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FAC ET SPERA.

LEO XIII.

SINGER of wisdom's eternal song,
Bard with thy harp of truth,
Stirring the hearts of the weary throng
To beat with pulse of youth,
To thee our praise, heaven-illuminated Pope,
Bringing God's message of faith and hope.

Envoy of heaven, defender of right,
Justice and mercy thy mail.
Champion of souls in the quest of light,
Nations their guardian hail.
To thee, mild conqueror, mankind's acclaim,
"Pontiff of Peace," thy immortal name !

Shepherd of Christ's universal fold,
Bearing the staff of prayer ;
Guiding the faithful through duty's wold ;
Loving mankind, thy care.
Today humanity sends to thee
Tributes of love for thy Jubilee.

WM. CLEARY.

BYRON IN SPAIN.

(Childe Harold, Canto I.)

BYRON'S judgment of Spaniards is unjustly severe. That there is some foundation in fact for some of the vices ascribed to them we are ready to admit. But we neither admit that the Spaniards are addicted to all the vices that Byron accuses them of, nor do we admit them guilty of those into which they have fallen, in the excessive measure that the English poet fancies them to be guilty. In his description of Spanish traits, Byron flies into extremes, just as he does in his treatment of various other subjects. It is quite unfair to make it appear that uncleanness, for instance, is a characteristic or distinctive feature of the Spanish people. Byron does not hesitate to apply the most contemptuous epithets to the Spaniards, describing them as filthy, unkept, unwashed, swarming in dinginess and poverty. He could have met more loathesome sights of filthiness and could have seen more deplorable cases of poverty in certain quarters of London. (S. 17). He calls them poor, paltry slaves, yet "born midst noblest scenes," and wonders why nature wastes her Elysian grandeur on such men. (S. 18). He says of the idle shepherds that they are as proud as the noblest duke. (S. 33). Byron must like to pile on as many accusations as are within reach when he makes the Spaniards in general both low and cringing slaves and, at the same time, makes the peasants proud as the most arrogant grandees. This apparent contradiction is amusing.

Spaniards are further credited with being the veriest slaves of treachery, a "Kingless people for a nerveless state," where traitors flourish and treachery is rife, a bloodthirsty, cruel and revengeful race of men, among whom murder prowls unrestrained.

"Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
Go read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife:
What'er keen vengeance urged on foreign foe
Can act, is acting there against man's life."

Here, again, it is certain that this dark picture is overdrawn, just for effect. Spaniards make war a hell and so do other nations. International law justifies many acts which appear atrocious. In our own day we have heard Spain condemned for tolerating Weyler's policy of concentration. Yet now, upon second thought, even

we Americans admit that this policy was justifiable, according to the laws of war. Perhaps we feel vulnerable on account of certain recent doings of our soldiers in the Philippines. The sympathetic Anglo-Saxons have not been such paragons of tenderness and mercy toward the Irish, the Indians and others whom they have converted into irreconcilable enemies. It is not true that Spain heads the list in matters of cruelty. Byron writes a ringing stanza in according her the palm, but this stanza, as well as many others, is nothing but a vulgar calumny, set in rhyme.

Byron charges the Spaniards with being bad Sabbath keepers, whereas the Londoners are prayerful on that day. Spaniards make Sunday the jubilee of man—by attending bull fights in the afternoon. Englishmen attend church in the morning and take a ride in the afternoon. Spaniards all attend mass in the morning and spend part of the afternoon in witnessing a bull fight. There is nothing particularly sanctifying or scandalous about either kind of recreation, that is, riding or seeing a spectacle even on Sunday. It then remains much a matter of individual or national taste, as to which sort of lawful amusement people will indulge in on that day. Spaniards prefer bull fights and that is all. It seems as hard for a non-Catholic Englishman to understand the sunny, joyousness of the Catholic Sunday in Latin countries as it is for him to understand the truth and beauty of Catholic devotions anywhere.

It may be a case of Pharasaical scandal, but Byron finds the Spaniards too gay on Sundays, and dubs them saint adorers for saying their rosary. It is hard to believe that Byron, who was an intelligent man, did not know the nature of the devotion paid to the Blessed Virgin by Catholics, and that this devotion is not adoration, but veneration. But Byron is little concerned about the truth. He must indulge in horse play and he does. Of Cadiz (on Sundays) he says:

“Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine
The saint adorers sound the rosary;
Much is the Virgin teased to shrive them free
(Well do I ween the only Virgin there)
From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be,
Then to the crowded circus forth they fare;
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversions share.”

"Tease" is a contemptuous word. It is also ill-fitting for adorers to tease the one whom they adore. "Well do I ween the only Virgin there," is a malicious insult flung in the face of a whole city; that line and the next carry the direct accusation that these worshipful inhabitants of Cadiz were all libertines and criminals of the deepest dye. It would be just as unkind and not more true to say that in certain places in England and elsewhere virgins were few after Byron had visited them.

A sort of innate gallantry has always led men to exalt the bravery displayed by women in momentous national conflicts. Joan of Arc, the Women of Limerick, Mollie Pitcher and others have been the theme of orator and poet. Byron admires the heroism of the maid of Saragoza, who "o'er the yet warm dead stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread." The four or five stanzas that celebrate the exploits of this heroine are, perhaps, the best inspired and most happily executed of the entire first canto. Yet is there noticeable a lack of grandeur of motives in the deeds of this dark-eyed, long-haired and sylph-like young woman of Saragoza. She fights, says Byron, to appease the ghost of her slain lover, to avenge the leader's fall. These are the inspirations of her courage, and as these are personal motives they do not entitle this heroine to rank among those whose courage was fired by more unselfish, more patriotic, more universal and elevated motives.

Byron is partial to the plastic beauty of Spanish women, to which he devotes many stanzas to tell us they are formed for all the witching arts of love; he tells us of "soft chins," "lips whose kisses pout to leave their nest," of "glances wildly beautiful." Nor England's wan and languid dames, nor the houries of Turkish harems can compare with Spanish women's beauty, which "even a cynic must avow." The beauty of Spanish women makes Spain a Mohamedan paradise, says Byron, and in saying this he seems to have exhausted all the resources of his genius in his attempt to exalt the fairness and loveliness of Spain's dark-glancing daughters. Occurring in the course of this description of Spanish women we find the words, "noble mind" and "angelically kind." Yet it is these same high-minded women who engage in what Byron calls riotous sport, interspersed with monkish devotions. It is these same angelically kind females who can view without shrinking nor affecting to mourn, the freshly torn entrails of the forest monarch, gored in the

sports of the arena. People who have seen Spain and witnessed a bull fight will agree that the poet gives a graphic and very animated account of that lively conflict.

Throughout this first canto, it is remarkable that the expression is always a great deal better than the thought or the sentiment. Byron is here more happy in the description of scenery than he is just in the appreciation of character. He is extravagant alike in decrying the men of Spain and in praising the beauty of its women. We like to think that he exaggerates his own faults. According to Taine's judgment, it is characteristic of Byron to know no measure and to act like a bull in a china shop.

