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DOMINIC'S WEAPON.

"I'm not for silent prayers,"
My brother said to me,
"I'd rather up and struggle,
Than bend a lowly knee.
I'd fight for God's own kingdom,
Ah! far be baser thought,
Yet glory more to free her,
With life in danger fraught.

"I honor more those heroes
Who struggled with the sword,
Ah! gallant Cœur de Lion,
Brave Simon de Montfort;
The first a king of soldiers,
And darling of romance,
And Albigense's 'Sunset'
Was he who fought in France.

"Now both were Christian warriors,
And history speaks their worth.
They fought for Rome and freedom,
And heads oft fell to earth
'Neath Richard's blows, and Simon's.
Now tell me, brother dear,
Was not their work more sterling
Than theirs who offer prayer?"

"All honor to your heroes,"
Said I, "my brother dear,
The names of both crusaders
I ever shall revere,
But as for work more sterling,
Well, there I'm not with you,
For here in hist'ry's pages
I get a different view.

"I'll cite but one example,
Nor that to tarnish fame,
But, brother, peaceful pleaders
Ofttimes deserve the same.
Whilst gallant young crusaders
Must needs make life-blood run,
Saint Dominic with his rosary
One hundred thousand won."

"Ah! true, I had forgotten
A wonder-working man,
He surely won his battles
By great and Godly pla
'Tis said his little weapon
Still wins great victories—then
I'll once this battle with you,"
I answered him, "Amen!"

—J. H. N.

MODERN GOVERNMENTS.

Speech delivered by P. F. Daniher, A. B. '99.

To any one who feels real interest in the affairs of man, nothing appears more sacred than the majesty of authority, entrusted with the momentous responsibility of directing temporal and spiritual life. Civil authority is the principle of national life, it fashions the national body and imparts to it unity, strength, and stability, it lends it the beauty and excellence of a living thing; it marks the limits and assigns ends of the nation's existence, and as a protecting deity, guards and controls its destinies. As in a living body there is health and comfort so long as the principle of life vigorously animates the organism, so, too, is there peace and plenty in a nation so long as the informing principle, authority, operates normally towards these ends.

But as man not only has a corporeal life but also a spiritual one, and besides this temporal life a future endless life, there exists an authority whose sublime mission it is to gather men into spiritual unity and to foster among them the life of the soul, to adorn them with the fairness of virtue and to direct them to their ultimate end, the parent of all life and the source of all beauty and goodness.

Has it not been the dream of every ardent lover of humanity, of every apostle, to see these two powers for good embrace each other, and thus render infallible the highest perfection of mankind? Do they not, in their visions of the highest excellence attainable here and hereafter, ever blend into mutual aid and efficiency these forces that strengthen, uplift, and beautify body and soul? Did not a Patrick consider his work of human regeneration secure and complete, when after winning the people to the pure, ennobling doctrines of Christ, he baptized King Leary upon the green hill of Tara? How his soul must have thrilled with gratitude and exultation, when, with prophetic eye, he beheld along the course of unborn ages the millions of faithful Irish who would be helped to purer and nobler human life, and would thereby gain that kingdom without which the conquest of empires is of no avail!

Readily can we believe that a St. Remigins could wish to sing his "*nunc dimittis*," when he poured the regenerating waters upon the head of King Clovis? Did not France then become the eldest daughter of the church? Did she not adorn the throne as well as the altar with a St. Louis? Were not the works of God

through the centuries done by her? And did she not, under this guiding influence of the church, reach the highest degree of culture and refinement in the reign of the Catholic King and splendid monarch—Louis the Great?

Thus in every country which has attracted the attention of those who seek inspirations in the grandeur of nations whose history is written, the student finds that the most glorious epochs in the lives of peoples were marked by the harmonious cooperation of the civil and spiritual powers that ruled them. In England was not the solid foundation of material prosperity and intellectual progress laid under such monarchs as Alfred the Great and Edward the Confessor? And thus it was in Spain, in Germany and Italy.

But alas! we must say, how these mighty states are fallen from their primal splendor!

Without regretting that close union of church and state in which, unfortunately, the church had only too often to suffer from the sacreligious tyranny and rapacity of iniquitous monarchs, we can but deplore the attitude of indifference and even of positive aggression which modern governments are assuming toward the spiritual power established on earth to lead kings and peasants, rulers and subjects alike, to their common Father and Master.

How dangerous is the pride of power, how ruinous the intoxication of authority! To Nero it inspired a diabolical hatred of the Christian name, and to others, whose brows wore the sign of Christ, it inspired the unnatural cruelty of prosecuting their brethren in the faith.

The one revolting crime which the world cannot forgive Henry VIII, is not so much his weakness for women, as the national apostacy by which he compelled a whole realm to refuse allegiance to its spiritual chief; that act by which he constituted himself both pontiff and king, thus usurping a power which consecrated churchmen alone can wield for the good of mankind.

Germany, the principal theater of the so-called reformation, in the agitations of those tumultuous times, cut loose from the moorings of Peter's rock, and now has sailed far into the seas of unbelief and infidelity.

The blackest blot upon the escutcheon of France is her great revolution. Do we condemn her for loving justice and liberty and hating iniquity? No! but for slaying her crowned and virtuous monarchs, and for outraging alike religion and reason and liberty.

Today France, with her infidel government, is performing the remarkable feat of both tolerating and persecuting religion.

In Spain and in Italy, the civil power is in hands that are not only unfriendly but positively hostile to what is still called in these states the national religion. The largest liberty a church there enjoys is that of being constantly hampered in her action; and this in spite of loudly proclaimed principles of liberty, equality and fraternity.

