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APRIL.

Come let us join in anthems sweet,
With all the heavenly host.
For know this month is dedicate'
Unto the Holy Ghost.

Unto the Holy Ghost, who comes
From Father unto Son,
And makes a holy trinity,
A blessed three in One.

Unto the blessed Spirit, who
Within a virgin mild,
Performed a wonder-act of love,
A God made tender child.

Come, let us praise this Paraclete
This never dying fire,
Which gives to man the power to bring
God's children from the mire.

And let us also join our hearts,
With voices sweet and clear.
And raise them to this spotless dove,
This God of light so dear.

And humbly kneeling at his throne,
Petition Him for light
To know His will, where ere we roam,
Walk always in His sight.

And He will surely hear our prayer,
In this we must believe,
For Jesus our Redeemer says
"Ask and you shall receive."

And could we ask for better light,
Than know God's holy will,
The light divine? Then let us sing,
Nor let our hearts be still.

—J. H. N.

BEAUTY AND ART.

Beauty and art often serve as matters of discussion in the field of æsthetics. Thus these questions are raised: Should beauty's end be merely to give pleasure? Is it purely material? Again, is art its own end; should we have art for art's sake, or should art be a means to something higher? Should it not be ideal, have motives, and be allied to morality?

If we consult the most important canons of æsthetics on this point, we shall discover that spiritual beauty is higher than sensible beauty, and that moral beauty is the highest type of spiritual beauty. Hence, whenever beauty departs from these superior types it becomes imperfect, and, although it ceases not entirely to be beautiful, nevertheless becomes allied to ugliness. Thus moral ugliness may be hidden behind a beautiful exterior; but then sensible beauty is deprived of that higher spirituality which would be its crown.

Another cardinal rule of æsthetics is, that, in nature as in art, a thing is more beautiful the better it presents the characters of beauty; unity, variety, harmony, symmetry, proportion, order. Natural, or artificial beauty, is the

greater the more it pleases by being studied and known in its entirety and in its details. Thus Racine and Daudet are both writers of great merit, but as the above qualities are found in a greater measure in the works of the former, they possess a much higher beauty than the simple narratives of the latter.

Beauty will be greater finally, inasmuch as it will best express ideal beauties, *i.e.*, beauties of the intellectual and moral order. Thus we see that the saints, the virgin Christ, have furnished types of the highest beauty.

From these considerations it is easy to conclude that beautiful forms, graceful outlines, or figures, well-sounding expressions, and happy imagery are not sufficient. They must, in order to be accounted really beautiful, become the vehicles of beautiful thoughts and beautiful sentiments.

The theory of art for art's sake is pronounced plausible, inasmuch as it rightly assigns the proximate end of beauty, which is to please, and when it justly emphasizes that this end is distinct from that of the true and the good. But we must affirm that art has a higher aim; that the proximate end of art must be subordinated to a higher purpose than simple pleasure; it ought to elevate our thoughts and sentiments; to educate and develop our æsthetic faculties; to purify passion; to combat the grossness of our instincts; to make smooth and straight the path of reason and good morals. Hence, it follows that art is closely allied to morality, and that the artist cannot afford to disregard morality if

he would produce a really beautiful work.

In a late number of the *Literary Digest* there appeared an article on the question of idealism against impressionism in art as treated by Tolstoi and also taken up by F. Marion Crawford. The former holds that there is no true art without morality, the latter entirely emancipates art from this requisite. I believe that Mr. Tolstoi has the right view of the question; for, besides conforming to the laws of art stated above, he is also in harmony with the teachings of Ruskin, an important authority in art criticism. Mr. Ruskin says that art reaches vital strength only in the effort to proclaim immortality, and by serving religion; or when it teaches patriotism, resting the laws of natural life on the same foundation as religion. Moreover, he affirms that nothing he has ever said is more true and necessary than his assertion that "the arts can never be right themselves, unless their motive is right."

Moreover, an authority of our day, Bishop Spalding, in his beautiful poetic prose, breathes the same thoughts. "Art," says he, "teaches how little of what might be, is; how far beneath our capabilities we ourselves are content to remain. It is a reproach and makes us feel our unworthiness; it is a revelation from a higher world in whose presence we despise ourselves for resting satisfied with this. It is a gleam from the face of God seen through the veil of time and space—the eternal allurement and eternal disenchantment of the noblest soul.

It elevates, purifies, and refines. It is the most perfect expression of the truest thoughts, the purest loves, the noblest virtues; and when it is turned to base ends it veils its face and hides its celestial beauty; the form remains, but the soul, like that of the virgin martyr, is borne away by the hands of angels. Even in nature it is art that is beautiful—the thought, the idea, symbolizing the unseen and uncreated, reflected from the blue heavens, the starry sky, from azure mountains or green ilex.”

The great critic, Aristotle, was an advocate of idealism in art, for we are told that he favored those who represented men as better and more beautiful than they are; and in this he was but a follower of Plato.

Now it is obvious that to have beauty merely for pleasure's sake, or to make it consist in mere material symmetry, as well as to have art only as a mimicry of what surrounds us, having for its object simply impression and effect without ideals, without motive, without the expression of a thought, and without morality, is to have beauty and art either in a state of torpor, or, what is still worse, to use them to clothe things ugly and depraved, making that the cause of our ruin which should be a source of elevation and refinement. But beauty and art being rightfully used, if we but consider well the immense powers and influences which lie buried in their possibilities we must conclude that no other hand can better assist in leading humanity back towards that triple crown of physical, moral, and intellectual perfection

which our first parents wore with simple majesty in the Garden of Eden. For what is more suitable in enriching the feelings and sentiments, and ennobling the soul than beautiful paintings, classic literature, and the strains of celestial music winging the affections to heaven? Is there anything more powerful, in making one feel as if he were of another world, than to find these three elements happily blended in the representation of a beautiful, moral, and heroic drama? How powerfully could even human beauty, were it but used for its rightful purpose, serve as a channel in leading man to his Creator?

