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FAC ET SPERA.

## CHILDE HAROLD.

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### THIRD CANTO.

Among the recently announced desiderata of one of the big book concerns no little prominence is given the "The Castaway," a book to which particular attention is called because it is the "romance of the loves of Byron." Now the perusal of such a "romance" may be diverting occupation—there are many reasons why it should be so, of course—and such reference to the publication as may be made here is not to be construed adversely. The book will easily lend itself to popularization among a certain class of readers for to Milady the thing next in interest to her own affairs d'amour is that of someone else, be it historical or current, real or fictional. We can have no quarrel with the writer or publishers of such a book, for the nib of our pen is guiltless of any of the toppling crowns of Letterdom and we do not now intend to tarnish our escutcheon with the downfall of any of the lights in the path of knowledge. But we beg leave to say that equal in interest to and far surpassing the "loves of Byron" in value is the study of the poet's heart as he himself chose to reveal it to us in his works. "Erudition," said a clever man, "threatens to usurp the function of taste." The knowledge of the tangled condition of Byron's heartstrings is a species, however dubious, of an erudition. Inasmuch then, as there are those whose taste is to be stimulated rather than their erudition is to be encouraged and insofar as those most likely to read "The Castaway" with avidity are the very ones to whom the protagonist's greatest message is addressed, do we dissent from the project of widely disseminating the none too wholesome details which went to make a portion of the life story of the bard of Newstead Abbey. But we travel too swiftly—anon we will come to the

great lesson of this Third Canto of Childe Harold, meanwhile, there are some remarks, by the way.

It will be recalled that several years intervened between the writing of the Second and Third Cantos. During that time there transpired events well calculated to chasten the spirit of this fiery singer. If contemporary evidence is reliable Byron suffered and suffered, too, somewhat unjustly. At all events there is a noticeable change and a beneficial one it is. When he resumes the narratives of the Pilgrimage, lets fall the flimsy mask of Harold, forgets the clumsy archaism of the preceding cantos, appears in his own proper ego and writes in a more honestly introspective strain than was his custom we are sensible of the stimulus that our interest receives.

“ Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,  
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,  
And both may jar ; it may be, that in vain  
I would essay as I have sung to sing.  
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling,  
So that it wean me from the weary dream  
Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling  
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem  
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.”

Among the first reasons for adverting to the change in him is the sense of shame, remorse, and a quasi-resignation which is really mere submission to the inevitable which he manifests early in the canto.

“ Yet am I changed ; though still enough the same  
In strength to bear what time cannot abate,  
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.”

We trust by these and similar tokens that we are seeing the beginning of the end of the Byronic braggadocio (for he confesses to such an affection) and further progress justifies our hopes. The self-revelation in this canto is begun from a different height—there is less of the “pride that apes humility” and more sincere self-reproach—for the chain “which galled forever, fettering though un-

seen" had begun to exact the expiation for misspent hours. It is sad to reflect upon and it may be presumptuous to write the words, but who can say but that with proper, timely and judicious guidance, the world would have been given another Augustine. But judicious guidance and poor Byron could never have struck common ground, for he was too much the rebel. He was cursed with the mercurial temperament of genius—still, had it been possible to have arrested him midway in his progress from the heights of his self-sufficiency to the depths of his despair and to have held before him even for a little while, the saving merits of self-atonement, who knows what might not have been the outcome, for scoffer, libertine, what you please—yet he was extremely human withal and had in him the seeds of redemption.

It were quite impossible, even could it be made desirable, to dispute the fact that Byron was an uncommonly great man in a race of great men. The axiomatic truth, which tells us that objects specify actions and actions in their turn are indicative of the principle, applies strangely well to him. It required the greatest things in nature and man to take the measure of his calibre.

“ Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part  
 Of me and of my soul, as I of them?  
 Is not the love of these deep in my heart  
 With a pure passion? Should I not condemn  
 All objects, if compared with thee? and stem  
 A tide of suffering, rather than forego  
 Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm  
 Of those whose eyes are only turned below,  
 Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow.”

Only the greatest things attracted his formal notice. In this respect he was led to unnatural lengths for he was too broad, too much the “world’s tired denizen” to be a good patriot. He should have tried to reason himself into patriotism, but he only rhymed himself out of it. Mark where he says

“ He had the passion and the power to roam ;

The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,  
 Were unto him companionship; they spoke  
 A mutual language, clearer than the tone  
 Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake  
 For Nature's pages gloss'd by sunbeam's on the lake."

How well he knew himself, his failings, his needs, is attested by his estimate of Bonaparte. He had the conviction to call himself the grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme and how nearly analogous are the processes of genius is historically evident. To the Corsican he says:

"Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,  
 Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;  
 For daring made thy rise as fall."

Someone has advanced the rather bold theory that the difference between one genius and another is the result only of time, place and certain environments. A genius is a genius, so to speak, and is destined intrinsically to pre-eminence, the kind of pre-eminence not to depend upon inherent inclinations, but rather upon surroundings. Be this theory admissible or not there is a resemblance between the Napoleon of battles and the Napoleon of song. This resemblance we can feel justified in deducing from the manner in which Byron appreciated Bonaparte and the attributes that he hit upon for his poetic treatment. Quotations have a troublesome tendency to annihilate time and printer's space but there follow a few in support of this assertion of resemblance:

"An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,  
 But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,  
 However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,  
 Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,  
 Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star."

Again:

"When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,  
 To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled  
 With a sedate and all-enduring eye

mentor who from his high place cries out with Gratiano,

“Behold I am Sir Oracle  
And when I ope my mouth, let no dog bark.”