What transparent hypocrisy! With a smile of condescension, a patronizing air of tolerance, wordy professions of liberalism and broad mindedness, these governments with their atheistic pettifoggers in high places, are in a sense worse than imperial Rome with her Neros and Domitians, who attacked openly. They keep up a certain exterior show of Christianity, but are as little Christian as they dare be and as pagan as they can decently show themselves before peoples which are still Christian in their sentiments and aspirations.

Measures of national importance are no longer dictated by any Christian principle of justice and equity, but are imposed upon these nations by the *fiat* of the lodges, which are the sworn enemies of the only foe they can fear, the Church of Christ, the pillar and ground of truth, the guardian of justice.

None but the unsophisticated, the short-sighted, ignore the ill-concealed schemes of the secret brotherhoods, and none but those whose mouths are stuffed from out the flesh pots of this new heathendom fail to characterize these plots as not only unholy and unjust, but as shameful and inhuman.

Whatever is of largest interest and profit to the secret camp has to be obtained at any cost. Hence the endless intriguing, the double dealing of the Spanish leaders in regard to the colonies; first inciting them to rebellion and then making ineffectual efforts to quell these ceaseless and exhausting disturbances. The emissaries of the lodges have made the heavens ring with false pleas of humanity and liberty, with cries for the repression of tyranny and all misgovernment.

Hence our own country, so sympathetic to sentiments of freedom and independence, was drawn into common efforts, the real purpose of which was to wrest from Catholic Spain her colonies and thus limit her sphere of influence. It remains to be seen what measure of independence or of subjection will be meted out to Cuba and the Philippines; it remains to be seen

whether the subjection to a strange power will not be more humiliating and galling than was the submission to the bad government of the mother country.

In Italy the laws are made in lodges; the principal privilege which the church enjoys is that of being plundered, and the successor of that other Leo who saved Rome from the ruthless heel of the fierce Atilla, the successor of those kingly pontiffs who have ever jealously guarded the integrity of Italy from the robber hands of covetous neighbors, and who have made her the home of learning, the nestling place of the arts and the sanctuary of sanctity, the successor of this long line of world benefactors, the grand and saintly Leo XIII is kept practically a prisoner within the gates of his palace. Oh! Italy, would that you knew the gift you possess! Would that you acknowledged your real and only savior. See now how throughout your fair realm liberty wears chains, the eloquence of speech has become silence; your people groan under intolerable burdens of taxation; hunger drives them to rioting and infidel education to anarchy.

And these nations are the posterity of the crusaders, and their rulers the successors of the Godfreys, the Richards, the Ferdinands, and the Dandalos (?)!

What, may we ask, are the vast Catholic majorities doing in all these constitutional governments? In Spain, France, Italy? What inexplicable lethargy! What shameful cowardice!

What! cringe and cower when you possess both might and right? When, if you but stir, but rise in your full dignity, you terrify the wanton aggressors of your most sacred rights! Oh, for an O'Connell and a Windhorst in every department of these countries, to arouse the hypnotized nations to a sense of their wrongs and of their power to right them, to a sense of their danger and of their ability to avert it.

Let us, however, in justice, say that there is hope at the horizon. A brighter day seems to dawn, which may make talk of peace and disarmament less meaningless. There are in many provinces religious re-awakenings, emphatic demands for more religious teaching. These movements, though isolated, are healthful and hopeful signs.

The regeneration of society, the improvement of social morality and of civil governments, can only come through religion. Peace can not nestle in hearts that are selfish and hateful—and Christianity alone has ever succeeded in teaching man devotedness and charity unto heroism, it alone and not any system of

humanitarian or other philosophy can ever supply men sufficient motives and all-conquering reasons for being honest and faithful to God and country and fellow-man.

Let us hope, then, that ere the nineteenth century closes, or at least ere we have proceeded far into the new century, the world may see the social triumph of Christ and of his saving principles, that the Christian nations may have freed themselves from a galling yoke of pagan governments and again glory in having at their heads staunch Christian leaders, men worthy of the deep respect which is due to authority because they will faithfully perform all the obligations of their high station.

WHO IS BEATRICE?

Paper read before the Dante class.

Is the Beatrice whom Dante has celebrated in his matchless, unfathomable song, merely a graceful maiden, the object of a tender, but merely human love, such as are the countless throngs of heroines of romance in every age and clime? Is she only the gracious, winsome child, whose innocent charms had quite smitten the boy Dante, a mere earthly, fleshy, bright-eyed and comely prototype of Byron's early flame, Mary Duff, of his later Miss Margarite Parker, and of a hundred other such objects of purely human love, that poets all the world over have tuned their lyres to sing of? Is Beatrice Portinari, the young lady of riper years, the real out-blossoming of the child into the rich and full beauty of young womanhood adorned with virtues that had such strange power over the youth Dante? Is this person, Beatrice, to be counted with as a historic reality? Or is she, as others say, a mere fiction of the poet's fertile imagination, a pure, yet artful invention, which might represent divine wisdom, grace, theology, liberty, or any metaphysical abstraction that can be conceived as clothed in the loveliness of a Beatrice, and as proclaiming from her high pedestal sublimest truths to the world?

Is Beatrice then, such as Dante describes her and makes her speak, a merely and an exclusively historical personage, or is she exclusively an allegorical personage? This is a question which still agitates thoughtful students of Dante's Divine Comedy. I think that we shall not be far from the real meaning of Beatrice, if we accept the view that is taken by a large and very respectable number of Dante's interpreters, and among them

Ozanam, whose high literary genius, whose painstaking and exhaustive study of the great Florentine, and whose thoroughly Catholic and penetrating insight into the philosophy, theology, and entire history of those dark ages he has rendered luminous, make him a safe guide for all earnest students of Dante. The view in question attributes to Beatrice "a double role, real in the life of the poet, and figurative in the structure of the poem." Ozanam "*Dante and Catholic Philosophy*," p. 384.