Now, in this canto where he speaks of Spain, the land of chivalry and romance, one could wish that Byron had been more in sympathy with his subject and that instead of immortalizing the physical beauty of Andalusian women and the Amazonian courage of Spanish maidens, that instead of magnifying those traits of the Spaniards which make them appear a race of bloodthirsty desperadoes, vengeful cut-throats and finished libertines, one could wish that he had allowed himself to be inspired by what is really grand and glorious in the history of that nation. What beautiful things he could have said of the simplicity, the courteous urbanity, the religious fidelity of the Spaniards, of the glories of Ferdinand, of Isabella, of Louis de Leon, of the learning and sanctity of St. Theresa and the literary eminence of Lope de Vega and Calderon. All these subjects his muse ignores; or rather his English prejudice prevented him from being wrought upon by them.

Ever since the unfortunate rupture between Henry VIII. and Catharine of Arragon, his virtuous queen, there has been no sympathy, but positive hatred, between England and Spain. Spain is Catholic, England is Protestant. Modern English history and fiction and even poetry, have conspired to vilify Spain. Our own writers, as Washington Irving, Lowell, Prescott have been fairer. And recently, Chas. Lummis, in his "Spanish Pioneers in America," is remarkably just, though not a Catholic. Corneille, in the "Cid," has immortalized that great Spanish hero, Roderigo Diaz, the unconquerable conqueror. It is for these reasons that we are constrained to make these strictures on this part of the poem, and, while we admire its many poetic touches, we are obliged to qualify our praise of this canto of Childe Harold.

R.

AN IRISH SOLDIER'S VISION.

BELONGING to a family remarkable for devotion to its native island, I was raised with all the martial instincts of my race, and my intense hate for my country's foes induced me to seek an early military career. At the first news of war between the Transvaal and England, I heartily espoused the cause of the young republic and going to South Africa I cast my fortunes with the gallant little nation. Many youthful Irish lads accompanied me, and we hoped that our example would arouse our friends at home to strike again for liberty. What a glorious nation Erin would be, thought I, with her host of intrepid soldiers, her poets, her martyrs and her learned saints.

After offering my services to President Kreuger, I was appointed as one of his body guard; but, distinguished as my position was, it did not suit me. I wanted active service, where I could make my country's foe jig to the music of Irish bullets. In accordance with my wishes, I was mustered into a company leaving that night for Spion Kop. After a long, tedious march, cheerfully made, we reached Spion Kop in time to become acquainted with our companions and to know the nature of our surroundings. There was plenty of ammunition in the fort; but small as our force of men was, arms were at a premium. During the night the English arrived and pitched camp a short distance from the kop. Morning broke and revealed their powerful army drawn up in line of battle. Such a force, so effectively equipped, was enough to discourage resistance; but our position was almost impregnable and, best of all, we had men behind our guns.

Action began early. About 6 o'clock a flank movement was seen on the left wing of the English, and shortly after the entire army was in motion. Their batteries were the first to open fire and then, under cover of the guns, the infantry made a wild dash for the steep incline. They met with a ravaging enfilade from the guns on the Kop and their diminished ranks hastily retreated to a safe distance. A third assault showed them that further attempts to storm the Kop would be useless, and while their troops were reorganizing the batteries kept up a constant fire, without doing any damage. Dead and dying could be seen lying all along the incline; some

partly hidden by the rocks, while others were fully exposed to view. One English soldier almost reached our walls, when he fell. He had several stout rounds of ammunition about him and at his side lay a new rifle, that seemed to be an excellent Mauser. During the battle, my rifle had become clogged and heated and, without a moment's reflection on the danger attached to my design, I scaled the wall, took the rifle and ammunition from the dead soldier and was back on the walls again, when a bullet found a lodging place in my shoulder. Stunned by the shot, I fell to the ground and two of my comrades carried me to a corner of the fort that served as a temporary hospital. The pain in my shoulder became intense and left me in a state of semi-consciousness. I thought the battle had begun again and was raging with redoubled fury. Volumes of smoke seemed to arise from the angry cannons and circle above my head. Then the thought of dying so far from my native land took possession of me and I uttered a fervent prayer to see my country's glory before I died. Immediately the smoke changed into luminous clouds and there issued from them a procession that held me spellbound. First came a group of thirty-two virgins (*), crowned with wreaths of delicate green, and clad in robes as pure as the eternal Alpine snows. Then appeared a boat (**) rigged out in gorgeous splendor, floating on buoyant waves that rivaled the heaven's ethereal blue. Halos shone brightly around the heads (***) of those on board the boat. Then the sweet strains of music heralded a throng of men who fingered silver harps as gently as an evening zephyr stirs the summer's leaves. Immediately after them came a vast multitude of mounted troopers (****), with clanking swords and neighing steeds, and guarding a golden chariot, in which was seated a maiden (*****) of angelic beauty, draped in the graceful folds of a light green robe, upon which were delicately embroidered many a score of tiny golden harps. Her head was adorned with a crown of deep green trefoil and on her breast shone a golden cross, all glittering with rubies. In her hand she held a

*Counties of Ireland.

****Soldiers of Erin.

**The Bark of Peter.

*****Hibernia.

***Irish Saints,

sceptre, which, as she stood in queenly attitude, she gently waved. At this signal, meseemed, all the interesting personages who formed her cortege pressed lovingly around her and intently listened to the words which fell from her lips: "Most potent, grave and reverend seignors," she said, "stout defenders of State and builders of the Church, it has pleased gracious Providence to bring to an end our centuries of vexation. Be we first grateful to Him from whom come all good gifts. 'Tis He has imparted to us constancy and fortitude through all our trials. 'Tis He has inspired our statesmen, the fervid eloquence which, together with the appeals of other nations, has won for us that so long wished for autonomy which now we have regained. No longer shall we feel the oppressor's many wrongs. No more shall our children need exile themselves to find bread. No! But go we to till our fields, to build our factories, to reconstruct our ruined palaces, churches and monasteries. Let schools again flourish and let this isle of ours, which has ever fondly kept burning the flame of sacred truth, again become a great seminary of eminent scholars and zealous apostles. And bear we ever in mind that what has made us an object of admiration before the eyes of the world in the several centuries now closing has been our unswerving fidelity to our religious faith. This faith teaches us to forgive injuries. If we prize it so highly for ourselves, we should deem that same faith the surest pledge that would seal in eternal friendship all the nations of the world. Oh, how, instead of entertaining resentment towards our former oppressors, we should yearn for their return to this sweet faith, the inspirer of their own truest glories! With what horror I recall how that sister nation was violently torn from the bosom of the mother Church! and how, hapless orphan, it has ever since groped its way through a labyrinth of errors! What a pity to have seen so recently the unnatural sons of "the eldest daughter of the church" dishonoring their mother and persecuting that very institution which has left the stamp of its inspiration upon the noblest and most glorious works of this Christian nation! Let the ages have taught us a lesson! Be it our chief glory to stand forth as the model Catholic nation of the modern age. In the realization of this aim let all our efforts be united: for this the king will rule; for this the wise will enact laws; for this the brave soldiery around us will keep careful vigilance and maintain right order everywhere. Thus and only thus will the

fondest dreams of our greatest patriots ever be realized and shall we fulfill the destiny which Providence has assigned us."

