

XX (1902-1903)

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AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

NO longer softened breezes blow.
The laughing brooks no longer flow
Through meadows green, where daisies grow
In sweet profusion gay.

Nor loiter on through woodlands deep,
Where wide-leaved ivies gently creep,
Where feathered songsters revel keep
Through the long Summer day.

The hoar frost issuing from his hold,
And stretching forth his wand of cold,
Hath changed fair Nature's green to gold
In one short night.

The birds forsake the drooping eaves.
The harvester doth bind his sheaves.
The rustle of the falling leaves,
Doth mark the Summer's flight.

Behold ! a lesson may be read
From Nature's book before us spread.
Read in these forms of beauty dead,
"All things of Earth shall pass away."
Yet they're not dead—they do but sleep
Inwrapped in Earth's warm bosom deep,
And at the breath of Spring shall leap
To greet the sunlight gay.

Ye weary souls that do complain,
Continue not your yearnings vain !
Oh, read this and take heart again !
For seeming death doth pass away :
A sweet reminder from on high
That man, tho' fated still to die,
Yet, through Christ's death, may death defy
And rise again to live for aye.

J. DRENNAN, '05.

DANTE'S "LUCIFER" AND MILTON'S "SATAN."

AMONG the many portrayals that have been drawn of Satan none are surely more remarkable and more universally known than Dante's Lucifer and Milton's Satan. These two wonderful creations have their respective merits and admirers. Consequently a comparative study of the two is surely not devoid of interest and profit to the student of literature; but, notwithstanding all the merit and praise that has been lavished upon Dante's creation, I am confident in affirming that as a matter of fact the pre-eminence of rank and merit belongs to Milton's superior creation. To be convinced of this we have but to compare both descriptions of Satan with that given in Scripture.

We know from Scripture that the devil was formerly a bright and powerful angel, the brightest in heaven; but owing to his rebellion against God he was, as he uttered the blasphemous cry, "now serviam," hurled from his heavenly throne, with all his followers, into the dark abyss of hell, where they suffer and are doomed to eternal punishment. Scripture teaches us also that Satan, though fallen, remains a fallen angel, who is now as despicable and wicked as he formerly was admirable and good; and that, although he has been hurled from his heavenly throne, his character of pride and malice has not changed, but, on the contrary, he remains, as at the first moment of his fall, the great enemy of God and the archfiend of hell who seeks every possible means to vent his spite on the Creator; now by going throughout the world like a ferocious lion, seeking whom to devour, and again by waging a specially cruel and unremitting war against those who prove ever faithful to duty and virtue. In fact, Scripture represents to us the devil as the Prince of this world, wielding his sceptre over a countless multitude of souls whom he unceasingly excites to evil, and through whom he sows broadcast the seeds of his malicious designs. So true is this that we are accustomed to say that a person who deviates from the path of duty to embrace that of evil performs the task of the devil. Such in a few words, is the description that Scripture gives us of Satan,

and such is the very idea that Christianity has always had of him. But let us now see how Dante and Milton have each depicted their devil, and which description is more in bearing with the idea of Scripture and, finally, which surpasses the other from the artistic point of view.

The author of the *Divine Comedy* represents Satan as a huge and disgusting monster, that lies at the bottom of hell, pent up in the ice to mid-breast, motionless and powerless. On his head he has three faces, one of vermillion hue, one " 'twixt wan and yellow," and the other dark-complexioned; at six eyes he weeps and the tears mixed with bloody foam trickle down his three chins. In each mouth he champs a sinner; in the upper mouth is Judas, in the other two are respectively Brutus and Cassius. Under each face shoot forth two mighty wings that he flaps in the air with such force that three winds issue from him, wherewith the Lake of Cocytus is frozen. This, in brief, is the description that Dante has given us of Lucifer in his *Inferno*.

Let us now consider Milton's portrayal of Satan. In *Paradise Lost* Satan is represented as a huge giant, full of majesty and terror, who rules over the boundless realms of hell with the sceptre of a mighty monarch, and to whom all bow and pay reverence. He is proudly eminent above all his fellow demons—in stature like a frowning tower. His face has not lost all of its original brightness, but bespeaks an Archangel that is ruined and in whom excessive glory is obscured. In his face deep scars of thunder, wherewith he was hurled down from heaven into the lowly abyss, are deeply entrenched; under brows of dauntless courage and arrogant pride, waiting for revenge, two cruel eyes cast signs of remorse and passion, and deep care sits on his faded cheeks. Such, in a few words, is Milton's portrayal of Satan.

From this brief, but literal, sketch of the two pictures of the devil it is not difficult to determine at once to whom the pre-eminence of rank and merit really belongs, as far as the artistic point of view is concerned. But, let us continue the comparison and view more fully the two creations from the standpoints of Scripture, art and moral value.

For what is Dante's creation especially remarkable? To me he is especially remarkable for the disgust he inspires: there he lies at the bottom of hell, a disgusting, motionless, and helpless being, only active to become ridiculous, first in the act of chewing up three sinners and then by constantly flapping six large wings, with which he freezes his own ice bed. But all this appears quite insignificant when we represent to ourselves the fact that Dante and Vergil are made to perform the ever so remarkable feat of ascending on his back as they would have done on any cliff or hill without the huge fiend ever making the least move to seize or at least oppose the rash intruders, or even inquiring from them whom they were and what was the object of their visit in the very bottom of hell. But, on the contrary, they are allowed to scale the huge monster freely, and they finally issue from the most terrific place of hell without having been so much as apparently noticed. In passing, I venture to say with perfect assurance that no mortal or spirit would ever dare perform such a feat on the person of Milton's devil, otherwise he would not be long before finding out on what sort of ground he treads and, to his great misfortune, he might have to relinquish all fond hopes of ever "beholding the stars again." But is the portrayal Dante has given us of Lucifer in any way strikingly wonderful? Does it not appear to be rather tame and even grotesque for the nature and character of such a wonderful subject, and is it fit to inspire anything else than mere disgust and even ridicule? Where is that dreadful and malicious being of Scripture, full of ardor and activity and who, fraught with purposes of deepest malice, does not cease to give baneful orders to his fellow-fiends of hell and then goes throughout the world like a ferocious lion, seeking whom to devour? Where is that being so fearful and terror-inspiring that a mortal could not look upon his face and live? Fear, as we shall see later on, is what the Evil Spirit ought to inspire above all things; disgust, and merely that, is not sufficient, for it cannot give an adequate idea of the devil's nature, nor can it produce upon the mind of the reader an impression that is really wholesome and lasting. In my judgment, the sole merit of Dante's creation lies in its originality and in the graphic way in which it is depicted, and, above all, in the power it has of inspiring disgust; so that, all in all, it falls far below the Scriptural and universal idea of the devil, and is surely more of a defective feature in the *Divine Comedy* than a