No, not that way. But in the surer, more striking way, that we call an object lesson. “What, Byron a preacher?” someone asks, and looks askance. Well, no, not a preacher of the kind you have in mind, but his example, like Wolsey, warns us, saying “mark but my fall, and that which ruined me!” There is opportunity everywhere, says Bishop Spalding, and here is a chance for us to grasp a great meaning and to profit thereby. An erring Christian has walked into the Slough of Despond—into what George Eliot would call a “palpable morass,” and refuses the aid that simple faith and a purged conscience would proffer. Can we not “better the instruction?”

But we deal too much in generalities. Let us descend and find a particular lesson. It is not likely that such feeble observations and suggestions as are here set down will meet the eyes of many who are mothers. However, some who may one day fill that sacred office may chance upon them and it is to those—to whom perchance “The Castaway” will appeal more potently than the poet’s own works—it is to those we say, that the great lesson of this canto is directed. Attend then while we find the lesson—Canto Third—Stanza Seventh—ah, there are the words—they should be written in flame, lest they be missed.

‘And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,  
My springs of life were poisoned, ‘Tis too late.’”

Think of it — these words from out the ruins of one of the grandest men that has lived “in the tide of times.” One of the grandest because God gave him great genius, and in ruins—why? Whoever has read can recall the story of a mother who neglected her child—called him her “lame brat” and left him unguarded, unguided and at last ungovernable, to be consumed by the ravaging flames of his own heart. Think of it mothers, whose sons have been trained and be thankful that they can

never repeat such words—think of it you, who are to be the mothers of “a race of men,” and see to it that your sons can never say such words, for “to the child,” says Thackeray, “mother is the name for God”—it is the name for everything. The wisest of the kings of earth would be remembered as such forever, were it only for that one maxim, “Train up a child in the way that he should go.” It is because of the disregard of this mandate that the women of today may look upon the memory of Byron and find that strange and terrible paradox, the greatest success of his time and kind, and one of the greatest failures of history. Oh, yes, prefer the testimony that comes from the wayward, weary heart of the poet himself to the recital of his amours.

It were rash to attempt to exculpate this brilliant man from all that history and his own pen have indicated, yet would we wish to qualify the condemnation that the generality of readers is ready to hurl at his unhappy memory. Let us remember his precocity, his early perversion, his lack of a mother’s good influence, his suffering—for he did suffer the pangs of the super sensitive—our own inability to reconstruct him, for who has plumbed the depths of genius?—lastly let us bethink ourselves and turn away from the story of his unfortunate and frequently disgraceful entanglements and be satisfied to learn from his example some of the great lessons of morality, albeit he may never have intended to teach them.

J. F. O’SIX.

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### THE SKEPTIC’S DREAM.

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It was the night before Christ’s birthday. The following day he would be born again to many, bringing joys and relief from worldly cares with His coming, but alas, to some the recurrence of His natal day meant nothing more than the unavoidable repetition of a time worn custom. The poor were the ones to find relief, comfort and joy in His coming, while for the most part the ones to whom the anniversary of His birth meant nothing, were the very ones, who, having been blessed by success and comfort, should have been loudest in their praise and deepest in their love of God,

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Such a one was Mr. L———, a twentieth century Croesus and one of the kings of finance. Though surrounded by every luxury, he prepared for slumber with no thankfulness in his heart. On the contrary his thoughts travelled back over the road of his life, to a well remembered night when he vainly sued his cause with the object of his love, when his whole life was blighted by one little word: no. Where and in what circumstances was she now, were the questions rapidly passing and repassing through his weary brain. Since that fatal night no thought of religion entered his mind, and he began a merciless career of money-making, taking from rich and poor alike. His last knowledge of his boyhood sweetheart was that she had married a gallant soldier-boy and accompanied him West, to Fort Worth. About two years later her husband's name was amongst the list of heroes who fell victims to the vengeful Sioux at the Little Big-Horn. He also knew that a son was born, but he could not find trace of either.

He lay awake far into the night, alone with his thoughts. He had amassed a fortune, had a good name, had always been physically well, and none of the world's reverses had troubled him. In spite of all these benefits, bitter skepticism had found easy access into his heart and mind, because Cupid had not gazed favorably upon him.

At last the inquisitive stars peeped in upon the slumber of a troubled soul. Suddenly an exquisite sensation stole upon him, and he awoke, he thought—and in a true skeptical fashion made sure that all his senses were on guard against illusions. He listened intently, believing that he dreamt. No, it was true, for the sound was repeated. A delightfully musical voice, like the silvery tinkling of heavenly chimes, was softly calling his name. He looked upwards from whence the entrancing sound proceeded, and his eyes were blinded by the glorious spectacle that confronted them, causing him to avert his gaze in fear and awe.

There above him was a vision of wondrous beauty, whose face was ineffably sweet, whose form lighted the whole room with its blinding effulgence, whose tresses sparkled in the mellow moonlight like spun gold in brilliant contrast with the silvery brightness of its wings, and whose kind, heaven-tinted eyes penetrated the very soul of the wretched being prostrate before it.

Finally this celestial being began to speak and the harmonious music of his voice sent a thrill of joy and hope through the man before him, causing him to look up and listen.

These were his words: "O man, thou hast not believed, and thou hast forgotten thy God in thy seeming misery. Come with me, and I will show thee that which will bring back thy faith, and which will make thee fear and love God during thy stay on earth. Be not afraid, but keep silent and obey my commands. Come."

Upon concluding the spirit beckoned, and as the awe-struck man tremblingly approached, with supernatural strength the spirit caught him up in his embrace as though he were a thing of air and agilely departed flying noiselessly through the silent night.