Were we but taught to understand the artistic in nature, the whole universe would be but one tongue exhorting us to proceed with the best means to the best ends. The gentle flowers would speak to us of virtue and perfection by their sweet perfumes, their rich blending of tender hues; and the delicate, and symmetrical disposition of their parts. The black clouds charged with thunder and lightning, would admonish us to fear the threats of a just God. The trees, lofty mountain peaks, piercing the empyreal heavens, would be so many majestic fingers directing man to his last end. Finally, the starry firmament, with its myriads of dazzling suns, each attended by his train of little worlds, all holding the solemn and harmonious march through the boundless realms of infinity, would be so many enchanting voices singing the grandeur of God and eternity and alluring man to seek their beauties.

J. I. GRANGER, '99.

BEAUTY IN ITS RELATION TO PHILOSOPHY.

In treating of the beautiful, philosophy does not purpose to lay down rules for art, literature, and criticism. It considers beauty from a different standpoint, namely, to establish its essential condition, define its nature, discover its source, or principles, and point out its effects. The treatment of the beautiful belongs to philosophy, especially on account of its affinity with the one, the true, and the good.

Beauty is defined by St. Thomas according to its effects as, "that which when seen pleases," or that whose cognition excites in the perceiver delight with admiration. It is divided into ideal and real which are subdivided into natural, moral, and artificial.

Beauty is not something merely relative and variable according to our changeable dispositions, but something objectively real; and is such for all those whose faculties are sufficiently developed. Hence it is not incorrectly said that, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." It is found not only in corporeal or physical substances which consist of parts, but also in simple or spiritual substances.

The essence of beauty consists chiefly in three elements: the first is integrity, or perfection, which means completeness of all the parts which constitute the whole of anything. If a man, for instance, were deprived of one of his eyes, or of one of his limbs, no matter how well proportioned the other parts of his body might be, still there would

be deformity—there would be a lack of integrity, an incompleteness which would hardly afford unalloyed pleasure to the beholder.

The second element of beauty is order, which is the disposition of equals and unequals giving to each its proper place; it also means unity in multitude and variety, due proportion, harmony, and agreement of dissimilar things in such a manner, that they combine and mutually assist one another in producing one pleasing effect. This order is found everywhere in nature; when we examine the various organs of which the bodies of men and animals are composed, the functions of each and their relation to one another, we discover the most perfect harmony, the most admirable order and interdependence, so that if one becomes impaired and refuses to perform its proper functions, the order of the whole is either partially or completely disturbed. But it is not enough that this order should exist; it must also be resplendent, easily perceptible. If it be too complex and intricate, so that it is perceived only by an effort of the intellect, then one of the requisites of beauty is wanting, and this is the third element of beauty, viz.: clearness or splendor.

Variety is also an important source of beauty. We know from experience that sameness of color in a picture, of form in a building, in a landscape, even in our duties and occupations, soon produces wearisomeness and disgust. A garden filled with only one species of flowers could scarcely be considered beautiful. But here it is not my inten-

tion to consider beauty under all its aspects and relations; but only as far as it relates to the transcendental properties of being, namely, the one, the true, and the good. We must say that beauty is closely allied to the true and the good. Beauty must be born of truth, for the true alone is beautiful, the true alone is amiable. Beauty must likewise emanate from the good, for it is from the good that it derives its property of awakening a pleasure, a delight which is entirely disinterested in as much as this love is satiated in the mere knowledge and contemplation of the beautiful. But there is this essential difference between the beautiful and the good, that the beautiful pleases and affords delight and disinterested love by merely being seen, whereas, the good arouses affections of delight and of love by being consciously possessed. The beautiful is then a species of good and is distinct from good as species is from genus.

It is likewise distinct from the true, which is not always beautiful, nor always pleasing. Truths that are too abstract and difficult to apprehend, such as mathematical conclusions, are not called beautiful nor is the truth of a single historical fact accounted beautiful.

However, every truth stands for him who is able to comprehend it as the first dim outline of a tableau which it were easy for him to beautify. The true, the real, the objective, is therefore the foundation on which the edifice of beauty is erected. Hence from this close relationship between the beauti-

ful and the true, beauty has been defined the splendor of truth. If truth then pleases, becomes resplendent, seductive, but not by its simple character of truth, it must be by reason of something else which is associated with truth and by which it is invested with the dress of beauty, and like truth itself, is the object of the apprehensive power, and called the unity of truth, its order, its harmony, its symmetry.

The transcendental notion of unity precedes the true and the good; it also precedes beauty and is its foundation, for what is beautiful possesses unity; but a developed unity, which embraces, sometimes, many contrasts, oppositions, distinctions, varieties, and dissimilarities, which, instead of marring beauty, only serve to render it more striking, if they are founded on unity they form, as it were, an alliance, and unfold the possibilities contained in that unity. Thus unity triumphs by bringing together and curbing under its laws a variety of elements which would seem to be irreconcilable; this is what it does in the human body, in plants, in works of art, where so many diverse elements are reduced to one harmonious whole, where nothing is useless, where all is concord, each element being interwoven with the other without being tangled or broken, struggling only the better to agree. Hence the reason why beauty is defined as the "splendor of order," or "unity in variety." This definition of beauty is better than that other, "that which seen pleases," since it reaches more directly the essence of

the beautiful, whereas the other defines it only by its effects; however, by defining beauty as "that which when seen pleases" we more clearly indicate the essential qualities which distinguish it from the good, and at the same time show its relations with the intellect and the will. The characteristics of beauty are, that it causes a disinterested love which springs solely from a knowledge of the object; secondly, it will be entire, it will be one by its relation to the whole, by its idea, by its end; thirdly, it will consequently be proportionate and harmonious in all its parts, finally it will have a certain *eclat* easily perceptible to the eye or the imagination.