real great creation of genius, and, in truth, it can not in the least compare with that grand and terrific description that Milton has given us of Satan. We shall now study the latter from the same standpoint.

What can be more in accordance with the idea of Scripture than the description that represents to us Satan as the Prince of hell, ruling the realms of eternal darkness with a masterly and undisputed sway, and to whom all the fiends of hell pay reverence as to their superior and acknowledged leader? Low, indeed, he crouched at the bottom of hell, crushed and subdued by the thunderbolts of the Almighty, but even then his face glows with the glare of arrogant pride and vain passion and his cruel eyes show signs of desperate remorse and dire revenge. Here is where we find the true Satan, such as we know him from Scripture: the archfiend of hell, full of pride and maliciousness and continually plotting against the Creator and seeking by every possible means to satisfy his passionate desire for revenge. Next, what can surpass in artistic grandeur and daring sublimity the grand and wonderful description of Satan's journey through chaos? It is especially here that Milton, from the artistic point of view, far surpasses Dante in his description of the archfiend of hell. The imagination reels with awe and amazement at such a feat and in our enthusiasm we are forced to admit that anything more sublime is simply impossible. Let us, then, consider Satan in his wonderful journey through chaos in search of the newly created world.

After the Stygian council has dissolved, Satan puts on swift wings and, like a pyramid of fire, springs from his nethermost abyss towards the gates of hell. On he flies, exploring his solitary flight with wing and foot, now scouring to the right and then to the left, now shaving the deep with a level wing and then soaring up to the fiery concave, until finally he comes to the huge portals of hell, which, after a parley with his daughter, Death, are flung open to him and, alighting on the brink of hell, he stops and looks abroad, pondering his long voyage through chaos. At last he spreads his broad wings for flight and, uplifted in a cloud of smoke, spurns the ground and, like a mighty whirlwind, rises upward with majesty and velocity until, towering high with alacrity and vehemence, he wings his course, undaunted, through the wasteful deep, forcing his way through the hollow deep, treading the crude consistence, half

on foot and half flying, now pursuing his way with head, hands and wings or feet, now swimming or sinking, wading, creeping, or flying. For many thousands and thousands of leagues the great enemy of God and man speeds in this mode through the darksome void. At the horrid hiss of his rustling wings the solemn quiet of sable Night is broken for the first time and Chaos is frightened in his lonely realm. At last, in the remotest distance, a faint light appears, spreading amidst dim Night a glimmering dawn, which marks the end of the empire of Chaos and the beginning of Nature's realm. Now Satan, with less toil and with ease wafts on the calmer wave under the influence of dubious light and, as a ship that is weather-beaten and torn, hails with joy the yet distant port; so Satan, tired and weary from a journey so long, beholds, far off, with joy and contentment, the empyreal heaven and, in the farthest distance, suspended to heaven's battlements with a golden chain, the utmost orb of this frail world, in bigness no greater than a star. Thither, fraught with mischievous revenge, Satan steers his course; first he flies to the orb of the sun, where he finds Uriel, the regent of that orb, and, assuming the form of a bright angel, inquires of him the place of the habitation of man, feigning a zealous desire to behold the new creation and man placed there by God. Having been directed by Uriel, he takes leave of him and speeding anew with hoped success he flies with untaid progress towards the coast of the earth beneath, where, after a steep and gladsome flight, he at last alights on Mount Niphates.

Such, in substance, is the incomparable and magnificent description that Milton has drawn of Satan's flight through Chaos, and which alone could have forever immortalized his name among all the nations of the earth. Here is the real ferocious lion of Scripture, full of activity and malice, who goes throughout the world in order to devour man by leading him into sin.

But, besides majesty and power, for what is Milton's Satan remarkable? Milton's Satan is wonderfully remarkable for the deep terror he inspires. He is a huge giant, that stands like a frowning tower and whose face bears deep scars of thunder and is aflame with arrogant pride and passionate revenge; he springs from the deep abyss like a huge pyramid of fire and in his flight through the darksome void frightened Chaos by the horrid hiss of his wings; at his stentorian voice a loud and terrific roar resounds through eternal

night, causing the remotest solitudes of hell to tremble in their profound retreat; at his word the servants, the peers, and the princes of Pandemonium rise up and listen with the keenest attention to his speeches and bow submission to his dreadful decrees—so much are they awed by the dread and power of their terrible leader.

Milton always represents Satan as the great enemy of God and man, intent with purposes of blackest malice and continually striving to put them into execution. He, first of all, suggests and then undertakes in person the long and perilous journey to the newly created world, in order to deceive new-born man issuing forth innocent and holy from the hands of his Maker, and lose him betime with his posterity by urging him into a revolt against God, finding in the fall of man the long desired opportunity of renewing his war with Heaven.

(To be Continued.)

R. RICHER, '03.

THE HUMAN SOUL AND ITS FACULTIES.

THE soul of man is a subject of exhaustless interest. Like all things invisible, yet of most undoubted reality, it excites both our curiosity and our admiration. Although it is far beyond the power of the bodily eye to contemplate its untold beauties, though we are unable to touch it or with any sense to apprehend its substance, yet so wonderful and so evident are its actions, its visible and tangible effects, that not only must we admit its presence but we are struck with astonishment at its manifold and mysterious powers.

