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OCTOBER'S QUEEN.

Queen of the Angels! in thy train
My Guardian Angel hath his place;
Hath right to gaze (where thou dost reign)
Upon thy pure and lovely face!
And when the choirs proclaim thy praise,
And hail thee Mistress of the skies,
His voice hath power to swell the lays
That reach and ravish Paradise!

Queen of Divine Maternity!
October shrines thy blessed name.
Her golden *Aves* breathed to thee
Are pregnant with thy virgin fame!
And since Rome's Pontiff, world-renowned,
Fresh meed of glory gave to thee,
Mother! thou art by Leo crowned
Queen of the Holy Rosary.

E.C.D., in Our Lady of Good Counsel.

JOAN OF ARC.

PART II.

Who Is Responsible for Her Death?

Upon whom is to fall the odium of Joan's cruel death? Upon the church, or upon the enemies of her country? It is evident from a careful study of her trial that her execution was a political crime, as was the massacre of St. Bartholomew. True, her judges were churchmen, but at the same time rebels against the supremacy of the Holy See; they belonged to the English, or were bought by them, and the few who protested were threatened with death.

The tribunal of Rouen was lacking ecclesiastical jurisdiction, as it was irregularly constituted. The mem-

bers of the University of Paris had no right to act as judges, nor had the vice-inquisitor of Rouen the right to interfere in an action entered for another diocese. The church of France as the Roman church took no part in the organization of this tribunal.

At its head was Cauchon, one of the instigators of the schismatic council of Basle. Did he belong to the church, this doctor of the University of Paris, appointed by the invader in an invaded country? No! He was bishop *de facto*, but not *de jure*; temporal, not spiritual. He bargained about the price of his judgment, and was given the bishopric of Lisieux in the English province of Normandy to compensate him for having lost the see of Beauvais, whence he had been expelled. The church did not approve of Cauchon's sentence; for, though he was dead, she rejected this false bishop from her bosom. Callistus IV excommunicated him, and Louvet states that his bones were taken from consecrated ground and thrown into a stagnant pool. According to the legislation of the period, the accused was to be delivered into the hands of a lay tribunal, whose duty it was to inquire into the grievousness of the laws violated, the extent of punishment to be inflicted, or the measure of mercy to be given. But that nobody did, and she was inhumanly hurled from the ecclesiastical court to the stake.

All the proceedings in that lamentable trial were irregular. This forsaken girl had not even a defender, and vainly asked for the judges and prisons of the church. The Holy See would have set aside this false ecclesiastical tribunal of Rouen, then deprived of its spiritual head. What a cruel irony to make the church responsible for the acts of her bitterest enemies, the promoters of the schism of Basle and of the so-called "Gallican liberties."

The iniquity of this suit could be consummated only by the rejection of the Holy See, says Charles de Beaufort. No! The Roman church has not burnt Joan of Arc, since she perished a victim of the worst adversaries of Rome, and in the coming ages they will, under the name of philosophers and free thinkers, outrage her sacred memory. The pope would have saved her, as he rehabilitated her. The crime of Cauchon and his creatures does not reflect more on the mother of our souls than the treason of Judas dishonored the faithful apostles; not more than the murder of Carnot makes the Italians accomplices in Santo's dark deed.

The church, a few years after the death of the Shepherdess of Domremi, avenged her heroic and saintly name. She declared null the suit in which the most elementary principles of justice had been trampled under foot; she acknowledged that her revelations and mission appeared to be of God, as they were confirmed by the gift of prophecy, an angelic life, and a complete submission to God's supreme repre-

sentative on earth, her act of abjuration having been subscribed to through threat and deceit.

Our age will see not only her vindication, but her glorification. The great Leo XIII, from the serene heights of his position, turns his eyes alternately from the past to the future to repair the injustice of men and to insure the destiny of nations. Joan of Arc has received from his hands the title of *venerable*, and it seems certain that she will continue to ascend the ladder of the church's honors till she rests on our altars, till her virginal brow is encircled with the halo of sanctity.

M. J. M.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

It was on a fine summer's morning—how well I remember that day!—when I departed from my native shores. I was a mere chap of only six years, and though nearly everything that happened on the journey has since passed from my mind, yet there is one thing which I remember to this day, and that is the voyage across the Atlantic.

As our ship, the "Wæsland," moved from the shore, I watched the tall spires and steeples of the city disappear one by one in the distance, and then I felt how dear the old home was to me. But the feeling soon wore off and I determined to enjoy the voyage.

On board the ship everything was new and novel to me, but what struck me as most singular was the rough and ready ways of our sailors.

After passing a night in dreamland I arose, and, breakfast over, I went to find a jovial old sailor whom I noticed on the previous afternoon. Being very inquisitive, and hearing that sailors were good story tellers, I asked my friend Ned (as I afterward learned his name to be) to tell me some of his experiences as a sailor. He was a very good natured fellow, and taking a liking to me, felt disposed to gratify my request. His narrative was as follows:

I was born in a small seaport town on the northern coast of the Netherlands. My father being a fisherman and sailor, I naturally took a liking to the sea. When but a little chap, my father—I can scarcely remember him—set sail for a long journey to China; but the ship was overtaken by a storm and driven a hopeless wreck on the northern coast of Africa. This made matters worse, for the inhabitants of the Barbary States are a piratical people, and no sooner perceive a wreck than they set out to capture it. My father was captured in very short time, and the crew to which he belonged were reduced to servitude.

During this time my good mother prayed day after day for the safety of my father, and I noticed that she was becoming feebler every day. At last an old comrade of my father's came to our cottage and told us of the fate of his comrades, and that he had made his escape after six years of slavery. The shock was too much for my poor mother; she soon after died, and on her death bed she made me promise to turn sailor and endeavor to find out

something concerning my missing parent.

Although a mere lad of fourteen, I was not long in finding a position as cabin boy on board of a steamer. The captain was a former friend of my father. Our destination was Australia, but that did not bother me, for, being alone in the world, no worldly ties held me back.

After many days our vessel reached its destination in safety, and my first care was to find a vessel bound for Africa, which was my father's place of incarceration. I finally succeeded, with the aid of our captain, in making my escape, and was soon on board a vessel bound for the Barbary States.

