modern and less transcendental writers. As the critics were obliging enough to let us have their manuscripts we are enabled thereby to acquaint our readers with the merits of the books reviewed.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEIDA.

Comment by D. P. Drennan, '06.

Doubtless the imperative need of our times is a Catholic Encyclopedia in English. This sentiment has so often and persistently been given expression to within the past century that it has come to be looked upon in the light of a truism.

For well nigh two thousand years the Catholic church has played a central role in the civilization of the world; and her ideals and mandates have decisively affected its religious, intellectual, moral, political and social destiny. The church in these later years has enjoyed a phenomenal growth both extensive and intensive in English speaking countries, but the diffusion of English literature pertaining to her status in those countries as well as elsewhere, has neither been widespread, nor has it at all kept pace with her splendid progress otherwise.

The utility of encyclopedias as convenient means of communicating information in a concise form to the man of learning and to the man of action is universally recognized. This fact

is sufficiently attested to by the considerable number of these now extant and too by the popularity which they may all enjoy. Now, it is a matter of no slight moment and surely should be the occasion of signal gratification to Catholics the world over and especially to those speaking the English tongue that there is soon to appear on the literary mart a distinctively Catholic encyclopedia in English, edited and compiled under Catholic auspices and comprehending all essentially Catholic subjects. The compilation of this work has been under way for some time, and numbers among its contributors a host of the world's most famous authorities and specialists in every field of Catholic activity.

The issuing of such a work at this time cannot but be of paramount importance not only to Catholics desirous of making themselves acquainted with the church's view-point on various subjects, but it is also fraught with splendid possibilities of imparting to earnest and impartial non-Catholics unimpeachable information on Catholic affairs, now at times seemingly inaccessible to them. The failure to obtain authentic accounts of some of these matters has more than once been the occasion of misrepresentation of Catholic practices and Catholic prerogatives, however well intentioned may have been the authors of those mistakes.

This new work, I am sure, will dispel a multitude of doubts now existing in the non-Catholic mind and clear up many controverted questions of history. The initial edition of Vol. I. of this compendium of Catholic knowledge is now being set in type by the Robert Appleton Co., New York city, and its appearance at an early date is vouched for by that company. If the specimen pages to hand may be taken as an index of the character of the work as a whole, its success is already assured, and it is another notable triumph of Catholic enterprise and progressive methods. Topics outlined in the prospectus embrace among many others, Art, Philosophy Science, Apologetics, Biography, Church History, Education, Liturgy, Scripture, Canon Law, Patrology, Literature, Civil History, Archaeology, Architecture, Painting, Music, Sculpture, Sociology, etc. It will differ from the general encyclopedia in omitting facts and information which have no relation to the church; but on the other hand, it is not exclusively a church encyclopedia, nor limited to ecclesiastical affairs and doings of churchmen.

Its aim and purpose would seem to be to supply authoritative intelligence in a clear style and succinct form and to demonstrate to the world at large that Catholic principles are not as sometimes supposed inimical to modern progress and insurmountable obstacles to scientific research. The enthusiastic endorsements from Catholic prelates of the church all over the English speaking world and the eminent positions which most of the contributors hold in the

realm of knowledge is surely a sufficient earnest of its genuineness in worth. Among these many collaborators we noted the name of our esteemed professor of philosophy, Rev. E. L. Rivard, D. D., Ph. D., C. S. V. According to the publisher's statement the work will consist, when completed, of fifteen volumes of 100 pages each. In each volume will be an average of 20 full page half-tones (on black and tint); three full-page two-color plates; five maps; 130 text line cuts, making 150 illustrations to a volume, or over 2,000 to the whole set. The printing of maps, colored plates, full page half-tones, and the letter press are the best that the printing art in America can produce. In binding, strength and durability will be especially studied. The price in Morocco binding will be \$120, while the cheaper edition will sell at \$90 per set. The purchase of this work would be an excellent investment for anyone who can at all afford it, indeed, its practical value might be summed up in this wise saying: "It will fill a long felt want."

FATHER HILL'S "MARIAE COROLLA."

Review by W. A. Schoenle.

The volume entitled, "Mariae Corolla," by Father Edmund, S. P. (Benjamin Hill), is in a manner truly a wreath, garland, or anthology of beautiful verse devoted to the Virgin Mary. It spreads before us a charming array or collection of intensely devotional poems, in which the veneration of the Queen of Heaven and Mother of the Faithful is set forth with doctrinal precision, winsome grace, and popular comprehensibility. Moreover, as the reverend author himself explains in the preface of his book, the compositions are suitable not only to Catholic, but also to non-Catholic readers. Himself a convert to the church, Father Hill is well acquainted with the difficulties and misgivings of our separated brethren, particularly Anglicans, and hence he would untold to all sectaries by means of "heaven-taught poesy's sublimest flight" the reasonableness of the Marian cult, one of the chief obstacles in the path of their conversion. This idea is especially illustrated in "Assumpta," "Via Immaculata," "The Annunciation," and "Stella Matutina or A Poet's Quest."

The book is divided into two parts according to the periods in the author's life during which the poems were written. Thus the first part embraces the decade from 1868 to 1878, and the second the years from 1880 to 1898. In the former division we observe skillfully interwoven with the principal theme—the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, forceful and illuminating arguments on the doctrines of the Church. Thus in "Our Lady's Council" and in "After the Council" we find respectively lucid expositions of the infallibility of the Pope and the Primacy of St. Peter.

If the volume accomplishes no more than to dispel from non-

Catholic minds some of the misunderstandings regarding one of the most beautiful practices of the faithful, and affords to souls devoted to Our Lady a pleasing and profitable relaxation, it will no doubt fulfill a beneficent and praiseworthy mission.

One slightly unfavorable criticism I will venture to offer, being, however, only in the nature of "per accidens." It refers to the title of the book "Mariæ Corolla." In my humble opinion this name is too suggestive of the nom-de-plume of that notoriously anti-Catholic and reprehensibly obscene authoress, Maria Corelli. It would have been easy, it seems to me, for the reverend author to have chosen a word more unlike the disreputable writer's appellation, and thus have avoided an occasion or opportunity for cheap and irreverent punning.

W. A. S. (Phil.)

THE LESSONS OF THE KING.

Review by F. Miller, '06.

With all the achievements of our active American Catholicity the cold, hard fact still remains that there is much left to be done. We are certainly justified in pointing out with pride what we have accomplished in missionary work, in education, journalism and literature. We have a right to glory in our energy which, disregarding obstacles, has gained those points towards which it had been directed; we can glory in our aggressive activity and courage which has not only won for us the respect and admiration of men confessing other creeds, but has gone so far that it contributes towards the molding of their opinions. But in spite of all these glorious results we cannot yet rest passively on our laurels. With the field only half won it would be the consummation of folly to cease the struggle. We have done work in the field of literature alone which—considering the many adverse circumstances—is most creditable; but he who has occasion for careful investigation can find there a multitude of needs which have not been satisfied. He can find an apt illustration of this contention in the department of Catholic juvenile literature. The books which has been selected for this criticism, while it might be proposed in its general excellence as an example of what the standard should be, can at the same time be used to suggest the deficiencies and the openings for future effort that exist in this class of literature.

The title of the book—"Lessons of the King"—defines its general theme, it being occupied with the presentation of simple lessons drawn from the words and daily life of Christ. The book commences with a description of the state of affairs in the Holy Land which, held before the advent of Christ, the knowing of which is necessary to a people's appreciation of the lessons which follow. These descriptions are cleverly presented and through the simple terms in which they are drawn out possess distinctness, ex-

actitude, and perspicacity. Then follow the lessons themselves which are drawn from episodes in the every day life of Jesus and from his teaching. They are sympathetically told and should strike the right cords in the heart of the child reader. Some of the lessons are proposed in this book as they had been proposed by Christ himself, the form of the parable being preserved and in this the author has acted wisely, for certainly there is nothing that can so captivate and impress men, be they adult or child, sage or peasant, as can these simple, homely tales in which the Redeemer embodied the most sublime truths. Episodes are related of the life of Christ which show His charity, His humility and His patient resignation, and it is surprising to note the art with which the writer brings truths of the most exalted kind down to the comprehension of the infant mind. Here lies the marvel of the whole book: it deals with facts which would promise to be too tedious, if not incomprehensible to the child, but such is the clearness and nice precision of the style and so dexterously is the attention gained by little artifices which appeal to the reader that the height of interest is combined with the perspicuity and greatest intelligibility. This naturally leads us to the question: What could a writer with the abilities that the author of this book possesses, do with other themes that have as yet been disregarded? There are rich and inexhaustible funds of material for the child's book which have been so far practically untouched. Take the very young child; he will demand fairy tales and fables. Give him the stories that are contained in the lives of the saints and you will at the same time appeal to his imagination and sow the seeds of religious truth in his soul. You can find stories that will appeal to him as he grows older, stories of brave deeds and of the doers of brave deeds, tales of martyrs, of crusaders, of knights and chivalry. The child needs such literature, and what conceivable reason is there for not giving it to him? There are themes a-plenty, there is a public waiting to buy the books, and with our Finns, Egans, Dorsey's, Sadliers, etc., there are plenty of authors capable of handling them.

The "Lessons of the King" is published by Benziger Brothers and is by the same author as "Mary, the Queen," and two volumes of "Five O'Clock Stories." These books are all attractively gotten out by the publishers and are tastefully illustrated. The writer, who signs no name, is a "Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus," and proves both in "Mary, the Queen" and in "Lessons of the King" that she is able to interest children in the life and teachings of the Saviour and His Mother, the Queen. Price, 50c.

ANOTHER HISTORY OF KANKAKEE COUNTY.

Review by J. Hayden, '06.

One of the latest additions to our pile of newly received books are two ponderous volumes bearing the title of an "Historical En-

cyclopedia of Illinois and History of Kankakee County." The books are elaborately bound in Morocco and come with a bill amounting to the net sum of \$15.00.

The work is properly an encyclopedic history of the state of Illinois, making Kankakee county a specialty. Vol. No. I. is devoted to the former and No. II. to the latter. The first is a record of all the historical events, towns, cities and counties of Illinois, together with the biographies of all the principal characters who have figured in the making of its history. These are presented with the photographs and records of all state public institutions. The second volume is a detailed history of Kankakee county from its first discovery by La Salle to the present with the biographies and the photographs of a number of its citizens from the first Noel La Vasseur to the present wine merchant of Bourbonnais.

There are many plausible reasons why the history of Kankakee county should be embodied in book form and placed before the public, especially amongst its own citizens. It is always with interest that we hear or read of the struggles of those whose places we ourselves are endeavoring to fill by continuing the work that they have commenced.

It seems hardly fair, moreover, that the memories of those early pioneers to whose energetic endeavors are due the upbuilding of the community, should be allowed to pass without even erecting a monument to their memories; and a well written history of Kankakee county constitutes such a monument and surely should be hailed with pleasure by the people. But as for the reasons why the history of Illinois is so inseparable from the history of Kankakee county that the two must go arm in arm we are at a loss to explain, unless it be solely for the purpose of increasing the bulk and with the bulk to make the sale.