They passed over palatial residences, where all was light and merriment, over dilapidated hovels wherein dwelt poverty stricken humanity, whose only adornment was faith. They passed by places from whence issued the dark minions of Death, starvation and disease, bringing victims to join the large band in charge of grim, remorseless Death, which like a dark cloud marred the star-studded firmament. Some of these victims pushed gladly forward, glad to find release from worldly cares at any cost; others with the bloom of youth yet upon their cheeks, or with the indelible mark of a happy old age imprinted upon their souls, hurried eagerly to meet their God, and still others were urged forward by Death, because of their fear of God. The spirit, seeing his companion appalled at the gruesome spectacle, quickly out-distanced the company. On they flew, over places where the hand of man was clearly evident, until finally they reached a vast expanse where no work of man was visible.

It was a bleak, barren country, whose desolation was increased by the want of any object to break the monotony of its snow covered expanse. December's sway was waning and the mournful couriers of hoary winter were singing funereal dirges. But stay! did I say no object marred the undulating prairies? What is that black patch on the side of of yonder mound, well-nigh covered with compassionate snow-flakes? Upon closer investigation it proved to be a lean-to, whose crevices were filled with crowding snow-crystals, sent on this errand of mercy by the Omnipotent, to keep out the pitiless winds.

The spirit descended with his wondering burden, and as noiselessly entered the rude dwelling as he had left the luxuriant apartments of the skeptic. The skeptic noticed that he was immune from cold as well as invisible; but he was not surprised, after the wonderful events that had already transpired. In the hovel what a sight met the astonished gaze of the skeptic! No, he must be designated henceforth by a name other than that of a skeptic, for his skepticism was rapidly vanishing.

The four walls of the hut were without ornament save a picture of the head of Christ crucified, which beamed compassionately upon a female figure heavily muffled in ragged clothing, who knelt in abject misery before a rude table. On this table was a bit of candle, throwing a feeble, ghostly light upon the scene. There was also a crucifix. In one corner was a cot and a chair, in the other a fire-place filled with ashes, while on the walls danced mocking shadows.

With a low moan the woman raised her dim eyes to the crucifix imploringly, and began to pray in dull, listless accents.

The upraised features, whose every line spoke eloquently of want and misery, and whose accents were heavy with grief and despondency, brought a flood of bitter reminiscences to the invisible watcher, and he was about to voice his thoughts when the spirit sternly bade him be silent.

The wretched woman continued speaking and her words, which were as follows, showed her boundless confidence in God: "Oh, my Father, one favor I humbly ask of You before I die. You, in Your infinite wisdom saw fit to deprive me of my husband, and I did not murmur at Your holy will. Let but my eyes rest once more upon my only son, the wayward object of my love. Grant me but this, Oh Lord, and I will answer Your call in peace." Upon concluding she tottered feebly towards the couch, falling upon it in a dead stupor.

Obedying a sign from his celestial guide, the spell-bound observer withdrew, and they once more started upon their journey. The angel told the man he was powerless in the hands of the merciful destiny pointed out by the Omnipotent, and that he must accept occurrences as they were, also stating that the last part of this hid-

den tragedy was approaching. This time they flew through space as though carried by impetuous winds, and, as they whirled rapidly past wondering stars, the spirit spoke at length for the second time. These were his words: "Oh man, the poverty-stricken woman we have just seen in misery, is the one who rejected you to marry a warrior, as you have probably surmised. Her husband was killed in following his calling, leaving her alone in the world with a baby boy. This boy grew up with his father's inclinations, reckless and adventurous. He himself became a warrior at an early age, regardless of his mother's tearful entreaties, leaving her to her sad fate. Even this cruel neglect and her many misfortunes have not weakened her mother's love or her faith in Christ, as you have seen. I was sent on this errand of mercy by the Almighty to redeem your perverted soul. You should tremble even at the thought of your iniquities, but after seeing a human being remain firm under such crushing misfortunes, you should thank God humbly all the rest of your life. It is decreed that mother and son will not meet again on earth, but,————— there is a beyond. I bid you again, keep silence and obey."

On they traveled, over land and sea, finally descending into a tropical country, having lost about an hour in their rapid flight.

A huge fire was crackling merrily in the center of a little glade, around which were seated in various attitudes, men who were easily recognized by their costumes as American soldiers. Over the tops of the huge tropical trees, whose leaves rustled in the stifling heat, the same moon that a few hours before had looked in upon a skeptic in another land, threw its mellow rays over the scene; the twinkling stars shot shy glances through the leaves, and birds and animals, disturbed by the rude intrusion of man, gave vent to their injured feelings in shrill cries and piercing shrieks. Some of the men were lolling about in loose attire, many were seeking the much needed repose, regardless of the noise about them; some were reading papers and letters containing news of the loved ones at home; some were writing letters; the commissary sat on a cheese-box balancing accounts; one, a mere boy was offering up thanks to God, regardless of the jeers of his hardened comrades; sounds of revelry issued from the officer's tent; others were washing clothes in a

near-by brooklet; another was standing guard over the arms and ammunition, swearing softly to himself as he annihilated daring mosquitoes with conscientious ardor; but in the center of all this were four men seated cross-legged before an empty cartridge-box, whose contents had long since found homes in dusky brown bodies.

These men were busily engaged in playing cards, cursing volubly everything in general, singing, quarreling, and emptying a jug of native mescal, which manifold task they accomplished with the astonishing facility of experts.

The spirit, with disgust written upon his pure ascetic features, turned to his companion and called his attention to one of these four, a burly, bearded man, rough and uncouth, who was holding his own in every way with his companions. The spirit drew his charge farther into the sheltering bushes, told him that the man pointed out was her son, and bade him watch developments patiently.