When we arrived at Morocco I took steps to find out something concerning my father, and heard that he was in the central part of the country. I could not set out immediately, for my resources were exhausted; so I had to work my way thither.

Thus several years elapsed, and all my efforts were in vain, having found no trace of my father. At last, when I had almost given up hope, and intended to go back to sea, I came across one of his companions, who told me he was quite certain he still lived. This enkindled the spark still left in my heart, and I started out again, being now a young man of twenty-five.

Having spent so many years in Africa, I was now more a native than anything else. In my searches one day I came to the house of a wealthy merchant, and seeing an old man who had quite an outlandish appearance, I addressed him in Dutch, and to my

great joy he answered me in the same tongue. This new found friend of mine asked me to stay a few days, and, as he was interested in my welfare, added that if he could do anything to aid me he should do so. It was after much reluctance on my part that I told him the same story, which had grown old and painful to me. I noticed how excited he was, and when I concluded he asked concerning my mother; and when I told him of her dying of a broken heart, he could restrain himself no longer, but embraced me, saying, "My dear boy! my dear boy!"

So I had found him at last, and through the kindness of the merchant we remained there. After five years the merchant died, and left to my father a considerable sum of money and an ocean steamer, which became our home for several years. It was my wish to go to sea, but my father did not like it at first, having grown old while I was in full manhood. But all my talking on the subject aroused that spirit that animates every true "salt's" mind, and he consented to go. He only made one trip with me, for, being now quite old, he remained in his old home while I kept on with the voyages. After my father's retirement I had, it seems, no luck; for on the very next voyage I was captured by pirates, and after almost a year with them I made my escape and returned to my old home. My father died shortly afterward, and then I took to sea again, where you find me now, trying to make a start.

Thus he concluded his narrative,

and I thanked him for his kindness and went below to my parents. Every day we met on deck, and our intimacy soon grew into a close friendship. And when our voyage was over, parting, he said, "Take a friend's and sailor's advice; never follow my example if you can possibly help it."

JOHN MARX,
First Gram.

THE CHURCH BELL.

Among the simplest and most beautiful customs which have been handed down from generation to generation, is the ringing of the church bell. From time immemorial it has "ushered in the blushing morn" and "toll'd the knell of parting day." It indeed has a grand, nay even a divine mission, for it comes as a messenger from above telling us to lift our hearts to our Creator. We hear its joyful peals speaking to us, enjoining us to attend divine services. How many penitent souls has it not called to effer the worship due to their Divine Master. It also proclaims the spiritual birth of the soul and reminds us that there is another soul born in Christ, another angel upon earth. Today, its merry notes invite us to the marriage feast, and at its command we see crowds of people thronging to witness the ceremony. What happiness beams from the eyes of the two happy souls that are now made one. Peace and contentment lie before the happy pair, and perhaps fortune, and at the sweet sound of the bell we may exclaim with

the poet, "What a world of happiness its harmony foretells."

But we must remember that life's joys are as fleeting shadows, and even before its gentle sounds of fond remembrance have died away in the distance, we hear the bell once more ringing, but alas, it tolls for the dead. Ah! what a mournful office has not the old bell. How many sorrowful ones does it not call forth to perform the last sad rites of the dead. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, all, each in his turn comes at its solemn bidding. Though time may heal the wound, yet the sound of the funeral note will ever strike a tender chord in their hearts and bring back the memory of the ones sleeping. What happiness and sorrow does not its notes carry?

"Hadst thou the power of speech, old bell. Methinks strange stories thou couldst tell."

It sounds the Angelus, calls us to divine service, reminds us of the spiritual birth of the soul, invites us to the wedding, and requests our prayers for the dead. What mission could be grander than that of the church bell? What could remind us better or in such a simple manner of our duties toward God and our neighbor, as its ringing. Although we often hear its sweet full notes breaking the silence, yet we must not disregard its heavenly message, and offer up to God our hearts. Thus we will do what is required of us, and the church bell will ever be our earthly guide. And though months may roll into years, and years into centuries, yet the church bell will al-

ways fulfill its divine mission, and as its sweet notes have announced that the darkness which once surrounded our souls is dispelled, so also its merry peals will be heard ringing on into a joyful eternity. J. A. CASEY.

LETTER FROM REV. E. L. RIVARD
C.S.V.

[We had waited anxiously for some news from Father Rivard. Except a letter from New York, no news was received till October 21, which, by the way, is St. Viateur's Day. It appears that Father Rivard had a very stormy voyage and consequently all the incidentals which that implies.

We give below his letter, or perhaps better, his diary.]

I arrived in New York City, Thursday evening, at 8:30; slept at Union hotel, near the Grand Central station. Friday morning and afternoon I visited the parks and churches. New York is very clean, the air is pure, temperature mild, people gentle, and were not comparisons odious, I would say, to put it short, that it is the most civilized of our American cities; there hovers about it a certain sort of not easily definable refinement due, I imagine, in some measure, to constant and direct communication with other civilizations, especially the European.

St. Patrick's cathedral is not one of those grand epics in stone you read about, but it is at least a beautiful prayer in marble; beautiful inside and outside. Its gray marble interior is perhaps a trifle cold, but that is abundantly relieved by the splendid windows, altars, and tableaux.

Central Park is an immense forest. The obelisk and the art museum are

great attractions. In the latter one sees some good paintings, Egyptian antiquities, Greek statuary, etc. What attracted my attention particularly was the statue of Literature, erected by the dramatic profession of America, crowning the bust of Edgar Allan Poe, whose father, David Poe, and wife, Elizabeth Arnold, were actors. On the pedestal of the monument is carved the following appropriate inscription :

Sæpius ventis agitur ingens
Pinus, et celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt turres, feriunt que summos
Fulgura montes.