Having concluded her speech amid the enthusiastic applause of her audience, she handed her sceptre to a most dignified elderly personage, upon whose head she also placed her own trefoil crown. The entire assembly then broke forth in grateful song, the first words of which were "Te Deum." As the last echoes of this glorious chant died away, the maiden gave the leader of the troopers a banner, alike in color and ornament unto the robe in which she was vested. "Hibernia, forever !" shouted the soldiers in thunderous acclaim. So loud was the cry that it woke me from my dream.

M. J. B., '04.

MORAL VALUE OF THE PURGATORIO.

(Oration Delivered Before the Oratory Society.)

NOTHING can be more powerful to arouse man from out the dangerous somnolence of despondency, nothing will quicker induce him to rise from the torpor of indifference than the assurance of his ability to attain better things. Man must not only be made to realize the abysmal depths of moral darkness into which he can sink by his ill doings, but he must also be told of the infinite possibilities for moral good he possesses within himself; he must be told of the many and glorious moral conquests which are within his easy reach, he must have whispered into his ear the sweet and inspiring accents of hope that will set his soul ablaze with irresistible desire to soar to the loftiest summits of moral excellence. Surely he must be a callous and incorrigible votary of wickedness, who, utterly blind to all moral improvement, shuts out from his soul the beamy rays of hope, whose light and genial warmth are certain to revive the life of virtue within, were they but allowed to enter. It is not surprising, then, that we justly proclaim him a great moral teacher, who not only strikes salutary fear into our souls by putting before our eyes in flaming pictures the enormity of sin and the terrible suffering it entails, by burning into our souls with words of fire the awful threats of Divine Justice, but who gives us hope by showing us the open arms of God's forgiving mercy, by

reminding us of the supreme reward that awaits the just ones of earth, and thus encouraging us on to the practice of virtue and the love of all that is pure and spiritual and noble, so that when our soul has shaken off this mortal coil it may flee to the bosom of its Creator, there to enjoy perfect happiness for which it craves. Just such a grand and soul uplifting work does Dante perform in the immortal *Purgatorio*.

If there is one thing more than another worthy of notice in this part of the *Divine Comedy*, it is that it is a great hymn of hope; and who gives us hope, uplifts us morally. Hope is the archimedean lever of the moral world. You may ask how, by what means, does the poet cause us to rise from out the mire of sin and make us confidently believe that we may one day dwell in the realms of God's elect? In several ways, as admirable and beautifully spiritual as they are powerful and efficacious. Certainly foremost among them is prayer. It must be evident to the most superficial observer, that Dante throughout the whole of the *Purgatorio* is continually insisting on the efficacy of prayer and exhorting us to its use. In the third canto, when our poet and his guide have arrived at the foot of the mountain of Purgatory, they behold a troop of spirits coming towards them, from whom they learn the easiest ascent. Manfred, King of Naples, is among these shades, and having asked Dante to inform his daughter Costanza of the manner in which he had died, proceeds thus:

"True it is
That such one as in contumacy dies
Against the Holy Church, though he repents,
Must wander thirty fold for all the time
In his presumption past; if such decree
Be not by prayers of good men shorter made."

In the eighth canto, Dante, by an excellently sustained allegory, shows us the power of prayer to combat sin successfully and drive away temptations the moment they appear. Ascending the mountain of Purgatory, he is conducted to a high eminence by Sordello, the Mantuan. From this place they behold a smiling valley beneath, resplendent with natural beauty, bedecked with many

flowers, redolent of sweet fragrances and vibrating with the strains of the *Salve Regina* chanted by the spirits. Into this recess of ideal loveliness, where the joys of anticipation reigned supreme, there subtly crept a serpent, unnoticed by all save the two Guardian Angels of this blessed retreat. The serpent, hearing the air cut by the verdant plumes of the celestial guards who approached it, immediately fled. The introduction of this event into the poem would be to no purpose were there no moral meaning attached to it, but there is and from such a view-point we must consider it. This pleasant vale with its myriad colored flowers, with its fragrant odors and chanting spirits, is symbolical of the soul in the state of grace, at peace with God and trying to become more perfect. The evil serpent, unnoticed in his approach, symbolizes temptation, ever present temptation. The angel guards, who so easily put the serpent to flight, are symbolical of God's grace, by which we can successfully resist temptation and which is obtained through all powerful prayer. Must he not be a moral coward, the ugliest type of moral recreancy, who upon being attacked even by the arch-enemy of his soul, surrenders at once and unconditionally, when legions of grace-bearing angels are within easy calling, and ready to enlist in his cause all the spiritual forces of heaven?

It is not only in Ante-Purgatory that we find our poet dwelling on the effectiveness of prayer, but even in Purgatory itself, where the salvation of the spirits has really begun. Having entered at the gate, he is much pleased to hear the suppliant voices of the spirits join in repeating aloud the Lord's Prayer."

"O, Thou Almighty Father, who dost make
The heavens Thy dwelling, not in bounds confined,
But that with love intenser there Thou viewest
Thy primal effluence; hallowed by Thy name
Join, each created being, to extol
Thy might, for worthy humblest thanks and praise
Is Thy blessed spirit. May Thy kingdom's peace
Come unto us, for we, unless it come,
With all our striving thither, tend in vain.
As, of their will, the angels unto Thee
Tender meet sacrifice, circling Thy throne
With loud hosannas; so, of theirs be done

By saintly men on earth. Grant us this day
Our daily manna, without which he roams
Through this rough desert retrograde, who most
Toils to advance his steps. As we to each
Pardon the evil done us, pardon Thou
Benign, and of our merit take no count.
'Gainst the old adversary prove Thou not
Our virtue easily subdued. But free
From his incitements and defeat his wiles.
This last petition, dearest Lord, is made
Not for ourselves, since that were needless now,
But for their sakes who after us remain."

I might go on, my friends, recalling instance after instance in which Dante makes clear the necessity and power of prayer to combat sin and obtain the graces of which we stand in need. But they are far too numerous to be recounted in the course of this address. They occur in almost every canto, and every reader of the *Purgatorio* not only cannot fail to remark them, but also must admit their expressiveness and force.

Besides manifesting to us the advantages of invoking God to administer to our spiritual wants, and strongly urging us to do so, Dante impresses upon our minds the fact that it is extremely difficult, not to say impossible, to work out our salvation without the aid afforded by the reception of the sacraments.

Asleep and dreaming he is carried up the mountain by Lucia and finds himself, together with Virgil, two hours after sunset, at the entrance of Purgatory, where an angel keeps guard.

"The lowest stair was marble white, so smooth
And polished, that therein my mirrored form
Distinct I saw. The next of hue more dark
Than sablest grain, a rough and singed block,
Cracked lengthwise and across. The third that lay
Massy above, seemed porphyry, that flamed
Red as the life blood spouting from a vein.
On this God's angel either foot sustained
Upon the threshold seated, which appeared a rock of diamond.