Suddenly the cursing becomes more vehement. Looking up, the watchers saw two of the men, one of whom was the undutiful son, gesticulating wildly. They heard bitter words exchanged; a knife flashed in the moonlight; and the man in whom the interest of the watchers was centered, stood with a dripping knife above his victim. All was commotion. The murderer was siezed by comrades and held. The officers rushed out of their tents, and, after a short consultation, decided upon an immediate trial, because they were far away from civilization and were upon a forced march.

The sentence was "to be shot at dawn."

The prisoner received the sentence with a sneer, which suddenly died upon his lips. He trembled and paled, expressing a desire that he might see a priest. As if sent by God, an old Spanish padre was seen plodding towards the camp. He was called and administered the last sacraments to the doomed man. As time was precious the prisoner was bound and placed facing a tree. The firing squad awaited the signal. Just as it was given a cry of "I am coming, mother," was heard, and six bullets had firmly lodged in the body of the wayward son. As the sun peeped over the hills that morning it saw two belated souls ascending to God, one in the far west, the other in the tropics.

The soldiers looked upon the face of the dead man, and as the old padre quoted the words "life for life" and pronounced a blessing, they fired a salute in honor and,—the sleeper awoke.

He rubbed his eyes and listened. They were firing a salute in Christ's honor on the river front. That morning when his valet came to assist him, the former skeptic surprised his faithful servant by speaking kindly and giving him a large check. The rest of his life he surprised himself by buying and releasing mortgages, founding asylums for orphans, endowing hospitals and libraries, contributing large funds to charity, and living within the pale of Holy Mother Church.

How do I know this? Why, I am Mr. L — — — — —.

Raphael Thiers,—Oratory.

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### REJANE'S TOUR.

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It seems that Rejane's tour is proving a series of financial disasters and of artistic failures. Although that gifted actress may not deserve either, yet the sort of theatrical performances in which she is starring do not entitle her to anything but the well merited and quite significant snubs she is encountering everywhere outside of France. Everywhere—in London, in Havana, in New York, in Chicago, the critics, while admitting her personal talent, have unanimously treated her scandalous repertoire with the most scathing condemnation. For instance in Havana, Cuba, where she was received with every demonstration of enthusiastic friendliness, and where, after the ovation attending her solemn entree into town, she was further gratified by a full house the first night, but only the first night—the disgusted dramatic critics lashed her unmercifully for daring to appear in "Sapho," which they dubbed "esoteric rot," stuff, they said, which might suit the stomach of Parisians but is a stench in the nostrils of the people of Havana, who have very different notions of art. They speak in the same strain of vehement denunciation of "Zara" and "La Passerelle" which young ladies were not allowed to witness even accompanied by chaperons.

In London, New York and Chicago these plays, as also "l'Amoureuse," "La Robe Rouge," etc., etc., are regarded by the

dramatic critics of the daily press as going to the limit of the vile in French life. While affording opportunity to the actress for the display of her extraordinary dramatic gifts, her unusual dash, grace, piquancy and personal charm, they are looked upon everywhere as nasty exhibition of coarse persons and immoral conduct, and as wantonly laying open the heart of carnality in an orgy of frolic. This pestilent trash can but afford the most pernicious amusement. Only the degenerate can find gratification in flavors that are so rank and gross.

La Presse, of Montreal, did not announce and refused to even criticise her performances. Quebec, says L'Evenement, is actually raising a loud protest against her coming to town at all.

The half grown boys and full fledged toughs and others of that ilk who with malice aforethought frequent the variety theatres which in these same large cities are, according to the Northwestern Chronicle, becoming mere low dives and high schools of immorality, see and hear precisely what they go there for, i. e. exhibitions of brazen immodesty. These moral crows cannot object to the putrid carrion which is so plenteously spread before them. But when the selfrespecting public, which it is hoped is still in the majority, seeks an hour of honest recreation at the hands of men and women whom God has endowed with gifts capable of making them the entertainers of the world, is it not an outrage against honesty, against decency, against art to see there gifted actors and actresses who could thrill their audiences with the highest and healthiest kind of delightful amusement disport themselves before the footlights like vulgar clowns, grimacing and gaffawing through performances that simply reek with immorality? Rightly and not any too soon nor too strongly does the public protest against such degrading and shameful exhibitions. The boulevardiers may call the public "unsophisticated," and the demi-monde may dub the same public "prudish;" but the public can stand it and keep on walking at the same time.

The January number of L'Echo des Deux Mondes, the official organ of l'Alliance Francaise affiliated with the University of Chicago, contains an interesting account of Rejane's recent visit to the western metropolis. Frankly it admits that it was a mistake on the part of her impressario to engage her for a two weeks stay in

a city whose capacity for appreciating the French language is so limited. But the frankness we most admire in this Frankish sheet is its surprising admission that the principal cause of the small success of Rejane here was her abominable repertoire. These plays, it admits, were not at all suited to the American public. If American young ladies, says L'Echo, enjoy the liberty of freely going anywhere unaccompanied by chaperons it is because things are so well ordered and co-ordinated here that it is safe and quite reasonable for them so to act. To offer such representations as must necessarily exclude the feminine element is to deprive oneself of that large patronage which is indispensable alike for financial and artistic success. Mr. Echo, you speak with remarkable common sense. We like to hear you aver that the hall was filled only the first night. But when you say that on some of the successive nights she omitted passages and even one whole act of the play billed, and frankly again report that the critics observed that the plays thus modified i. e. cleansed, expurgated, were not "Frenchy" enough, is it not humiliating for you to admit that in the estimation of the critical public 'Frenchy' or 'French' has become synonymous with 'scabreaux,' "scurrilous," "vile?" There was a time alas! when France had a better reputation even among her enemies than she now makes for herself among those who would be her friends.