I was fraternally received and excellently entertained at Rev. Father Tetreau's, where I became acquainted with his assistant priests, the Revs. Chausine Petil, John Tetreau, Pietro Gravil, and F. Michon, who were all very kind to me. I also met there the V. Rev. Louis Soulier, superintendent of the Oblates, and V. Rev. Eugene Antoine, assistant superintendent general, who, I was glad to learn, were taking "La Tourraine" the next day. I also learned with pleasure that Fr. Leclair, vice rector of the Canadian College, Rome, was to embark with us. How the good angels guide me! For all this good fortune thanks to the pious prayers of my friends. After yielding to a very pressing invitation of the Brothers of Mary to take my last dinner with them, I hastened to the wharf, and at 2:30, Saturday, Sept. 29, I was on board of "La Tourraine," the splendor of the French Line. We started amid the waving of handkerchiefs, the blowing of whistles, and

many a last good-bye wet with tears. I soon found my cabin and was installed—then looked for company. I met Fr. Leclair quietly walking on deck with Mr. Neven, sub-deacon from Montreal, going to Rome to study. We are to be fellow-students. Fr. Leclair is a very amiable gentleman, and fatherly priest, and Mr. Neven and I are already chums. We have in our clerical party, Fr. Hatton, the Superior of the Little Sisters of the Poor, a typical French abbé, who, though past 50, is younger than any of us. He is the soul of the party. Fr. Palmieri, a Corsican priest from Mexico City, who says he believes in Zola, and professes the greatest admiration for Chicago, completes our clerical contingent.

Sitting in the genial sun on deck we saluted, those who wanted, the Statue of Liberty, and soon were *au large*.

EN MER.

America has disappeared from view. We are at sea! What an indescribable sensation it is! How very venturesome, how rash it seems to commit oneself to the treacherous ocean! This is the moment one feels the need of being lifted up by the thought of his friends' good prayers. I try to be as cheerful and hopeful as possible, and not to think of sea sickness and other more terrible things.

After supper, which on the *menu* is called dinner, we smoked on deck; we walked and chatted. I was well; but I had a presentiment lodged in the pit of the stomach that took a good deal of my courage away. The sea grew

quite rough. At 9:30 when I attempted to go to my room I became oh, so sick! I gave back to the sea all the Tourraine's *chef* had supplied me for supper, and a good deal more that I didn't know I had at all. Many, I was told, were doing the same. After a while I felt better, and returned on deck for a last look at the starry sky, and some fresh air, and remained there till near 11 o'clock; went to bed after more sea sickness—finally, through sheer force of habit, I believe, I fell asleep.

Sunday, Sept. 30. I rose at 7. As soon as I was on my feet I began to grow dizzy and heartsick, and determined to leave my cabin for the day. So I dressed hastily, took my breviary and fled; had a cup of coffee and went outside, met my friends on deck; they were pale, too! I read my office and walked a few miles, then breakfasted, smoked, and conversed with Fr. Leclair about college matters. About 12 m., thinking I would like to rest—the deck being quite windy, and damp, and chilly, I started back to my berth—immediately after reaching it I again paid my fare to Gov. Neptune. I concluded I should have to live in the open air. While I was thus concluding, gentle sleep came and relieved me of my troubles.

I returned outside at 2:30 p.m. to find that we had made 304 miles—very slow run, all said—contrary wind, sea is crazy, very fluctuous, you know; not exactly tempestuous, no. The constant spray thrown up by our struggling against the great waves, is like an immense snow storm. It is

a pretty sight to see that immensity of surging billows lifting up their white crested heads, for a moment, embracing each other and then plunging into the depths below. I'd like to see Byron performing his favorite trick of laying his hand upon these great billows' white mane!

Our clerical party has just dined, and we enjoyed each other's company and the *cuisine* very much. In spite of all, or after all, I think my worst spell is over. *A demain.*

Monday, Oct. 1. I arose at 8, shaved, and found my confreres already at table for second breakfast. I feel first rate. The sea is calmer, and wavelets wear their common, every-day crests; the sun shines through the clouds and the sky is here and there patched with blue; the wind is cold enough to make one enjoy his overcoat and a brisk walk on deck. Many new faces appear today—people who have just recovered from the *mal de mer*, wearing wan faces and solemn tempers. We are now (11 a.m.) opposite Halifax. Some say they saw floating icebergs early this morning. I don't see any thing *valde mane*, you know. Steerage passengers are having accordeon music on the deck below. It is amusing to make a study of faces in that group.

I feel I have now mastered the *pas de matelot*, sailor's step—and will be all right the rest of the journey. At 12 m. today we had made 416 more miles. The promenade is quite cold.

Tuesday, Oct. 2 (Feast of Holy Angels).—Raw day. The sea is heaving again, and so is everybody, myself included. It is beastly cold; no sun;

wind is piercing and drives us all inside. The odor from the newly heated radiators, together with the rolling motion of the ship, is very effective as an emetic. What a dull, cold, dark, long, sick, and lonesome day this is going to be! Oh, for a game of billiards with Fr. Cregan! How I would enjoy letting him beat me! We'll pass the Banks of Newfoundland tonight, and then, they say, we'll have warmer weather. I've lost my sea-legs, and a good many of the sailors themselves seem to be looking for theirs. I spent most of the day in my cabin, wrapped up in blankets. Walked out after supper and feel better. We have now made 1,190 miles, more than a third of the way, and are beginning the fourth day.

Wednesday, Oct. 3. Sea by no means tame. The air is warmer; wind, though lively, is friendly. The sun's rays are struggling through the big clouds, and are welcome reminders of our sunny planet. We've left the American continent and are steering due east by north. Our boat rocks like a chip on the wave. Very few passengers are well enough to make their appearance. It is 12 m. How gracefully these Frenchmen bow and how well they say "*Merci, monsieur.*"

We had rain. The sky is covered with rainbows; our path is strewn with them. I counted no less than twenty just now alongside the boat. Every large wave we cut is dashed off against other billows, leans dying upon the bosom of a sister wave, nor sinks into its grave before a beautiful little rainbow has crowned its fair, white, curly

head. I sat for hours this afternoon watching the rainbows, now thinking of Bourbonnais, now dreaming of Rome. How anxious I am to reach the other side! We made 422 miles today. We are only half way. I was not seasick today, but very homesick.

Thursday Oct. 4. We were rocked in the cradle of the deep all night, and as most of us have gotten unused to being rocked to sleep, we did not sleep well. We are still being rocked. Sea is worse today than the first day. The sun did not shine yet (4 p. m.) I missed my sunbeams' play upon the mist and spray of the waves, whose same ceaseless great roar and tumult is getting monotonous. We made 436 miles. We saw the sun set, like a monarch, under a great canopy of purple clouds.