The reasons which lend plausibility to this view are drawn from other writings of the poet himself, chiefly his *Vita Nuova*, from historical and biographical sketches of Dante, and from an examination of the high social position in which ten silent centuries of christian civilization had enthroned woman.

I.

First, then, let us see how we may make it clear that Beatrice was a real person. Dante himself, in his "New Life," which is considered autobiographical, introduces and describes in most dignified language "the glorious lady of his thought, Beatrice, this youthful angel, of such noble and praiseworthy deportment, that she seemed not the daughter of mortal man, but of God." Here, too, he recounts how on first meeting her, at her father's house, when they were both children nine years old, love became master of his soul, yet was his love of such noble virtue that it ruled him not without the counsel of reason.

Now, we may here advert to certain very significant circumstances which bid us affirm the real character of Beatrice. In the first place it is not likely that a boy of nine years would become passionately enamored of an abstraction, of liberty, of theology (to say nothing of the catechism). Again, the abstraction itself should be only nine years old—*i.e.*, theology or divine grace should, in the thirteenth century be barely casting off the swaddling clothes of prattling infancy. Divine grace had assuredly reached its fullest majority at the time of Christ's redemption; and as for theology, it were idle waste of words to prove that in the very heyday of scholasticism, in the age that teemed with great doctors and great universities, in the age which produced the *Summa Theologica*, theology was not only beginning to lisp intelligently the sublime doctrines of Christ, as do children yet at their mother's knee, but that it had grown to such irresistible strength of rational expression that its bitterest enemies cry out in despair: "Take away Thomas Aquinas and I will destroy the church."

No! we cannot make this nine year old Beatrice, who is the same person afterwards glorified in the Divine Comedy, the representative of theology.

Moreover, that this young child of Falco Portinari did exist in Florence and that she was met by the boy Dante at a May festival; that he was so strangely impressed by this wonder of beauty and excellence that he was wholly given up to her image and ever afterwards followed her whithersoever she went, "believing that in her eyes he beheld sovereign beatitude;" all these and many other details too minute and too numerous to admit the peradventure of a doubt, we learn from such trustworthy witnesses as Boccaccio and Benvenuto da Imola, who lived close enough to the scenes and times they described to know whereof they spoke.

Following the narrative that Dante traces of the life of Beatrice and the uplifting and ennobling influence she exercised over him during the stormy period of youth, we gather alike proofs of the real character of this person. Every time he saw her, he says, the sight of her made him better, nerved his will to resist evil inclinations and to pursue the good in spite of all obstacles. At the age of 18, while under the powerful spell of the chaste love that Beatrice inspired in him, Dante gave expression to his feelings towards her in sonnets and ballads which are models of refined taste and breathe forth a "virginal grace and delicacy." As he grew older his admiration for her only found expression in more virile and bold forms of speech, to which this master of language easily bent the pliant Italian tongue. Dante relates in his *Vita Nuova* how, while a boy, he delighted basking in the innocent smile of this graceful child, how to see her incline in prayer before the Madonna's shrine was to him an inspiration. When in later years she gave her heart to another one, he did not cease to admire her; he prized her mere salutation, and was happy in the knowledge that she was pleased to be praised by him. Such then was Beatrice, and such the love that Dante had for her: a purely Platonic love, a chaste spiritual affection based upon her excellencies of mind and heart alone.

While I aim to prove that Beatrice was a real person and not only, nor yet divine wisdom or theology, I dislike the sound and sense of Byron's words, viz: that she was a "more substantial mistress" than these. How difficult it was for Byron, profligate pagan as he was, to appreciate pure human affection! And

how difficult it is yet for many Byronized minds today to understand how Dante or anybody could or ever can thus love! How it was possible for Dante I will show after a moment.

Let us first conclude the historical part of Dante's relations with the real Beatrice. Shortly after her marriage to Simone de'Bardi, Beatrice died, at the age of 26. Dante is so overwhelmed with grief that his eyes become, as he says: "two desires of weeping." He describes her then as "living in heaven with the angels and on earth with his soul." His fugitive poems then speak of her as enthroned beside the Blessed Virgin in the highest empyrean, in the heaven of the humble, and the object of greatest honors.

But these short poems which we find in the *Vita Nuova* were but, as it were, the prelude of a great triumphal strain. The *Vita Nuova* ends with the recital of a vision in which the poet beheld most wonderful things; he there and then conceived the idea of speaking no more of Beatrice until he would speak so worthily of her, "That he would say of her that which has never been said of any other." He would glorify her, idealize her, as no heroine was ever idealized or glorified before by mortal poet. Thus we have proved the existence of the real Beatrice whom Dante will idealize. The ideal always supposes the real and is built upon it.

Now let us offer considerations that will explain how Dante, in common with his contemporaries, could entertain such an exalted and pure passion for a woman like Beatrice. While Plato, the poet philosopher of the pagan world, could beautifully theorize on human love that is not sensual, yet the pagan world was too corrupt to admit in practice these too spiritual doctrines; these, therefore, remained exclusively the object of the contemplations of poets and sages. Christianity alone popularized and reduced to practice the teachings that the Greek genius had only been able to conceive. And how?

1st. Christianity invested womanhood with a new dignity; it glorified maternity and virginity as well in Mary, Virgin and Mother, the second Eve, who gave the world to the new Adam, Christ, the man God. 2nd. Henceforth women that have braved the lions in the amphitheatre; women who have lent their wise counsels in affairs of state, like an Helena and a Clothilda, or have led sinners by the hand in the path of conversion, like Monica; women who have helped to uprear the edifice of religious orders like a Scholastica, all these women receive the honors of saint-hood upon Christian altars.