When French playwrights, impressarios and actors have been practically taught that it does not pay to outrage common decency in the name of so-called art, when they have learned that dramatists have no special license to degrade mankind, that they no more than other artists dare offend the moral sense of self-respecting people with impunity, then it may be hoped they will employ their splendid talents upon worthier themes and with better results. J. P.

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Mr. John McCarthy, of the theological department, recently received his call for sacred orders from the Most Rev. Archbishop of Chicago. Our hearty congratulations to Father McCarthy.

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A critic employed on the Chicago daily press says of "Views of Dante" that it is a literary gem, priceless to those who appreciate such work." This book is for sale by Benziger Bros., at \$1.25 net,

## BROTHER SENECAI DEAD.

In the death of Bro. Senecal the community of St. Viateur's has witnessed the passing of one of its most able and devoted members. This good man, Aurthur Senecal, was born at St. Timothy, diocese of Valleyfield, P. Q., in June, 1853, dying the 26th of December, 1904, in Bourbonnais. Bro. Senecal had the reputation among his brethern of being a solidly religious man, an agreeable able and companionable confere, a wise counsellor, and a devoted worker, being ever at his post, never out of his place.

Entering the novitiate the 20th of July, 1869, he took the habit the 19th of March, 1870. Four months after donning the religious garb in July, he took his first vows, taking his second vows the 10th of August, 1875, and his perpetual vows July 10th, 1880. He received the rank of major catechist in 1890.

As a teacher in the ealier years of his religious life he brought to bear upon the arduous tasks of the class-room all that singular acumen, and that admirable tact which continued to distinguished him in the more complex duties of college treasurer.

In 1881 he became assistant to the pioneer treasurer, Bro. Bernard, whose efforts he ably seconded and whom he succeeded in 1890.

At the head of affairs his remarkable talent as a financier soon revealed itself by the careful way in which he managed the complicated matters of the office. Business men of Kankakee and Chicago appreciated his ever urbane manner and his business-like way of transacting affairs. He was also distinguished in the capacity of treasurer by his thorough-going honesty and his imperturbable coolness.

In 1901 Bro. Senecal's condition of health made it necessary for him to take a vacation, and this, failing to restore him sufficiently to resume his arduous work as treasurer, caused him to resign. In 1902, he was succeeded by the present incumbent, the Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., who is ably continuing the business-like traditions of the office.

Bro. Senecal traveled extensively for the benefit of his health, having visited Spain, Italy, England and France, and many points

of interest in the United States and Canada. In 1895 he assisted at the quinquennial chapter of the Viatorian order held at Lyons, France. In spite of his travels he was more often to be seen at the college, where he lent the valuable help of his ripe wisdom to the counsels of the board of trustees. His relations with the student body, which had always been friendly, became in late years even more amicable. He could often be seen with groups of interested students playing billiards, or in the infirmary enlivening the hours of the invalids with puzzles, games, and conundrums, or, when the clemency of the weather would permit, accompanying eager parties of young Nimrods, botanists, or minerologists to the woods. Even the younger students could not fail to note, while on these excursions, as well as at the college, the mental superiority of their cicerone, whose conversation was always enlivened with amusing and instructive historical anecdotes, and often evidenced a rare knowledge of national history and of practical religious lore.

We tender our sympathy to his nephew, our fellow student, Master Emile Senecal, and to his sorrowing mother and brothers in far away Canada.

The last rites over Brother Senecal's remains were performed in Maternity church, Bourbonnais, by Very Reverend C. Fournier, C. S. V., provincial superior, assisted by Rev. J. J. Cregan, C. S. V., and Rev. J. G. Laplante, C. S. V., of Chicago. A large number of confreres and of friends from far and near assisted at the solemn ceremonies and paid their last tribute to the cherished memory of the deceased. May his soul rest in peace.

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The agnostic is really the most wretched of men and consequently is to be pitied. Inded we learn from Aristotle and Plato as well as from the Schoolmen of the Christian age that happiness consists in the possession of God through knowledge and love. This blessedness can be had partially in this earthly life since anyone who uses his powers of mind rightly can arrive at some knowledge of God's mindfilling truth and at some appreciation of his infinite goodness. But the agnostic pretends to know nothing of God and hence debars himself of that which the sanest minds have considered the only happiness worthy of rational beings.

## VIEWS OF DANTE.

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One of the new books of the year is a volume of 207 pages on the "Views of Dante," by Rev. Father E. L. Rivard, of St. Viateur's college. The introduction is written by Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., bishop of Peoria, and is, in itself, a pretty full review of the poet's ideas.

Father Rivard is a close student, and has made a critical study of the author's works, and a reading of his little volume will give one new and wider ideas of the thoughts and lessons Dante sought to convey to his readers.

The chapters devoted to "Beatrice," his message on "Greed" and "Ideal Youth," are especially strong features and well worth reading and careful study.

Dante is not an especially interesting book to those who read solely for amusement, but to those who look deeper it contains much that is of great value. Father Rivard has done the world a service by his explanations and review, bringing out into full light what to many have been obscure things in the poet's meaning. Only a limited number of the books has been printed and it may be had of local dealers for \$1.25.—Kankakee Daily Republican, Jan. 5, 1905.

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## CONGRATULATIONS,

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The college world has again been honored by Rome in the person of Rt. Rev. John B. Carroll, D. D., late president of St. Joseph's College, Dubuque, who was raised to the episcopal dignity December 21. Bishop Carroll will bring with him to Montana the congratulations and good wishes of his hosts of friends and in his own heart he will bring the love of a college. His enlightened appreciation and practical devotedness to higher education are full of promise for the educational development of his far western diocese. We respectfully congratulate St. Joseph's College, Bishop College, Bishop Carroll and the diocese of Helena.

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The anniversary of the death of V. Rev. A. Corcoran, C. S. V., occurs Jan. 28. Memorial services will be held in the college chapel.