Friday, Oct. 5. It seems that we had been following in the wake of the Florida cyclone, the wagging of whose tail thus disturbed the elements. The cyclone must have cycloned itself out of sight, for today all is fair and calm and sunny. It is the second fine day we have had. We made 439 miles. Only one more day!

Saturday, Oct. 6. St. Bruno's day; the fourteenth anniversary of the founding of the novitiate at Bourbonnais. I also entered as a novice on that day. How very kind the community has ever been to me. May God give me strength to serve it well and always! Glod bless and prosper the novitiate! I rejoice in spirit this day with V. Rev. Father Fournier, and the beautiful family of St. Viateur's Normal Institute. This is our last

day on the water. We passed the Sicily Islands and Cape Lizard, off the English coast, about noon. Sea is calm, so we are all cheerful. 429 miles is our last record. We shall reach Havre during the night, D. V.

HAVRE.

Sunday morning, Oct. 7. God be praised—*Deo Gratias*. We are landed upon the historic soil of our forefathers. I would fain kneel and kiss the ground, but I don't want to appear singular. Havre, as the boys would say, is a cheap looking town; but to see it is nevertheless a welcome sight, and even, as the poet says, a joy forever.

More anon.

E. S. RIVARD, C.S.V.

 A FLYING VISIT.

On Tuesday, October 16, the president and faculty of St. Viateur's were delightfully surprised by a visit from Rt. Rev. E. J. Dunne, D.D., bishop of Dallas, Texas. The bishop was accompanied by Rev. E. O'Gara, of Wilmington, Ill.; Rev. H. O'Gara McShane, of Chicago, and Rev. Fr. Thomas, O.S.B., of Topeka, Kas.

The bishop and his friends were not expected, and wished no ceremony to be made over their arrival. Indeed, the circumstances would permit of none, as they were to remain scarcely an hour.

Bishop Dunne is at present lecturing in Chicago for the benefit of his diocese in Texas, which is very large and promising, but devoid of the re-

sources so necessary in a missionary country.

The good bishop has received great encouragement from his host of friends in and around Chicago, and his lectures have netted him a large sum. He is a very eloquent and pleasing speaker, and it is no surprise to his friends to see large and enthusiastic audiences present at every meeting.

The bishop and his party could not be prevailed on to defer their departure, and left for Chicago on the 4:50 train, but not without promising to come to Bourbonnais and spend a day at the college before his going back to Dallas. We shall await his coming with great pleasure, and hope we shall see more of Bishop Dunne when he next honors us with his presence.

 ROLL OF HONOR.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

The conduct medal was equally deserved by Masters Augustine Trentman, John Barry, Edward Burns, Joseph Legris, John Barnes, Louis Hurd, Patrick O'Toole, Arthur Grandreau, Walter Rorke. Drawn by Master Augustine Trentman.

The medal for general excellence was awarded to Fred Wirth.

—The medal for deportment among the Seniors was won by Mr. W. Granger; Master C. Langan secured the one belonging to the Juniors. These lucky ones were the recipients of special honors on St. Viateur's Day. The medal for general excellence was won by John Sullivan.

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EDITORIAL.

Societies, literary, dramatic, and athletic, have been organized. Baseball and tennis clubs have given many proofs of their skill; the Thespians sustained their reputation exceedingly well on St. Viateur's day. These are details in the plan of college life, but they are nevertheless very important both for amusement and the development of the student.

The sound of the elocutionist has not disturbed the slumbers of any one. But his tragic wailings will soon beat against an unoffending ball-alley or be directed upward over some towering maple. And why not? What better way to analyze the thoughts of best writers, develop a strong and pleasing voice, or cultivate a graceful movement than by following a proper course of elocutionary training?

The "picked squad" is again numbered among the attractions of the college. It is fully up to the high standard maintained since its foundation. Col. O'Reilly proves to be a

competent and zealous worker, the best evidence of which is shown in the enthusiasm with which he has inspired those under his command. The drill on St. Viateur's delighted every one who witnessed it. The battalion never seemed better than it is just now.

Contest or strife, the matching of man against man, is, after all, the best way to draw one out. Of course we could not be always in contest. But the preparation one must needs make to be successful tends to rouse one up, and work is done with greater enthusiasm and corresponding success.

Life is a strife, and he who so considers it will fit himself accordingly. He will regard position, fame, wealth, or success in a business or professional career, the result of persistent and energetic work, downright work. The common sense man may be pleased with a talk on genius or opportunity, but he will not wait for either. He knows that the genius or man of opportunity is the man who has been overtaken in the heat of labor and inspiration, like a ministering angel has breathed her secrets into his soul, because warmed by energy he could best use the treasures she so seldom and so sparingly gives.

Armed for the conflict and battling constantly against the enemies of success—idleness and procrastination—he fights successfully, overtakes opportunity but never awaits its coming.

There is no such thing as hesitation in nature. She never waits—she has

a new manifestation of power or beauty at every turn. Why should not rational creatures follow this example and bend circumstances to their own ends? There is in every man possibilities he little dreams of. Activity develops them—idleness kills them.

“Be up and doing.” Life is a serious thing; it has many gifts to dispose of. Only the active, earnest, and persistent worker is crowned.

HON. J. G. CANNON.

Among the distinguished visitors this month was Hon J. G. Cannon, M.C., of Danville, Ill. Mr. Cannon, accompanied by many of the local politicians, came in fulfillment of a promise he had made to one of the faculty, and also to gratify a desire he had of seeing St. Viateur's college, of which he had heard so much.

Congressman Cannon is a very affable and pleasing gentleman, easy of address, and very entertaining. He desired to see the pupils, and was taken to the senior's study hall, where he spoke to the young men. He congratulated them on their fine appearance and on the grand opportunities they were enjoying, and expressed the hope that they would not be slow to improve the chances they had of growing up strong, learned, and virtuous men. He told them that the country needed such; pointed out the way to succeed, and gave them advice which, if followed, would be profitable, coming as it did from a man of such wide experience.

In the absence of the reverend Pres-

ident, Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., did the honors and showed the distinguished guest over the house, with which he expressed himself as greatly pleased. In deference to the wish of Mr. Cannon, and in conformity to a general desire very strongly expressed, Father Cregan granted a half-holiday, and everyone was delighted with the day and with the visitor who had made it such a stirring one.