Up the trinal steps my leader cheerily drew me.
'Ask,' said he, 'with humble heart that he unbar the bolt.'
Piously at his holy feet devolved
I cast me, praying him for pity's sake
That he would open to me
Then of that hallowed gate. He thrust the door,
Exclaiming, 'Enter, but this warning hear:
He forth again departs who looks behind.' "

This door through which our poet must pass to enter Purgatory, represents the sacrament of penance. The white marble step is symbolical of sincerity, the dark, cracked block of stone, of a contrite heart, the blood-red one symbolizes love toward God. The diamond threshold signifies the solid foundation on which the church rests. Now, as the salvation of the spirits really begins when they have entered the door of Purgatory, so, too, to obtain our own salvation we must purify our souls by frequently receiving the sacraments of the church, and especially must we appear at the tribunal of Penance, of which the door to Purgatory is so expressly significant.

In the Purgatorio Dante uses means to make the soul abhor sin and practice virtue, other than insisting on the efficacy of prayer and the sacraments. One of the most striking of these is the manner in which he describes the awful sufferings that are to be endured ere the ugly scars of sinfulness are effaced from the soul. But trying as is this process of purification, the hopeful spirits submit to it with continual acclamations of God's infinite mercy. On the other hand he admirably puts before our eyes the inherent excellence and beauty of virtue in such a way that we cannot refrain from loving it. Admitted at the gate of Purgatory, our poet and his guide ascend the rock by a winding path and come to an open space that extends around the mountain. On the side fronting them, which is made of white marble, they behold many artistic engravings, exquisitely beautiful, representing examples of humility. Oh, what an eloquent and soul-stirring plea for the practice of this Christ-like virtue, so noble, so sweet, so lovable, have we when Dante, referring to the Annunciation, imaged on the wall, proceeds thus:

"The angel (who came down on earth
With tidings of the peace so many years
Wept for in vain, that oped the heavenly gates
From their long interdict), before me seemed,
In a sweet act, so sculptured to the life,
He seemed no silent image. One had sworn
He had said, "Hail !" for she was imaged there
By whom the key did open to God's love.
And in her act so sensibly impressed
That word, 'Behold the hand-maid of the Lord,'
As figure sealed on wax."

Or, again, when, having just beheld the fearful punishment visited on those expiating the sin of pride, Dante gives us this sage advise :

"Christians and proud. Oh, poor and wretched ones
That, feeble in the mind's eye, lean your trust
Upon unstaïd perverseness. Know ye not
That we are worms, yet made at last to form
The winged insect, impeded with angel plumes,
That to heaven's justice unobstructed soars?
Why buoy ye up aloft your unfledged souls?
Abortive then and shapeless ye remain,
Like the untimely embryo of a worm."

Humility has been well called the mother and guardian of chastity, and if Dante so forcefully urges us to practice the former, the foundation of every virtue, not less solicitous and powerful is he in his appeal, exhorting us to be chaste, modest, and continent. This is evident from the fact that he vividly describes the punishment of the incontinent to consist in being purged of their sin by fiery flames, excruciating in the awful agony which they cause the licentious spirits. Moreover, are we not forced to hold chastity in the highest esteem and avoid every occasion of indecency after reading Dante's eloquent denunciation of the immodesty of the women of Florence, a rebuke the more striking because it is a natural outburst of his great soul :

"The tract most barberous of Sardinia's Isle
Hath dames more chaste and modester by far
Than that where I left my widow. Oh, sweet brother,
What wouldst thou have me say? A time to come
Stands full within my view, to which this
Hour shall not be counted of an ancient date,
When from the pulpit shall be loudly warned
The unblushing dames of Florence, lest they bear
Unkerchiefed bosoms to the common gaze.
What savage women hath the world ere seen,
What Saracens for whom their needed
Scourge of spiritual or other discipline,
To force them walk with covering on their limbs.
But did they see, the shameless ones, what heaven
Wafts on swift wings towards them while I speak
Their mouths were oped for howling; they shall taste
Of sorrow (unless foresight cheat me here),
Or ere the cheek of him be clothed with down,
Who is now rocked with lullaby asleep."

In the Purgatorio, Dante not only encourages us to the practice of virtue by a consideration of the excellence and beauty of humility and chastity, both so perfectly exemplified in the Blessed Virgin, but he teaches us to love and practice all the principal virtues, abhor and dread their contrary vices and thus work out our eternal salvation. He teaches us the great truth that all spiritual cleansing entails suffering; that if we would be restored to spiritual health we must submit to the purifying operations of those heavenly surgeons whose angel wings will efface from our souls the unsightly blots of our sinfulness. He teaches us that prayer and penitential exercises will win pardon, that they fill the soul with joy and heavenly aspiration, that they make it grow forth the wings of holy desire, upon which it will waft its airy flight to the starry spheres. He inspires us with holy courage in the midst of conflicts by giving us the assurance of ever present divine assistance. Men are assailed, the divinest institutions, the church and the State are assailed by the passions and the vices and the allied infernal hosts, but God's Providence is ever watchful, as Dante shows in his Purgatorio, and especially in his splendid description of the final triumph

of the church over the ambition and cupidity of men, and the nares of the devil. The church is God's full charged battery for spiritual regeneration. How can one lie supine in moral inaction when all the great voices of mankind, all the voices of heaven and the divinest institutions of earth are inviting him to most glorious moral conquests?

My friends, in reading the history of this world of ours, we learn that there have been mighty conquerors the standards of whose legions, never trailed in the dust of defeat, have always been kissed by the breeze of victory; we learn that there have been powerful orators, who, by the force and magnificence of their eloquence, have held thousands spell-bound and have frequently determined the policy of nations; we learn that there have been sculptors and painters the matchless excellence of whose masterpieces has immortalized their names; yet not withstanding such splendid physical and intellectual triumphs, a man may not be truly great and admirable, especially from the Christian point of view. He, alone, is a great man, deserving of sincerest admiration, who makes his fellow men better, happier and more virtuous, who, with his eye fixed on the beacon light of truth, lifts the aspirations of man into the realms of supreme goodness and spiritual beauty, where he is forced to forget the gross material things of earth that continually drag him down and down to lower and ever lower planes. In my address this evening I have endeavored to show that Dante does uplift us morally, by making us hope that if we avoid sin and practice virtue, seek the aid afforded by prayer and the sacraments, hold in highest esteem all that is noble and pure and spiritual and sacred, we may one day meet in the courts of heaven with those saints and virgins whose happy lot is to "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

W. J. MAHER, '04.

IN ERIN'S ISLE.

IN Erin's isle,
Where laugh and smile
Are nature's beauteous graces;
There would I dwell,
In vale or dell,
And lose care's heavy traces.

That isle so green
Can e'er be seen,
In sunshine blessed revealing
Fair virgin mounts
And gem-lit founts
To heaven's love appealing.

Its murmuring rills
Woo verdant hills
With serenade of ripple;
And send their spray
White on their way
To bless the Shamrock triple.

What wonder, then,
That saintly men
Should in this isle be dwelling,
Since beauty rare,
So plenteous there,
Is sadness e'er dispelling.

M. J. B., '04.

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W. J. CLEARY

S. SULLIVAN,

J. DRENNAN,

W. MAHER.

EDITORIAL.