We do not mean to say that the history of Kankakee county or the history of Illinois is anything like superficial or worthless; but we have the history of Illinois, several of them, in fact, and these are easily obtainable at prices that are far more reasonable than that which the publishers of the aforesaid large work demand.

In these days of sharpers and schemers few counties are exempt from such would-be bargains and their solicitors. Kankakee county has had two of them, not to say three. In 1889 or thereabouts, another history of the same proportions was offered to the public. It was less pretentious than the present, inasmuch as there was but one volume. The history of Kankakee proper in this earlier book is fairly well written, and by itself at a reasonable price would present something that might interest the public; but it also is accompanied by a detailed biographical record of all the presidents of the United States from Washington to Harrison, and of all the governors of the state of Illinois. Again we find another

objection to the present publication. Only sixteen years ago the public was favored by a complete biographical history of all the citizens then living in the county and their families. The present history of Kankakee county appears with biographies of practically the same individuals and being drawn from the same sources are practically the same biographies.

The early history of Kankakee county, however, is full of interest. The first white man that ever trod the soil of the Kankakee valley was the great explorer, Cavalier de La Salle, who, on his way to the mouth of the Mississippi, paddled a rough hewn canoe from the lake of Kankakee, where that river takes its rise, to the confluence of the Kankakee and Illinois. For nearly one hundred and fifty years afterward there are no records of any white man having visited the valley since. The original records of this travel by Hennepin say that the valley presented a scene of remarkable beauty. It was an ideal home for the Indians, the rich prairies abounding in buffalo, the dense forest through which they loved to roam and the Kankakee river itself rich in every kind of aquatic game, together with the beauty of its scenery and the mildness of its summer clime made Kankakee the dreamland of the savage and the pride of the Pottawatamies who defended it so heroically against their jealous neighbors. The exact origin of the name Kankakee is unknown, but the word is, however, a corruption of an almost unpronounceable Indian expression, which translated into English means "wonderful land" or "beautiful land," thus showing how keenly appreciative the early Indians were of its natural adornments.

Bourbonnais was a flourishing village when Kankakee was nothing more than a sylvan wilderness. Although Bourbonnais was founded by Noel La Vasseur, the village takes its name from a certain Francois Bourbonnais, an Indian trader who had preceded La Vasseur some few years and beside whose log cabin La Vasseur "squatted" as far back as 1836.

Those who visit Rock Creek will notice that right close to that beautiful spot where the creek joins the river there stands a huge Indian mound. This mound was the burial place of Shawanasse, the last of the Pottawattamie chiefs. The village of this great chief was one of the largest, oldest and most prosperous in the state, and Shawanasse himself was considered as one of the most powerful, noble and humane representatives of his race. He died in the spring of 1837, happy inasmuch as he was spared the grief and humility of having to lead his band of braves from the "beautiful land" of their forefathers, and from this dates the final departure of the Indians from the land on which we live.

The college comes in for its proper share of attention in Vol. II. This volume differs from previously published histories of

Kankakee county in that it contains carefully edited sketches of the religious activities in the county. It may be of interest to Catholic readers to know that they will find therein historical information regarding the foundation of churches and educational institutions, the number of Catholics, their nationalities, the number of children in college, parochial schools and academies in Kankakee county.

The book is published by the Middle West Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

FATHER HILL'S "PASSION FLOWERS."

Review by L. O'Connor, '07.

It is a fact much deplored in Catholic literary circles that Catholic literature is but scarcely advanced beyond its nascent period of growth. The cause of this may be assigned partly to the reading public, who are apathetic in its support, and partly to the authors who, spurred on by sordid monetary motives, forsake its field for one of more worldly honor and reward. Perhaps in none of its branches is it more deficient than in its realm of poetic thought. Here beyond a few immortal works such as were penned by the genius of a Dante, a Calderon, and a few others of a lesser fame, little has been accomplished to bejewel Catholic literature with gems of poetic expression. Yet this is sorely needed. For poetry opens up a glorious avenue for the exposition and teaching of Catholic doctrines and beliefs, with a simplicity and conciseness that commands attention, and as poetry is the language of the soul, it necessarily follows that in this language can best be conveyed the infinity of God's love for man, His mercy, His tenderness and His passion. To fill this long felt want and to realize these possibilities, has been the aim of Fr. Edw. Hill, C. P., in his "Passion Flowers," a very attractively brought forth volume, the first of several kindred works by the same author, fresh from the press of Benziger Brothers.

This book of poems is divided into two parts, the first, consisting of lyrics and sonnets, either in honor of the passion of our Lord or in some way relating to it. In these poems Fr. Hill makes a new departure in the teaching of Catholic tenets. He would not teach solely from the pulpit, as for ages the voices of the Catholic clergy have sounded, leading, counseling, directing their sons in their journey up the heights of perfection, and in removing the veil of heresy and paganism from the eyes of the world's blinded votaries. nor would he make the force of example its only coadjutant—that force that has Christianized nations; that has rendered the persecutor, the persecuted; that has made the carrying of our Lord's cross an easier trial; but he would also teach to mankind in the language of the heart, in the language of love and of

pathos, the sad, sweet bitterness of our Lord's passion. With the lyre and lute he would hold up to man, as in a mirror, the glories and merit of the Redemption. He would whisper to their souls the goodness and mercy of their Divine Master, until its tone echoing back swells into a volume that ever increases in sweetness and love, and reaches the throne of the Omnipotent and pleads that "since they have loved much, much be forgiven them." In poetry would he speak in such a manner that the souls of his readers would be exalted and ennobled. He would swell their hearts with holiest emotions, and to their eyes he would bring with all the sorrow and love of the human soul, vividly and realistically, the terrible death and sufferings of Christ.

Such has been the author's intentions in this part of the work and nobly and artistically have they been realized. Perhaps the three qualities of these poems which strike the reader most forcibly are their sincerity, their intensity and their simplicity. To a Catholic heart they bespeak an unquenchable love—the love of an angelic soul. Taking, as a model, Horace, in accuracy, Byron, in strength, and Moore, in simplicity, Fr. Hill has attained a poetic style—a blending of art that demands and calls for high appreciation and honor. Of his poems, none of which are mediocre, the best, by far to my mind, are his "Sonnets on the Way of the Cross," which, in their simplicity, their pathos and love, their sweetness of diction, their realism would alone suffice to place "Passion Flowers" among the higher poetical works of Catholic literature. Yet others of his poems that rank close to this masterpiece are "In Retreat," "Turn for Turn," "Transplanted," "The Passion," and "The Stations of the Cross," which are gems of poetic thought "of purest ray serene."

The second part of this work consists of a narrative in verse, entitled, "St. Hermenegild, a Passion Flower of Spain." Its scene is laid in Spain at the time when Leovigild, King of Spain, an Arian, had by persecution brought over almost entirely his subjects from Catholicity to Arianism. Two sons he had, Hermenegild and Recored, who, from their mother-queen, had felt the softer influences of Catholicity. The queen had a brother, Leander, a Catholic bishop, who running first on a mission of consolation to her deathbed, was afterwards the means of converting Hermenegild to the true faith. Upon her death she was succeeded by Gosvinda, who had enlisted herself in the king's favor, and who schemed to make her daughter, Ingunda, the bride of Hermenegild. The marriage proved to be one of purest love, and in her husband's conversations Ingunda was trebly happy. Hermenegild, having been set up by his father as reigning king of Andalusia, departs thither. But it is not long before the somber clouds of

treachery and hate darken the scene. To Hermenegild a son is born who is baptized in the true faith. By the serpent whisperings of Gosvinda the mind of Leovigild is poisoned toward his son, and to guard against the enthronement of the heir as future Catholic king of Spain he commands Hermenegild to abjure the Catholic faith and to rear his son an Arian. Hermenegild nobly refuses. Civil strife ensues, in which the bribe of gold overcomes the valor of his soldiers, and he is taken prisoner. Ingunda and the child had been sent first to Africa, and then to her father's home in France, to avoid the vengeance of Leovigild. Hermenegild is first treated as a prince and king, but upon his public refusal to abjure the Roman Church, is cast into a dungeon and torture becomes his lot. Here for more than a year he languishes, and at last dies a martyr at the instigation of his father. But not alone, for at the moment of his death, Ingunda's heart breaks with grief and her soul wings its flight to join him in his heavenly home. By this Reccared's conversion is effected and he is enthroned as the Catholic king of Spain, by Leovigild, who dies hopeless and impenitent. Gosvinda meets with a visitation from on high and dies most miserably, while Hermenegild's son lives, and one day reigns as a noble, Catholic king of Spain.

This plot, taken almost entirely from historical documents, is simply and artistically unfolded, and in no place becomes obscure. In poetic form it is far removed from the faults attending most modern poetry, and the aim of the author appears to be to shun those faults as much as possible. In style this poem is perspicuous, and shows not the evidence of hard, laborious work, which is too often a fault that is lightly overlooked by writers. Taking it all in all, it is a poem of great purity of thought, and simplicity of diction, and so much of his soul has its author poured into this narrative that we can say we know him perfectly, and that his heart is bared to his readers.

"Passion Flowers" is a volume that once taken up, is not laid aside until each line has yielded up its gems of thought. Nor does its persual fail of fruition. The reading of it cannot but help to uplift the heart and enoble the mind. It will sow in the heart the fruitful seed of an all embracing love for our Lord in His passion, and our Blessed other in her dolors. As an exposition of Catholic teachings, as a poetic portrayal of a Catholic's thought and love for his Savior, and as a gem of Catholic literature, "Passion Flowers," by Father Hill, is a work that should not only adorn the shelves of each Catholic library, but should find its way into each Catholic heart. This book is for sale by the Benziger Brothers at a very reasonable price.

DOINGS OF '06 CLASS.

Evidences of success are being multiplied continually in the doing of the class of '06. The class colors decided upon some time ago are pink and purple; the niceness of such a combination was sufficiently manifested some time ago by the decorations in the town hall at the recent open meeting. Buttons also will be sported about on the breasts of the exalted ones. It is said that the button will bear the design of a star on a purple and pink background, together with a cross, a fleur de lis and the words "class of '06." It is also very likely that a photographer will be called upon to preserve for posterity the distinguished features of the graduates. A class day is in prospect and there is little doubt that it will form an occasion which will be held in long remembrance by those concerned. On that day it is intended to have the usual baccalaureate address given by some distinguished speaker of the alumni.

THE CLASS OF 1906 IN OPEN MEETING AND SMOKER.

As a ray of sunshine in the midst of the gloom of troubles which has so long hovered over old St. Viator's, the "Open Meeting and Smoker" given by the class of 1906 at Bourbonnais's Town hall Friday evening, April 27, was an affair of bright and cheerful relaxation. It was an unusual event, seemingly in keeping with new-born progressive Viatorianism. But lest any misunderstandings arise, and to remove such as may already exist, concerning the aims and purposes of the class, the graduates of this year wish it to be distinctly understood that by forming a regular parliamentary society, and holding the "open meeting," they are merely trying to cultivate closer bonds of fellowship with one another, and to affiliate themselves more intimately with the existing Alumni Association. This germane idea or principle is definitely stated in Section II of Article I of the Class Constitution, which is embodied in this report. The adoption of special colors, an emblematic button, and a motto, are only means toward that end—an "outward sign of inward thought."