ST. VIATEUR'S DAY.

Though the morning was wet and the sun obscured by clouds, until a late hour, nevertheless the students were not discouraged. At 9 o'clock solemn high mass took place in the chapel, with Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., as celebrant; Rev. J. E. Laberge, D.D., deacon; Mr. M. Sammon, sub-deacon, and Rev. G. E. Williams master of ceremonies. The music, under the direction of Rev. P. Desjardinis, C.S.V., is always excellent, but on this particular feast he outdid himself. The majestic pipe organ pealed forth such sounds as might seem to come from above. The duet rendered by Bro. Desjardinis and Dr. C. T. Morrell, during the offertory, carried away every listener. Rev. F. Marsile completed the ceremony by an eloquent sermon, the text of which was: “The just shall live in everlasting remembrance.” He referred to the humble and pious life of St. Viateur, which was spent mostly in the sanctuary of God, and in doing missionary work, in Egypt, with Bishop Just.

He exhorted the young to imitate his virtues, the clerics to combine all of their Saint's qualities, and be like him envious of the sanctuary lamp, which continually remains burning before the tabernacle. Surely such a ceremony and sermon cannot but in after years recall the memory of the joyous past.

At 12:30 p. m. the bell rang, and pleasant countenances lighted up as each one took his respective place to partake of a sumptuous spread. The dinner was good, as is always the case for St. Viateur's students, and they are not ones who do not thoroughly know how to appreciate a good thing when they see it. Suffice to say, as I do not wish to be understood as writing a treatise on dinners, that all were satisfied. After dinner good cigars went the round, and the god of smoke must have been pleased by the way he was honored. The exhibition drill was next in order. Col. O'Reilly's battalion certainly did honor to him, because each command was executed with exactness and uniformity. His "Ford squad" proved that they were not inferior to those of former years. Following this was Rev. G. E. Williams' minims "sword squad" drill, under the command of Master P. W. Hansl. As they entered, the hall resounded with applause, whose echo scarcely died until it was caught up again, because their movements would have been creditable to men.

At 5:30 the students entered the chapel, as it were to make a thanksgiving for their morning gift, and Rev.

T. J. McCormick, C.S.V., assisted by Messrs. D. E. Walsh and J. Loeb, gave solemn benediction of the blessed sacrament.

Three hours later all assembled in College hall for the evening's entertainment. The drama, "From Sumpter to Appomattox," was a grand success. The plot was good and the success of the actors drew forth constant applause. At the close of the play each one retired to his respective compartment, thanking St. Viateur for the joyous celebration, but not without hoping that Oct. 21, '95, would be as happily spent.

Next morning, as the bell sounded through the corridors, all woke up with the happy recollections of the preceding day, but still with happier prospects of enjoying the sports of the field day. At an early hour the contestants strove for the numerous prizes which Rev. J. F. Ryan had procured for the senior and junior departments. As he conducted the amusements, it was not surprising that many entered the lists and fought hard to win. They certainly showed the real Spartan spirit, which made the wallflowers blush. Nor were the minims dead to the spirit of the day. Mr. Dermody, their genial prefect, watched the youths gain the crown of honor, which fell to the lot of many. At 4 p. m. he distributed the prizes to the victors, with resounding applause from the defeated, thence all with the reverend faculty, Frs. Kelly and Evers, partook of a delicious spread.

The climax of the happy event took place at 7 p. m. in a real family enter-

tainment, consisting of musical and declamatory selections which brought genuine pleasure to every heart. Thus the noteworthy occasion caused the meeting of parents, friends, and college associates, among whom were:

Ex-Col. F. A. Moody, '92; V. J. Rivard, '87; R. J. Barsaloux, '91; W. Lee, '89; D. Murphy, '93; W. Ryan, '91; D. Goodwillie, '92; B. Letourneau, '88; D. Carrol, '92; F. Matthieu, '91; W. Babst, '93; L. Legris, '93; Rev. J. A. Kelly, Monmouth, Ill.; Rev. A. D. Granger, Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. E. Evers, Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. F. Dugast, C.S.V., Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Dougharty, Mr. and Mrs. Brede, Langan, Provost, Mr. and Miss F. Rowan, Messrs. M. J. Quille, P. E. Dwyer, F. Kromenacker, King, Moore, Miller, Burnham, Ells, Mattei; Mesdames Sheppers, Lyons, Changelon, L. Hawkins, Lefils; Misses Moore, O'Toole, S. Doody, M. Doody, N. Bailey, G. Bailey, Chicago; Messrs. P. Murphy, McMahon, E. Bauer, Ader, H. Elvin, Lamb, Burke, and Misses Burke and Lamb, Chebanse; Mr. Lambert and Mrs. Fraser, Kankakee; Mr. Cavanaugh, Elwood, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Ruel, St. George, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. St. Cerny, Lincoln, Ill.; Mr. Vandeventer; Mr. Dillon, Danville, Ill.; Mr. J. Cahill, Monticello, Ill.; Hon. P. C. Haley, Joliet, Ill.; Mrs. J. Patton, Kensington, Ill.; Mrs. E. O'Reilly, Minonk, Ill.; Miss L. Denault, Fulton, Ill.; Mrs. D. Boudreau, Beaverville, Mrs. L. Warner, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Miss Kelly, Newport, Ky. D. E. W.

ST. VIATEUR'S FIELD DAY.

THE PLAY.

Accustomed to the good work of our Thespians in past years, we were delighted but not surprised at the hit they scored on St. Viateur's Day.

They chose a three act drama by E. C. Whalen, entitled "From Sumpter to Appomattox." The scene is laid

during the American civil war. The general tone of the play was well adapted for college performance and the incident was happily conceived and well acted. In the first act is shown the views held by the North and the South, before the outbreak at Sumpter.

The scenes began at the home of Judge Mason, in Charleston, where Julian Farnsworth, afterwards a Union captain, and Major Roberts, of the Confederates, were entertained as guests. The Judge, and his son, Jack Mason, were impartial toward their visitors. But Roberts, a scheming fellow, resolved to win, by fair or foul means, the hand and fortune of Mason's daughter, and as he could not succeed by the former means he took the latter to accomplish his design, which forms the object of the plot.