We call the attention of our readers to the account of the operetta, *St. Columkill*, which is given in this issue of *The Viatorian*. Apart from the general interest which the artistic merits of such plays as this and the opera, *St. Patrick*, must arouse, there is the particular pleasure and satisfaction which they must beget in the hearts of those who look upon the history of Ireland as the history of their ancestors. It is certainly as gratifying as it is unusual, for the lovers of Ireland and her noble cause, to see her saints and heroes personated, as they truly were, as examples of virtue and valor, as men of refinement and culture, of noble and generous impulse. Such are the personages of the two plays mentioned. We may say in passing that when others imitate the example of *Father Marsile* and remove the dust from the pages of their Irish history they will find hidden there the true types of Ireland's generous sons and virtuous daughters—types which need but to be presented once upon the stage to convince intelligent theatergoers that those vile and vulgar caricatures of the Irish, those stage Irishmen that are so often met with, are no less offensive to the characters which they wish to represent (or, better, misrepresent) than they are insulting to any intelligent audience. The best way to banish the stage Irishman is to substitute in his stead the real Irishman.

All seek happiness, but few know where to find it. Often it is sought where it is least to be found. A life of ease and indolence seems to many to be a paradise of bliss serene. Scarcely, however, do they enter into this abode which the fancy peoples with so

many interesting characters, when they discover that it is a veritable "fool's paradise." In such uncongenial company, a reasonable being can find nothing but discontent and misery. Elsewhere he has to seek the object of his quest; but whither shall he direct his steps that he may be successful? The fact is, we must produce our own happiness as we go on through life; no other one can manufacture it for us. If we would have happiness at all, we must find it in work — work which has for its object the betterment of ourselves and our fellowman. We are never retarded in our advancement in life, in our attainment of that which shall make us happy, nor is our portion of blessedness diminished by the cheerful, helping hand which we extend to those who are weaker and less fortunate than ourselves.

Much of the discontent and real unhappiness of life is caused by the tendency of man towards extremes. With some it is all work; with others, all play. Yet experience teaches us that a judicious combination of these two, work and play, contributes much to our present happiness. That labor which allows no time for the rest and recreation which nature demands, defeats its own purpose. On the other hand, play which is entered into as a business becomes in reality the hardest work of all. We must take our play with our labor, or else go without it. When we look forward to recreation, then is when we need it most. Play is the spice of labor, hence it must not be taken in large doses.

There can be no interest in life for him who does not take an active part in the struggle. If we wish to accomplish anything lasting, if we desire to play our part successfully, if we are anxious to make the world better because we have lived in it—in a word, if we are not content with playing the role of incapables, of mere imbeciles, we must have some fixed aim towards which all our desires, all our energies, all our efforts must be directed. Let your purpose in life be high and noble; let the means which you use for its attainment be proportionate and honest; then you cannot fail in life and when you reach the terminus of this earthly pilgrimage you can, without shame or fear, look back upon the past and say: "I have done my share to make me all that God and nature intended I should be."

OPERETTA, "ST. COLUMKILL."

POET, priest, musician, patriot, scholar and apostle — such was Columkill, the Celtic saint, whose beautiful life is here made the subject of another charming musical drama by the gifted Father Marsile. This is not the author's first attempt. In the last decade he presented "The Young Martyrs," "The Young Crusaders," and "St. Patrick," which last obtained the highest commendation of the late lamented Archbishop Feehan, and was enacted in Chicago last year with such gratifying success.

Not only, as Dr. Talbot Smith says, is there no reason why religious themes should not be treated dramatically, but there is every reason why they should be presented by competent dramatists. If we take into account the success which greets such plays as "Mary of Magdala" and "Everyman," we would fain declare that we are at the beginning of a healthy revival of the old Miracle and Morality plays. May the good work go on. The attempt to treat such subjects on the part of playwrights and the hearty welcome accorded the plays by the public can be hailed as a healthy sign of the times, as a condition most favorable for the elevation of the stage, for the aesthetic and moral improvements of the masses. The fine literary and dramatic sense of the author of St. Columkill is known not only from the operettas we have already mentioned, but also from his finished dramas in French verse, such as, "Les Fils de Cladimir," and "Levis," which have been received with enthusiastic applause.

The Play.

Act I.—In Durrow Monastery.

The scene opens with the chorusing and dancing of boys at play in the monastic school, over which Columkill presided in the sixth century. Columkill appears upon the scene and, after a short conversation with his oldest pupil, Baithan, is visited by an angel and three Virtues. These heavenly apparitions are calculated to strengthen Columkill for future trials. Thereafter the coming of Diarmid is announced. The king is greeted amid festal song and dancing of children. In the king's company is Abbot Finian, who accuses Columkill of having secretly, during the hour of night, made a copy of his psalter without permission. Finian claims this copy. The love of books was the predominant passion of Colum-

kill. The king condemns Columkill and orders him to give over the copy, which Columkill does, but under vehement protest. Scarcely has the king left with his train, when in rushes a child, in breathless excitement and pale with dismay. He has fled to Columkill's monastery for safety from the wrath of King Diarmid. This child, while at play with the son of one of Diarmid's friends, accidentally killed his playmate while fencing; and hearing of the evil intentions of the king, fled to Columkill for protection. Soon the king re-enters the monastery and kills the guiltless boy in the arms of Columkill. With this dramatic scene ends the first act.

Act II.—In O'Niall's Palace.

In the second act are seen the results of the indignation of Columkill, over the injustice of King Diarmid against whom the abbot has marshalled the forces of Kings O'Niall and O'Donnell. The scene presents a vast assemblage of kings, soldiers, monks, bards and children in the exultation of victory. Diarmid, who had been taken captive, is set free through the appeals of his son, Baithan, the disciple of Columkill. A last grand chorus of grateful song resounds through the palace halls of O'Niall. Then Bishop Finian appears upon the scene, bearing a sentence of excommunication against Columkill for having been the cause of so much bloodshed. Columkill is stripped of his abbatial mitre, rod and ring and is left alone, as though a leper—a cursed man ! He submits to his humiliation ; in song he prays for courage. During his momentary absence from the scene, children enter and in graceful speech and song invoke heaven's aid for their kind master. Columkill returns, soon followed by St. Brendan, who tells the bishop that he has seen most extraordinary signs showing that Columkill was destined to work the conversion of an entire people. Thereupon, the bishop restores to him all the insignia of his dignity. But to atone for his fault, Columkill asks for a penance and accepts the penalty of leaving Ireland forever. He bids farewell to his beloved native land, his "cradle rocked by the ocean."

Act III.—Monastery of Iona.