Although we find it impossible to examine, even with the aid of a microscope, that great invisible agency which ever like the power that sustains the star-dotted heavens escapes the most earnest and most intense scrutiny, yet it is certain that with the eye of the mind we can peer sufficiently deep into the innermost recesses of the soul to see and tell what it is and thus distinguish it from other beings. In this manner we are enabled to define the soul and classify its manifold and various powers.

In the first place, we know as a self-evident fact that every material thing that lives, lives by a principle other than the matter which enters into its composition; because if things lived by reason of their matter there is no conceivable reason why every material thing should not have life. But you may say, some material things do live. This is, indeed, very true and that distinct principle by which they live, grow, feel, or think, is what we call the soul. The soul, then, is the first principle of life. It is the energy that inwardly moves us, the superior principle that specifies matter that raises that which otherwise would be inert, into the higher realms of living beings. The power of the soul dignifies matter, ennobles, enrichens, enlivens it and endows it with certain forces by which it dominates inert things. The term soul is connotative: it signifies a thing not absolutely, but as having an intimate relation with some body of matter. The reason of this is, that the soul, unlike a pure spirit, performs most of its actions through the organic assistance of the body. This is what we mean when we say that the soul is in close relation with the body. By the aid of this principle we are enabled to move freely from place to place. The zephyr may rustle the leaves of a tiny shrub or a driving blast may sway the giant branches of a mighty oak; yet neither the shrub nor the oak has any intrinsic power to move itself. We need not wait, like the flowers of the field or the trees of the forest, for the wind to blow us to and fro. Our motive power is not extinsic; for an act of the will is sufficient to set the mechanism of the body in motion. The soul, then, is that power through which we move, see, hear and perform the other operations of sense and reason.

Now that we have defined the soul it remains for us to unveil the wonderful richness of its faculties, to show what manifold and precious powers are rooted in its fertile soil.

We know that the powers of the soul are many and of various natures. How vast, how wonderful, how admirable, and how necessary are the powers of the soul! How busily and orderly it works in the rapid and steady production of the organisms which it needs for the performance of its functions. In many ways the body may be compared to a locomotive. The bones and muscles answer for the machinery and the motive power is produced by the food we eat. By reason of this we are kept

warm, muscular force is developed and the levers and joints move as in the engine. There is, however, an important difference between the two. The engine wears out, it must be stopped, taken apart and repaired. Our bodies are also wearing out, but they are constantly repairing themselves. In this way we may easily see how the body far surpasses the engine in the perfection of its mechanism. Our admiration is aroused by the marvelous and fascinating works of some intricate machine. But in the human body we find not only a most perfect and delicate machine, but one which far surpasses the handicraft of man, endowed, as it is, with life, motion and intelligence. We might dwell at length upon the excellence of the human body, and show how digestion, assimilation, increase, repair and reproduction takes place; but beautiful though these vegetal operations be in their silent and ceaseless activity, there are in man more dignified, noble, attractive energies.

By sentiency the soul grasps and makes its own the entire material world. Through the eyes, those windows of the soul's temple, it contemplates the beauty of gorgeous sunsets, starry nights, picturesque landscapes, storm-tossed oceans, sparkling streams, and all the charms of color. Through the ear the soul receives sweet harmony into its home. The ocean's roar, the babbling of the brook; the tumult of the elements, the gentle whispering of the evening breeze; the varied cadence of the human voice, the merry warbling of the woodland songster: each plays upon the soul in a key which gives expression to most entrancing music. The other senses are likewise channels through which other wealth is conveyed to the soul.

Besides the outward senses, which are, as it were, the sentinels and purveyors of the soul, there are inward senses which, like familiar servants, go hither and thither, ministering in its inner sanctuary. One of these, the judicial faculty, determines the goodness or badness, the fitness or unfitness of objects presented to the senses. The imagination represents absent objects as if they were present. It paints pictures that far excel the most perfect productions of the artist's brush. By the aid of this power creations of the most fabulous beauty conceivable can be brought to the mind. Graceful and towering structures, whose lofty pinnacles pierce the snowy clouds, may be readily presented to the mind through this

wonderful agency. Pictures of crystal rivers, whose placidly flowing waters are now and then disturbed by the darting hither and thither of golden fishes may be conceived and, in fact, even the wildest fancy may enter the soul of man through this portal.

Again, in the soul we find a means by which it retains all that enters it. By this means things seen in years gone by and things learned when we were mere children can be vividly recalled to the mind. In a way, this faculty of the soul makes what it once knows part of itself. Thus various, thus manifold and thus excellent are the vegetative and the sentient faculties of the soul.

But that by which the human soul rises above the soul that vegetates in the plants, above the soul that feels in the brute,—that by which the human soul reaches to kinship with the angels and with God, is its intellectual power. By this power the soul knows material things in an immaterial way; and knowing them thus it knows them in a higher and a nobler way. It knows the essence of material objects, it is true; but that essence, the intellect abstracts from all materiality: strips of all material conditions, and thus obtains, as it were, a clearly distilled result, an intellectual sublime, or, if you will, an idea of essences that have their being in material things. This refined concept is far superior to the cognitions of sense, because it is so free from materiality and because, as a result, it becomes universal,—that is, a notion that can be applied to any number of individuals of the same nature.

Moreover, the intellect has powers of judgment and of reasoning, which are still more wonderful and splendid in their results than the power of spiritual conception. Through judgment it variously compounds these immaterial ideas which it has first acquired through simple apprehension; it affirms or denies the identity or likeness that is observable between these concepts as compared. Then it travels further, it enters into the more complicated operation of reasoning, comparing judgments and deriving from these, other judgments or conclusions which reveal new truths. Through these wonderful powers the intellect goes on exploring the whole realm of knowable things, passing from one discovery to another, ever enriching its store of knowledge and building up for

its own contemplation and delight cogent systems of science, of philosophy, of religion, which are the noblest, strongest, most beautiful and most enduring fabrics that man can build.