The entertainment opened with the Overture rendered by the College Orchestra under the direction of Rev. Bro. L. Goulett, C. S. V. Mr. W. C. McKenna, president of the class, then formally opened the meeting with a well prepared address, in which he outlined the motives which had prompted the founding of the so-

ciety, and its general objects. We give the speech in full, as follows:

Address by President W. McKenna.

Right Rev. Monsignor, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen: In the name of the Class of 1906, I bid you all a hearty welcome. And now, before we proceed farther with this evening's program, it may be well to offer a word of explanation in regard to the Class of 1906 and this evening's meeting. To you, gentlemen, especially to the many of you who have spent several years at St. Viateur's, I need not point out the novelty of this evening's situation; you know that class organizations and meetings have been greatly neglected at St. Viateur's; in the past we have been lacking the many benefits that must unmistakably and necessarily flow from these social and intellectual reunions. Perhaps it has been our own fault, disliking to create a new order of things and fearing the many obstacles that would naturally arise, we have remained bound down by precedents and established customs, while the student bodies of other institutions, not holding nearly so high a position in the educational world as our Alma Mater, have left us behind in this regard and advanced far ahead of us. But now, my friends, the time for changes has come, the pioneer St. Viateur's has passed away and a newer and greater St. Viateur's, modern and up to date in every detail, will soon replace the old college. Then, my friends, let us to be up and doing; let us comprehend the greatness and grandeur of that institution that soon will spring in place of the sacred walls of the old. Now, gentlemen, we, the Senior Philosophy class, have taken the initiative, in conformity with the spirit that will animate the new St. Viateur's and in accordance with the practices of students of other educational institutions, we have organized ourselves into a regular acting body, adopted a constitution and elected officers. We have invited you here this evening to attend our first open meeting to have an understanding with you, and to solicit an expression of your sentiments and opinions in regard to the step we have taken. The presence of so many of our esteemed professors and superiors and of you, representative students of the higher courses, certainly does us honor and we trust we shall by our entertainment in a manner compensate you for your presence.

Now, gentlemen, I deem that a long, elaborate explanation of our objects would be unnecessary and tedious; we are bound together for much the same purposes that like classes societies are formed in other school and colleges, namely, to establish and maintain more harmonious intercourse among ourselves, to continue to foster and strengthen a thoroughly loyal college spirit among the student body at large and to perpetuate a well organized Alumni

Association, with fixed dates for meeting, thereby tightening and making fast those firm bonds of youthful friendships formed during years of college strife and joys. I would ask, my friends, are not these grand and worthy aims and motives. Who among you will say that such class organizations and meetings will not fill a long felt want at St. Viator's? You know, gentlemen, that an accidental meeting on the campus or a nod of recognition in the class room will never lead to the formation of true and lasting friendships. No; in these chance meetings we fail to understand each other; we will never know the inner man, and hence, while we work here together, under the same roof, for the same end, for four, five, six or seven years, we have neglected those social gatherings and class meetings which would have revealed us to one another; at the end, on Commencement Day, we hurry upon the stage, receive our degrees, and then separate perhaps never to meet again. These unharmonious customs and conditions, it has seemed to us, can be very easily remedied by united action, by fraternity and organization. It is not our intention to revolutionize things here. We shall continue in the class room by dint of work and study, daily to add more and more to our store of knowledge, and thus fulfill the great and all important object of our college life; but there are other aspects of importance to be considered during our college days; while ever keeping before our mind the first and great object, the acquisition and assimilation of knowledge, we must not forget the needful accompaniments; we must have friends, for without true and loyal friends no man can make a success of his college career—aye, even more, if these secondary objects are overlooked, if friends, class distinctions and social meetings are neglected, I, believing that you, with all sincerity will concur with me, venture to say that the main and great object will be forgotten, or its attainment will become very difficult indeed. Yes, a friend who will stand by him in his adversity, who will feel his intimate sorrows and who will sooth him in his youthful misfortunes and afflictions is a God-send to the student. By true friends many a student is lifted from out of the abyess of despair and sustained in his search for knowledge. Who can put an estimate on his value or who will appropriately portray the worth and influence of such a friend? But if true and loyal friends are such an important factor in the youthful struggles and sorrows of college days how much more important and necessary must they be to us when we are battling with the stern realities of life in the hard struggle for existence in the outside world? Ah! Yes, it is then, when we have left the paternal guidance of our professors and superiors and are fighting our own fight in the cruel and busy world, that we will more than ever need friends. And where will

we look for them if not among those whom we have known in our youth and with whom we have shaped our character? Thousands of those who have grown gray 'mid the cares and troubles of everyday life and have won fame and prestige in our country will tell you the friends of your youth will be the true friends of your manhood and declining age. To us, already nearing the close of our college career and gazing out upon an unknown future, planning great deeds and hoping for success the forcibleness of this argument has been strikingly brought home; we have labored here together for a number of years; we have passed through the joys and tribulations of college life, and now the time is near at hand when we must bid a fond adieu to our Alma Mater and her environments and go forth to labor in other spheres; and contemplating all this we have asked ourselves will it then be all over? And, gentlemen, though we have often sighed for the consummation of our studious aims and longed for the time where the hardships of school days would be over, in spite of all this, I say, we felt something like a severe case of the traditional blues coming over us when endeavored to answer this question in the affirmative: Yes, it will be all over. We realized that we had not done enough to understand each other, that we had in our individual struggles against the redoubtable Zigliara overlooked in large measure sociability and comradeship, so we determined to mix the pleasures of association with the study and work of Seniors. At the beginning of the scholastic year we decided to organize, we were gradually overcoming the less formidable obstacles, but our progress was slow, a difficult and laborious task to set aside established customs and infuse life into our cherished plans. But when we returned after the fire and sadly gazed upon the dilapidated and crumbling ruins of our Alma Mater we became animated with a new zeal, we reunited our efforts and now we present ourselves to you organized and determined to spend our few remaining months at St. Viateur's in a manner worthy to be ever cherished, and by true fraternity and loyalty to each other and to Alma Mater we hope to overcome the disadvantages of our present circumstances and worthily to form the corner stone of the Greater St. Viateur's University.

Moreover, gentlemen, with the consent of the faculty we desire and hope to make graduating day more a day for the graduates, so that in after life, when we have gone forth into the busy world and have entered different walks of life, we may look back with genuine pride and pleasure to the day we received the Bachelor's degree at St. Viateur's. In this it is neither our desire or intention to encroach upon the rights of the faculty or to materially change the manner of commencement exercises—our contemplated

change would be rather by addition than subtraction or alteration. We want a class day, a day set apart for the graduates—a day on which those finishing their course will rule the hour. But, gentlemen, to obtain these things, will require untiring and persistent efforts; on account of the lateness of our organizing we must necessarily crowd the work of a year into a few short months. We are determined and willing, but we need your help and co-operation, and have invited you here this evening, hoping that after you have understood our cause you will see your way clear to extend your support as occasion may require. Believe me, gentlemen, the members of this class are bound together for no selfish ends, in our Constitution we have pledged ourselves to the common good; it is not our desire to introduce into St. Viateur's the fads of our modern universities or the foolish practices of our present day high schools. No; No! Gentlemen, we hope to strike a happy and sensible medium and we expect and sincerely solicit your hearty approval and support. Especially do we appeal to you, Junior Philosophers, who will soon occupy the place we will leave vacant; you it is we expect to perpetuate and complete what we have commenced; and you, students of the classical course, in a few years will receive the Bachelor's Degree undoubtedly under more auspicious circumstances than we of 1906; you will be assembled in the new St. Viateur's; then in conformity with your college and your position, continue and enlarge this organization, bind yourselves together by closer bonds of friendship, and we who have gone before you, taking a short recreation from the busy world, will return and with you enjoy a few well spent hours in reviewing our college days and renewing our friendships and acquaintances in true Viatorian style.

The next number on the program was the "Reading of the Constitution" by Sec'y J. B. Shiel. The complete text of this document (including the By-Laws-) is as reproduced below:

CONSTITUTION OF THE CLASS OF 1906 OF ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE.

Preamble: We, the members of the Baccalaureate Class of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois, desirous of establishing a closer and more harmonious intercourse among ourselves, both intellectual and social, as shall seem expedient and proper, and of rendering to the Faculty of aforesaid College whatever assistance may be acceptable in making graduating exercises an unqualified success in conformity with the position St. Viateur's College holds in the educational world, have decided to organize this Baccalaureate Class of nineteen hundred and six (1906) into a regular

acting body and do hereby establish and ordain this constitution and by-laws for the above named Baccalaureate Class of 1906.

Article I.

Section I. The membership of this Class shall be restricted to those in their second year of the Philosophical studies prescribed by the curriculum of St. Viateur's College.

Sec. II. At the termination of the College course this society as organized, and its officers, as elected, shall take its position, as the Class of 1906, in the Alumni Association of St. Viateur's College, and shall form the corner-stone of the Alumni of the new and Greater St. Viateur's College.

Sec. 3. The officers of this society shall be: President, Vice-president, Secretary, Treasurer, Sergeant-at-Arms and Censor, the last named to be the principal Professor of the Philosophical Course. The other officers are to be elected, at the beginning of the College term, from the members of the Baccalaureate Class. The term of said officers to be terminated only by resignation, disqualification or death, and in case of removal of any officer or officers in any of the above ways, the vacancies shall be filled by nomination and election.

Sec. IV. All voting shall usually be done by acclamation unless any one request a silent vote.

Sec. V. No meeting can be held, any question decided, or any business whatever transacted unless a quorum be present, said quorum to consist of two-thirds of the actual members of this society.

Sec. VI. In the deciding of all questions except the removal of officers a plurality vote of those present (providing they constitute a quorum) shall rule. For the removal of officers a majority vote shall be required.

Article II.

Sec. I. All the proceedings of both the regular and special meetings of this society shall be governed by this Constitution and By-Laws, the assemblies shall be guided by Luther S. Cushing's Rules of Proceeding and Debate in Deliberative Assemblies, which manual shall be considered the authoritative guide of the assembly.

Sec. II. The following order shall be observed in regular meetings of this society, which shall be held monthly at a place and time decided by the Class assembled in meeting:

1. Call to Order.
2. Roll Call.
3. Reading of Minutes.
4. Report of Committees.
5. Miscellaneous Business.

6. Unfinished Business.
7. Remarks.
8. Adjournment.

Sec. III. No proceeding shall be tolerated in this society that would meet the disapproval of the Faculty of St. Viateur's College.

Sec. IV. Any member may request the President, or in his absence the officer next in rank, to call a special meeting, providing said member have sufficient reasons.

Sec. V. It is the duty of each and every member of this society to do everything in his power for the furtherance of the object of this society as stated in the Preamble of this Constitution.

Article III.

Sec. I. Any lawful proceeding for the placing of funds in the treasury of this society may be considered and passed upon without making amendment to this Constitution.

Sec. II. This Constitution may be amended at any time by a majority vote of a quorum of this Class duly assembled.