I have said that beauty is objective, not relative or subjective; this is proved from the fact that any object or work in which are contained the essential elements of beauty, is not beautiful to one and ugly to another, but is said to be beautiful absolutely; again, if beauty were subjective it would be useless and impossible to establish any rules of art which would be conducive of beauty, since what would please one might offend another or what might appear beautiful today might seem ugly to the same person tomorrow, according to his changeable disposition; neither could the great painters, like Raphael, Fra. Angelico, Michael Angelo, and others, "whose magic touch could animation give, and make each object on the canvass live," be said to have acquired immortal fame, if the notion of beauty were subjective, relative, and mutable.

The ideal beauty is conceived by the

mind, and is a type of perfection, or a model which the mind forms to itself and which serves it as an exemplar in the production of a work of art, which will be as an effect of the ideal conceived, more or less perfectly realized. There is in man, as in the rest of nature, a sort of unconscious art. Birds sing, fly, and build their nests with much art. It is not therefore astonishing to find men, sometimes producing works of art unconsciously. This is especially true of the greatest poets.

Natural beauty is that which exists in the works of the Creator.

Spiritual beauty is found only in things spiritual and in the concepts which express them. Nothing would be so beautiful as a human soul, if it were possible to see it, but this superior beauty, in order to be enjoyed, would require to be translated into an expression which, if not beautiful in itself would at least be true.

Artificial beauty is the effect of human art; it is also sensible, or spiritual. It appeals to the eyes, to the ears, and to the imagination as a beautiful poem, a beautiful work, or a beautiful piece of music.

Moral beauty is the effect of right reason united in a just and holy will.

Whatever may be the ultimate intrinsic principle of beauty, one thing at least is clear and incontrovertible, that the higher the perfection of any being is, the greater will be its beauty, therefore God being the highest and only perfect being contains in himself all beauty in an infinite degree, the vision of which constitutes the joy of the blessed, and in comparison with

which the beauty of nature and of all finite beings is but a mere shadow or reflection, the faint glimmer of a taper compared to the dazzling splendor of the noonday sun. God having created the soul of man to His own image and likeness implanted in it a love, and a desire of the beautiful. And because of this, the church in all ages has unstintingly availed herself of the assistance of the beautiful as a means of touching the hearts and elevating the souls of men. We behold it in her magnificent churches and cathedrals, in her music and liturgy, in her imposing ceremonies and costly vestments, and in the works of art with which her temples are adorned. Finally she places before us a model for our imitation and veneration, the highest type of moral beauty and excellence in the person of the Blessed Virgin.

A. L. O'S., '99.

MISTAKEN.

There was a commotion in Edgerton—this western town of classic name. The region around has been infested for the past month with a horse thief, or a gang of them. Some most daring robberies had been committed, and the perpetrator had always managed to evade capture. However he had made one attempt too many, and a *posse*, headed by the sheriff of the county, was now close upon his trail—this was the cause of the commotion in Edgerton.

The sheriff was a big, bewhiskered man, past the middle age, but appar-

ently possessing all the vigor of his youthful days. Judging by the look in his eye, and in those of his followers, as they rode swiftly over the plain in pursuit of the thief, there was little chance of the latter's being long a cause of trouble to Edgerton.

The horse thief had only a few minutes the start of them, and after an hour's hard riding they could see him now and then in the distance. With him it was a matter of life and death, and he was making all possible efforts to save himself. But still the sheriff's party gained and it became evident that, unless something unusual happened, he would be captured before long.

He finally was shut out from their view by a small hill. When the pursuers reached the top they saw, not far off, a man evidently thrown from his horse which stood close by panting from exhaustion.

After dismounting, the men revived him; and naturally concluding from the tired horse and the appearance of the stranger that he was the one who had led them such a weary chase, they determined to hang him on the spot. He was a fair-haired, light complexioned person, apparently just entering upon manhood. He was attired in the usual raiment of the westerner, and possessed the appearance of a man who was used to "roughing it." Taking into account the circumstances and the dare-devil look on the man's face, it is not surprising that his captors considered him as the thief.

A convenient tree was found and everything put in proper order, when

the sheriff addressed the doomed man, who as yet seemed scarcely to understand the meaning of the preparations.

"Stranger, you've led us a pretty long chase, so to compensate for our trouble, we've decided to string you up *right here* without the usual preliminaries. It won't make much difference whether it occurs here or at Edgarton, so we might as well make a quick job of it, eh, boys?"

A murmur of assent came from the men.

"So, if you've got anything to say, you'd better say it."

During these words the prisoner's face turned deadly pale, as he just comprehended the danger of his position.

"Gentlemen, I don't understand all this. I am a stranger in this country and know of nothing that I have done to warrant these proceedings," replied the astonished man.

When he had finished there were several cries of, "That's an old story;" "we've heard that before," from the crowd, and the sheriff spoke:

"See here, you'd better own up without any fuss, and have the consolation of crossing the great divide without the thought of your unconfessed crimes upon you."