We have yet to consider the greatest gift which God has bestowed upon man—free will, the noblest faculty possessed by intellectual agents. During the years of infancy and early childhood the human being is completely the creature of impulse. The precise date of the first exercise of free will can not be determined in any individual. But there must come a moment when the child outgrows its animal life and rises to intellective, conscious, free and responsible activity. This free election of acts, this assertion of one's own dominion over his acts, good or bad, is an inseparable endowment of rational beings. Now we know that if a man does not possess free will if he can not by his own energy oppose himself to the current of influences which sway him, then he is really nothing more than an irresponsible machine. His mechanism may be most ingenious, the agencies at work innumerable; but if his conduct is ever the resultant of the forces playing upon him there is no essential difference, as Father Maher says, between the acts willed by him and the movements of the madman, the brute, or the rain cloud. By will or rational appetite we mean the faculty which inclines or directs the soul to some object which is apprehended as good. The will can be irresistibly drawn only by that object which reason proposes as so universally attractive that it contains no dissatisfactory feature. The will is moved to desire an object only in so far as that object is good. Our freedom consists in our power of choosing between the manifold kinds of good; it is a free acceptance of intellectual judgment concerning the desirability of thoughts and eternal actions. It is man's free will that makes him accountable for the actions he performs.

What a grand creation is the human soul! In it we have a miniature universe. Oh! how entrancing is the sight of the soul as it is in itself. Is it, then, a wonder that saints have been raised into a transport of ecstatic delight at a glimpse of the spiritual world, vouchsafed them even while on earth? But even though

we are left to contemplate the soul from afar and through the thick mist of material surroundings, yet in its effects we see a partial reflection of its beauty. When we consider its silent and ceaseless operations of vegetation, when we examine its complex and intricate operations of sentiency and when we come finally to study its highest operations—intellection and volition—then, indeed, do we exclaim: "Truly, the soul is the most perfect work of God!"

J. C., '03.

EDITORIAL.

Soon outdoor sports will be abandoned; already the time for recreation has been shortened, in a word, we are in that period of the scholastic year known to many students as the gloomy season. For some, undoubtedly the winter term is most drear and gloomy, for they know not how to make a little sunshine for themselves. It would be well for such students to form some plan by which they can rob the winter of its gloom. We would suggest that they engage more diligently in their studies, that they learn how to find sunshine between the covers of a book, and that they take an active part in some one of the societies which are organized, not less for the pleasure than the intellectual advancement of their members. Every student who is eligible should not fail to be a member of one of his college societies.

If we desire to know a man's character, if we wish to form a correct estimate of his intrinsic worth, if we want to perceive whether he is possessed of greatness or littleness of soul, we closely study his actions—not this or that isolated act, but several acts, elicited in different circumstances. The standard, then, by which we judge a man is his manners. By closely observing how he behaves in different circumstances, we readily perceive which virtues he possesses and which he lacks. By a look, by a word, by a motion one betrays his

feelings and shows whether he has command over himself or not. No more truly does the light of the sun make the beauty or deformity of material objects perceptible than do the manners of a person reflect the perfections or imperfections of his soul. Each one then carries about with him a mirror in which others can see a correct image of his soul. The close relation between good manners and good morals is evident. The former are based upon the latter. Where we find sound morality there we will also find true courtesy. As the fragrance reveals the presence of the flower so true courtesy makes known the presence of virtue. A courteous man, a gentleman, is a man, the refinement of whose nature makes him shrink from inflicting pain on others. If one lacks feeling he will not know when he inflicts pain on others. The pain which a gentleman refrains from inflicting on others is not merely that which results from violence, for, after all, such pain is very often less bitter, less distressing, less hurtful, than that which unkindness, sarcasm or contempt beget. It may be necessary at times to inflict pain on others, but a gentleman will do so sparingly and only as a last resort. Why should we not try to lessen the miseries and sufferings of life when we can do so with such ease and so much profit? He who makes another happy cannot do so without increasing his own stock of happiness.

There are many things to be learned by the student during his college life, but he who goes forth without having learned to be a gentleman, even should he have distinguished himself in the sciences and philosophy, will learn by bitter experience that he has neglected that which is most essential.

ST. VIATEUR'S DAY.

ONCE more we are called upon to chronicle one of those joyous celebrations which are such pleasing features of college life. Those pleasant festal days which interrupt, without destroying, the regularity of student life are productive of other than the short-lived happiness of a day; when they appear in the dim distance

of futurity they enkindle in the hearts of students and teachers, joyful anticipations, which rob present trials and difficulties of their arduous nature, and, on the other hand, when they have flitted by, they leave behind them, entwined around the heart, fond memories which, in times of sorrow, will come forth to dispel the gathering clouds. St. Viateur's Day, the first of our college festivities, was, in accordance with the traditions of the college, celebrated this year with a grandeur and magnificence which can be produced only by the united efforts of religion and art. The scene presented in the chapel when the different members of the flock approached their good pastor to receive from his hands the Bread of Life, was certainly one which the angels must have loved to look upon.

Pontifical High Mass, at 8 o'clock, was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. J. Chatron, D. D., Bishop of Osaco, Japan. His grace was assisted by Rev. P. Menard, Escanaba, Mich., as arch-priest; Rev. M. A. Dooling, Clinton, Ill., and Rev. P. Langan, Escanaba, Mich., as Deacons of Honor. Rev. P. H. Dwrkin, Rantoul, Ill., and Rev. W. Burke, Peoria, Ill., were Deacon and Sub-Deacon of the Mass, respectively. Rev. J. E. Laberge, D. D., assisted by Rev. O. E. Paquin, C. S. V., was Master of Ceremonies. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris, D. D., Rev. M. Letellier and Rev. C. Fournier, C. S. V., were present in the sanctuary. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. H. Nawn, St. Mary's church, Chicago. The Acolythical Society is to be complimented for the knowledge and accurate observance of the ceremonies which its members displayed on this occasion. Masters B. Marsile, W. Keefe, J. Finn, W. Maguy, J. Legris, E. Burke, J. Monahan, T. Wright, H. Dunham served at the Pontifical Mass.