If Columkill was a lover of books, he was a still more ardent lover of Ireland ; and from the barren rocks of Iona, on the Scottish coast, waft his plaintive sighs towards Erin's green shores. Here he receives a visit from the Irish bard, Machonna, in embracing whom he exclaims : "Why, there is a perfume of Erin's woods, of

her flowers in your hair, in your garments !” The bard gives Columkill a green sprig of trefoil, which the abbot preciousely treasures. King Aidan comes to the monastery to receive his crown from the hands of Columkill, who has converted his people. This king was the first king of the West who was crowned by a prelate of the Church. The stone on which he knelt to receive his crown is now in Westminster Abbey, forming part of the regal chair upon which kings of England receive their crown. After the joyous ceremonies of coronation, the king proposes measures for the suppression of the bardic order, whose members had become excessively large and whose songs often were bought by the highest bidder. Columkill pleads for the maintenance of the order, speaking with enthusiasm of the elevating and refining influence of music and poetry. Aidan yields. All bards present place a harp on the steps of the throne, children enwreath it with flowers. All bow to the harp, emblem of Ireland. This beautiful apotheosis of the harp ends with gleeful song and dance. The play ends with Columkill’s prophetic vision of Ireland’s unswerving fidelity to her religion.

This theme, then, the life of St. Columkill, is in itself poetical and easily lends itself to dramatic treatment. But the play, as staged by St. Viator’s students, has musical features no less attractive than its literary merits are certain and its religious tones most clear. The entire action is accompanied with choral music and tripping dance; spirited solos and dramatic duets and trios are artfully interspersed—the whole play being thus a feast of poetry and of religion, of the histrionic and musical arts. A judicious admixture of Irish airs, selected chiefly from Moor’s melodies, gives the operetta a delicately Irish musical flavor. The music of the dances and of many of the songs is drawn from appropriately expressive passages of musical compositions of high merit, like *Lucia de Lammermoor*, *Faust*, *Mignon*, *Maritana*, *Daughter of the Regiment*, *L’Esclavage Africain*, etc., etc. The music for the murder scene in Act I, consisting of solo, duet and trio, is an entirely original composition of Rev. L. A. Goulette, C. S. V.

Synopsis of Play.

Act I. Columkill condemned by King Diarmid to restore to Abbot Finnian the copy of the Psalter. King Diarmid kills Kieran, son of King O’Niall, who has fled to Columkill for protection.

Act II. Martial rejoicings of united forces of Kings O’Niall and

O'Donnell, who have defeated King Diarmid. Columkill receives sentence of excommunication for his participation in so much bloodshed. Announcement of his life work as the apostle of the Picts. His dignities are restored. He resolves to leave Ireland forever.

Act III. After many years of Apostolic labors among the Picts, Columkill, with much solemnity, crowns their king, Aidan. He pleads for the maintenance of the bardic order. Apotheosis of the harp. Columkill invokes blessings on Scotland and Ireland.

The cast of characters is as follows:

St. Columkill	Mr. D. Feely
Diarmid, King of Tara	Mr. A. L'Ecuyer
Baithan (son of Diarmid and disciple of St. Columkill).....	
.....	Mr. J. Monohan
Aidan, King of Caledonia	Mr. J. Carey
King O'Donnell	Mr. T. Cosgrove
King O'Niall	Mr. J. Casey
Kieran, son of O'Niall	Master A. Birren
Finnian, Abbot	Mr. M. Cotter
Machonna	Mr. W. Cleary
Bishop, Angel, Virtues, Bards, Soldiers, Courtiers, Monks and Children.	

Personal Notes Anent Actors.

The title role will be sustained by Mr. D. Feeley, of Chicago, whose rich, strong and flexible tenor voice is well adapted for the interpretation of the variety and strength of the feelings and the elevation of the sentiments which St. Columkill gives expression to. Mr. Feeley's well known ability as a singer and as an actor, his brilliant success in St. Patrick's opera last year, both here and in Chicago, give promise of the artistic sort of entertainment he is able to furnish.

Mr. A. L'Ecuyer, of Kankakee, who shone as St. Patrick last year, will play the part of King Diarmid. His very effective baritone voice and his strong stage action qualify him excellently for this role.

Master Albert Birren, of Chicago, another of last year's stars, will take the part of the son of O'Niall. His pure, childish alto voice is excellently suited to his pathetic part.

Master John Monahan, of Chicago, whose bird-like tones so

captivated the hearts of all these last two years, is now developing a sweet tenor voice, which will be heard with fine effect in the sympathetic role of Baithan, the disciple of Columkill.

Master G. Esterbrook, of Leads, N. Dakota, will mingle the clear, sweet notes of his soprano voice with others already mentioned, and thus enhance the musical features of the Operetta.

The role of Machonna, the chief bard, is in the practised hands of Mr. W. Cleary, of Momence, Ill. With a baritone voice of unswerving justness. Mr. Cleary will render well the several ancient Gaelic lays which his role calls for.

A master of the player's art, Mr. M. Cotter, of Quincy, Ill., will make the role of Finnian a striking, a remarkable role.

In regal robes and crown, Mr. J. Carey, of Chicago, looks every inch a king, and his artful and dignified impersonation of Aidan makes one feel as though he were indeed in the presence of royalty.

The victorious King O'Donnell, who receives from the hands of Columkill the famous Psalter, to be carried in battle as "the fighter," and to be ever preserved as a precious heirloom in his family, will be impersonated by Mr. T. Cosgrove, of Seneca, Ill., whose manly voice and histrionic ability ensure the perfect rendition of this kingly role.

Some thirty or forty young boys in the role of school children, or pages, troop upon the scene in attractive costume and graceful dance and gleeful song, mingling the ingenuous vivacity of their years and the tuneful sweetness of their voices with the thoughtful manliness and solemn tones of kings, scholars, churchmen. Most of these young choristers and dancers are bright Chicago boys.

Patronage.

Last year's performance of St. Patrick's opera at the Illinois theater, Chicago, was a veritable alumni feast. Never since the alumni banquet given in honor of Rt. Rev. Bishop McGavick, D. D., was such a large number of old students of St. Viator's seen gathered together in Chicago. The word, "St. Patrick's Opera," sent out by the daily press, sounded like a rallying call for all the sons of St. Viator's, who assisted en masse at the play given by their younger brothers on the 17th of March. As the performance was thoroughly enjoyed by that large and distinguished audience, as it was considered one of the most highly literary and perfectly

artistic entertainments given in Chicago on Ireland's national day, and as the present musical drama is not inferior to St. Patrick's opera, either in point of cast, or of literary and musical merits, there is every reason to hope that the young actors will be greeted by a large audience and that they will succeed in furnishing entertainment of a high order.

The gratifying success which attended the first effort of the students in their rendition of St. Patrick's opera last year was due in a large measure to the kind services of Rev. T. McDevitt, of St. Columkill's church, Chicago, and to the enthusiastic patronage of a large number of distinguished Catholic ladies. These same generous and very efficient helpers are preparing a warm welcome for St. Columkill's operetta this year. Mrs. J. Dadie and Mrs. F. Moody are at present preparing a list of patronesses which will be published as soon as it is finished. We heartily thank these kind ladies for all their good offices.

St. Columkill's operetta will be given in Power's theater, Chicago, March 17, at 2 p. m. It will be played here at the college, March 15, at 8 p. m.

Objects.