Seeing that Farnsworth stood between him and his designs he determined to incense the Judge against his rival by means of their different national sympathies. In this he failed, and was also foiled by Farnsworth in attempting to force his marriage. As treacherous as he was designing, when confronted by Farnsworth, Roberts determined upon revenge. But the signal for war is now given in the firing upon Fort Sumpter. The home of Mason is struck by a bomb and the party is forced to flee. Farnsworth leaves for his Northern home where he enlists in the cause of his country, while the sympathy of Roberts and the Mason family is linked with the South.

We next see Farnsworth as a Union

captain, and Mason as a colonel and Roberts a major on the Confederate side. The two first are honorable rivals in defending their respective national principles, but a deeper mischief toward Farnsworth rankles Roberts, who is still bent on accomplishing his design, and when they meet he expects to have the "long account between them settled forever."

Circumstances at first favor the Southern major and Farnsworth and his fellow-soldier, Lieutenant Forbes, become prisoners of war and by chance fall captives to Robert's men. They are conducted to his quarters where the rivals meet unexpectedly and Farnsworth is sentenced to die. But fortune determined that it should be otherwise and Farnsworth effects his liberty and that of his companion by means of a disguise and Roberts is foiled again. He in turn, as a prisoner of war, falls to the mercy of Farnsworth, and Colonel Mason also becomes his captive. Farnsworth proves to be a magnanimous foe, but the scenes soon close. News is brought of the surrender at Appomattox and the war is over. Kinder than his rival, Farnsworth forgets the personal enmity which the former had borne, but because of the cowardice he had shown, bade him go, never to return. The parting wishes of the others were "that the blending of their thoughts and voices, so long opposed in discordant interests might be but a type of reunited friendship," and they join in hopes for the welfare of their nation which had "passed through

the storm cloud of war to the sunshine of prosperity and peace."

The character of "Julian Farnsworth" was interpreted and excellently represented by Mr. J. Nawn. His diction was distinct, voice well modulated, and gesture graceful and appropriate. In each appearance he claimed the attention and won the commendation of his hearers. Mr. F. O'Reilly, as "Major Roberts," sustained his part with credit. His voice was strong and clear, and his general deportment on the stage well adapted to the character which he represented. Mr. C. Quille played the part of "Jack Mason" with ability. His pronunciation was distinct, voice well trained, and gestures graceful and well chosen. The part of "Judge Mason," taken by Mr. T. Pelletier, was nicely acted. He successfully assumed the serious manner of the character, and expressed the sentiments of his part with elegance and becoming demeanor. The drilling of the soldiers, in the second act, was much appreciated. For correctness and precision in executing difficult movements of the manual, they were quite proficient. Comic parts, when rightly played, always produce a good effect, especially in college audiences. Mr. W. Doody proved to be a successful comedian in his representation of "Wash," the negro, and, in turn, interested his audience amid laughter and applause. Corporal Buglestein's "Sour Kraut Detachment" was another interesting feature, and they, especially the "Corporal," acted their parts well. The

play was one of the best ever given by the Thespians, and each actor did justice to his part. The following is the

CAST:

Julian Farnsworth, Capt. U.S.A.....
J. H. Nawn
 Judge Mason, Col. C.S.A.... ..T. Pelletier
 Jack Mason, his son.....C. J. Quille
 Major Roberts, C.S.A.....F. O'Reilly
 Lieutenant Forbes, U.S.A.....A. Granger
 Lieutenant Ellsworth, C.S.A.....J. Casey
 Jim Spencer, companion of Jack..E. Patton
 Buglestein, Corporal "Sour Kraut De-
 tachment,".....F. St. Auban
 Wash, a runaway contraband....W. Doody
 J. H.

GAMES.

Senior Department.

Monday, October 22, a large crowd of visitors and students assembled on the college campus to witness the struggle for supremacy among our numerous athletes.

The day was all that could possibly be desired. In the early morn rain threatened to mar the anticipated pleasures, but the clouds rolled away and the beautiful sun descended on the grounds, which were drenched by the rain of the previous evening, and soon had them in excellent condition.

The students entered into the contests with a good natured and determined spirit, and each one having received an impetus from the beautiful prizes to be awarded to the ablest among them, put forth extraordinary efforts, and, as a consequence, each contest was stubbornly fought and carried through with unbounded enthusiasm.

The first contest began at 8:30 a. m.

Throwing weight, won by A. Ruel; distance, 29 feet.

Running jump, won by J. Haering; 19 feet 2 inches.

Standing jump, won by Wm. Doody; 11 feet 4 inches.

Hop, step, and jump, won by J. Haering; 39 feet 10 inches.

Throwing base-ball, won by T. Legris; 122 yards.

Batting base-ball, won by Wm. Doody; 90 yards.

100-yard dash, won by J. Haering; time, 12 seconds.

220-yard dash, won by Wm. Doody; 26 seconds.

440-yard dash, won by A. Ruel; 53 seconds.

Running bases, won by A. Ruel; 15 seconds.

High kick, won by J. Haering; 8 feet 6 inches.

Blind race, won by J. Granger.

Three-legged race, won by Corcoran and Doody.

High jump, won by Jas. O'Dwyer; 6 feet 2 inches.

Cigar race, won by George Fallon.

Junior Department.

100-yard dash, won by John Cullerton; time, 13 seconds.

Throwing weight, won by John Cullerton; distance, 27 feet.

Throwing base-ball, won by Edgar Legris; distance, 90 yards.

Batting base-ball, won by A. Martin; distance, 80 yards.

Three-legged race, won by E. Legris and A. Lefils.

Hop, step, and jump, won by John Cullerton; distance, 28 feet.

Standing broad jump, won by D. Denault; distance, 8 feet.

High kick, won by Foley; height, 6 feet 2 inches.

High jump, won by A. Martin; height, 4 feet.

Running broad jump, won by D. Denault; distance, 15 feet.

Potato race, won by A. Martin.

Running bases, won by D. Denault; time, 16 seconds.

220-yard dash, won by Edgar Legris; time, 28 seconds.

Minim Department.

100-yard dash, won by G. Pusheck.

440-yard dash, won by G. Pusheck.

Hop, step, and jump, won by Gordon Ezekiel.

Throwing base-ball, won by F. Williamson.