The choir, consisting of eighty students, many of whom were new members, sang in a manner which showed skillful training on the part of the director, and diligent application, as well as talent, on the part of the singers. The very difficult program, which is given below, was rendered in an inspiring manner. The following new soloists distinguished themselves on this occasion: Rev. J. Corbett, Messrs. R. Weurst, W. Cleary, F. Holland, J. Hogan and Masters C. Ost, T. Nelson, A. Lambeau. The choir is under the able management of Rev. C. Raymond, C. S. V.

The program of the mass was:

Kyrie	Farmer's Mass, in B Flat
Gloria—Messe Solennelle	Gounod
Veni Creator	Millard
Credo	Bollman's Mass, in C
Et Incarnatus Est—Missa Pro Pace	La Hache
Sanctus—Messe Solennelle	Gounod
Agnus Dei.....	Leonard's Mass, in B Flat

The sermon, delivered by Father Nawn, was all that a sermon should be. The orator combined harmoniously the many and varied elements that constitute a good sermon. His discourse was orderly, clear, literary; it had that pious strain which should characterize a good sermon, and it was very practical. Taking for his text the following passage from the twentieth Psalm: "He asked life of thee: and thou hast given him length of days forever and ever," Father Nawn introduced his theme by considering the beauty of God as manifested especially in his saints, "those masterpieces of the Divine Artist." In the body of his discourse Father Nawn, after briefly summing up the life of St. Viator, pointed out in a striking manner how the humble cleric renounced wealth, pleasure and power to follow more closely in the footsteps of his Divine Model. In conclusion, he exhorted his hearers not only to admire but also to imitate the sublime examples of the saints. The whole sermon was characterized by lofty ideals nobly conceived and beautifully expressed. The ardor and earnestness of the speaker, springing from his deep conviction and expressed not less by his looks, gestures and action than by his words, were powerful factors in elevating his audience to his own elevated plane.

A brief intermission elapsed between mass and the military tournament, which took place in the gymnasium. The battalion, under the supervision of Colonel W. Cleary, presented a good appearance, in numbers and efficiency. The Ford Exhibition Squad went through its many and intricate movements in a manner creditable to its members and reflecting great praise upon its officers. Scarcely had the echoes of the applause which the seniors received, died away, when the Columbian Guards, those champions of the Minim Department appeared, conscious that the laurels of victory

were theirs; nor were they disappointed. The life and buoyancy with which the minims executed their intricate maneuvers is what made them the special favorites of those who viewed the military display. Their colonel, Master R. Daley, deserves great commendation for his proficiency. In giving over one hundred and fifty different commands he did not hesitate once. In fact, all the officers are well chosen. From the manner in which the different military companies performed their part in the celebration we are led to expect much from them as the year grows older.

The afternoon was taken up principally with the banquet and the play, "King John," given by the Thespians. The following is the cast of characters:

Dramatis Personae.

King John	J. M. Kangley
Prince Henry	Charles Ost
Prince Arthur	R. Daley
Earl of Pembroke	F. Holland
Earl of Essex	F. Rainey
Earl of Salisbury	W. Moran
Robert Bigot	P. Legris
Hubert	T. Cosgrove
Faulconbrige	A. L'Ecuyer
Peter of Pomfret	W. Burke
Philip of France	J. Carey
Lewis of France	W. Maher
Archduke of Austria	W. Cleary
Cardinal of Pandulp	M. Cotter
Chatillon	R. Weurst
Queen Elinor	B. McCarty
Lady Constance	J. Monahan
Blanche	J. Finn

Citizens of Angiers, Soldiers, Etc.

All who took part in the play acquitted themselves of their respective parts in a manner which made the whole rendition one which reflected glory on the Thespians. This certainly is high praise, when we consider the former triumphs which this society has won; but it is no less certainly deserved. Mr. J. M. Kangley, as King John; Mr. J. Carey, as King Philip; Mr. A. L. L'Ecuier, as Faulconbrige; Mr. T. Cosgrove, as Hubert; Mr. M. Cotter, as the Cardinal; Master R. Daley, as Hubert; M. Cotter, as the Cardinal; Master R. Daley, as Prince Arthur, and Master J. Monahan, as Lady Constance, especially distinguished themselves in their very difficult roles, as was evidenced by the rounds of applause which they received. The realism with which Mr. Kangley presented the death scene of King John gave ample evidence of his histrionic ability. Mr. T. Cosgrove and Master R. Daley gave as perfect a rendition of the pathetic scene between Hubert and Prince Arthur as is ever seen on the local stage. Mr. Cotter impersonated the Cardinal with a grace and dignity which well befitted his role. The conscientious Philip of France was excellently interpreted by Mr. Carey. Mr. L'Ecuier rendered in a spirited manner the keen wit and burning satire of Faulconbrige. The intense grief and passionate outburst of Lady Constance were portrayed in an admirable manner by Master J. Monahan, whose whole soul was in his utterance.

Between the acts the audience were given some choice selections by the college orchestra and band, both of which are under the directorship of Mr. G. Martineau. The members, as well as the director, are to be complimented on the excellence with which they rendered the excellent selections prepared for the occasion.

The celebration of St. Viateur's Day of 1902 was certainly all that it could be desired. Even the weather was most favorable. The large number of distinguished visitors, who attested by their presence the interest they take in our institution, were evidently delighted with the different features of the celebration. *

OBITUARY.

It was with feelings of deep regret that we heard of the death of Rev. P. Desjardins, C. S. V. For the past two years his health had been rapidly failing, so that when his end came, at Joliette, Canada, October 30, it was not unexpected. During his long life in religion, a period extending over thirty-seven years, Brother Desjardins labored zealously in different institutions of his community, both in Canada and in the United States. For several years he was Professor of Music at St. Viateur's college. His many friends in the United States will learn with sorrow of his death and will, we hope, unite with the community of which he was a faithful member, in praying for the repose of his soul.