BY-LAWS.

Article I.—Duties of Officers.

Sec. I. The duty of the President or Presiding Officer shall be:

1. To open the sitting at the time to which the assembly is adjourned, by taking the chair and calling the members to order.
2. To announce the business before the assembly in the order in which it is to be acted upon.
3. To receive and submit in the proper manner all motions and propositions presented by the members.
4. To put to vote all questions which are regularly moved or necessarily arise in the course of the proceeding, and to announce the result.
5. To restrain the members, when engaged in debate, within the rules of order.
6. To enforce on all occasions the observance of order and decorum among the members.
7. To receive all messages and other communications and announce them to the assembly.
8. To authenticate by his signature, when necessary, all the acts, orders and proceedings of the assembly.
9. To inform the assembly, when necessary, or when referred to for the purpose, on a point of order or practice.
10. To nominate the members of committees, singly, beginning with the chairman; the proposed names to be referred to the vote of the assembly. Any member of the society nominated to

serve on a committee by the President or the Presiding Officer, but rejected by a majority of the assembly, cannot act, and a new nomination is in order. Any member present shall be allowed to suggest a suitable candidate for membership on a committee.

II. To represent and stand for the assembly, declaring its will and in all things obeying implicitly its commands.

Sec. II. The duties of the Vice-President shall be to occupy the chair in the absence of the President from the assembly or of his withdrawing from the chair for the purpose of his participating in the proceedings. If the calling of a special meeting be requested, and the President is not at hand, or cannot be communicated with without delay or inconvenience, the Vice-President shall be empowered to act in the former's stead. In case of the Vice-President being for some reason or other unable to fulfill these duties, the Secretary, and after him the Treasurer shall be empowered to act.

Sec. III. The duties of the Secretary shall be to take notes of all the proceedings and write them in the form of minutes, said minutes to be read before the assembly at the following meeting. He shall also read all papers, etc., which may be ordered to be read as well as all correspondence directly concerning the society. call the roll of the assembly and note the names of those absent, late in arriving or previous in departure. He shall notify committees of their appointment and of the business referred to them and authenticate by his signature, in conjunction with the President, all the acts, orders and proceedings of the assembly.

Sec. IV. The duties of the Treasurer shall be to keep all the funds entrusted to him by the society, to collect the Initiation Fee, and the monthly dues. He shall give an itemized report of his transactions at the first meeting of every month. He shall not disburse any funds whatever without a written order from the Secretary, authenticated by the President or the Presiding Officer.

Sec. V. The duties of the Sergeant-at-Arms shall be to keep order during the meetings, to remind members inclined to absent themselves from the meetings for trivial reasons, of their duties in this respect, to see that the assembly room is in proper order, to prevent, as far as possible, all outside disturbances.

(Amendment I.)

To Sec. III. The Treasurer shall levy dues upon the membership of this Class as follows: Initiation Fee, fifty cents; monthly dues, twenty-five cents.

Owing to the Very Rev. M. J. Marsile's unavoidable absence from the college, the part of the exercises calling for our esteemed's President's address had to be omitted.

The next speaker was Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., professor of

philosophy and censor of the Class of '06. We are happy to be able to submit the text of his address.

REV. DR. RIVARD'S ADDRESS.

I can scarcely forget the function of teacher, and as I have a goodly class before me I feel like indulging in the explanation of a text which figures on the second page of the program and which may sound somewhat mysterious to the ears of the commercial students, nay, which may even puzzle others not yet initiated to the caprices of the irregular imperative, I mean the class motto, "Fac et Spera." I remember seeing a very excellent illustration of this motto on the title page of books published by a Parisian firm; it represented a man digging a field with a spade preparatory to sowing the seed. This man was the embodiment both of action and of hope. "Fac et Spera" has been for several years the devise of our college journal, *The Viatorian*, in whose publication the members of the class of '06 have all been co-laborers, and they have thought it fitting to adopt this text as their motto. To come to a literal rendition of these words, then, "fac" means "do;" it does not mean do other people, but do something, act, work, get busy, sow that you may hope to reap. It is a word that grates upon the ears of sleepyheads, that disturbs the somnolence of the constitutionally inactive. Perhaps you will understand its import better by contrast. Over in Italy there is a class of people called *Lazzaroni*, who can be seen habitually lounging about the front of churches and other public places, often lying down and asleep in the sun and simply enjoying the luxury of doing nothing, which they call the "dolce far niente." You might look a long time and far and wide for a more perfect picture of unconcerned and happy laziness. In merry England there is the leisure class, who look upon work as something not respectable. An Englishman once met an American and inquired from him whether we had gentlemen of leisure here in the United States. The American said, "Yes, but we call them hobos." Another type of the do-nothing fellow who is always waiting for some grand opportunity, but who meanwhile lives by borrowing money and commodities he never expects to return is the famous *Micawber* of Dickens' creation. It is not necessary for me to say that none of these are the ideal of the American. It is to our credit that we are essentially a people of action. It is not otherwise than by the exertion of mind and brawn that we have taken possession of this great continent and so soon built up in the place of an immense wilderness the civilization which obtains here. Nothing but incessant and well directed labor could have converted our bristling forests and vast plains into gardens of plenty and dotted the entire country with cities, towns

and villages which are centers of industry, of intelligence, of social peace and comfort and joy.

Activity is both the sign and the necessary condition of life. Life is one of the highest perfections of being. It is among those perfections which imply no imperfection, which it is better to have than not to have, and which are called, as the philosophers may remember with a slight effort, "the simply simple perfections." The peculiar activity of life is self-movement, and through this self-movement self-perfection. It means the unfolding of capabilities, the realizing of possibilities. But I must not repeat lessons of philosophy. Tomorrow will be time enough for this.

I could adduce as living illustrations of this word "Fac" the actual lives of many a young priest and alumnus of St. Viateur's, of many physicians, lawyers, farmers, clerks and merchants who are actually building up the church and the state, who are achieving success in their chosen careers and are adding to the home, to the city, state and church those elements of prosperity and stability which ever spell progress. I might call your attention to a very young priest of my acquaintance who not more than a dozen years ago sat as a student where the graduates of '06 sit today. Now he has in his brief missionary career built three beautiful churches—the last costing upwards of \$30,000. He also built a very convenient parish house near this fine church. There seems nothing lacking today in the beauty and perfect equipment of this ecclesiastical edifice, which is nearly all paid for. He had been sent here by his bishop to face a peculiar situation, a new congregation small in number and not prepared or willing to build. In less than a week he had secured the most desirable corner property in the town, and in something like two days of that same week he built a temporary frame church which he then and there fitted up with an altar and pews brought over the country some twenty-five miles away, from the last parish which he had endowed with a new church. By Sunday morning all was in readiness for divine service in this mushroom-like chapel, and through curiosity people came to verify its existence. Once within its enclosure and also within sound of the persuasive eloquence of their energetic young pastor they were won to all his worthy and large purposes and soon helped him erect the splendid church which today is their pride and the pride of the town. All this has been done in the last three years. And not only has he been active in the material building of his parish. He has been and is alike zealous in all distinctly spiritual works. He has provided the most efficient missionaries for his parish, has established and keeps in a flourishing condition all the cherished and solid Catholic devotions; he has even been careful of the special needs of Italian workingmen temporarily domiciled in

his city, by calling to his aid priests who could speak their language. He is the moving and directing spirit of the local branch of K. C.'s; he most adroitly directs through a special organization the religious activities of a large number of Catholic students attending the university which is situated in that town, thus interesting them in the deeper study and faithful practice of their religion and efficaciously safeguarding their faith from the disintegrating influences of secular university education. Is he busy? Always. And as cheerful as he is busy. He visits his sick people; he instructs the young for the reception of the sacraments; he lends timely aid to his confreres in the ministry; he instructs converts—in a word, he is always “doing something.” It is something of this sort that the word “Fac” means. As a new swarm of Viatorian Alumni are about to light from the parent hive with the appropriate devise “Fac,” I am glad to invite their attention to this one among the many concrete examples which they can profitably emulate and imitate. I could mention other examples from the rank of the older Alumni of St. Viateur's for the inspiration of the class of '06. Why will not you gifted young Americans like others who have gone before you, address yourselves to the task of learning Polish or German or French in order to come closer to your people and do better work among them? But I must refrain from further illustrations of the idea of activity and quickly pass on to the other half of my text which is united to the first by the word “Et.”

The function of this little conjunction is very significant. It implies that action and hope are one moral whole, that from action necessarily springs the hope of results. Hope is the expectation of good not yet possessed. It is to soul life what springtime is to all life. Youth is the springtime of human life. Hope is the youth of the soul. Hope is to the soul what youth, with its boundless aspirations is to man. It is the seeding time, promiscuous of golden harvests. Hope makes man greater by raising his stature, and it raises his stature by lifting him above present obstacles and barriers and pointing with its white finger to rich rewards obtainable beyond. It unveils the alluring possibilities of the future. It nerves man to efforts which will overcome all obstacles. It is a mighty moral force both in the temporal and the spiritual life of man. Thus the patient miner sweats as he carves the rock-ribbed mountain side, spurred on by the hope of finding the glittering ore that will make him rich, that will bring him ease, comfort, and all the luxuries which money can buy. Thus, too, that inspired mariner who launched his bark upon the trackless ocean, kept his confident eye upon his star, and reckless of the mutiny of his sailors and the worse mutiny of the winds and waves, sailed on and on in the blessed hope of discovering a new continent. And likewise, too,

the Christian mariner on the turbulent sea of the present life amid the surging billows of passion, the winds of adversity keeps his gaze serenely fixed upon the surpassing reward that awaits him. In all his trials the hopeful and encouraging confidence of the final blissful vision of the revealed splendor of God's own beauty sustains and comforts him. It is ever thus with hope in all the orders and conditions of life; it darts its white ray through the dark encompassing clouds of adversity and present hardships and enables us to see the fruition of better days. For the college boy hope means much. It is an indispensable element in his life. It keeps his eyes off from present discomforts and restrictions and tells him of larger freedom to come, of the real possession of real learning. It tells him, for instance, that the days of dry and puzzling declensions and conjugations will pass and that the much longed for day of promotion to the philosophy class will dawn. When he tires of syllogisms and would grow dizzy on the transcendental heights of metaphysics the hope of graduation honors which will reward him and gladden his parents, steadies him and renews his courage. This same hope adds savor to his frugal meals; it makes him look upon his captivity as the captivity of the seed which is buried in the ground that it may spring into vigorous life, as the captivity of the flower in the bud which protects it from unfriendly frost until it blooms in full blown beauty. So, too, will he come forth from the confinement of the college a knowing and virtuous youth ready to enjoy the liberty of the children of God. If hope is needful to you it is especially so to us, your teachers. With the ruins of our college grimly staring at us, we need to act and to hope. We shall not droop our heads and fold our arms in ineffectual dejection. You young men will soon go forth to start the edifice of your professional lives. We shall remain here and again, as our pioneer predecessors did, pile stone upon stone until by September other and more commodious buildings have replaced the old. Our hope is in the same Providence which has tried us. It is in our faithful alumni whose loyalty and generosity we cannot cease to praise and admire, and our newer hope will be in you, the members of the graduating class of '06.