"Unconfessed crimes! I don't know what you mean. I am innocent of any crimes," answered the prisoner.

"Well, it seems rather queer that you can't remember the reason why we've been chasing you for the last hour or so. If you can't remember it, we can. But just so's everything'll be all right in the eyes of justice, we'll en-

lighten you. You've been arrested for *horse stealing*; a profession which you've been carrying on in these parts for the past month. But we've caught you at last, and we mean to put it out of your power to steal any more of the beasts. So you'd better prepare," said the leader.

"Gentlemen, I protest against this," replied the captive, "I have stolen no horses; I am a peaceful citizen."

"If you're a peaceful citizen, why have you been trying to escape us for the last hour?" said the sheriff.

"Trying to escape you? I was journeying to Willman, and was not pursued by anyone. My horse became frightened at something and unexpectedly threw me. That is all I remember," replied the stranger.

"Well, when we journey in this part of the country, we don't ride quite so fast; that's all. We're going to string you up in exactly five minutes," responded the sheriff.

"Beware," said the prisoner to the men, "you are making a mistake. When you discover that I am not the man you are after, you will rue the hour that you committed this deed. I ask you but a fair trial and I will prove my innocence."

"His time's pretty near up, ain't it, sheriff?" said one of the crowd.

"Gentlemen, again I ask you for a trial. I swear that I am not guilty," pleaded the doomed man.

"We've had enough of this talkin', ain't we, sheriff? His guilt's pretty clearly show'd, so I sez, let's do the job an' have it over," cried out another of the men.

"Since my prayers cannot move you, I am resigned to my fate. I ask you, sheriff, before I die, to send a letter to my mother for me, will you?"

The sheriff assented. The letter was hastily written and handed to the sheriff, who put it in his pocket without looking at it.

The prisoner took his place, the rope was adjusted, then drawn taut, leaving the man's body dangling from the limb of the tree.

The party of men, seeing their work finished, rode off as nonchalantly as though nothing at all had happened.

That night, the sheriff while sitting in his room and musing over the events of the day, bethought himself of the note he was to send to the horse thief's mother.

It was written upon the leaf of a note-book, and the officer of the law could not help reading it. It was not long, and from the very start he was interested. When he had finished a deadly pallor shone through his bronzed cheek, and he covered his face with his hands. "O my God! Can it be true? My son! My son! I have murdered you! I, who abandoned your mother and left her to fight the weary battle of life alone! O God! If you are merciful, forgive me. I will go back to my long-forsaken wife and erase the dark stains of two sins by a good life hereafter."

He bowed his head and all was still.

The next morning they came to awaken him; they found him in his chair asleep—aye, sleeping the dreamless sleep of death. He had gone to join his murdered son. P.W.H., '99.

ABELARD.

—

Peter Abelard, one of the most acute logicians and brilliant orators of his age, was born in 1079. He was destined by his father for the military profession, but his splendid talents and ardent love for intellectual pursuits made him turn with disgust from the din of battle-fields. Not being able to alter the purpose of his father, he left home secretly, and traveled through the provinces, visiting the most famous schools of France.

When he was only twenty years old, he astonished all with whom he came in contact by the keenness of his reasoning, the versatility of his genius, and the boldness and originality of his speculations. About this time he was attracted to Paris by the reputation of William of Champeaux, whose glory was then in the zenith. William's school was thronged by a crowd of ardent young men who were fascinated by the glowing eloquence of their master. Abelard took his place among them, but he came neither as a pupil nor a simple listener. He had won many triumphs in logical disputation and he now longed to break a lance with this champion of debate. Despite William's undoubted ability, despite the prestige of his great name and the encouragement of his admiring scholars, he could not withstand the penetrating genius and torrent-like eloquence of Abelard, which swayed all minds and bore down all opposition. William was vanquished, threw up his professorship and retired to a monastery.

From this time the fame of Abelard was in the ascendant and he was looked upon as the greatest philosopher of Europe. He was called the second Aristotle, and although he was but twenty-three years old, yet thousands of scholars from all parts of Europe gathered around his chair.

The crowning glory of his life and one he had long sought was when he was called by the unanimous voice of intellectual Paris to the chair of philosophy in the famous school of Notre Dame, where he had overthrown William of Champeaux. "Not only the scholars," says Vaughn, "but also the inhabitants of Paris, paid him a homage that almost amounted to worship. He could not pass to or from his lecture hall without attracting the admiring gaze of the Parisians. The boys who thronged the streets, on his approach, respectfully made way for him and for a moment arrested their boisterous sports to gaze in silence on the most brilliant philosopher of the age. The inhabitants of the houses by which he passed, left their occupations to catch a glimpse of the greatest living orator as he swept by surrounded by a swarm of his disciples who were still under the spell of his spirit-stirring eloquence." His wonderful power of clear, convincing exposition of the most abstruse metaphysical subjects; his masterly command of language which fascinated the minds of his auditors; his unquenchable ambition to stand unrivaled in the domain of philosophy, mark him out as one of the master-spirits of his age.

But sensuality, the infallible accom-

paniment of intellectual pride, drew Abelard down from his lofty pinnacle and tarnished the lustre of his great name. His guilty passion for Heloise, which has been immortalized in poetry and fiction, was the rock on which his glory was shattered. How changed are the fortunes of that once proud philosopher! Degraded in his own eyes and in the eyes of the world, he is no longer followed by crowds of admiring scholars; no longer is the gaze of an admiring city directed towards him. The spell of the siren-like voice was broken and the finger of scorn was pointed at the fallen idol.