## BOOKS REVIEWED.

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It is to be hoped that among the Christmas gifts accorded to the Catholic women of the land numerous copies of Katherine E. Conway's latest offering of the Sitting Room Series, "The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate," are to be found. There is neither matron nor maid, young nor old, to whom this little collection of essays cannot be an assistance—even an inspiration. The essays are the work of a woman who knows women as they are and who at the same time shows a keen appreciation, sententiously expressed, of what a power the Christian gentlewoman, making for the best that the social apostolate predicates, can be. The eminent fitness of the beautiful title "Christian Gentlewoman," as a designation for the purest, best and worthiest development of womanhood is demonstrated in simple, forceful, and very graceful prose. Miss Conway teaches, but teaches tactfully, with a fine eye for the means that are adequate to the end of causing the praise of the Christian gentlewoman to be heard abroad in the land—and she has the good sense not to become cranky in reading her homily. "The perfection of her Womanhood" is the simple summum bonum that is the theme of the title essay and there is no end of depth and beauty in the prospect. A definition of a much abused term, found in the essay, "Being Broad-minded," is worth frequent repetition. "Self-control that is patient and forbearing, sympathy so intelligent that she can put herself in another's place and faith and charity large enough to cover what reason cannot understand, are the manifestations of her true Christian breadth of mind."

The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate. By Katherine E. Conway. Family Sitting Room Series. Thos. J. Flynn & Co., Boston, Mass.

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Father W. G. R. Mullan, S. J., one of the professors of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., says of "Views of Dante": "It is just the kind of a book that Catholic classes of Dante have been looking for. I will certainly do what I can to make it known." "Views of Dante" is for sale by Benziger Bros., at \$1.25 net.

## EXCHANGES.

**Whereas,** It has pleased the Chief Scribes to take away the peace of mind that the daily, unrecorded grind and unravished silence of prosaic mediocrity had one time caused to envelop poor, humble us, by constituting us official scribblers of unbiased opinion; and, inasmuch, as the young featherless things, but lately penetrating the crust that overtops the broad domain of inter-collegiate literature, with fear and trembling await the dicta of our \$1.00. Idle Fountain pens; and in view of the fact that e'en disheartening as (and much less diverting) than the cruel roast, are the colorless words of him who "damns with faint praise;" and moreover, for the most evident and forceful reason that we need the good results that earnest endeavor will bring to us; and "seeing as how" this is the storied advent of the young year and a good place to start; by the brethern of the scissors and paste pot be it hereby

**Resolved,** That for the remainder of the scholastic year we will work in unison, in the sweet odor of fraternal regard, neither roasting unnecessarily, praising unduly, nor responding to suggestions ungratefully, and be it further

**Resolved,** That for a seemly period we will refrain from calling any cover "artistic," and be it further

**Resolved,** That under no circumstances shall an article be known as "fine," and be it further

**Resolved,** That upon no occasion shall anybody's editorials be "well worth reading, (perusing) (remembering) etc., ad naus, and be it further

**Resolved,** That in no more stories shall the hero "stumble out into the night," nor the heroine have an "indefinable, subtle something about her," and be it further

**Resolved,** That no more shall the Anyoldsheet keep up its "high standard" with "good reading matter," and be it further

**Resolved,** That nobody's joke column be "all right," and that a better one would "brighten the paper up a bit," and be it further

**Resolved,** That names or initials and class standings be appended to articles so that the befuddled ex-man may be able to adapt his remarks, and be it further

**Resolved,** That an exchange that cannot accept a well intended hint or a merited rebuke in good part be thereafter ignored, and be it further

**Resolved,** That in the serious work of learning the rudiments of good writing we attempt to be funny only when we cannot be serious, and be it further

**Resolved,** That the hard worked scissors be given more frequent and longer vacations, and lastly, lest the scoffs and gibes of the weary and (as he himself believes) disillusioned ex-man of a year's standing or more dishearten the beginners and thereby seriously impair our possibilities for mutual improvement, be it unalterably, irrevocably and withal, cheerfully

**Resolved,** That each Ex-man Do His Work.

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Taking advantage of the Marian Jubilee the Boston College Stylus gives evidence of the presence of a sweet, manly piety in the hearts of the editors. There is something knightly about this universal espousal of Our Lady's Cause by young men that is a forerunner of the development of the strongest and most beautiful attributes that right chivalry predicates. "Mary Immaculate, the Patroness of the United States" is not merely readable, but decidedly ad rem. The marked and sincere Catholicity of Scott as the writer of "A Theme of Protestant Poets" conceives it is painted in somewhat broader lines than Sir Walter's most lenient moments warrant. Nor can we agree, much as we might desire it, that Southey, either in the instance cited by the essayist or in any other case that our knowledge of the poet furnishes can be interpreted as having a really "deep love and veneration" for the Virgin. Lord Byron, however, and "he who uttered nothing base"—Wordsworth, are much more easily admissable in that respect. "To My Lady Queen" is a musically written little triad and the length of "Alumni Acroama" is compensated for by the humorous nature of the contents.