After concluding his address the Rev. Professor said that he remarked in the audience the presence of the capable architect and builder of the gymnasium, Rev. Bro. Simeon Boisvert, C. S. V., who has charge of the rebuilding of St. Viateur's. Wherefore the speaker proposed that the Rev. Brother receive our pass-word, accept our motto, "Fac et Spera," and that he be admitted as an honorary member of the younger alumni and of the class of '06. The proposition was received with enthusiastic applause.

Of the other numbers of the program we wish to call especial

attention to Vice President J. A. Hayden's eloquent oration entitled "Greater St. Viateur's," which was as follows:

GREATER ST. VIATEUR'S.

Address by J. Hayden, '06.

When a program of this evening's entertainment was handed to me about a week ago with my name down for an address directly across from the words "Greater St. Viateur's," I immediately entered a protest, not that the subject could not be handled in an oratorical manner, for there is in it an abundance of inspiration; but as the philosophy class of '06 had so appropriately chosen a subject, with corresponding appropriateness they could have named a speaker more equal to the occasion.

I have said that I considered it an appropriate subject, for it is one in which all are interested. The realization of a well equipped institution that would be possessed with simple facilities to impart all the branches of learning that fit men for social leadership, together with the religious education which is so essential for the spiritual welfare and which is moreover the highest aim that we may make in life, would be no small work done in the name of Christian charity. It would be a fitting climax to life long labors and a splendid monument even to those who would have sacrificed life itself for its cause. And we all know that the Greater St. Viateur's is the most cherished hope of the clerics of St. Viateur'.

To the class of '06 the Greater St. Viateur's is something more than a project of non-concern. To them the commencement day of 1906 brings the honor of having completed a course in the education that develops the mind, ennobles the heart and steels the soul for the battle of life. We have witnessed the downfall of the old St. Viateur's, where our lives have been molded, our careers have been shaped, but there lingers still a halo of fond recollection, of gratitude and love for our old Alma Mater. However, the Viateur's that was to us is the St. Viateur's to be, for it is not stone or the dissolvable elements of matter that make the Alma Mater; it is the Christian spirit which thrills the men who have taught here which we proudly claim as our protecting mother and which we fondly hope to see imparted on a broader and more universal scale in the Greater St. Viateur's.

As for others present I may easily assume that they entertain the same sentiments, unless perhaps with those that are more advanced than ourselves there is a fuller realization of the intellectual development and spiritual enlightenment with which the name of St. Viateur's is synonymous.

It is not necessary to enter into a lengthy discussion in order to establish the fact that human progress is based upon the theory

that the old must give away to the new. Whether we regard the great evolutions through which the human mind has passed in its search after truth, the development of languages, literature or art, or the progress of cities and educational institutions the same law is always observed. It is not necessary to have recourse to lengthy argumentation, for we all know how once in the midst of its career the great and proud city of Chicago was laid low in the dust. Just, it would seem, as she was about to assume the leadership of the western cities she was reduced to ashes. But as Damascus, the oldest city of the world, was the eye of the desert, Chicago, the youngest city of the world today, is the eye of the prairies. Situated in the midst of commonwealths, she has the learning of an Alexandria, the commerce of a Corinth and at least a dozen empires casting their treasures in her lap.

Likewise the present is an auspicious time in the history of St. Viateur's College. Now above all times are our faces turned toward the rising east. The dark night of storm and disaster has just been spent, and with hopeful hearts we hail the coming of the better day. Though the morn has not yet dawned and we cannot lift the impenetrable mist that still obscures the light, methinks I see gradually rising above the dark gloom of clouds that have hitherto obscured it a radiant glory that will soon dispell the opposing shadows and attract the eyes of all. It is the new and the greater St. Viateur's.

One of the most noted of our human failings is that we are prone to impatience. When in the midst of adversity and trial, when misfortune and disappointment seem to be crowding around us and the soul is harrowed with apprehensions and cares, how often, not knowing that such are the ways of a mysterious Providence, may we not yield up our endeavors and give up our hopes just as victory is smiling before us. It is discouraging to reflect back upon fifty years of noble strife and realize that all is destroyed, that the life long efforts of devoted men have been spent to feed the flames of a single night. But hope is not without a star. If the history of this community in which St. Viateur's has flourished could be robbed of the records of the past fifty years it could be told in a line. St. Viateur's College was a pioneer institution of central Illinois. It rose with the community and administered faithfully the needs of the times. But on the day of its fall it stood in the midst of prosperous and a powerful people. The time of its greater day, of its university conditions seemed just at hand; but the buildings that once were adequate to the needs of the time could be better replaced by the newer, more modern and better equipped of the future.

The students of St. Viateur's College are bound to their old

Alma Mater by the silken chords of gratitude, love and affection, and with sorrowful hearts we bow out the old, but from the ruins of the past hopefully await the coming of the new.

Some one has already said that the birthday of Washington is the birthday of the greater St. Viateur's. There is a beautiful coincidence between the anniversary of the immortal rise of America's noblest son and the destruction of the old St. Viateur's, for if the end of the old is the beginning of the new, the same day that commemorates the birth of one of America's greatest will also, let us hope, in time to come celebrate the birth of the other, or the rise of the Greater St. Viateur's.

Recitations by Mr. W. A. Schoenle and Mr. C. O. Mahoney were given in very artistic fashion and were thoroughly appreciated. The selections by the orchestra and Glee club received much deserved applause, and with solicited encores added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

Rev. W. Bergin, C. S. V., Addresses Class.

Rev. Father Bergin, who was introduced by President McKenna as "the boys' friend," rose amid a storm of applause. He eloquently urged the students to "be men" and thus aid in the upbuilding of great lives and great institutions. It is not the new buildings, howsoever magnificent, that will make a greater St. Viateur's, but the better men it sends forth. The stronger the college grows in men and in educational equipment, the greater it will be.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris, D. D.

After considerable persuasion the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris was induced to respond to the irrepressible demand of the assembly. Very seasonably the Rt. Rev. Prelate pointed to the old alumni as models of all the precious qualities to be imitated by students and by the younger alumni. He recalled the loyalty and the generosity of the old boys in whose very footprints even the noble class of '05 were treading. In our eagerness for new things we must beware of breaking away from the best which the past has produced. It would be a mistake to think that class meetings, class colors, class pins, class days and class mottoes, things all good in themselves, can take the place of that fine spirit which has characterized the old students of St. Viateur's. Let these pleasant things become the outward sign of that same spirit; let them serve to nourish and strengthen it ever. With this same family feeling the students of the new St. Viateur's will easily recognize as their elder brothers

and will deem it an honor and a joy to fraternize with the loyal and generous alumni of the old St. Viateur's.

Rev. Father O'Mahoney, C. S. V., Responds to Call.

Rev. Father O'Mahoney was most happy in the remarks which he addressed to the class and the assembled guests. He said he felt especially called upon to congratulate the musicians who had so charmingly entertained us during the evening. He looked upon the recent organization of the Glee Club as commendable instance of the admirable struggle against adversity. So, too, was the organization of the class of '06. Nothing is more sublime in the sight of God than a man struggling bravely against adversity; the same holds good of nations and of institutions. Organized forces are better calculated for success, especially in the face of adverse circumstances. We can but commend the aims and purposes of the young gentlemen of the class of '06 and wish them every success.

Smoker.

Towards the close of the addresses cigars were passed around and all the guests and members of the class of '06 enjoyed a chat until the orchestra played the finale. The following is the complete program:

Overture	College Orchestra
Opening of Meeting.....	W. C. McKenna, President.
Reading of Constitution.....	J. B. Shiel, Secretary.
Recitation	W. A. Schoenle
Address.....	V. Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V.
Selection	College Glee Club
Duet.....	J. P. Hickey and J. B. Shiel
Address.....	Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V.
Vocal Solo	A. G. Quille
Recitation	C. Mahoney
Greater St. Viateur's.....	J. A. Hayden, V. Pres.
Piano Solo.....	Rev. L. Goulett, C. S. V.
Address.....	Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V.
Vocal Solo	Rev. J. Le Claire, C. S. V.
Remarks	Those Present
Orchestra	Selected

The members of the class of '06 are as follows: W. C. McKenna, J. A. Hayden, J. B. Shiel, J. P. Drennan, J. V. Rheams, J. P. Hickey, J. D. Kirley, E. M. Burke, F. M. Miller, P. E. Brown, W. A. Schoenle.

MR. CARNEGIE'S GIFT.

Through the good offices of our congressman, the Hon. Joseph Cannon, at Washington, the needs of St. Viateur's College were made known to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who generously offers \$32,000 towards the reconstruction of the college provided another \$32,000 is raised by the trustees. The following is the text of the letter sent by Mr. Carnegie's secretary to V. Rev. C. Fournier, C. S. V., president of the college board of trustees:

Dear Sir:

Responding to your communication in behalf of St. Viateur's College, Mr. Carnegie notes that your loss by fire was \$150,000, of which \$86,000 is covered by insurance, leaving a net loss of \$64,000.

Mr. Carnegie will be glad to pay half of such \$64,000 when you have raised the rest in cash or marketable securities.

Respectfully yours,

Jas. Bertram,
P. Secretary.

2 East 91st Street, New York, April 24th, 1906.

The authorities of the college have accepted this offer and will endeavor to raise the sum needed in order to receive the Carnegie gift. Although they have in the recent past frequently been the grateful recipients of considerable donations from their friends and alumni, still they feel that after their late terrible visitation and in view of the advantageous offer held out to them by Mr. Carnegie they can again knock at the door of their alumni and also appeal to the public for their much needed aid.

This sum can come only through subscriptions of the public or donations from some public spirited person. Archbishop Quigley has given his assent to a proposition to take up a collection in all the Catholic churches of the diocese, and most of the pastors have signified their willingness to see that their congregations are given an opportunity to help.

It is not often that a Catholic college is placed face to face with the chance that is offered St. Viateur's and that the Catholic people and the public in general are afforded the opportunity of securing such a princely gift for a Catholic educational institution. We, the students of the present memorable year, who have seen the grand old St. Viateur's crumble to ashes on the fateful night of the great fire, could wish for a thousand eloquent persuasive tongues to awaken the generosity of all the friends of the goodly cause of

right education, and with all the ardor of loyal sons beg of them all to help our devoted professors rebuild our wrecked college home.

We sincerely appreciate the comments and efforts of the wide awake Kankakee Daily Republican, which offers the following considerations to the people of Kankakee:

Chance for Kankakeeans.

Believing that this is a good chance for the people of Kankakee to show their good will for the college, The Republican hereby opens a subscription list for the benefit of the rebuilding fund and starts it with \$10.

Subscriptions may be sent to this office or may be sent direct to Father Ryan, treasurer of the college, and will be acknowledged in the columns of The Republican. Friends of the college out of town, as well as those in Kankakee and vicinity, are all invited to send in their contributions.

The raising of this \$32,000 will mean that the college will be rebuilt in a substantial modern style, thus becoming a permanent institution in Bourbonnais beyond the peradventure of doubt.