3d. Under the more suave Christian civil polity, women are granted civil liberty. They in turn lend a gentle influence to laws and manners. They are allowed to take an active part in education. They are allotted the realm of alms and charitable works, they are enthroned as queens of the domestic circle; and, as queens of the heart they gently command and win the affections of children, husbands and brothers. They became angels of peace, and inspirers of every virtue. Such was the common type of womanhood which developed under the genial warmth and sunshine of Christian teaching.

It is no wonder then that side by side with women who possessed such personal dignity we find throughout the middle ages, not mere flirting gallants, but knights without fear and without reproach, brave defenders of the helpless fair, the loveliness of whose virtue oft exposed them to the violence of unjust lords. Chivalry flourished, savage instincts were tamed, the sentiment of honor was developed, and what was the honor so highly prized by the Christian chevalier, if not, as Ozanam says: "that manly modesty which forbade a brave man to commit any action that could call a blush to the countenance of his lady."

And again when Christian artists began to sing and paint and carve with skill, when they sought to re-create in their works the divine conceptions of the beautiful, they found in woman the most perfect type of beauty, not of sensuous beauty, but of spiritual beauty, which they immortalized in their works. The poems and art productions of that period are largely heart offerings of the purest Platonic love laid at the feet of womanly loveliness by poet, saint, painter, and sculptor. We can then easily understand how, not only possible, but how easy it was for Dante to look upon a woman with the manly, pure, unselfish devotion which he lavished upon Beatrice.

II.

To understand how Dante came to give to the Beatrice of his Divine Comedy an allegorical, a figurative, or mystic sense, it is well to recall that the real and the ideal are two things, that there can be nothing ideal or figurative without something real. It is necessary to recall that Christian scholars had long ago discovered in the scriptures a literal and a figurative sense. Many of the saints of the old testaments, besides being persons, are types or figures of Christ. So, too, the saints, the real perfect men of the new law, pass into types or ideals of the virtues

they practiced and represent. A saint who has excelled in repentance, like Mary Magdalen, or in wisdom like St. Catherine of Alexandria, becomes for individuals, families, and nations, the example and patron of these virtues, and people take their names at baptism and range themselves under their protection. Thus have the days of the week and the months of the year and various associations of men in Christian countries, been placed under the patronage of some saint, who shines by the splendor of some special virtue, or who knows how to console the afflicted and to pity the frailties of weak humanity. This power to assist us is conceived as a part of the glory and happiness of the saints.

Symbolism is founded upon the interrelation of realities and ideas. If from out the realities that exist we try to discover and to express the divine types according to which the things were made, the art production will have in it more of the divine than the realities themselves.

Christian symbolism has done a great deal for art by imparting to the real, an ideal meaning. In catacombs Noah's ark is symbol of hope.

Everywhere Raphael paints abstract ideas under real forms. In the Stanze of the Vatican, you walk amid abstractions clad in human form. Theology is amongst these, and is painted in the garb in which Dante represents her in the Divine Comedy.

Dante had already written of Beatrice, and had canonized her in his songs, a poetic license indulged in by many a poet before him and since. But in this new presentation of her, he was obliged to "embellish her with new attributes distinguishing her from the ordinary throng of saintly women." Hence, he will assign to her a lofty station and vast empire, he will make her speak as the highest science, sacred theology. Had he not met her at nine years of age, and did she not die in her twenty-seventh year? Nine! Always nine! And nine is the square of *three*, and three means the Blessed Trinity, the subject of theology. She will then discourse of divine mysteries.

Again, was not her name Beatrice, "she who gives happiness?"—and what is the way to reach supreme bliss but by hearkening to the sacred oracles of religion, which purifies and illuminates the soul and makes it fit for happiness. She had been to him on earth, and to many others, the embodiment of the beneficent influence of religion, and this she is to continue to be in a yet more exalted way in his grand mystic song. She will be transformed into a veritable patroness, and consequently into a figure of theology.

And, anyway, it is as thus represented she appears in the five concluding cantos of Purgatory. There, sitting on her car of triumph, Beatrice (once of the *Vita Nuova*) 'is girt with the olive branch of wisdom, wears the white veil of faith, the green mantle of hope, and the flaming tunic of charity;' the cardinal and theologic virtues accompany her.

She interprets the scriptures. She puts to flight the enemies of the church. She guards tradition and conquers error. This is the role of sacred theology of which Beatrice is here the symbol.

Virgil calls her, "Thou by whose aid the human race penetrates beyond sublunary things." She is also called "The praise of God, the light interposed between the intellect and the truth." Now these are attributes of theology.

For Dante the beautiful was the splendor of the true; with him the true, the good and the beautiful were objects of intensest worship. Theology is the highest expression of intellectual and moral truth. Justice is a moral virtue and theology sings of it in hell. Science corresponds to truth and triumphs in the person of Beatrice as she views the procession of the church triumphant in purgatory, the effect of the good is love, and the triumph of love is in paradise.

It is not surprising that Beatrice, as theology, becomes more and more luminous and beauteous as she passes on with her charge from planet to planet and approaches nearer and nearer to that dazzling center of light which is God. No wonder that as the poet gazes upon his gentle guide her smile is such as would make him happy in the fire. As onward they mount and her face yet more radiates the divine, such is his rapture she must bid him remember that "not in her eyes alone is paradise." Finally when, after the beautiful invocation to Mary, he is lead into the glowing presence of God, her service is done, she modestly retires, and leaves him in blissful contemplation of God. Such is theology, that woos the soul by reflecting the splendor of truth and thus gently leading man to the ecstatic vision of truth's own reality, itself becomes effaced in the very effulgence of the object it has so faithfully mirrored.