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A commendable balance of story, essay, poetry, exchange and locals meets the first glance of the reader who picks up the Davidson College Magazine. We say "first glance," for the reason that a

second careful perusal discloses a lack of consistency and balance in the quality of the work. The essay "A Salution of the Race Problem," is temperate, well-knit, and of value, not for the novelty of the solution, since it is not new, but for a geographical reason. "Our Psuedo-Patriotic Spirit" while not so finished a product as the preceding essay, is praiseworthy for that it endeavors to propagate the open-eyed, level-headed patriotism of reason as preferable to the commoner, less efficient product of instinct and animalism. It is in the story and exchange department that the state of equilibrium is destroyed. One of the stories "An Example of Sound Judgment" in which the telegraph operator takes his 1,249th fictional and hazardous doze, is acceptable, inasmuch as it gives evidence of technical familiarity with the situation. The other stories, suffering from "beginneritis" lack totally in that prime element of yarn-spinning—characterization. The ex-man has devoted space and presumably, time to his department and in view of his evident good intentions and fairness we cannot summon too much delicacy in advertizing to his profuse indulgence in colloquialisms and generalities. Lack of precision is characteristic of the comments themselves and such expressions as "aid lots," "rather stale," "to our great regret I notice," and frequent transitions from the very personal I to the editorial "we" mar the carrying out of laudable designs. There is promise in the conception and execution of "Ultra"—a sample of verse that indicates some depth.

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The ambitious and efficiently edited University of Ottawa Review claims a general note of commendation for its uniform attractiveness with here and there a word of appreciation for particular excellences. "The Water Power of the Ottawa Valley" is practical and well illustrated. "Reminiscences" such as those of Dr. O'Hagan are valuable as testimonials of the efficiency of scholastic principles and it were well if those brief but pointed observations fell into the hands of many of our Catholic students who have mental aberrations about the "durance vile" of their condition. E. M. M. does well to indulge in a few animadversions relative to W. D. Howell's malfeasance of office in the October Harper's. By the way, though, his department for November contains a powerful

quasi-indirect development of the axiom "fabricando fit labor," that would benefit anyone even as his "light skirmishing" about the future life is harmful. The embryonic Ignatius Donnelly who evolved the "New Cypher" is to be felicitated on his ingenuity and the aptitude of his citations. What has become of those "Short Lessons in English Prose" that promised such help to us?

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If "Sewing and Ripping" in the Columbiad is local color we don't know whether to be surprised that the spirit of New England charity has penetrated to the broad Western land or to feel all the more assured that there is a deplorable sameness about human nature the world over when there is gossip on the tapis. It is a fairly safe wager, Columbiad, that if "The Modern Maud" were to be discontinued, instead of continued as you threaten, the world of letters would survive the deprivation. There is character and individuality about this young Lochnivar from out of the West that is going to make it a likeable publication.

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Georgetown College Journal—that's all.

J. F. O'SIX.

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**COLONEL JOSEPH B. MORRISON DEAD.**

In the passing of Col. Morrison the country loses a patriotic citizen and the church one of her most devoted sons. Mr. Morrison won distinction in his service during the civil war. Having established himself in business in Davenport, Iowa, he became known as a capable and thoroughly honest business man. He raised a large family, taking care to educate his eleven children in the best Catholic schools of the country. Four of his sons, completed their education here and at Notre Dame, and inheriting the talent of their father, are now successfully engaged in merchantile pursuits. We respectfully offer our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and pray for the repose of the soul of that model father.

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PERSONALS.

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Mr. Joseph Lonergan, who is finishing his philosophical studies in St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., recently wrote a very interesting letter to his former professor, Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., graphically describing the natural beauties that adorn the environs of the seminary and commending the courses of study and the professors of that deservedly popular seat of higher learning.

---

Professor Samuel Saindon has been transferred from the Sisseton to the Lower Brule Indian Schools of South Dakota. We congratulate Mr. Saindon upon his promotion to the superintendency of these schools for the children of the despoiled red men. Knowing his competency as a teacher and his devotedness to duty as well as his thorough going christian honesty, we feel assured that the interests of the wards of the nation over whom he has charge, are in good hands.

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Mr. William Maher, student of law at the Kent Law School, Chicago, spent a few very pleasant hours with his many friends at the college, December 18.

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implements of a shipyard. The foreman taking him to a portion of the yard where some anchors were stored away, told him he would be put to work there. Whereupon Sam, with a disheartened look at the large anchors, replied: "Meester Boss, I quivit my chob, I can't use dos picks."

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Martin J. Killeen and aMatthew Foley were pleasant callers at the college in the interest of the Knights of Father Mathew.

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Mr. W. J. Mahoney and John Morrissey called at the college one day during the month.

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St. Patrick's society held its last regular meeting on the evening of December 14. The first number on the programme was a recitation entitled "Mona's Waters," by Mr. Frank Rainey, after which Mr. Jas. Hayden delivered an oration on the "Temporal power of the Pope." This oration was followed by an interesting debate on the question: Resolved, That football should be eliminated from college gymnastics. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. J. Brady and A. Drolet and the negative by Messrs. W. Maguy and E. Senecal. After a close debate the decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

It was owing to the kindness and entertaining ability of the Rev. Moderator that the members of the society assembled in an informal smoker on the evening of December 21st. The program was mainly musical. Messrs. Shiel, Hickey and Finnegan, rendered selections upon the piano, and Mr. Drolet and others were called upon to assist in furnishing the entertainment with humorous stories and anecdotes.

J. M.

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Mr. James Drennan, now with the Shaw Cement Block Co., of Chicago, visited his brother, Daniel, at the college Jan. 15.

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Mr. Joseph Cannon spent a few days with his friends at the college a few weeks ago,

## ATHLETIC NOTES.

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A new batting cage has been installed in the gymnasium and the 1905 base-ball team will immediately begin their regular practice. From present indications St. Viateur's will this year as in former years have a base-ball team that can well support their claim to the championship of western colleges.

The varsity indoor base-ball team, which now holds third place in the Kankakee league, has been completely re-organized and strengthened, and bids fair to capture first place in the near future. The new line up is as follows: Hayden 1 b. Devine p. Stack 2 b. Shiel C.