It will mean that the money for rebuilding will largely find its way back into local channels, thus adding to the general circulation.

The other Kankakee dailies, the Democrat and the Gazette, are also enthusiastic over the offer of Mr. Carnegie and the prospects of a greater St. Viateur's at Bourbonnais. We are sincerely thankful for the moral support which these widely read publications are lending our cause.

The starting of the fund by the Republican has been much talked of in the ranks of the friends of the educational institution which has made Bourbonnais famous, and action is to be taken in the matter by the people of Kankakee of all creeds. The principal movers, of course, will be the Catholic societies and St. Viateur's council Knights of Columbus is expected to lead.

A committee of fifteen influential citizens of Bourbonnais has been appointed to canvass the parish of Bourbonnais for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions for the rebuilding of the college, the pride of Bourbonnais. At present writing the good work is actively and successfully going on. We know Bourbonnais will stand by the college, as it has always so faithfully done.

In connection with this subject we take the liberty of quoting the editorial comment of the Kankakee Republican in its issue of May 1. It will convey to outsiders an idea of what is thought of the college by Kankakeeans, if they have not already been informed thereon by Kankakee editorial utterances already quoted in our

special fire number. Under the caption, "For a Greater St. Viateur's," the editor says:

"The glorious news came to St. Viateur's college this morning that Andrew Carnegie had made a princely gift, out of his abundance, to this meritorious college that has done so much for the cause of Catholic education, in particular, and education in general, that has spread its culture all throughout the middle and great west.

"Mr. Carnegie's gift is the splendid sum of \$32,000, one-half of the deficit, left by the insufficiency of the insurance to cover the actual loss caused by the fire that swept away the upbuilding efforts of many years in a few brief hours.

"This leaves \$32,000 to be raised to rehabilitate St. Viateur's. That sum will make it a larger, better, more efficient St. Viateur's than it was before the fire fiend devastated it.

"Mr. Carnegie's example in this as in all things is noble. There is nothing sectarian or provincial about the man. He is broad gauged. His example is, and it should be, contagious, and there should be but little difficulty in raising the required sum, and more.

"In this movement let us all have a hand. Let all do what we can. St. Viateur's is a benefit to every person in this community. It makes for better citizenship and a higher plane of thought, ambition and purpose. That is what makes it an institution of interest to all. The Republican feels this interest to the extent that it gladly contributes out of its modest possessions the sum of ten dollars to what shall be known as the Greater St. Viateur's Fund.

"It will also be glad to receive and acknowledge contributions from all sources for the Greater St. Viateur's Fund and will turn the money over to the college authorities. All contributions can, of course, be turned over to the college, first-hand, but it might be convenient for some, particularly those Kankakeeans who have moved away and who are now living in different states and cities, but who yet feel a pride in this splendid city and its institutions, to contribute by sending the money to The Republican to be duly acknowledged and turned over to the college.

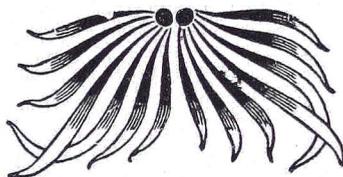
"In a final word, let us regard this not so much as a contribution as an investment. St. Viateur's college is one of the best investments that Kankakee and Illinois can have, as it makes for higher and better education and thus gives us better and stronger men, and a grander citizenship, and that is the best return that can be obtained."

Kankakee Committee Appointed.

As a result of the appeal made to Kankakeeans by the local

papers the following committee was named for soliciting funds towards the rebuilding of the Bourbonnais institution of learning: Messrs. E. A. Lecour, Will Radeke, William Frazer, Ed. Betourne, John Anderson, James Shields, Henry Ruel and Shirley Moisant.

These gentlemen met at the Knights of Columbus hall Thursday, May 3, to plan the campaign for the greater St. Viateur. In the hands of these good friends the interests of the college are secure. We take this early opportunity of heartily thanking them and all those who will assist them in their organized efforts to secure contributions, every one of which will have a double value, its own and that of insuring the Carnegie donation.



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St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Ill.

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EDITORIAL.

Feminine Ideals of the Modern Stage.

This month's issue of the "Viatorian" contains the minutes and resolutions concerning the proceedings of two recent meetings of our Class of Oratory. The discussion dealt with two important subjects agitating the public mind of the day, namely the Stage and the Gaelic Movement. We will in this article confine ourselves to a brief consideration of the former subject, particularly with its phase of women characters.

That there is a decided tendency in the modern drama to regard women from a depreciating standpoint no one who has followed even cursorily the play bills for the last few years or decades can consistently deny. Take as a striking current example the list of attractions of the Chicago theatres for the fortnight beginning April 15th of the present year. As the correspondent on theatricals with the Chicago Tribune remarks, but little interest seems to be taken now-a-days with members of the gentler sex from the dramatic viewpoint, unless they be either "actually scarlet in soul, or at least shading toward the pink." There was for instance Miss Nethersole, who appeared in "Magda," "Carmen," "Camille," "Paula" and "Marianna"—all specimens of the "pinkish feminine" in stage presentation. "Magda," once a pure, virtuous maiden, catches the theatrical fever, and becomes a public songster of the inferior, vaudeville type. Inflated with vanity she resolves to return home, with all the contamination of her unsavory past. "Papa" keenly scents the depravity of his daughter, asks "uncomfortable questions," and the upshot is a murderous attack on the wayward girl, the death of the good sire, and general trouble for the family. But where the redeeming climax—the indispensable

rule for all dramatic composition, and where the final vindication of womanhood? Again there was Mlle. Zaza—flirtatious, coquettish, who captivates M. Dufrene, making him her willing tool to the moral ruin of both. Once more the surprising insufficiency of the denouement, suffering evil to triumph over good, and woman to appear as the unmitigated villain” of the play. Her erotic career of ensnaring a half dozen dupes and utterly ruining poor, credulous Don Jose, without the saving grace of repentance and amendment, shows woman in an abject state of vulgarity and licentiousness.

Sarah Bernhardt’s repertory, embracing “Magda,” “Tosca,” “Camille,” “Fedora,” “Sapho,” “Phedre” and “La Sorciere,” was not of a nature to give a very elevating tone to the portrayal of womanly character. In fact ecclesiastical censure has of late been launched against this highly gifted, but exceedingly eccentric and morbidly sensational French actress, Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis, Bishop Christie of Oregon and Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal having earnestly cautioned the theatre-going members of their respective dioceses to refrain from attending “Sarah’s” performances.

We could expatiate on this prolific subject almost without end, but it would exceed the scope of our article and be of little advantage. But in conclusion may we not ask: Are the enumerated characters really the feminine ideals of our American stage? If so, what a shocking travesty this state of affairs is upon the truly noble art of Aristophanes, Sophocles, Euripides, Plautus, Terence, Nicholas Udall, Shakespeare, Dryden, Sheridan, Moliere, Racine, and de Rostand! Where are for instance the dramatic counterparts of the filially heroic “Ismene” and “Antigone,” the faithful “Imogen,” the tender, womanly “Rosalind,” the gentle “Ophelia,” and the gracious, queenly “Portia?” Is the claim, the proud and inalienable title of Christianity, that through its influence woman has been lifted to a higher state of honor and dignity than was ever conceded to her under paganism, to be nullified by that very art which in “the Ages of faith” by means of the Miracle Plays and the Moral Plays was the constant handmaid of the church in this lofty endeavor, and which always should be auxiliary to the religion of Mary—the “woman above all women glorified, our tainted nature’s solitary boast?”

The cause of this deplorable aspersion of femininity by the modern drama and the general deterioration of the theatre lies, according to competent critics, with the commercialism of the times, particularly the mercenary spirit of the managers. The dramatists write to produce immediate box-office receipts, and to enable the stars to dis-

play their histrionic abilities. Hence for the most part merely realistic plays are composed and presented, not dramas in the true literary and artistic sense.

We hear much these days of the Gaelic Revival, which purports the uplifting of an entire unfortunate race. Similarly we might have a Stage Revival, whereby the exalted spirit of the theatre shall be rescued from the vitiating tendencies of modern spectacular degeneracy, and the sacred rights of womankind—feminine ideals—preserved from the assaults of dramatic ribaldry and defamation.

W. A. S.

EXCHANGES.

As we lift our weary brow from behind the heap of resplendent Easter issues we vainly scratch our heads in fruitless quest of words that may happily hit off our unwonted joy and admiration. So, too, whatever cynical fears we have entertained of untoward tendencies in college journalism have been dispelled completely as we peruse the airy effusions of the spring bard, the clever work of the fiction writer and the exuberant flights of the young orator. In all truth we do not know where or with which to begin; so, to obviate the difficulty, we will proceed to unburden ourselves of several questions which have been troubling us lately. We are continually wondering when the exchange editor of the *Schoolman* will descend from his speculative heights and get down to business (his column is appropriately headed by the legend "The Ex-man Abroad"). The *Niagara Index* also puzzles us—we would like to know, for one thing, when "The Veracity of Shakespeare's English Plays" will have finally run its lengthy course, and likewise when will the last have been said on Shakespeare by the other *Index* scribes?

The *Nazareth Chimes* is a newcomer in our sanctum, and after being perused it inspired in us the regret that we have hitherto been deprived of the pleasure of reading this well-conducted magazine. The poetry in this issue, nearly all of which is expressive of Easter sentiment, is excellent. "At Easter Tide" contains happy allusions to the awakening spring which are aptly applied to thoughts suggested by Easter. "In Tent" and "Easter Morn" are closely akin in their concise suggestiveness and delicate imagery; the lines addressed in sympathy to St. Viateur's we reprint elsewhere. We were impressed by the fiction of this number. "An Easter Down" is a pathetic story of the trials and final comfort which fell to the lot of a convent girl; there is plenty of realistic

coloring, and a moral threads its way through the entire story. Another pathetic tale follows, containing a moral which is well suited to these time of aggressive female clubs and deserted hearth-sides; it is entitled "A Child Shall Lead Them," and narrates the short and pathetic history of a child neglected and misunderstood by his mother, and closes with the final awakening of her parental affection after the little fellow's death. The editorials set forth little moral lessons in a simple and charming manner. To sum up the reasons on account of which we like this paper we say it is serious, Catholic and uplifting.

Another new arrival is Vo. I. No I. of the Pelican, from St. Joseph's College, Covington, La. This paper modestly and at the same time courageously enters the journalistic field, and from its present appearances we predict that it will hold its own in the sphere of cruel and haughty ex-men. We notice with pleasure a French column in this paper which reminds us that many years ago the Viatorian published a supplement devoted exclusively to "la belle langue." We gladly welcome the Pelican and wish it success.

The Pittsburg College Bulletin in its general tone appeals to us. There is, in the April number, a poem which surprised us, accustomed as we are to reading verse in which the thought is strained and distorted to meet the requirements of rhyme and meter. These lines—on St. Joseph—contain thought that is original and striking, antithesis lending force to the ideas and throwing them into relief. The essay on "The Sistine Chapel" is noteworthy on account of the ingenious selection of terms and the manner in which they are applied to art criticism. The remaining articles are well written and are filled with solid matter. We admire the way in which the ex-man discharges his duties in short, sensible, pithy remarks.