These considerations will suffice to show how consistently we may hold that the Beatrice of Dante is both a real and historic person in the life of the poet and an allegorical person in the structure of the poem. Let me conclude with a thought borrowed, as are many others throughout this paper, from the eloquent pages of Ozanam. The Divine Comedy is the apotheosis of Beatrice; in this magnificent temple reared by his own genius did he hang up his votive offering to Sacred Science. If the artist can thus immortalize his chosen one, what crowns will not God bestow upon his elect!

E.L.R.

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EDITORIAL.

St. Viateur's day, October 21, the patronal feast of the college has gone into the great past, but its memory and the lessons its celebration taught will not be soon blotted from our minds. Nothing is better calculated to produce lasting effects upon the hearts and minds of students than the celebration of college holidays.

In the first place, extraordinary efforts are made by the students to fittingly commemorate these events, and this in itself is of the utmost importance. Effort is both the law and measure of mental development, and, therefore, whatever incites us to vigorous effort is highly beneficial.

We know of nothing that so draws out the energy and enthusiasm of students as preparing for college celebrations. They are impelled at these times to make sacrifices of which they are incapable at other periods of the year, and without doubt, this reacts powerfully on their minds and characters.

But this is only one of the good effects produced by these occasions. Those who take part in the play are brought into close contact with the finest literature and the best and noblest thought of the language. This is certainly an invaluable feature of these entertainments. The intense application and earnest study required to master one of the great dramas so as to be able to present it on the stage, is certainly no mean educational factor.

This explains the literary taste and insight those usually acquire who frequently take part in the rendition of dramas, and this is perfectly natural since the most essential requisite for correct interpretation of dramatic thought is a full comprehension of the meaning of the composition and the spirit of the character represented.

CLASSICAL STUDIES.

There are few classical students, perhaps, who have not, at some time during their course, asked the question, "Of what use is it to study Latin and Greek?" Most of us will certainly not put our knowledge of these two languages to much practical use outside the college walls, and consequently many are led to conclude that all the time spent in the study of these difficult languages is, to say the least, time misspent, if not absolutely lost. "What proficiency," they exclaim, "one might acquire in the use of his native tongue if he expended all the energy in mastering its idioms, peculiarities, and beauties, and familiarizing himself with the productions of the great masters of his own language, which is required to spell out the meaning of Virgil or Cicero, Xenophon or Homer.

But those who speak thus have not a true conception of the aim of right education. They confound it with a mere knowledge of facts whereas this is but incidental to it. The only education that is worthy of the name is that which seeks to so develop the mental faculties that they can apply themselves vigorously and profoundly to any problem of life. Now the surest test of intellectual power, is the ability to concentrate the mind on the subject under consideration. There is no student who has ever earnestly tried to apply his mind to some serious topic of thought but has experienced the difficulty of keeping his thoughts concentrated on the subject. Nothing but the most rigid and continued discipline can enable us to overcome this defect of mind-wandering.

It is precisely in this respect that the study of the old classic tongues is of so much value. There is no such thing as a desultory reading of them. We are obliged to weigh every word and phrase before we can get at their meaning. Here is mental discipline, and when this is kept up for five or six years it cannot fail to produce a lasting effect upon the mind. This, it seems to me, is a most desirable effect, and if the classics did nothing else but train the mind to this concentration, they would be worthy of the serious attention of every student who desires strength of mind more than a parrot-like knowledge of isolated facts.

Suppose we grant for the sake of argument that the knowledge of Latin and Greek is of no immediate use, (though this is more than we are bound to admit) would this be sufficient to condemn their study as a loss of time? As well might you cen-

sure the conduct of the athlete, who, before engaging in some supreme trial of strength, spends his days in using dumb-bells and Indian clubs. This exercise is certainly of no immediate service, but he has thereby so trained and developed his muscles that he is much better able to grapple with an adversary and to endure some severe physical strain.

So it is with the mind. The training and discipline it receives from the long study of the ancient languages so develops its powers that it becomes a far more efficient instrument, and this, if rightly understood, is the chief end of all education. After all a young man knows very little even when he has completed a college course, but if his mind is open, vigorous and active, capable of sustained effort and patient of labor, he will be a powerful adversary in any controversy. Since, then, the study of the classics contributes so much to produce this quality of mind, far from being despised, it should be earnestly pursued. The advantages I have enumerated are by no means all the classics have to offer, but these are sufficient to show the value of this study.

THE PATRONAL FEAST OF ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE.

The young learner is not long installed in his studies in St. Viateur's College when he realizes that it is not only by the rigid precepts of the class-room, but also by appropriate festivities, that his mental and moral development is sought and effected, and he soon learns to prize and love the abode where, as Ovid says, "he finds with household feasts, the holy days come in yearly circle."

The patronal feast of the college is the first of these holy days and "household feasts." It is in many respects a landmark in the scholastic year; it marks the beginning of the winter term, with its attendant inaugurations of *academice*, reading circles, debating societies, etc.; it foreshadows the end of the student's classic *Indian summer*, and means a curriculum increasing with the length of the evening hours. And, withal, it is the feast which he hails with keenest pleasure, because it is the feast of his rectors and teachers—"it resounds with the voices of a royal throng." (Ovid.)

This year, St. Viateur's Day was celebrated in a very worthy manner by his clients at Bourbonnais Grove. On the eve of the 21st, the Thespians enacted "Alfred the Great," a play

adapted from the French by the very reverend president, M. J. Marsile.