Batting base-ball, won by F. Milholland.

Running bases, won by Patrick O'Toole.

Throwing weight, won by John Barry.

High kick, won by Gordon Ezekiel.

Three-legged race, won by Stratton and Ezekiel.

The judges of the day were: Mr. Sammon and Mr. Meehan in the senior department; Mr. Feltis and Mr. Loeb for the juniors, and Mr. Suprenant and Mr. Lamarre for the minims.

A base-ball game was played between the philosophers and students, which resulted in a victory for the philosophers, 14 to 7. Sammon and Ruel were the battery for the philosophers, and Quille and F. O'Reilly for the students.

M.S.

PERSONALS.

—Rev. F. N. Perry, the genial pastor of Ravenswood, has been sick during the month. Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., replaced him for some time.

—Francis Doyle was called home October 3, on account of the death of his sister, Mrs. Boyle, who died very suddenly. We tender our heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved family.

—Mr. E. Ezekiel, father of Edward and Gordon, spent a few pleasant hours with his boys. He intends to spend the winter in California, and

came to see his sons before starting.

—M. Mullin, M.D., '82, was also a caller last month. He accompanied Dr. Hogan. Dr. Mullin is practicing medicine at Englewood, Ill. We are glad to see the young M.D. prosper.

—Dr. J. E. Hogan, '82, lately of Joliet, Ill., now of Elgin, called recently, for the first time since leaving college. He is married, and lately became the father of a fine boy. Congratulations.

—Mr. F. Gazzolo, a friend of many years standing, came down from Chicago Oct. 10, to see Francis. Mr. Gazzolo reports business as good, and himself as enjoying excellent health.

—Prof. M. Roy, of Chicago, spent a short time with his uncle, Rev. A. D. Mainville, C.S.V., recently. He was accompanied by Messrs. Garvey and Smith, of the church choir of Notre Dame de Chicago.

—Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., prefect of discipline, has been laid up with rheumatism for over two weeks. This is the first time he has missed duty during his five years of service as prefect.

—Rev. T. Dugast, C.S.V., spent St. Viateur's Day at the college. He gives a good report of everything at Irving Park. He has charge of the juvenates and novices at the novitiate, for whom he is doing excellent service.

—Will Cleary, '88, is now in the drug business at Odell, Ill. He has the look of a prosperous business man, and we are pleased to know that

he has been very successful. Will intends to go to the coast for a few months.

—Rev. E. Theiren began the Forty Hours Devotion at his church in Irwin, Sunday, Oct. 14. He was assisted by Revs. E. L. Bergeron, of Chicago; A. Granger, of Kankakee; and T. J. McCormick, C.S.V., of the college.

—Mr. John Cleary, '91, lately admitted to the bar, is at present practicing law in Kansas City, Mo. With his genial disposition, steady application to business, and excellent character, we predict for John a very prosperous career.

—Edward Moran, '89, of Michigan City, Ind., is at present studying medicine. Edward was a very promising boy, and we have no doubt of his success. We hope that he will enjoy the full measure of happiness and prosperity.

—Mr. Francis A. Moody, '92, with his friend, Mr. Burnham, were among our visitors St. Viateur's Day. Frank is enjoying excellent health, and feels greatly improved since his return from the West, where he spent several weeks the past summer.

—Mrs. M. Richards, of Bourbonnais, an old and respected member of the Maternity parish, died October 15, aged 84. Madame Richards had been in feeble health for several months, and her death was not unexpected. She leaves many children and relatives to mourn her loss. May she rest in peace.

VIATORIANA.

—Soap.

—Mittens.

—Oh! Dock!

—Let her went.

—“That's him!”

—That's a choice one.

—The break of dawn.

—Dot sour kraut brigade.

—Get there, Jack, old nig.

—Oh! how me nose thrills.

—Mrs. McGee is a good cook.

—I've never heard of General Principles.

—“I took my eyes out to wipe my handkerchief.”

—Wash came down hard on the soap and the buttons.

—I am the highest in my class because I am the tallest.

—Corporal Bunglestein and his little sword scored a great hit.

—John Maloney, of the seniors, who has been sick the past three weeks, went home last week.

—The old ice house, quite a landmark, has been torn down to make room for a larger one. This means better chances for ice cream.

—The new piano promised for recreation hall was placed there Oct. 15 and a concert given by the College glee club to celebrate the event. We now hope to hear our sweet singers often.

—We are going to have electric lights. It is a certainty this time. Steps are being taken to commence work immediately after St. Viateur's day. The Kankakee Electric Light Co. will put in the fixtures and supply the power. We feel very sorry for the lamp, but it must go, nor "stand on the order of its going, but go at once." So long!

SPORTING NOTES.

September 27 the Shamrocks journeyed to Momence and met their Waterloo. The score was 26 to 13 in favor of Momence. Although the Shamrocks played poorly and ran bases with very little judgment, the score would have been closer had the grounds been in good condition, or if the umpires did not vie with each other in giving the Shamrocks some of the rankest decisions they ever received. The Momence nine is made up of gentlemanly players, who endeavor to treat their opponents fairly, but they should instruct their umpires in regard to the elements of the national game, and perhaps visitors would receive better treatment at their hands.