The presentation of this play can but result, on the one hand, in offering pleasing and elevating entertainment; it can but produce a healthy enthusiasm for a country whose name is held in veneration by all her sons, and increase their love for the great personages who laid the foundations of her grandeur; on the other hand, the preparation and execution of such a drama is for the students themselves a training in the dramatic and musical arts. The playing of the students in a large center like Chicago, moreover, affords an excellent opportunity for those happy reunions of former students, which help to cement the bonds of fellowship between the alumni and the actual students. The further object of the representation of St. Columkill, both here and in Chicago, will be to realize such funds as will enable the institution to install and to adorn with statues the three beautiful marble altars which have been recently donated to the college chapel by generous friends. We take this opportunity to thank very heartily all the liberal friends who have aided us heretofore, and those who are actually using their many talents to insure the success of our purposes.

EXCHANGES.

It would appear that the most sensitive part in the entire organism of a college journal is its exchange column, and for this reason when it is found to be laboring under some disease the Exman who undertakes to perform the operation should use great gentleness, so that:

"What's amiss
May be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds."

It is gratifying to see that many of our exchanges for January have devoted a few of their pages to a theme which has occupied the attention of the greatest minds of all past ages and which continues to yield food for reflection to the highest thinkers of our own days—education. Some have made this the subject of their editorial column, others of lengthy essays; all evidently animated with the same noble aim: to arouse in the minds of students serious reflections on the importance of the work to be done while at college, the dignity of that work and the countless benefits that are to be derived from doing it well. This is surely the most commendable effort that any college journal can make, since it happens that when students themselves are thoroughly impressed with the value and necessity of acquiring a good education, the first great victory has been gained and the teacher in his class room has found that more than half his work is already accomplished.

"The Value of Education in a Nation's Development" is the title of an excellent essay in "The Niagara Index," for January. The author, in order to show the benign influence which education has always exercised over individuals and nations, very aptly brings before our eyes the age of Pericles, which owes its brilliancy to the remarkable growth of education that then existed, and remarks that it is to his personal efforts to promote learning that this great man (Pericles) owes his undying fame. Again, he points out the fact that when the Roman Empire was falling to pieces through discord and corruption, Augustus Caesar had recourse—and not without the desired effect—to this all-powerful remedy.

But where the writer strikes a high note and one which must necessarily find an echo in the heart of every true lover of education, is where he says: "To make its influence properly felt and its principles worthy of admiration, education must be guided by religion." This idea of education being guided by religion has, unhappily, met with much opposition in these United States of late years, but the opposing party are beginning to learn by sad experience that the education which is not guided by religion; the education in which sound principles of morality and religious training enter not as essential elements, is not an education in the proper sense of the word, but a flimsy imitation, a counterfeit and a menace to the Republic.

Although the greater part of the literary matter in "St. Mary's Sentinel" is intended for the lovers of fiction, yet it is not without its pages for the lovers of the old classics. The student who is 'plodding his weary way' through Homer and Virgil will doubtless find much solace in reading the essay entitled "The Advantages Derived From the Study of the Classics." The exchange column of this journal is ably handled.

While we admire the enthusiasm displayed by the author of an essay entitled "Laboratory Methods and Work in a Liberal Education," which appears in the "College Review," and most readily admit that the laboratory method is, **in its sphere**, a most excellent way of acquiring knowledge; yet we think the writer is somewhat absolute when he says that this method "must pervade the whole work of the institution." This method may certainly be used with the most beneficial results in the natural and exact sciences and also in the lowest form of psychology, namely, that which deals with sensational consciousness; but certainly no form of quantitative measurement can be applied to rational psychology which treats of the affections, volitions and other intellectual processes. This method, therefore, must be confined to that which is material; hence when it is applied to that which is purely spiritual it is certainly carried beyond its sphere. That knowledge whose object is material surely does not constitute the whole work of an institution; this is but a part of its work. The institution whose entire efforts are spent in teaching its pupils how to measure and divide,

to build up and analyze, to the exclusion of all higher knowledge is not fulfilling its mission as an educator. There are God-given powers in the mind of every student, that enable it to soar as well as to dive and through these powers it can rise to heights where it would be rash to attempt to bridle it with the methods which it must follow here below. This essay embodies other ideas with which we do not agree, but as we look upon them as the result of an over active imagination, we prefer to pass them over. We are glad to see such subjects treated in our exchanges.

J. A. LYNN.

A ROYAL SON AND MOTHER.

(By the Baroness Pauline Von Hugel.)

Among the many and interesting biographies which adorn the list of Catholic literature, there has appeared of late an addition which well deserves the attention of all those who desire to become familiar with the life and deeds of heroic and self-sacrificing men. In this little volume the reader will find a splendid example of the evangelical counsel, "Go sell all that you possess, distribute it to the poor, and follow me." This book narrates what certainly deserves to be transmitted to posterity: the affection a mother bears to her child, and how the child should strive to live up to the advice and dictates of a good parent. It relates in an instructive way the struggles of the mother against the evil effects of her own early irreligious education and of the ceaseless efforts to train her princely son in the perfect ways of Christian truth. That her noble labor was not spent in vain is shown by the life of her son, which the book relates. Abandoning the prospects of a bright career in his own country, flinging aside all worldly honors, Prince Gallitzin chooses to become a missionary in America. The monument and chapel recently erected to his memory in Loretto, Penn., will serve to perpetuate the fame of his zeal in the work of the priestly ministry. We cheerfully recommend this interesting volume of Christian literature to all our readers. It can be purchased at the moderate price of 75 cents from the Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

PERSONALS.

Very Rev. A. Corcoran, C. S. V., who has been confined to his bed for several weeks with a severe attack of pneumonia, is, we are happy to state, convalescent.

Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., assisted at the dedication of St. Patrick's church, Escanaba, Mich., on Sunday, the 15th inst. The ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Eiss, of Marquette. Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, preached the sermon. While in Escanaba, the reverend president visited the parents of ten of our students from that city.

Rev. H. Durkin, Rantoul, Ill., spent a few hours with his friends at the college one day last week.

Rev. P. Beaudoin, C. S. V., for the past two weeks has been confined to his room with a painful attack of rheumatism. His life-long friend and confrere, Rev. Bro. Martel, who shared with him the trials and troubles of pioneer days, is now at his bedside soothing our beloved patriarch in his illness. We hope that this may prove but a passing indisposition and that our genial friend and revered father may soon be moving about in our midst once more.

Rev. Bro. Quirk is replacing Rev. Boudreau in the prefectship of the junior department. The latter is at present enjoying a rest, which, we hope, will soon restore him to perfect health.

We learn from the Rock Island Argus for February 13, that, at the reorganization of the Rock Island Bar Association, Mr. J. F. Murphy, an alumnus of St. Viateur's, was elected secretary of that association. We congratulate Mr. Murphy on the honor conferred upon him by the members of his profession.

Mr. D. Feely and Mr. J. Kangley have returned to the college, after an absence of several weeks, occasioned by sickness. Both, we are happy to state, have recovered sufficiently to resume their theological studies,

In the early part of the present month we enjoyed the very pleasant visit of one of our former professors, Rev. T. McCormick, who, at present, is pastor of St. Edward's church, Chicago.

Rev. J. J. Cregan, C. S. V., director of the Holy Name School, Chicago, recently assisted Rev. T. Dugas, C. S. V., Beaverville, Ill. Before returning to the city, Father Cregan called on his friends at the college. All were pleased to meet their genial friend and to learn of the flourishing condition of the school which is under his charge.