R. I. P.

It is our sad duty to record the death of Mr. W. Wiatr. In 1900 Mr. Wiatr finished the philosophical course here, winning the honors of his class. The following year he began his theological course at St. Francis' Seminary, Wis. But scarcely had he begun his course when the dread symptoms of consumption forced him to give up his studies and travel for his health. After two years spent in the southern and western states he returned to his home in Calumet, Mich., where he died in the early part of October. During the time spent here in studies, Mr. Wiatr gave promise of a successful career in the vocation for which he was preparing. We extend to his parents and friends our heartfelt sympathy and the assurance that we will not forget to pray for his soul.

R. I. P.

We received with great sorrow the news of the tragic death of Mr. W. Barr and that of his brother, John. Both young men were suffocated in a well, into which they had descended for water. William was one of our former students, who, during his stay with us, was well liked, both by his fellow students and teachers. On Wednesday, November 5, requiem high mass was sung in the col-

lege chapel for the repose of their souls. We condole with their bereaved parents and friends in their sorrow.

R. I. P.

EXCHANGES.

A COLLEGE journal may be rightly considered as the mental exponent of its students. It is, so to speak, the intellectual barometer of whatever seat of learning it represents, for on its pages we see registered the progress that is being made there. This progress is usually manifested by the nature of the subjects treated, and the manner in which they are treated by the students themselves, but sometimes it appears more especially from the character of the extracts which they select from other journals. If these, whether in prose or verse, are of an elevating nature, if they inspire the soul with noble sentiments, if they arouse the mind to the contemplation of higher things, and make it love that which is beautiful, then may we rightly conclude that the journal which selects for its pages such extracts, the journal which thus tacitly expresses its appreciation for thoughts expressed by high thinking minds, is one which indicates that there is a high grade of mental culture flourishing in the college which it represents. Such an appreciation we are pleased to see has been manifested by the "Gettysburg Mercury" for October. This journal contains two entire poems, taken from the Viatorian, one entitled, "The Leper Priest," the other, "In Vain." Of the beauty of expression and loftiness of thought in these it is not for us to say, but it is for us to say, and we take a just pride in saying it, that both are from the pen of one whose writings, both in prose and verse, are by no means unfamiliar to any of our exchanges. We, therefore, congratulate the author of the poems and also the "Gettysburg Mercury" on the excellent taste which it has displayed in selecting them. We wish that we could stop with these congratulations, but we find that it is the duty of the ex-man to call attention to the dark as well as to the bright side of a journal, and, to our mind, the Mercury has also its dark side. We refer to those pages which it devotes to an article entitled, "Barriers to Science." By the mere heading of this article

we were naturally lead to think that the writer had made some important discoveries, consequently we proceeded with all possible curiosity to see what they were. But, alas! What a disappointment! The only barriers we could find were supernatural revelation and ecclesiastics, and these soon proved to be, even according to the writer's own admission, not barriers at all, but just the contrary—aids. We may infer, however, from the general tone of the essay, that such an admission on the part of the writer was unintentional—probably a slip of the pen—for before making it we notice his attempts to belittle supernatural revelation and show its insufficiency for the growing mind. For instance, he says: "True, the children of Israel did have a supernatural revelation to guide them, but how imperfectly did it serve them. Together with the other nations they seek after other gods to worship." But this proves nothing against the sufficiency or excellence of supernatural revelation. If it proves anything, it proves that the children of Israel were subject to mental wanderings and delusions, just as are the children of the Darwinian school. These have unchallengeable proofs drawn from the very nature of things, which show the fixity and stability of species. Yet, how imperfectly do these proofs serve them! They thrum on the man-monkey theory to the disgust of all who hear them and, in spite of all proofs to the contrary. But does this fact in any way lessen the value of the proofs? Not at all.

But where the writer appears to wax especially eloquent is in his description of the conflict between the scientist, who rejects revelation, and the ecclesiastic, who reveres it. Speaking of the scientist, he says: "He peers under the surface of the earth to discover its history. He examines and compares the inorganic and organic creation in order to determine the processes through which they have been evolved. He proves his investigations, and submits them for our consideration."

"His facts are generally accepted, except when they seem to conflict with (our) supernatural revelation. At this point we hear the cry of 'Halt!' Ecclesiastics say it is atheistic. They say it is contrary to the account given in Genesis. 'Shall we believe that man is descended from the monkey, which belief is not only contrary to Genesis, but degrading to man?' " Well, if by "his facts" the writer means those conclusions which the scientist deduces

from right principles and arrives at by the right use of reason, then his facts are not **generally** accepted, but are **always** accepted, for it is impossible that such facts could be in conflict with (our) supernatural revelation—truth cannot be opposed to truth, any more than light can be opposed to light. And here let us remark, by way of digression, that the writer's "our" in parenthesis is uncalled for, and if this is merely an attempt at sarcasm he should remember that he is dealing with something sacred—something which spurns the idea of even an '02 man trifling with it. But, to return to facts: If by "his facts" we are to understand the hypothesis or suppositions of the scientist, these, we admit, are generally accepted, but at a discount proportionate to the degree in which they seem to conflict with the Word of God. They are not, however, as the writer would have us believe, rejected if they only seem to be in conflict with supernatural revelation. Finally, if by "his facts" the writer means those affirmations which are directly opposed to revealed truth, and even to common sense, such, for instance, as his quotation from Emerson, the poet, preacher and philosopher: "The chemic lump arrives at the plant and grows; arrives at the quadruped and walks; arrives at man and thinks." "Facts" like these, no matter by whom presented, are always rejected as counterfeit coins, and it is only when the scientist tries to palm off such facts that he hears the cry of "Halt!". But is the cry of "Halt" at such a point as this to be considered a barrier to science?

We are unable to detect in this entire article anything that can justify its title.