One regret has possessed us since we first took up the pen in behalf of this column, which is that the St. Ignatius Collegian comes only once in three months—but it is certainly worth the wait. It bears all the marks of careful editing, the matter never falls below a certain standard, and there is never a lack of good contributions. The number which we are now examining is, in every respect, a model. There is a prose reverie on "Every," whose descriptions own the charm of Irving. Dutchie and Dorgan is a well composed character study, and the poetry is of the first order. The satyr, "Knights of Kazam," is ably written and abounds in witty banter and good-natured raillery. The local news is carefully written and harmoniously arranged.

We have added the Benziger Magazine to our exchange list, and cannot refrain from giving our appreciation of this Catholic

journal. It may well be proposed as the standard of its class; the foremost Catholic writers of America contribute regularly to its columns, and there is good reading for all, student, priest, housewife and every member of the domestic circle. The April issue was rendered doubly interesting to us by an article by Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., on the allegorical statuary, "Via Vitae." We appreciate the courtesy of Benziger Bros. in giving us the pleasure and advantage of reading their magazine.

F. Miller, '06.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Louis Duret, now in the employ of the L. E. & W., visited the ruins old old St. Viateur's April 26.

Rev. Jules Fortin on the occasion of paying a visit to his invalid confrere, the Rev. Joseph Lesage, called upon his friends at the parochial residence and viewed with much satisfaction the temporary arrangements of the gymnasium.

Rev. Joseph Lynn of St. Mary's church, Lafayette, Ind., sailed for Ireland early in April. He will be absent until July.

Rev. P. Griffin of Freeport, Ill., spent a day with us in April. He missed the second floor, the third floor and chapel row, but thought the gallery was a fair substitute. Genial ever and optimistic, he cheered us on and bade us hope for the better St. Viateur's.

We heard with regret of the illness of Rev. John McCarty of St. Margaret's church, Chicago, who fell ill during Easter week and was taken to his home at 2975 Indiana avenue. May home care and rest soon restore him to health.

Rev. J. McCann of Elgin, Ill., had a brilliant celebration in his church on the occasion of the recent conferring of confirmation by Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon, D. D. A large class of well prepared children and adults received the sacred unction.

Marvin de Sousa has been steadily winning distinction and is now nearing fame. His last appearance was t Fond du Lac, where a concert was given by Rev. E. Bourget, Rev. J. H. Nawn, Rev. J. C. Quill and Rev. J. V. Lamarre. This musicale was given for the benefit of St. Louis church, of which Rev. J. Hudon is pastor. It was, as was to be expected from such an array of talent, an artistic and financial success.

Ground was broken May 2 on senior campus for a large build-

ing which will contain 125 private rooms and which will be known as Roy Hall.

Rev. L. Goulette left May 7 for Butte City, Montana, where he will take charge of Rev. Father O'Callaghan's church choir.

Mr. William Cleary, dean of the theological class, was the recipient of a class demonstration in the shape of a banquet Wednesday, May 9. It was a brilliant class meeting, every feature of which bespoke eloquently the high esteem in which Mr. Cleary is held by his fellow students and his professors. The Viatorian, whose pages have frequently been adorned with Mr. Cleary's graceful poetic effusions, joins his friends in offering him congratulations and good wishes upon the completion of his seminary course and his call to sacred orders.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP QUIGLEY AIDS ALMA MATER.

We feel deeply thankful to His Grace for the valuable assistance he is lending the faculty in their efforts to rebuild St. Viateur's. The following letter dated from the Archbishop's residence, April 16, 1906, speaks for itself:

Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V.,
President St. Viateur's College,

My Dear Father:

I cheerfully grant you permission to make collections in the churches of the Archdiocese of Chicago for the rebuilding of St. Viateur's college. I am sure that your appeal will meet with a hearty and generous response from both clergy and laity.

You may arrange with the Rev. pastors to take up these collections during the months of May, June, July and August.

Wishing you every success and the blessing of God in your good work, I am,

Yours truly in Christ,

J. E. Quigley,
Archbishop of Chicago.

RT. REV. MGR. G. M. LEGRIS, D. D., STARTS FOR EUROPE.

Our beloved professor of moral theology and ecclesiastical history, having finished his courses the first week in May, has started on a four months' tour in Europe. He will first visit Canada and a four months' tour in Europe. He will first visit Canada and thence sail for some English port. He intends to visit some of the educational centers of England, Germany, France and Italy. We heartily wish the Rt. Rev. Monsignor a happy and restful voyage and a safe return.

BASEBALL.

St. Viateur's, 18; Y. M. C. A., 0.

The baseball season opened April 7, when the local squad played a slow practice game with the Kankakee Y. M. C. A. on Bourbonnais Field. The contest lasted seven innings and as the high score testifies was devoid of any spectacular plays. The only redeeming feature of the game was that Pitcher Shiel merely tossed the ball over the plate and thus allowed the team to receive a good workout and enabled the fans to get a line on the capabilities of this year's squad. The Collegians played an excellent fielding game, while they connected with the Kankakee twirler without any evident trouble. The new members of the team showed up in fine form, especially the two new infielders, Slattery at third and Weber behind the bat. Slattery stopped everything within reach, while Weber caught an errorless game, showed good head work and a capability of understanding the batters' weak points, while he threw the bases with ease and precision.

St. Viateur's, 6; Momence, 3.

Our old rivals from Momence appeared on Bourbonnais Field April 15 and were defeated by the College men in an interesting and hard played game, the final score standing 6 to 3. Catcher Weber was unable to fill his position on account of illness, and Captain Hickey ably handled the decker while Al. McCarthy, last year's crack junior infielder, covered the second bag in a praiseworthy manner. Shiel did slab work for us and had our neighbors from down the river at his mercy throughout the game; ten of the visitors fanned the air while only three were able to straighten his benders for safeties. The much-touted Morgan was on the firing line for Momence, but the local team took kindly to his delivery and in the fourth inning he vacated the box in favor of Stevens, who, though he pitched better ball, by no means put an end to the Collegians' hitting streak.

At no time during the game was Momence dangerous, Hickey's men by well practiced team work, rendered the spectacular individual plays of the visitors entirely ineffectual, while our men clearly outbatted the Momence aggregation. The visitors scored their three runs in the third inning after two passes to first, a hit when they fell upon Morgan with a vengeance and batted him out of the box. Summary:

St. Viateur's.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Hickey, c.	1	1	12	2	0
Conway, lf.	1	1	0	0	0

Shiel, p.I	0	0	0	0	
Legris, cf...I	1	0	0	1	
Stack, ss.I	0	1	0	0	
Kelly, 1b.0	2	4	0	0	
McCarthy, 2b.0	0	2	1	0	
O'Connell, rf.I	1	1	0	1	
Slattery, 3b.0	0	1	1	2	
Maguy, rf.0	0	0	0	0	
<hr/>					
Totals6	6	21	4	4	
Momence.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Bondreau, 3 b.0	0	1	1	1	0
Haslett, 2b.0	1	1	1	1	0
Taylor, ss.0	0	0	0	0	0
Marshall, cf..0	0	3	0	0	0
Vague, rf.I	1	0	0	0	0
Buckowski, 1b. & c.I	0	10	0	0	0
Morgan, p. & lf.I	0	0	4	4	0
Cone, c. & 1b.0	1	3	3	3	0
Stevens, p. & cf.0	0	0	0	0	2
<hr/>					
Totals3	3	18	9	9	2

Earned runs—St. Viateur's 4. First base on balls—Off Shiel 3, off Morgan 3. Struck out—By Shiel 10, by Morgan 2, by Stevens 1. Left on bases—St. Viateur's 3, Momence 3. Double plays—Hickey to Slattery. Passed balls—Cone, Bukowski, Hickey. Hit by pitcher—Morgan. Time of game—1:25. Umpire—McKenna.

St Viateur's, 10; Momence, 8.

We played a return game with Momence April 22, defeating them in an interesting though loosely played ten inning contest on Momence Field by the score of 10 to 8. The crippled condition of the college team necessitated many changes in th line-up and on account of this during the first half of the game it was was impossible to obtain good team work. Catcher Weber, Pitcher Shiel and Shortstop Stack were Pout of the game, but Captain Hickey was not to be outdone by difficulties and his success in animating his team-mates with his fighting spirit did much towards the landing of the game. Despite the fact that his finger was smashed in the last game, Hickey started the work in the box, he had the Momence bunch coming his way, bu received poor backing from the infielders who, being unaccustomed to their new positions, gave some rather raw samples of baseball. Hayes, the second team catcher, did backstop work and was always in the game catching and throwing like a National leaguer. Hickey's finger began to

trouble him in the sixth inning, and rather than disable himself for the remainder of the season he retired from the box, and in the absence of the other members of the pitching staff Savary, last year's junior twirler, opposed the Momence sluggers. To the satisfaction of the collegians and the disgust of the Momence boys the youngster was on hand with a system of puzzles that even these old heads and has-been leaguers could not solve.

In the beginning of the game on account of the errors made by our men, Momence took a decided lead, but as the game progressed the collegians settled down to better field work, while Pitcher Stevens received rather rough treatment at the hands of our batsmen. Singles were common, while two and three-baggers at critical times enabled us to tie the score in the ninth inning. At the opening of the ninth the score stood 6 o 8 in favor of Momence. Here Hayes laid a nice single over first and stole second, while Kelly followed with a home run, thus tying the score. In the tenth Cannon, with two men out and two on bases, found Stevens for a pretty two-bagger and concluded the game.

Summary:

Two-base hits—Meinzer, Hickey, Legris 2, Cannon. Three-base hit—Slattery. Home run—Kelly. Struck out—By Hickey 8, by Savary 4, by Stevens 8. Passed balls—Hayes 2, Cone 2. Hit by pitcher—Slattery 2. Time of game—1:50. Umpire Popejoy.

St. Viateur's, 22; DePauw, 1.

The college season was formally opened on Bourbonnais Field April 27, when the local aggregation defeated DePauw University by the overwhelming score of 22 to 1. The game was slow and loosely played, the only interesting feature seemingly was the embarrassing positions of the much-touted DePauw team. In the first inning things looked rather gloomy for the home boys, the first visitor up received a pass, the next a hit and then the plate was crossed on errors, but here the DePauw ball playing ended and our boys played hore with them during the remainder of the game. Hickey's men were in the game from the first inning on and took kindly to DePauw's twirlers, batting two of them out of the box, scoring at will and allowing only three of the visitors to reach third.

St. Viateur's appeared in the field for the first time with its strongest line-up; Hickey's finger and arm were again in shape, Shiel and Weber were in working order and Martin, who pitched last year's team to many hard earned victories, reported for infield duty, played an errorless game at first and found the visiting tosser for two hits. Shiel, though not entirely over his recent illness, had easy money in handling the DeaPuw batsmen, allowing but a few scattered hits and without any exertion retiring them at will,

nine of them took the count, while only three of them were lucky enough to receive singles. On the other hand the Viatorian batsmen established a record for themselves, sounding the visitors for nineteen clean hits, one of them a home run, several three-baggers and many two-base hits. Captain Hickey—as it is fitting the captain should lead in batting, receiving two passes to first, two singles and a two-bagger. Shiel received the longest hit, driving the sphere far over the left fielder's head for an easy home run.