Rev. R. J. Pratt, one of our former students, was one of our recent visitors. Father Pratt is pastor at Wabash, Ind. During his visit he celebrated the community mass in the college chapel.

Rev. T. McDevitt, Chicago, paid a brief but pleasant visit to the college recently.

Rev. M. Letellier is temporarily replacing Rev. D. L. Crowe, Kewanee, Ill., who, upon the advice of his physician, has gone South in the interest of his health.

Rev. C. Fournier officiated as celebrant at the solemn funeral mass for the repose of the soul of Mr. P. Sweeny, at St. Viator's church, Chicago.

Rev. J. Lamarre, Notre Dame Church, Chicago, is at present visiting his brother and other friends in Longueuil, Canada, his native town. We wish our friend a very pleasant trip.

The contract has been given for three beautiful marble altars to Gavin & Sherman, Chicago. These altars have been generously donated to the college by kind friends, who do not wish their names to be known. The work of erecting these altars in the chapel will be completed for Easter. Needless to say, we are under a debt of everlasting gratitude to our generous benefactors.

Mr. J. McCarthy, of the theological department, has been forced by illness to take a few weeks' rest. The last report from

our friend is most encouraging, so much so that we expect the pleasure of seeing him in our midst, hale and hearty, in a few days.

Last week, at the Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, were celebrated the double nuptials of two of our former students, Mr. Narcisse Marcotte and Mr. Arthur Cyrier to the two Misses Brais, of Bourbonnais. We extend to the happy couples our sincere felicitations.

One of our distinguished visitors of the past month was Professor D'Arnalle, who came to spend a Sunday with Master C. Ost, whose guardian he is. During the afternoon he entertained the students with a song recital. Among other selections he rendered, "Omnipotence" and "Serenade," by Schubert; "Toraedore," from Carmen, and "Prologue," from Pagliacci.

Among those who visited students during the past month we noticed the following: Messrs. Levy, Burke, O'Brien, Gunderlack, Campion, Walsh, Turk, Rosseau, Barrett, Foley, Robinson, Morgan, O'Hern and Williams, all from Chicago; Mr. Bergeron, Escanaba, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Burns, of Calumet, Mich.; Mrs. Flynn, Earl Park, Ind.; Mrs. Doherty, Mrs. Kotzenberg and Mrs. Russell, of Chicago.

The number of students is continually increasing. During the past month seven new students were enrolled. The Minim department now numbers seventy-six, the largest number ever registered in that department. The latest arrivals are Masters G. Barrett, A. Lowinthal and J. Roach, Chicago; Masters Carl and Albert Teuch, from the City of Mexico, and Mr. J. Bergin.

Mr. James Hayden, whose studies last year were interrupted by sickness, has returned to resume his course in the classics. We are glad that his health permits him to enter into his studies with the same energetic spirit which animated him before his illness.

EXAMINATIONS.

The result of the semi-annual examinations which took place at the beginning of February, is most encouraging for the students and their teachers. This searching test made it evident that a large majority of the students had diligently prepared, both remotely and proximately, for this trying ordeal. Each student had to appear before the board of examiners to be questioned in the various branches which he had studied during the past five months. To expedite the long and tedious work which this method of examining entailed, the prefect of studies, Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., divided the board of examiners into four groups, two for the classical department, one for the commercial and one for the minim department. The students of the advanced classics were examined by Rev. Father Bergin, who was assisted by Professors M. Cotter, J. McCarthy, T. Cosgrove, W. Surprenant. The other classical students were examined by Rev. Brothers O'Mahoney, Kirley, Breen, Quirk and Professor McMullen. The commercial students were examined by Rev. Bro. Raymond, who was assisted by Rev. Brothers Lynch, Dube, Girard, Leduc and Professor Martin. The examiners for the minim department were Rev. Brother St. Aubin, president of the board; Rev. Brothers Vigneault, Beauchene, Hazen and Professors Fitzgerald, Egan, Lynn. The Rev. President, Father Marsile, also took an active part in the examinations, dividing his attention between the different courses. The number of students who received excellent notes can be judged from the following roll of honor:

The Conway medal, for an average of 97 and upwards, in the classical course, equally deserved by J. Drennan, S. Morgan, H. Butler and G. Daviault, was drawn by J. Drennan.

The classical excellence medal, for a note between 95 and 97, was equally deserved by J. Cooke, W. McKenna, J. Munday, F. Miller, L. O'Connors and F. Walsh—drawn by L. O'Connors.

The first classical medal, for a note between 93 and 95, was equally deserved by C. Conway, J. Hickey, J. Hogan, F. Munsch, E. Phelan—drawn by J. Hickey.

The second classical medal, for a note between 90 and 93, was equally deserved by H. Darche, J. Finnegan, C. Katzenberg, A. L'Ecuyer, W. Moran, J. O'Loughnane, R. Weurst—drawn by C.

Katzenberg.

The Guilfoyle English Composition medal, for a note of 95 and upwards, was equally deserved by H. Butler, J. Cooke, J. Drennan, J. Hickey, W. Moran, F. Miller, R. Weurst, F. Walsh—drawn by J. Cooke.

The commercial excellence medal, for a note of 95 and upwards was won by Joseph Daily with a note of 95.

The first commercial medal, for a note between 93 and 95, was equally deserved by M. Levy, H. Testin—drawn by H. Testin.

The second commercial medal, for a note between 90 and 93, was equally deserved by C. Foley, R. Mudd, E. Perron, A. Bisailon, E. Carey, J. Cronin, Jas. Daily—drawn by Jas. Daily.

The conduct medal, for a note of 95 and upwards, in the senior department, was drawn by J. Munday; in the junior department, drawn by H. Butler.

In the minim department, the first excellence medal was won by F. Westerfield, with a note of 95, and the second excellence medal was won by J. Kelly with a note of 94. The conduct medal was equally deserved by T. Harrison and E. Foley—drawn by T. Harrison.



ATHLETICS.

If the attention that the students give to indoor, handball, bowling, billiards and pool is indicative of a desire to acquire the physical culture part of an education, then we may conclude that the great majority of the boys believe in the saying, "Mens sana in corpore sano," and will be well able in after years to point with pride to a good head on strong, broad shoulders.

A representative indoor team from among the seniors has been organized by Mr. Frank Holland, who also acts in the capacity of manager and captain. To date the team has played about eight games and has been victorious every time. They will undoubtedly win the county championship if they keep up their present excellent playing. Much credit is due to Capt. Holland, who has willingly shouldered all the responsibilities of the indoor team, and has lead the boys to victory in every game. He and his team-mates deserve the support of the student body.

The bowling alleys are always occupied and many interesting and close games may be seen in that part of the gymnasium. The St. Joe people seem to be able to beat all who dare oppose them. The study hall and third corridor boys will tell you that.

So great is the interest which many of the students take in handball, that it is even difficult to get a choose. The click of the ivories is ever heard under the balcony of the gym.

The baseball squad practices every conge afternoon and their untiring efforts to improve in our national game, justify us in saying that we will have a first class team next spring. The schedule is nearly complete and includes some big games.

M. J. W.