The drama was divided into four acts, and was rich in lessons of Christian morality. The first act portrayed the victorious inroads of the Danish invaders, the treason of Dilken, the defeat of the Saxons. In the second, Alfred is seen disguised as a minstrel, seeking his son Edmund in the very midst of the Danish camp. He instructs his young son to be constant to his belief in Christ, but ere going, his own faith is put to a severe test. He is commanded by Guthrum to trample under foot the crucifix, but instead he approaches, embraces, and adores it. The Danish chieftain admires his courage, and dismisses him with a message to the Saxon king. This in the last two acts are represented the repentance and return of Dilken, the defeat of the Danes, the delivery of Edmund, and the supreme lesson of Christian clemency in the pardon of Guthrum.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alfred the Great.....	J. H. Nawn
Edmund, his son.....	R. Daily
Asser, friend and adviser of Alfred.....	W. P. Cleary
Dilken.....	J. P. St. Cerny
Egil, his brother.....	A. Hansl
Odda.....	J. Carey
Aslang.....	J. Cannon
Oella.....	J. O'Brien
Ekar.....	E. Marcotte
Ethered.....	J. King
Guthrum, King of the Danes.....	J. Kangley
Minred.....	J. Legris
Oskytul.....	A. Caron
Amund.....	T. Casgrove
A Messenger.....	D. Hayden

ENTR' ACTES.

Selection.....	College Orchestra
Miserere (Il Trovatore).....	Columbian Quartette
Sunset.....	Minim Quartette
Selection.....	College Band

The stage of Roy Hall owes no mediocre tribute to Mr. Nawn. For years he has been the leading character in every play that has graced its boards and each time he has given fresh evidences of his powers as a cultured actor, "who knows well how to give each part a befitting utterance" (Horace). The scene of repressed emotion when Alfred meets his son in the enemy's camp, the dread battle with despair and blasphemy in his misfortunes, his song of fell defiance in his rôle as Danish skalda,—are monuments to his histrionic attainments.

Mr. J. Kangley is also a familiar name on the college programs; and he has often impersonated personages of no second-

ary importance. In his part as Guthrum, King of the Danes, his acting was strong and realistic and deserves much praise. J. St. Cerny, A. Hansl, J. Legris in their respective rôles give promise of a stage talent which we hope to see developed under the guidance of skillful professors. The Entr' Actes selections formed a befitting counterpart to the actors' grace of movement and eloquence of word and look. The *Miserere* from *Il Trovatore* by the Columbian Quartette deserved and received an enthusiastic *encore*. Much credit is due to the Rev. Brother St. Aubain the musical director, under whose guidance the vocal selections had been prepared.

The College Band and Orchestra, though they lost many of their best members in the graduates of last year, have however, through the efforts of the Rev. Dr. Legris, shown no sign of decadence but that they can still elicit the traditional applause that greets their every appearance.

But the "holy day" was not to be forgotten amid the household and literary feast. At the early mass the students approached the holy table in a body, and their piety yielded proof and homage to the zeal of the clerics of St. Viateur. At 8:30 a.m. a solemn high mass was sung in the chapel, at which the Rev. F. McDevitt officiated as celebrant assisted by Revs. J. F. Cannon and J. Swerth as deacon and sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by the very reverend president, with the eloquence which is his wont, he panegyricized the patron of his order and college; and we regret space will not admit at least a summary account of his latest mosaic in oratory. The mass selected for the occasion was Farmer's, and its rendition was excellent.

After mass dinner was served to the visiting clergy and friends of the institution. In the afternoon the visitors reviewed the several military companies that drilled for their entertainment. Of these the Zouaves of the senior division and the Columbian guards of the minim department evinced superior training in the difficult manœuvres they performed. An impromptu entertainment of song, pantomime and music brought the day to a close, and as the students settled down to the stern realities consequent on the feast of St. Viateur's they would exclaim with Ovid, "*Salve, festa dies, meliorque revertere semper!*"

Among the many visitors we noticed the following:

Reverends F. X. Chainnard, C.S.V., St. George, Ill.; C. P. Foster, Joliet, Ill.; J. Lamb, Lyons, Ill.; J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., Chicago, Ill.; O. R. Bourdeau, Manteno, Ill.; A. Labrie, Mo-

mence, Ill.; J. H. Cannon, Gibson City, Ill.; M. J. Krug, J. V. Lamarre, F. J. McDevitt, J. P. Suerth, Chicago, Ill.; M. T. Dugast, Ste. Marie; C. Poissant, A. Granger, W. Hacket, Kankakee, Ill.; D. O'Dwyer, Chebanse, Ill.; J. H. Marsile, Trinidad Island; J. Kelly, Gilman, Ill.; Miss Chainnard, St. George, Ill.; Mrs. Shane, Mr. and Mrs. Shield, Mrs. Chanaze, Miss C. Cartan, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Sullivan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Griffin, Mrs. Luby, Miss Luby, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Lesage, Dr. Grosselin, T. A. Legris, Mrs. Kane, the Misses Callan, Mr. and Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Lynch, Mrs. Daley Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Farnsworth, Miss Burke, Miss Levitt, Mrs. King, Miss King, J. Hogan, W. Rooney, Professor Kanyon, M. Berry, A. G. Burke, Joe Burke, W. Krueger, P. Chalifaux, Master Allen, Master Ray Hildreth, E. Levitt, N. J. Shannon, Arm. Granger, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Hansl, Kankakee, Ill.; Mrs. Beck, Chebanse, Ill.; Mrs. Crivier, Kankakee, Ill.; Misses Malone, Wilton Centre; Miss Sanesack, St. George, Ill.; W. Fay, R. Fay, St. Louis, Mo.; Jas Crawford, Melvil, Ill.; Master J. Keefe, Kentland, Ind.; Master Nusièrè, Manteno, Ill.; S. H. Wilson, Minneapolis, Minn.; W. Romine, Urbana, Ill.; Miss L. Cartan, Mr. Cartan, Chicago, Ill. T. J. G.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI'S VISIT.