The DePauw men played a miserable game, both in fielding and batting, usually being retired in one, two, three order, while their error column was well filled. Matthews won the plaudits of the grandstand by a spectacular running catch of a high wide foul in the seventh inning. Summary:

St. Viateur's.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Hickey, ss.	4	3	1	2	0	0
Conway, lf.	2	2	0	0	0	0
Martin, 1b.	1	2	11	0	0	0
Shiel, p.	1	1	0	1	0	0
Slattery, 3b.	1	0	0	1	1	1
O'Connell, rf.	4	2	1	0	0	0
Weber, c.	3	4	8	1	0	0
Kelly, 2b.	3	2	3	3	1	1
Legris, cf.	3	3	3	0	0	0
Totals	22	19	27	7	2	2

DePauw.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	L.
Allen, p.	1	1	0	3	2	2
Tucker, 2b. & c.	0	1	3	2	2	2
Shirley, cf.	0	0	2	0	2	2
Plank, 3b.	0	1	0	1	2	2
Simpkins, rf. & p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Douglas, c., lf. & 2b.	0	0	10	0	2	2
Mathews, ss.	0	0	2	3	1	1
Renick, 1b.	0	1	5	0	2	2
Ralls, lf. & cg.	0	0	2	0	0	0
Totals	1	4	24	9	13	13

Earned runs—St. Viateur's 6. Twobase-hits—Weber, Hickey, Kelly, Legris. Three-base hits—Weber, Kelly. Home run—Shiel. First on balls—Off Shiel 5, off Allen 4. Struck out—By Shiel 9, by Allen 5, by Simpkins 3. Left on bases—St. Viateur's 8, DePauw 10. Wild pitches—Shiel. Hit by pitcher—Slattery 2, Plank. Time of game—2:27. Umpires—McKenna and Wiley.

Indiana, 7; St. Viateur's, 6.

Indiana University administered the first defeat of the season to the varsity in a ten-inning contest May 4 by the score of 7 to 6. The game was played on Bourbonnais Field and was very exciting and interesting from the spectators' point of view, though loose and very amateur ball was played in several innings. Up to the ninth inning we had the visitors at our mercy, the score then standing 6 to 2 in our favor, but here the balloon went up and before the varsity had again found solid footing the score was tied, while at their turn with the stick the locals failed to score. In the tenth during a short atmospheric flight by the home team, the Hoosiers succeeded in crossing the plate, and as the varsity did nothing when their turn came, Indiana bagged the game. The tyrannical monster, commonly known as baseball luck, played quite an important part in the contest. Up to the ninth inning the Viatorian camp was decidedly favored with two men out and two strikes on the third, the horseshoe changed, and Indiana took a bracer and won the game. Shiel, who was in the box for the varsity, pitched a winning game and had he been accorded proper support the result would never have been in doubt. Siebenthal twirled a steady game for Indiana; he was succeeded in the ninth by Dunlap, who was also quite effective. Legris made two difficult catches in centerfield and Bradbury made a couple of spectacular stops and throws at third. Kelly obtained the longest hit, driving a clean home run over the center fielder's head. Boyle, Hickey, Slattery, Martin and Shiel also excelled with the stick. The score:

St. Viateur's.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Hickey, ss.	I	2	2	5	0
Conway, lf.	I	I	I	0	0
Martin, 1b.	0	2	8	0	0
Shiel, p.	0	2	I	2	I
Slattery, 3b.	0	0	I	2	0
O'Connell, rf.	0	I	0	0	0
Weber, c.	I	0	I4	I	I
Kelly, 2b.	I	I	I	2	I
Legris, cf.	2	I	2	0	0
Totals	6	10	30	12	3
Indiana.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Boyle,	I	2	2	3	I
Robinson	0	0	0	3	0
Bradbury	I	I	3	6	0
More	0	2	I5	I	I
McFerrin	I	2	7	I	0

Williamson	I	0	0	0	0
Hunter	0	1	1	0	0
Rau	2	1	1	0	0
Siebenthal	0	0	1	3	1
Dunlap	1	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	7	9	30	17	3

Earned runs—St. Viateur's 2, Indiana 1. Two-base hits—Boyd 2, Martin, Rau. Home run—Kelly. First on balls—Off Shiel 3, off Siebenthal 2. Struck out—By Shiel 13, by Siebenthal 4, by Dunlap 1. Left on bases—St. Viateur's 6, Indiana 6. Double plays—Shiel to Hickey to Martin; Slattery to Martin to Weber. Wild pitches—Shiel, Siebenthal. First base on errors—St. Viateur's 1, Indiana 3. Hit by pitcher—Slattery, Weber. Time of game—1:30. Umpires—McDonald and McKenna. W. M.

CARD OF THANKS.

The class of '06 desires to thank those who so kindly lent their assistance in helping to make our first open meeting a success. In a special manner we wish to thank Mr. J. B. Flageole and Dr. C. T. Morel for so generously allowing us the use of hall and chairs, and Prof. Martineau and Brother Goulette for the successful rendering of the musical program.

W. C. McKenna, President.
 J. A. Hayden, Vice-President.
 J. B. Shiel, Secretary.

CONDOLENCE.

The Hon. J. H. Burke of Chicago was laid to rest April 28. He is a deeply regretted public servant because he had won the rare distinction of being incorruptibly honest. His loss is most keenly felt in the bosom of his family, where he ruled as the model Christian husband and father. Two of his sons, Robert and William, were students here a little more than a year ago, and William is now entered as a novice at St. Viateur's Normal Institute, Irving Park. We tender our sympathy to the bereaved family.

The Viatorian extends sympathy to Mr. Charles Knisely, who recently sustained the loss of his brother, John A. Knisely.

EXCHANGES SYMPATHIZE.

Sympathy for St. Viateur's in her disaster is still being poured in upon us. Almost all of our exchanges have added their quota, one of whom, The Nazareth Chimes, went to the extent of publishing some touching lines which we subjoin. We are grateful for the sympathy which our plight has occasioned and can assure all that those hopes which they express are being realized—the most sanguine of them—day by day.

St. Viateur's.

Lines written in sympathy to the Viatorian on the sad event of the destruction of their noble institution, by a member of the Sisterhood, Nazareth Academy, La Grange, Ill.

In smoking ruins now it lies,
 Devoured in that brief hour;
 Their loved and cultured college home
 By fire's fierce, fiendish power.
 St. Viateur's, what sacred bonds
 Endear all hearts to thee!
 Fond memories cling to those loved walls
 In heartfelt loyalty.
 The spirit strong, which builded well
 That grand and hallowed dome
 Yet lives. From out its smouldring pile
 Vast nobler works shall come;
 The lives of those who have gone forth
 Influenced by its sphere,
 Attest true worth of soul and mind
 To Alma Mater dear.

—The Nazareth Chime.

It was with feelings of sadness that we perused the pages of the March Viatorian, for every line told us but too plainly of the terrible calamity which recently visited St. Viateur's College, and laid waste that celebrated institution of learning. We feel entirely incapable of expressing our true feelings, but rest assured, St. Viateur's, that the faculty and students at St. Boneventure's deeply sympathize with you in your hour of affliction. But while we are saddened by the terrible disaster, we are confident that St. Viateur's will rise from its ruins, and that the new college will be larger and better than the old.—The Laurel.

The March number of the Viatorian makes evident the great loss sustained at St. Viateur's, but also reveals the loyal spirit of

the Alumni and the appreciation of the noble work accomplished.—The Nazarene.

But we desist; for here is the Viatorian, "Special Fire Number," bringing us the sad news of the destruction of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Ill., by fire on the evening of February 21. Had the news of the dire misfortune reached us at an earlier date we would have given earlier testimony of our sympathy with the Fathers and students at St. Viateur's. Thank God there were no lives lost. The loss is estimated at \$150,000, insurance covering \$85,000. We like to quote the following paragraph of newspaper comment because of the truth of its tone. (Here this paper, Mt. St. Mary's Record, quoted the Kankakee Republican's beautiful editorial, "It Will Rise Again.")

Our hearts were too full for utterance upon perusing the March number of the Viatorian and contemplating the views of the ruins of St. Viateur's. Nor can we find words that can fully convey the sympathy we feel for our sister college in her great loss. "The darkest hour is just before dawn," and we sincerely hope that the calamity that has befallen St. Viateur's has come only to clear the way for the erection of a magnificent edifice, and in this work St. Benedict's wishes them a hearty God-speed.—M. F. C.—The Abbey Student.

The Burning of St. Viateur's.

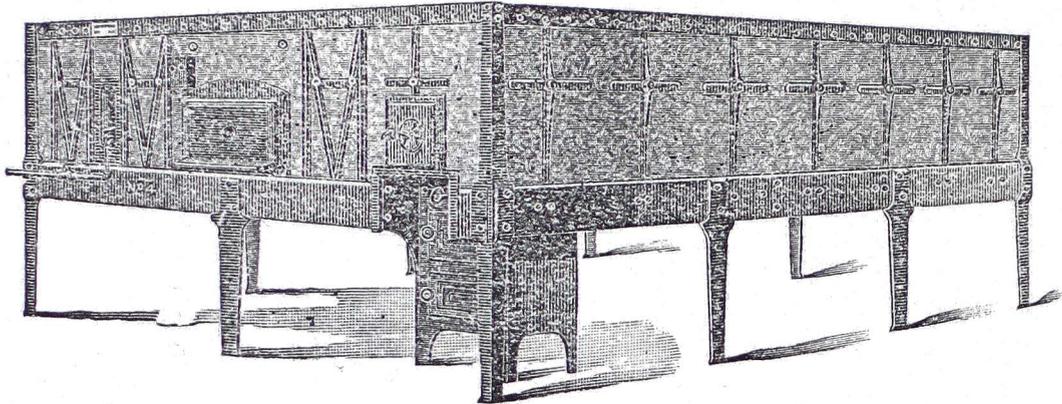
One of the grandest monuments to learning in the state, an educational institution, in whose progress Catholics have rejoiced, St. Viateur's College of Bourbonnais, has been burned to the ground.

We sympathize with St. Viateur's. Our condolences are offered to students and faculty. But we hope and pray, as one of our professors has expressed it, that the "institution may rise from its ashes more glorious than ever." How bitter the calamity is for those whose hopes and aspirations are centered entirely in the school, the learned and esteemed professors alone appreciate.

Those who beheld the awe-inspiring grandeur of the flames, as they eagerly devoured the old college buildings, could see represented therein a picture of the glory which has crowned the efforts of St. Viateur's in the past, of the magnificence which shall be bright in its buildings and deeds in the future. C. E. B.

Our sympathy is extended the editors of the Viatorian at the severe loss by fire of St. Viateur's College. The worth of this great institution is appreciated by those of us who have watched its work and growth. That its glory may soon gleam forth again from buildings of splendor, and that we may greet the Viatorian with old time fervor is our sincere wish.—St. Ignatius Collegian (Chicago).

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