Glad to escape from the sight of men, he returned to a monastery to do penance for his sin. But his old spirit of pride and contention returning, he was driven out by the monks. He withdrew to a lonely spot and built himself a little hut of twigs daubed with mud. He was not long in this new retreat when his old scholars "who could not get the sound of his silvery voice out of their ears" discovered his hiding place and soon the desert was peopled. They erected huts around his and provided all the necessities of life, both for themselves and for their master.

After teaching here for about a year, he returned to Paris and opened the famous school of St. Genevieve. Although there were many other schools in Paris, that of Abelard soon became the most popular and best attended. His wonderful gifts gave him an influence over the minds and hearts of men that few have been able to exercise.

About this time he wrote a book on the Blessed Trinity and some other theological works that contained many grievous errors. These works were brought to the notice of St. Bernard, who tried to bring him to a better frame of mind, but without any permanent result. The saint then denounced him to the Archbishop of Sens as a heretic. Abelard went at once to the archbishop, asked him to call a council, and pledged himself to appear on the appointed day and answer his adversary. The archbishop granted his request and wrote to St. Bernard informing him of Abelard's proposal.

"The schools," says Vaughn, "were thrown into a state of great excitement when this issue was announced. The two greatest intellects of the age, the famous dialectician, and the constant apostle of authority, were to meet face to face in a great struggle of momentous interest to humanity. Reason—that highest material gift of God to man, the crown of His noblest creation—was it to bow down before the stern voice of dogma? Was it to kneel and adore the utterance of Faith, or was it to stand erect and without shrinking to question that voice, and sift those utterances, receive what it approved, reject what it condemned? Such questions as these men must have felt even then belonged not to our epoch but to the course of human history; for they are questions in which the past and the present bear upon the future and affect the intellectual destinies of men. The conflict which appeared to be simply a contest be-

tween two able men, would, in reality, divide the world.

Long before the time appointed for the opening of the council, the large church of St. Stephen, at Sens, was filled to its utmost capacity by thousands of the greatest celebrities of the day who were anxious to witness this grand intellectual tournament between the two greatest minds of the century.

St. Bernard ascended the pulpit, holding in his hand a parchment on which several condemned propositions extracted from the writings of Abelard were written. These he read and then turning to his adversary addressed him in these words: "There is one of three courses open to you. Either you must deny that these propositions are yours, mend them, or retract them."

The vast assembly was hushed to breathless silence awaiting the reply of Abelard. To the amazement of all, Abelard merely said: "I will not answer the Cistercian; I appeal to Rome."

The rest of this singular man's history is soon told. He set out for Rome, but before he reached the city he heard that he had already been condemned. He returned to the monastery of Cluny where he was kindly received by the prior, Peter the Venerable.

His pride was completely broken, and after retracting his errors publicly and privately, he led the life of a simple monk. Here he died a most edifying death two years after his condemnation at the council of Sens.

Peter the Venerable pays him this remarkable tribute: "There was not," says he, "a greater spirit of poverty

in St. Martin nor more humility in St. Germanus."

"Thus died one of the most brilliant rationalists that ever lived," probably

the greatest genius of his age, but more truly great during the last two years of his life.

W. J. B.

HOPE.

There are times of pain and sorrow
In our short existence here,
When, it seems, the life to-morrow
Will be darker and more drear;

When each swift and fleeting minute
Brings more sadness and more pain;
And we long with death to shun it,
And to rent our lives in twain.

But these sorrows and this sadness
Have not come to stay for e'er,
Hope will fill our hearts with gladness,
And will free them of Despair.

Hope will make us glad and ready
To begin the fray again;
It will make us strong and steady
To bear bravely wounds and pain.

While it smiles upon our mourning,
And it clears the tears away,
Whisp'ring that the misty morning
Will become a fairer day.

And when age has come upon us—
All our idols, shattered, lie—
Hope, alone, still burns within us,
As the love of Him on high.

'Tis the star that guides the sailor,
Sailing through the dashing spray,
And which leads him to the harbor
Safe beyond the danger's way.

Greatest joy of childhood hours!
'Tis the solace of the old!
For it strews our path with flowers,
And with bright and shining gold.
—P. W. H., '99.

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EDITORIAL.

These fine days are bringing out the baseball enthusiasts.

The dignity and reserve of President McKinley during the trying days of the last few weeks, have earned for him the admiration of all men regardless of party.

It is one thing to stand in the crowd and howl for war, and another thing to shoulder the responsibility of proclaiming one. Responsibility is a great cooler for passion as well as a great help to attain the habit of deliberation, a characteristic of prudent men.

Much as men hate and wish to avoid responsibility, it is a good thing to share it in some degree. It begets self-reliance, builds up a strong character and deepens our sympathies as no other human influence can. Of course men are made and unmade under its burdens. It presumes strength and when this is wanting failure is inevitable.

ble. Responsibility simply discovers one's weakness.

The public may be considered as a soulless, irresponsible mob. It clamors for war or revenge; excites hatred in religion or politics; sets brother against brother; defies every law, human and divine. Its food is sensation, its appetite insatiable. It must ever have its victim, nor will the same one long suffice. This mob has its abode in no particular place and yet is found everywhere. It knows not reason, has no sentiment, likes comedy, but prefers the tragic. It has been quite rampant lately and is fed on war and the rumors of war. It will soon take up politics at home. But it is consoling to know that our President did not care what the mob thought, he waited till he heard both sides.