Most Reverend Paul Bruchesi, D.D., Archbishop of Montreal, Canada, paid a short visit to the college, October 18, as the guest of the reverend president. The most reverend archbishop, accompanied by several of his priests, arrived at the college late in the evening and was cordially received by the priests and faculty.

The next morning his grace said mass in the college chapel, at which all the students assisted. The Reverends Father Marsile, C.S.V., and Dr. Laberge were the assistant priests at the mass. After breakfast the distinguished prelate was escorted to the college hall where the different companies of the S.V.C. battalion were drawn up to receive him. As soon as he had taken his seat on the stage, Mr. J. H. Nawn came forward and read the following address of welcome:

Most Reverend Archbishop, Your Grace:

It is ever with new delight that St. Viateur's College throws wide open her portals to welcome a prince of the church. And with especial gladness do we greet, now as an archbishop, one whose genial presence once before graced our dear *alma mater*.

We have not forgotten the warm, friendly and inspiring words you then addressed to us. But your name has since passed on every lip and remained enshrined in every heart.

While a canon of the cathedral of Catholic Montreal representing "La Nouvelle France" at the World's Columbian Exposition, you earned for yourself an enviable reputation as an eminent leader in educational matters, and under your able direction, the Canadian educational exhibit won for Catholic Canada a high place among the progressive countries of our enlightened age. By this splendid service you have made the Catholic world your debtor. The principle of solidarity makes all nations sisters—sisters in faith and in gratitude toward those whose distinguished labors lend our faith such commanding strength and winsome beauty.

We have an additional motive for welcoming you with grateful joy among us. You are the worthy successor of the saintly Bourget and the zealous Fabre, to whose farseeing and generous devotion Bourbonnais owes those capable educators, the clerics of St. Viateur, from whose consecrated lives we receive the inestimable benefits of a Christian education.

Nor has Ville Marie, under your all-embracing charity, as the great Catholic cities of France and Ireland, ceased to be the fruitful mother of apostolic sons, whose country is any land where there are souls to save, and whose sphere of action is wherever God's work is to be done.

May God long preserve you among the flock, whose good shepherd you truly are, over the grand archdiocese over which you exercise such wise and beneficent rule. May you return safe to those to whom you have by so many ties endeared yourself, carrying with you the assurance of our profoundest esteem and most respectful affection.

The most reverend archbishop replied in a few apt and well chosen remarks, the substance of which was that he was pleased to be the recipient of so many marks of esteem and honor, not so much because they were offered to him individually, but because they showed the devotion and respect the students of St. Viateur's have for God's hierarchy, of which he had the honor of being a member. He said that he always felt perfectly at home when he visited an institution conducted by the clerics of St. Viateur, because in a way they are his spiritual children, since they have a large college and many academies and parochial schools in his archdiocese. This community, said the arch-

bishop, has given many worthy priests to the church and hundreds of able citizens to the state. It shall always be my endeavor, he added, to be to the clerics of St. Viateur what the great Bishop Bourget was to them, a constant friend and a faithful protector. The archbishop concluded by granting a grand conge to the students.

ST. VIATEUR'S VS. MOMENCE.

The football season of '99, opened September 28, with a victory for St. Viateur's over their old time rivals, Momence.

Being the first game for the college team, and tired out after the long and tedious ride over to the grounds, the team work was a little below standard. In all-around play, however, St. Viateur's excelled.

The Momence team had only four chances to advance the ball throughout the game, but in only one instance did they do so, with any success, and that was at the beginning of the game, when Chipman, the l. h. b. of Momence, by the aid of fine interference, circled St. Viateur's left end, and made a touchdown from the center of the field. Gibson missed an easy goal. Score, Momence 5; St. Viateur's 0.

After the kick-off both teams lined up fast. Momence was held for three downs, and the ball was passed over to St. Viateur's. Time and again they smashed into Momence's line, tearing down everything in front of them until finally the ball was landed on the five-yard line, then with one mighty rush Momence was swept over the line for a touchdown. Hanlon kicked goal. Score, St. Viateur's 6; Momence 5.

During the remainder of the half the ball was kept in the possession of the college eleven and they were dangerously near Momence's goal when time was called for the first half.

Momence opened the second half with the kick-off. The ball was brought back from the ten-yard line to the center of the field by Moran. Successive gains through the line by Sullivan, Moran and McShane brought the ball within ten yards of Momence's goal; then Caron and Lamarre advanced it five yards more, and McShane was sent across the line for another touchdown. Hanlon kicked a difficult goal. Score, St. Viateur's, 12; Momence, 5.

Momence again kicked off and Sullivan received the ball, but he only succeeded in advancing it ten yards. The college

eleven were making great headway when a fumble put an end to the fine work. Momence, on lining up, succeeded in making two small gains, but were afterwards held for downs. The ball was again passed over to St. Viateur's, who had begun to grow weary. They, after three vain attempts to advance, were compelled to return the ball to Momence, who, by an end play, advanced it to within ten yards of Viateur's goal.

By excellent defensive work, however, they were held for three down, and then time was called.

For St. Viateur's the backs did great work. Moran, Sullivan, and McShane, distinguishing themselves by fierce line bucking and hard tackling. Hanlon, at quarter, played a steady game, getting the ball away as fast as received.

In the line, Martin at tackle, was a tower of strength, making large holes for the backs to go through. Armstrong, Heffernan, Whalen, Hayden, and Caron did steady playing throughout.