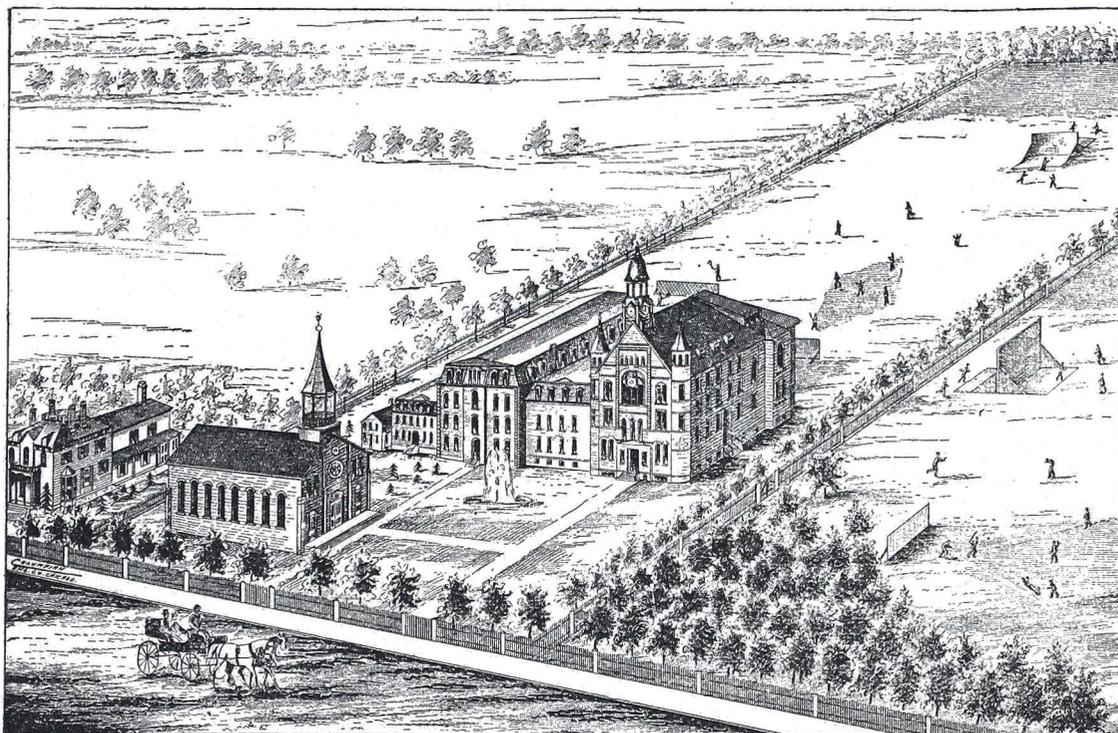
Sunday, Oct. 7, the Kankakee Electrics, with the strongest nine they could get together, tried conclusions with the Shamrocks on the college ground before a very large crowd. The Shamrocks, stung by their defeat at the hands of Momence, played the game of their life, and administered one of the worst drubbings to their adversaries that they ever experienced. The score at the end of the

ninth inning stood: Shamrocks, 18; Electrics, 2. Sammon and Marcotte were the battery for the Shamrocks, while Smith and Kuntz, respectively, did the twirling and receiving for the visitors. The feature of the game was the pitching of Marcotte, he allowing his opponents only four hits and striking out thirteen.

Thursday evening, October 11, the Shamrocks were tendered a banquet by their manager, Bro. Ryan, and it is needless to say that they did full justice to the tempting viands which were spread before them. With this feast closed the base ball season of '94, and the Shamrocks went to winter quarters with a record of ten games won and one lost, and will, after a recuperation during the winter months, bob up serenely in the spring-time, to maintain their present high position as champions of Kankakee and Will counties.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Hints on Preaching.—Rev. Joseph O'Conner, (Philadelphia, Porter and Coates, 1894,) is a very useful book. It sets forth the means best adapted to intelligibility of speech; shows how the preacher may be effective; speaks of gesture as it applies to the preacher; in fact tells him in the simplest and most convincing manner how he may gain the end for which he speaks. The book is not only worth reading, but its advice may be followed with great profit by even good preachers. It does not deal in fads, but handles practical, every day topics.



GENERAL VIEW OF ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE.

The book has the approbation of Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, and will have the appreciation of every one who reads it.

—Through the kindness of Rev. J. A. Kelly, the Thespians will reproduce their latest success, "From Sumpter to Appomattox," at Gilman Opera House, Gilman, Ill., Wednesday evening, November 7. The proceeds go for the erection of a new gymnasium. There will also be a drill by the "picked squad," music, vocal and instrumental, by the Glee Club and orchestra. Many new features will be added to the play. New songs and specialities, but no improvement is promised in the "Sauer Kraut Brigade."

EXCHANGES.

The Nebraskan forms a striking exception, coming out in its shirt sleeves, regardless of who sees it. But as it comes often, it may regard appearances as secondary, since people get used to what they see often.

Santa Maria speaks for St. Mary's School, Freeport, Ill. It is filled with select essays on everyday subjects, such as younger pupils handle easily. It is a very creditable paper and deserves hearty support. There is a look of prosperity about it which indicates that friends are not wanting.

Many exchanges lie piled up awaiting notice. Indeed many, nearly all, look so very trim that they almost cry

out at the neglect they have suffered. College journalism has undergone some great changes in late years; at least, typographically speaking. The underground printing shops seem to have been closed up everywhere. This is an age of stylish dressing; and though too much is often sacrificed for show, we do not believe that college papers have lost sight of the real end of their work in the attempts they have made to appear in the most elegant dress within reach.

The Spectator takes a very active interest in politics, and coming as it does from Ohio, it is rather hard in its treatment of politicians. If Ohio is anything, it is a battlefield for politicians, and New York itself can hardly keep step with it when a national election is coming off. But a man that lives close to the pasture ought to know the cows. Labor unions come in for some sage advice. It might be just as well, perhaps better, for college papers to give politicians and politics a wide berth, and tend rather to the cultivation of the more pleasant fields of literature.

The High School World, in an article entitled "An Injustice," takes sides against those who would belittle "The Military Capacity of Several of America's Greatest Soldiers: Grant, Sherman, Lee, Scott, and Green," but especially Washington, who has "suffered most of all." After a noble plea

for George, the writer winds up by hoping, "that a reaction will set in, and that Washington will be universally regarded as one of America's greatest soldiers, as well as one of the greatest statesmen and patriots." Well, we rather hope so, too, particularly as we had led ourselves to believe that he had always and was still occupying that position.

The Collegium hails from Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. The number at hand makes a specialty of historical subjects. "A Struggle for Supremacy" is an attempt to show that the cause of the war of 1812 was the desire of the United States to annex Canada. Hardly that. England, the boasted "Mistress of the Seas," could not well bear the loss of the colonies, and after vainly endeavoring to excite trouble by rousing the Indians, tried her bold scheme of searching American vessels for English (?) subjects. The war was one of principle, just as the revolution was, and the termination of each was proof to England that others had rights which she was bound to respect. About annexation, few if any give the question any serious thought on this side of the line. About Canada's loyalty to Great Britain, concerning which the writer seems alarmed, there is no danger. Company with England is one of the strongest claims the Canadian people have to notoriety.