Easter, the season of awakening life, is again at hand. All nature is pregnant with power which she shows in a thousand ways. The earth is covered with a mantle of green; buds and blossoms fill trees and shrubs; sweet-voiced birds make the land glad with heavenly song, and gentle breezes waft up to man the delicate perfumes of fragrant flowers. In all these man catches faint gleams of the newer and better life for which he ever hopes.

But Easter means more than a mere manifestation of natural life. There are higher and better things than this life affords; we are else the victims

of fearful delusions. These glories of spring speak to the eye, they ease the heart, but they do not satisfy it. They simply remind man, even in their greatest abundance and under their most pleasing aspect, of their fleeting nature, hence of their powerlessness to satisfy cravings that are above earth and without limit. The charm of spring's first beauty lies in this, that it leads us upward to better and nobler life, to that ideal life which all nature inspires and the best art tries to imitate, and in the contemplation of these things man finds food for his soul in the hope that grows out of the promise of a better, a fuller, more complete life, a life in which our spiritual being shall dominate.

The entertainment furnished us on St. Patrick's eve was the best staged, best prepared, and most smoothly running play we have had for a long time. The *piece de resistance* was an operetta entitled, "The Conversion of Ireland," composed by the Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V. Its incidents were two scenes from the life of the apostle St. Patrick. The first dealt with his captivity, the second pictured him as a bishop returned to Ireland with the plenitude of apostolic power to begin the conversion of that country. These two scenes are the most dramatic of the saint's life and were brilliantly unfolded. It would be useless to attempt in our limited space anything like a proper criticism of the dramatic power, the classic language, and the elevating thought with which the piece abounded. Not to be sensitive to its

many beauties one must be devoid of all taste, and to tell all its merits would seem to be simple flattery. A large and intelligent audience showed their appreciation by the hearty applause with which they greeted the many climaxes in which the play abounds. The singing was delightful—not merely beauty of voice or correctness of note, but there went with the song a power of interpreting rarely found in young actors. One must go to the professional stage for better work. We understand that there are already requests for its repetition. We thought there would be.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

We have received from the American Book Co., Chicago, Ill., "School History of the United States," by John Bach McMaster. The author's name is a guarantee of the book's scholarly qualities. We turned at once to that part of the work which treats of the province of Maryland. We find this: The purpose of Lord Baltimore was to make Maryland a Catholic colony. To do this outright would be impossible, so in order to secure toleration for his own sect, he found it necessary to grant toleration to all sects. As long as the Catholics remained in control toleration worked well, but in 1691, Lord Baltimore was deprived of his colony because he supported King James II, and in 1692 sharp laws were made against Catholics by the Protestants." (Page 36.) Here is a truth told rather grudgingly, and a motive assigned to Lord Baltimore which we

do not think honest or warranted by the facts of history. Still it is something to find even this concession. For the rest we think the work well arranged and interesting. It is brought down to include the first months of McKinley's administration.

"Latin Lessons," by E. W. Coy, is another of the many "first year" books designed to do all sorts of things for the young pupil. The aim of Professor Coy is to introduce early Latin reading and translation, not from scraps in the way of exercises, but by consecutive selections. These the author takes from the *Viri Romæ*, *Cornelius Nepos*, and *Cæsar*, when the pupil has acquired some facility in the use of the verb and noun. It seems a good plan to follow. Nothing can be more tiresome than daily drilling on the technicalities of Latin, and this kept up for a whole year without the young scholar being led to see the better side of the study of Latin, which is revealed to him when he comes to translate. We think Professor Coy has the right idea.

"A Study of English Words," by Jessie Macmillan Anderson. This book, somewhat original in plan, traces out the formation of language, while treating of the influences that have been at work to change it to its present form. The chapters have a fine summary at the end which will be very helpful for review. As words lie at the foundation of language there can be no better way of getting a good knowledge of a language than by a thorough study of the words that make it up. This little work is designed to give such

help and we think it will not fail its purpose.

The *Rosary* magazine for March contains a charming variety of subjects by competent authors, and is sure to please the most precise of its readers. Among many others is an article on "A Benedictine Princess—Louise De Conde," that is very interesting, dealing as it does with the life of a noble and brilliant woman who, even as a child, "possessed the gift so essentially French, of writing delightful letters where a strong strain of wit and humor is united to much sturdy common sense, noble sentiments, and lofty spirituality." This article is to be continued in the April number. Other papers of interest are "Virtue's Triple Guard," "The Franciscan Crusade in Favor of Poverty and Labor," "Catholicity in Australia," and a beautiful poem on "St. Thomas Aquinas."

"Ho, for the Klondyke!" is the title of an article in *McClure's* magazine for March, and it is not the only magazine that has the fever, for all the secular periodicals seem to have the gold mania. None, however, speak of the new Eldorado in a more pleasing manner than *McClure's*, and Hamlin Garland, the author, illustrates it well with official photographs (hitherto unpublished) of scenes along the several routes. "Letters from the Andrée Party," and "Where is Andrée," are two powerfully interesting essays which show that *McClure's* seeks to lead, not alone in fiction, yet where is it surpassed in this line with its "Rupert of Hentzau," and companion stories?

The *Century* for March is a veritable gold mine, containing as it does the following articles of interest among many others: "The River Trip to the Klondike;" The Rush to the Klondike over the Mountain Passes;" "Andrée;" "The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky;" "Andrée's Messenger;" "American Wild Birds," and a host of others. We really believe the sketch on the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky to be the finest, not only in the book, but that we have seen for some time. There is a striking portrait of Verdi on the front page of the *Century* that will interest the many admirers of the "grand old man" of opera.