The "St. Joseph Collegian" opens with a beautiful little poem, entitled, "The Queen of the Rosary." In this the writer has expressed many inspiring thoughts, but his concluding lines are especially elevating. Another article in this journal which attracted our attention and which indeed must be of more than passing interest to every student, is "College Life and Vacation." Here the writer shows in clear terms that vacation does not, as some may think, offer any impediment to intellectual progress, but, on the contrary, that it offers innumerable advantages to the student; that it enables him to see life, not in books, but in its reality, and gives him a

broadmindedness, without which his education must necessarily be incomplete. We admire the writer, both for his style and for the admirable way in which he has defended a time sacred to us all.

We have read with much pleasure a well written and instructive article in a September issue of the Scholastic, that entitled, "Sir Thomas Moore." The writer, in order to better show forth the admirable virtues of this great man, contrasts him with one of the most despicable characters in the annals of history—Cromwell. Truly, he selects a background where "light is silent all," and this has its advantage, for it makes Moore shine forth with still greater resplendence, just as a star "that sends down its loveliest light when a midnight sky is round it."

We are pleased to add to our list of exchanges several new names this month, some of which are first issues. Among these we must make special mention of "The Columbiad." This journal, in its infancy, is full of health and vigor, and we are confident that it will be a welcome guest at whatever sanctum it appears.

J. LYNN.

PERSONALS.

Rev. T. Gaffney, who is at present following an advanced course in Theology at the Catholic University, Washington, called in the early part of October upon his friends at the college. All were delighted to meet him and to learn that his health is good. He has the best wishes of those who knew him during his stay of three years at St. Viateur's.



Rev. D. Moore, '98, recently visited us to meet old friends and

form new acquaintances. At present Father Moore is pursuing special courses at the Catholic University, Washington. His presence awakened pleasant memories and we long to see him again within our halls.



Rev. F. X. O'Connor was one of our pleasant visitors recently. At one time Father O'Connor was our Professor of Rhetoric, but now Hannibal, Mo., is the scene of his labors, where he is acting as assistant pastor.



One of our earlist graduates, Rev. J. Lesage, pastor of Sacred Heart church, Aurora, Ill., recently visited the president and other friends at the college.



Among the recent arrivals in the seminary department are Messrs. P. H. Pyterek and E. A. Kowalewski, of Chicago, Ill.



Mr. J. Granger, '96, is attending the Northwestern School of Law, Chicago. We wish our former student the success to which his high intellectual and moral qualities entitle him.



Mr. P. Kirley, Terraville, South Dakota, on his way to Chicago, called at the college to see his brother, Rev. J. D. Kirley. Mr. Kirley has large interests in one of the principal gold mines of South Dakota.



During All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day, Rev. Father Brady, S. J., conducted a retreat for the students and faculty.

The correspondent for the New World writes: "Mr. and Mrs. A. Bergeron celebrated their golden wedding here, Sunday, October 26, with great solemnity. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, of Notre Dame, Chicago, sang mass, at which music was furnished by a powerful choir from Chicago. Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., preached a very beautiful sermon on the occasion." The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. Bergeron at the college extended to them congratulations and best wishes for a continuance of their happiness.



We were pleased to hear of the appointment of one of our former professors and assistant prefect of discipline, Rev. Father Sammon, to the pastorate of St. Bernard's church, Peoria, Ill. We congratulate him on his promotion and wish him success in the management of the affairs of that important parish.



Rev. J. Kelly called upon us recently. We were sorry to learn that Father Kelly's health makes it necessary for him to spend the winter in Colorado. However, Father Kelly does not intend to remain inactive during his sojourn in that State; he has been appointed to a church in Aspen, Col. We hope that Father Kelly will return, enjoying perfect health.



Rev. W. Burke, '98, has been appointed as assistant at the cathedral, Peoria. We congratulate Father Burke and wish him that success to which his many sterling qualities of mind and heart entitle him.



Rev. Father Grosbush, pastor at Loretto, Ill., called upon his friends at the college recently.



Mr. John Fitzgerald, who completed the commercial course

with the class of '99, is now studying at the American College, Strassburg, Germany. Success to our former student.



News was received recently from Mr. Hugel, who formerly studied here. He is now serving his country on board the U. S. F. S Rainbow, in Manila Bay. We had the pleasure of smoking some Philippine cigars, which he sent us. He is making a collection of curios for the museum. We are always pleased to hear from the old students and always feel grateful for any assistance given towards increasing the number of volumes in the library or the scientific collections.



Mr. W. W. Parish, '72, one of the leading business men of Mokense, Ill., was elected recently to the State Legislature. We congratulate Mr. Parish upon his success.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The Literary and Debating societies of the college were reorganized immediately after St. Viator's Day. All report a large membership. The talent of the college is well represented in these organizations and, judging from the enthusiasm with which the students have entered into this work, we can, in all probability, say the practical results of such institutions will be great.

The officers of St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society are: Mr. W. J. Cleary, president; Mr. W. Maher, vice-president; Mr. A. L'Ecuyer, secretary; Mr. J. Drennan, treasurer; Mr. W. McKenna, librarian, and Mr. W. Burke, sergeant-at-arms.

St. Jean Baptiste Society elected the following members: Mr. R. Richer, president; Rev. O. E. Paquin, vice president; Rev. E. Boileau, secretary; Mr. Dufault, assistant secretary; Mr. A. Martin, treasurer; Mr. P. Legris, sergeant-at-arms, and Mr. L. Rivard, assistant sergeant-at-arms.

FOOTBALL.

American Medical College, 5; St. Viateur's, 0.

On October 4th the American Medical College came down from Chicago to try conclusion with our eleven, and after a fiercely fought battle, returned home with our scalp at their belt, though it must be said in justice to our men, luck favored the visitors to some extent.