Line up was as follows:

ST. VIATEUR'S.	POSITIONS.	MOMENCE.
Caron.....	left end.....	T. Metcaff
Hayden.....	left tackle.....	E. Metcaff
Heffernan.....	left guard.....	Berger
Armstrong.....	center.....	Cantnay
Whalen.....	right guard.....	Dennis
Martin.....	right tackle.....	Hanson
Lamarre.....	right end.....	Carter
Hanlon.....	quarter back.....	Morgan
Sullivan.....	left half back.....	Chipman
Moran.....	right half back.....	Marshall
McShane.....	full back.....	Gibson

Score, St. Viateur's, 12; Momence, 5. Touchdowns, Chipman, Moran, McShane. Goal, Hanlon 2. Time of game, two 25-minute halves. Referee, L. J. Tong. Umpire, Griffin. Linesmen, G. Bergeron and J. H. King.
T.C.

KANKAKEE VS. ST. VIATEUR'S.

On the 18th of October was played one of the most brilliant and exciting games that ever occurred on St. Viateur's gridiron. The morn' of the above date was cloudy and threatened rain, but at the eleventh hour the sun came from behind the clouds and poured its bright rays upon the earth. This made the day an ideal one for foot ball. The Kankakee team arrived on the 2:30 p.m. car, their faces beaming with smiles in anticipation of victory. Large and muscular fellows composed their team, who averaged 170 pounds. Such a team to line up against St. Viateur's was a little disheartening at first, but the game was not long under way when it became apparent that brawn is not the only factor that insures success on the gridiron. The Kankakee

team put up a stubborn fight, and though defeated, have no reason to be ashamed of the showing they made.

The college boys remembered their last year's defeat, and such a reminiscence of the past filled them with courage and a determination to overthrow the opposing team.

The details of the game:

Captains Moran and Schneider tossed the coin; the latter winning, chose the north goal, and agreed to play twenty minute halves.

Hanlon kicked ball to Schneider, who advanced to the twenty-five yard line. Kankakees could not gain yards after two attempts, so were forced to punt the ball. Then was the chance for St. Viateur's.

By the judgment of the quarter back the weak points of Kankakee's line were soon found, then began the series of line bucks, massing upon tackle and center, thus revolving their way to a clear field. By interference well formed, Sullivan gained a clear field and made a run of forty yards for touch down. Goal was missed; score 5-0; play 5 minutes and 20 seconds for touch down. Kankakee kicked off, the ball being handled by Hayden who ran only a short distance when downed. Having found the weak spots of Kankakee's line, the college team played hard upon them and gained continually their yards.

The ball was lost on a fumble, and Kankakee worked up the field a short distance, when they lost the ball. Only a minute play and thirty yards from goal, Hanlon called for a place kick; the pigskin went sailing between the two goal posts. This won great applause from the spectators. End of first half, score 10 to 0.

On the resumption of play in second half, Turner kicked off to Hanlon, who advanced twenty yards. Same course of signals were given, and Moran, guarded by interference, ran about thirty yards.

The ball in the second half was in the opponents' territory most of the time, and again a place kick was signaled, but failed to score. The score was 10 to 0 in favor of the home team. Captain St. Cerny finds it difficult to compliment any man alone, for all put up such a good showing, it would be unjust. The team work was something that resembled the works of a watch, all the players working in harmony. It is his wish that such excellent work continue in the future, and he assures the team success will crown their efforts.

The line-up was as follows:

KANKAKEE.	POSITIONS.	ST. VIATEUR'S.
Houlihan.....	center.....	Armstrong
Schneider (Captain).....	right guard.....	Heffernan
Brosseau.....	right tackle.....	Martin
Durham.....	right end.....	Cahill
Bonfield.....	left guard.....	Whalen
Davis.....	left tackle.....	Hayden
Griswold.....	left end.....	Dube
Burns.....	right half back....	Moran (Field Capt.)
Vanboncoeur.....	left half back.....	Sullivan
Turner.....	full back.....	McShane
Hicox.....	quarter back.....	Hanlon

Referee, Tong. Umpire, Griffin. Timekeepers, Vancé, King. Linesmen, Bergeron, Hicker. Halves, 20 minutes. J. St. C.

EXCHANGES.

One of the most pleasant features of college journalism is the arrival of exchanges. They are like so many congenial friends, who, on account of their uniformity of taste and purposes, delight in one another's conversation. Again, these literary friends have honored our sanctum, and we are glad to welcome not only our old acquaintances but several new arrivals.

The *Scholastic* of Notre Dame, still continues to peal forth literary notes of the best quality. In recent numbers "The Resources of Literature" forms the subject of a very interesting essay. Articles on "The Appartus for Wireless Telegraphy" and "The Microscope" are also treated in an instructive manner.

The *Young Eagle* for the month of September contains some very interesting matter. "The Old and New" is the title of a very pretty poem. "Art and Morals" furnished the subject of a well written essay.

The *Dial* comes to our table this month abounding with all its usual excellence. "On the St. Claire" is especially interesting. "When Day is Done" is quite a beautiful poetic production.

The opening number of *The Mercury* was one of the first exchanges to arrive at our sanctum. We read it with great pleasure and found its matter, as it ever has been, excellent. "With a grain of Salt" is the title of a story of considerable literary merit.

The Tamarack surpasses anything in the line of journalism which we have thus far seen. Its table of contents presents an

array of inviting themes, which, from their diversity, cannot fail to enlist the attention of the most casual reader. Poetry, fiction, philosophy, wit and humor, all find a place in its pages.

The Herald of the Holyoke High School is a vivacious little journal. It abounds in a number of happily written articles mainly of local importance. There is a tendency however, to exclude more solid matter and we hope to see in the next edition a little more of the latter.

D. J. HAYDEN, 1900.

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