The *Ave Maria* for 1898, is, if possible, more excellent than ever. Its contents have not only the stamp of moral worth, but they possess literary merit not equaled by most of our magazines and surpassed by none. It is a pity that the fine qualities of this periodical are not better appreciated by more of our Catholic people. It ought to be in the home of every Catholic family. What a great help it would be toward refining taste and bettering morals. The love of such a paper would mean the death of the trashy stuff which makes up the reading matter of so many of our people. Among the many good things in recent issues of the *Ave Maria* were: "The Seven Dolors of the B. V. M.," by Miss Eliza Allen Starr; "Glimpses of Historic Rome," by F. Marion Crawford; "Master and Man," by Anna T. Sadlier; "A Sprig of Acacia," by Sarah Frances Ashburton; "North by West,"

by Charles Warren Stoddard, and many other interesting and instructive stories, essays, and poems—The *Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Ind. J. H. N.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The usual celebration in honor of St. Patrick was held at the college this year. The exercises began Wednesday evening, March 16, with an operetta entitled, "The Conversion of Ireland," with the following cast of characters:

Patrick.....	Mr. J. H. Nawn
Leadhairi (King of Tara)	C. J. Quille
Miliuc (Chieftain).....	P. J. Walsh
Benen (Son of Miliuc).....	Arthur Hansl
Finnian (Chief Bard).....	A. L'Ecuyer
Cormac (Officer).....	P. W. Hansl
Victor (an Angel)	Warren Armstrong
Bards, Chieftains, Soldiers.	

The opera based on the traditions of the "Isle of Saints and Scholars" showed the capture of St. Patrick in France; his being carried as a slave to Ireland where, during his lowly occupation watching over the flocks, an angel appears to him announcing that he will regain his liberty, return to sunny France and then return to Ireland to convert his captors. The second act showed his arrival as the Apostle of Ireland, his miracles, his success in converting the inhabitants, his explanation of the mystery of the Trinity by the "Shamrock" ever since dear to the Irish heart.

The operetta was written expressly for the occasion by our Rev. Pres. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., and set to the music of Moore's melodies, and all con-

cur in saying that it is a most worthy production of his talented pen and poetic imagination. To Father Marsile also must be ascribed the success of the play; for he personally conducted all the rehearsals, instilling into the youthful actors those principles of Delsarte of which he is such a thorough master.

All the parts were ably rendered, however special mention is due to Mr. J. H. Nawn who, as Patrick, completely captivated the vast audience, appearing in his every move an accomplished actor. Mr. C. J. Quille faithfully and naturally executed his part and won frequent applause. Master A. Hansl charmed his hearers not less by his sweet, melodious voice than by the nobleness and generosity of his character. Nor can we fail to mention those whose mingled voices produced the sweet strains of melody which were the delight of the occasion and which are still resounding in our ears. The college orchestra, under the able direction of Brother Desjardins, surpassed itself that evening; in fact everything conspired to make the play the most successful that was ever given within the college walls, a fact testified to by the continuous applause of the audience.

At the close of the opera we were favored with a few instrumental selections from the violin of Miss Nugent, of Chicago, the effect of which is almost beyond description, for being an artist in music she possesses a singular power over the violin which her hearers were not slow to appreciate.

The entertainment concluded with a

laughable sketch entitled "That Ras-cal Pat," in which the following gentlemen did ample justice to their respective parts:

Mr. P. W. Hansl,	-	Charles Livingston
Mr. W. Whearty,		Major Timothy Puffjacket
Mr. T. A. Cahill,	-	Pat McNoggerty
Mr. J. H. Nawn,	-	Nancy

On Thursday morning at 9 o'clock, Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the college chapel by the Rev. T. Kelly, of Gibson City, Ill., assisted by Rev. J. A. Kelly, of Gilman, as Deacon, Mr. D. G. Walsh, sub-Deacon, and Mr. E. Broadman, master of ceremonies. The college choir rendered "Amateur's" mass in an excellent manner. The solos by Messrs. Nawn, Quille, J. Lamarre, A. Hansl, and Bro. Raymond, being worthy of special mention.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. T. J. McCormick, C.S.V.

The annual banquet at which the faculty, visitors, and students were the guests, was held in the refectory and all the delicacies of the season were indulged in. Very Rev. M. J. Marsile acted as toast master and the "toasts" were most enjoyable.

During the afternoon the visitors were entertained by the military companies of the senior and minim departments. The picked squad certainly won the honors of the day and reflected much credit on the colonel, Mr. T. H. Cahill.

Thus the day passed; but the fond remembrances of it linger still and are no doubt among the most pleasant in the recollection of those who united with us in honoring St. Patrick, whose labors for the conversion of Ireland

have endeared him to the hearts of all true Christians.

T.F.Q.

PERSONALS.

—Messrs. Anderson and Murphy spent a few hours here with members of their families, recently.

—Mr. W. Riley, of Bloomington, Ill., made a call on his son William, at the college last month.

—Misses Dunne and Lavery, of Kankakee, visited the college during the month.

—These students have spent some time at home on account of sickness: Messrs. King, Rainey, Pugny, Kearney, J. Deneault.

—Mr. J. Carithers, of Canton, Ill., spent a day with his son Dwight.

—Mr. J. Lucas, of Chicago, made a pleasant call on his little son, of the minims.

—Mrs. Riley, of Reddick, Ill., spent a part of a recent day in the company of her son Edward, of the seniors.

—Mr. Thomas Carroll, of Flanigan, Ill., paid his respects to the college during his late visit.