The game was intensely interesting from first to last and replete with many remarkable features. The star performers for St. Viateur's were Jones and, especially, Martin, whose terrific line-bucking and herculean efforts to advance the ball have seldom been equalled on the college grounds in recent years. Time and again they tore large holes through the visitors' line, when a failure to gain meant a surrender of the ball. But their mighty efforts, it seemed, were to no avail, for the defense of the visitors was at times invulnerable, and stopped the heavy rushes of our men rather easily. The work of Curran in the line, and the tackling and general defensive play of Cleary, at end, were the other features for St. Viateur's.

Quille at quarter, Demings at left-half, and Hayward at full-back, did the best work for the visitors, but the stubborn defense put up by the whole team was the feature of their play.

A detailed account of the game is as follows: Martin kicked off for St. Viateur's and Brown fell on the ball. After two ineffectual attempts to gain, the Medics kicked to St. Viateur's 25 yard line, where Martin caught it and returned it eight yards. By a series of line-bucks by Martin and Jones and end runs by Holland and Cleary, St. Viateur's brought the ball to the visitors' 15 yard line, where a failure to gain in three trials gave it to the opponents. They had succeeded in bringing the pigskin back to their own 50 yard line when time was called.

Young kicked off for the Medics in second half, who secured the ball immediately on a fumble. They advanced it to St. Via-

teur's 10 yard line, where they lost it on a fumble. St. Viateur's, in turn, fumbled, after having gained six yards. The Medics ran the ball back seven yards, and St. Viateur's got it on a fumble and made eight yards and were then forced to punt. Brooks caught the ball and flew around St. Viateur's left for a touch down. Hayward missed goal. Martin kicked off to the Medics, who advanced the ball to the middle of the field, when time was called.

LINE UP.

St. Viateur's.	Positions.	Medics
Cleary	Right End	Burton
Hayden	Right Tackle	Anderson
Quirk	Right Guard	Brooks
McDonald	Center	Murphy
Curran	Left Guard	Young
Hickey	Left Tackle	Brown
Smith	Left End	McCarthy
Carey	Quarter Back	Quille
Holland	R. H. Back	Smith
Martin	Full Back	Hayward
Jones	L. H. Back	Demings

Summaries.

Referee and umpire—Maher and Jameson. Touchdowns—Hayward. Linemen—Burke and Kramer. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Kankakee High School, o; Rserve, o.

Two days previous to the game with the Medics, the Reserves met the Kankakee High School football team , on the latter's grounds, with the usual result—neither side scored.

Notwithstanding these tie games, the Reserves are confident they will eventually beat the High School boys.

VIATORIANA.

The Kaiser's Banquet.

ONE Rainey day, Cyr knight rode forth
To banquet with the Kaiser,
And many followed in his train
All armed with Shield and saber.

A Page, a Kirley headed lad,
Clad in a jerkin Short
Followed his knightly master
Unto the Kaiser's court.

The Mudd so deep upon the road
Their progress much retarded.
A bridge, they built, upon the way,
L'Est-a-brook must needs be Ford-ed.

At length arrived before the Wall,
They loudly claimed admission.
The Butler met them in the hall
Where all was great confusion.

The Cook preparing for the feast—
His Hand-s, indeed, were doughy—
Had thrown the Curran-ts in the yeast,
He was in such a hurry.

And, hence, the feast was not the Best.
The guests were feeling Moody,
But e'en the Weurst was yet to come—
The antiquated Turk-ey.

Long did they hack and saw and sweat
The knight e'en broke his saber.
In vain they strove to carve the bird:
It was a useless labor.

At length, despairing of the task,
 Some fell to Munch-ing crackers.
 The Cook was in as great a stew
 As any of the Oysters.

The subjects, all so stanch and true,
 Sought to console the Kaiser:
 In Rich Brown ale they drank to him
 Until they toppled over.

The Cox announced that morn had come.
 The guests were soundly snoring.
 Upon the hearth-stone, snugly curled,
 The Katz were softly purring.

The sun was high up in the sky.
 The guests prepared to go.
 The Kaiser cried: "I ne'er did give
 A feast that I did Rousseau !"

J. D.

Certainly one of the fiercest foot ball games played on our grounds in many a day was the one between Onarga Seminary and the college eleven, on October 18th, resulting 11 to 6, in favor of the visitors.

It was a game whose equal is seldom seen, whether we consider line bucking, end running, tackling or kicking. We may sum up the excellence of both teams in this way: St. Viateur's easily excelled in line bucking and tackling, Onarga in end running and in the kicking department of the game. The two grand features of the day were the deadly tackling of Cleary and the catapultic line smashing by Jones. Cosgrove, at quarter, was always in the thickest of the fight, used good judgment and passed the ball accurately and fast. Wall and Curran proved invulnerable in the line. This was the former's first game with the regulars and he certainly was a tower of strength on the defensive. McDonald and Hickey played the game with their usual determined spirit and fought hard to

the very last, and Carey Smith gained much ground for our team, while Holland alternated with Jones in successful line plunging. White, at center, snapped back in grand style and his usual defensive strength was in evidence.

The features of the game for the visitors were their splendid interference when skirting the ends, the individual playing of Bulwer at quarter, who passed the ball and tackled, Daly-like, and the end running of Ramsey, who never failed to gain at least ten or fifteen yards.

Owing to the limited amount of space at our disposal, we will not give a detailed account of the game. Suffice it to say that during thirty of the forty minutes taken for the game, the ball was in Onarga's territory and their goal almost always in danger. Their victory is to be attributed to their fine end running and a lucky trick play, which baffled our men and scored a touchdown.

The line-up was as follows:

St. Viateur's.	Positions.	Onarga.
White	Center	Beeby
Curran	Left Guard	Brown
McDonald	Right Guard	Burrows
Wall	Left Tackle	Townsend
Hickey	Right Tackle	O'Malley
Smith	Left End	Ramsey
Cleary	Right End	Coglin
Cosgrove	Quarter.	Bulwer
Jones	L. H. Back	Brice
Carey	R. H. Back	Westerfield
Holland	Full Back	Breitman

Touchdowns—Carey, Ramsey, Westerfield; goals—McDonald, Bulwer; officials—James and Maher; time of halves—20 minutes.

W. MAHER, '04.