—Old students were delighted to meet our former shortstop, Mr. William Corcoran, of Louisville, Ky., who spent St. Patrick's Day with us.

—The Rev. Brothers McEachan, Laplante, O'Mahoney, Paquin, Dube, and Mathern, of the Holy Name school, Chicago, were visitors at the college on St. Patrick's Day.

—The Misses Lockney, of Chebanse, Ill., were among those who attended the play St. Patrick's Eve.

—Mrs. Milholland spent a pleasant day, not long since, with her son Frank, of the seniors.

—Mr. M. Boylan, Peoria, Ill., was a college visitor on his recent visit to these parts.

—Mr. Emile Leavett, Chicago, delighted his son Milton, of the minims, on the occasion of his recent visit.

—Mrs. Stricker, Chicago, brought joy to her son Carl during her last visit the college.

—Master George Uhler, of the minims, entertained his mother on her visit to the college last month.

—Miss Rose Cahill, of Chicago, a former pupil of the Notre Dame Convent, visited her brother Thomas recently.

—Mr. J. Barr, Mazon, Ill., made a pleasant visit to his brother William, of the seniors, on a recent Sunday.

—Among the clerical visitors of the month were the Revs. W. F. Kearney, T. J. McDevitt, Chicago; A. Granger, Poissant, Kankakee; A. Bourdeau, St. George, Ill.; Jos. Kelly, Gibson City, Ill.; J. A. Kelly, Gilman, Ill.; A. Langlois, C.S.V., St. Marys, Ill.; F. X. Chouinard, C.S.V., Manteno, Ill.

Among our visitors on our recent feastday were noticed the following: Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil, Mr. and Mrs. Campion, Mesdames Shippey, Armstrong, Kane, Moran, Daily, Kennealy, Mr. and Miss McHenry, Chicago; Mr.

and Mrs. Towner, Miss Chouinard, Manteno; the Misses McCormick, Chicago; Doctor and Mrs. Morell, Mr. and Mrs. Martineau, Bourbonnais; Mrs. Hansl and son, Kankakee, Miss Nugent, Peotone, Ill.

BASE BALL.

The season of '98" promises to be a very successful one here. With one exception all the members of last year's team are again in the college and will try for their old positions. There are, however, several new candidates, daily practicing for places on the team, who will make the old players hustle to retain their positions. As yet not much out-door practice has been indulged in, but as soon as the weather permits the nine will practice batting, base running, and fielding on the campus. Our manager is arranging a schedule with some of the best amateur teams of Chicago and the students may expect some exciting contests before the season closes. This year, owing to the many candidates for each position, every place will be given to the best and most conscientious player, and, as no one will have a sure thing in holding down a certain position, but will be relegated to the bench as soon as he evinces the least disposition to shirk or not play his game, we expect to have a much better record at the end of the season of '98" than we have had for a number of seasons past. The men who are practicing for position are Sammon and Walsh, catchers; L. Legris, pitcher; Kearney and Walsh, 1st base; Rainey and Cahill,

2d base; E. Legris and Patterson, 3d base; Whearty and Rooney, short stop; Quille, Soran, Martin, in the field. L. Legris will do the pitching, and as his speed is greater and his command more perfect than last year, we expect to see him shatter the reputations of the many hard hitters whom he will face on the diamond during the year.

VIATORIANA.

- Hit him a kick.
- Age of rubber.
- Dick the sleeper.
- Judas in disguise.
- Oh those fiddlers!
- Guilty or not guilty.
- "Come back to Erin."
- O, dear, how bad you are.
- Have you a cob corn pipe?
- I have a felon on my foot.
- Who fixed up that dummy?
- Number three wins the race.
- Is a beard extrinsic? *Partly.*
- Did you buy, Pete? No, I loaned.
- Nine is my time; it's half-past now.
- "Niagara falls is worse than that lake."
- Do you take this for a free lunch counter?
- The children of the sixth crusade were obliged to excavate (evacuate) Genoa.

—You can't copy from my paper after this.

—“Brother, where's our grammar lesson?”

—He is no good. Well, get a salaried one.

—“That throws lots of people” (somersault).

—It seems to me there is someone in that closet.

—“Monday morning at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.”

—“Al,” to the dentist. Oh, mister, let me go!”

—The post came along and hit him in the back of the neck.

—If he had paused twice more we would have had a circus.

—Well, *we* feel greatly relieved after our rest and vacation.

—The music sounded like a lot of dogs with tin-can attachments.

—“I would like to be excused from writing, it may hurt my arm.”

—Said the little chimney to the big one, “oh, you're not so warm.”

—Is that moustache to be classed among the permanent features?

—“What time is it?” “Twelve.” “It's a wonder he wouldn't take a hint.”

—“The old woman will be down with a couple of cakes in the bottom of her valoose.”

—I see you play tennis.

Oh, yes, there's philosophy in this game.

—All societies close their work at Easter. We have an hour's extra recreation on congè days. These are the principal changes at this time.

—The annual Easter retreat took place this year according to custom. It was conducted by the Rev. President assisted by the priests of the college.


—The first final examination will soon be given; it will take place about the end of this month. It is good to take notice of this and be governed accordingly.

—There will be the usual Easter vacation this year. It will extend from Saturday, April 9, to Tuesday the 12th. Of course there will be a great rush to get back on time.

—Members of the reading classes competed for a beautiful encyclopedia of English literature, the gift of Mr. M. Berry, of Chicago. The contest was for spelling, and those in charge had no easy task to “floor the crowd.” The prize was won by Master P. O'Conner.

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