Good support from his team-mates at critical times kept St. Viateur's in the lead throughout the game. Batteries: Co. L. Reike, Burns and Lebeau; for St. Viateur's, Stack and Shiel. Score by innings:

|                     |                      |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| St. Viateur's ..... | 0 6 1 5 3 1 0 7 0—23 |
| Co. L .....         | 5 0 0 4 4 0 3 5 0—21 |

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### THREE I. 14.                      ST. VIATEUR'S 11.

On account of poor playing by the college men and with good will of the umpires in their favor the 3-1 team landed their first game from the varsity on December 16. The game was without features and was given to the railroaders by the frequent and unwarranted blunders of the umpires at times when their prejudiced decisions meant everything to those interested in the contest. Batteries: For Three I, B. Weaver and Hill. For St. Viateur's, Stack and Shiel. Score by innings:

|                     |                      |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| Three I .....       | 3 2 0 1 1 1 6 0.*—14 |
| St. Viateur's ..... | 1 0 1 0 3 0 2 4 0—11 |

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### 20TH CENTURY CLUB 24.                      ST. VIATEUR'S 11.

On December 18 the varsity was defeated for the second time by the 20th Century Club who were strengthened by the addition of several E. I. H. I. players. This line up proved to be too much for the college men, who gave a very poor exhibition of indoor. Stack was hit freely while Kuntz pitched a hard, steady game keeping his

hits well scattered. Batteries: For 20th Century, Kuntz and Andrews. St. Viateur's, Shiel and Stack. Score by innings:

|                         |                      |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 20th Century . . . . .  | 0 1 6 8 0 6 3 0 *—24 |
| St. Viateur's . . . . . | 3 0 0 1 3 0 1 3 0—11 |

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### VIEWS OF DANTE BY DR. E. L. RIVARD, C. S. V.

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It has a masterful introduction of some 20 pages by the scholarly Bishop Spalding.

The distinguished Father Sheehan thinks that the studies of young Catholics should be limited to such great masters only as Milton, Dante and Shakespeare.

Tomasseo, as quoted by Bishop Spalding, says: "To read Dante is a duty, to re-read him a need, to understand him a pledge and principle of greatness."

Bishop Spalding commends the author's purpose in these words: "He who leads us to know and love a genuine book \* \* \* \* \* does us a service beyond the power of thankfulness." "It is the purpose of education to bring the young into conscious, sympathetic communion not only with the best that is known, but even more with the greatest and noblest who have lived." "The true teacher is a hero worshipper." \* \* \* "It is the teacher's instinct in Dr. Rivard that has impelled him to write these essays on Dante."

After disserting eloquently on the cultural function of poetry and the superior merits of the Divine Comedy, the Bishop says: "Compared with Dante, Shakespeare is a barbarian."

The difficulties attending the reading of Dante are apt to forbid ascent up the sacred mount, "unless some spirit or living man place himself at our side and lead us on."

The purpose of the book is to afford aid to students in the study of Dante's great epic. Besides a very valuable chapter of suggestions for study the book contains chapters on: Why Read Dante, the Realism of Inferno. The Spirituality of Purgatorio, Literary Qualities of Paradiso, Beatrice, the Madonna, St. Lucy. The Three Nymphs, Dante's Philosophy, His Religion, Dante's Messages on Greed and on Poverty, Ideal Youth.

For sale at Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.  
Price, \$1.25 net.

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### ITALY'S IMMORTAL.

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A tastefully bound and well printed little volume entitled "Views of Dante," comes to the editor's table with the compliments of its talented author, Rev. E. L. Rivard, doctor of divinity and philosophy in St. Viateur's college. The contents of the 207 page volume consist of lectures delivered before classes of literary criticism. Dr. Rivard received so many flattering tributes on these lectures that he was induced to put them in permanent form.

There is a very scholarly introduction by Dr. J. L. Spalding, bishop of Peoria, and in the first chapter "Why Read Dante!" the mastery of the subject and the enthusiastic love of the poet displayed show plainly why Dr. Rivard has met with such success in his classes.

In the lecture entitled "Dante's Message on Greed" some very strong paragraphs are devoted to our American vice, love of money.

Perhaps one of the most instructive chapters is that on "Dante's Philosophy," which Dr. Rivard's wide reading makes most valuable.

The last chapter of "Suggestions for Study" and "Questions" will prove very useful either for class work or the individual student of the great author of the "Divine Comedy."

Club members and students of Dante will be glad to learn that the book can be purchased of local dealers for \$1.25.—Kankakee Daily Gazette, Jan. 6, 1905.

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### EXAMS!

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The editors feel called upon to give timely and friendly warning of danger ahead. It is but a few days now ere every youth, timid or otherwise, must stand before one of the five inquisitorial tribunals established by our new Prefect of Studies. By hearkening to the solid advices recently given by the Rev. President and the

wise directions of the Rev. Director of Studies, and by responding to the painstaking efforts of our professors, every one may hope to pass triumphantly through the trial.

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**THANKS.**

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As we have received many warm congratulations from friends who have seen articles from the Viatorian reproduced in weekly Catholic papers, we deem it proper to extend our sincere thanks to these publications for the encouragement which their very practical approval gives us. The New World, of Chicago, in its issue of Jan. 7, made our article on "Socialism" one of its prominent features. Some weeks ago the Northwest Review, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, quoted verbatim the essay on "Rousseau" which it ably commented upon and heartily commended. Our brethern of the college press have been likewise generous in their appreciation of our work. For which kind encouragement we are alike thankful to all.

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**CONDOLENCE.**

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We respectfully tender our tribute of sympathy to Rt. Rev. A. J. McGavick, D. D. and to the members of the family upon the death of their brother.

We likewise condole with Brother Terence Rice, C. S. V., who mourns the death of his mother, and with Rev. J. McCann whose father died Jan. 12.

May the souls of these dear departed rest in peace.

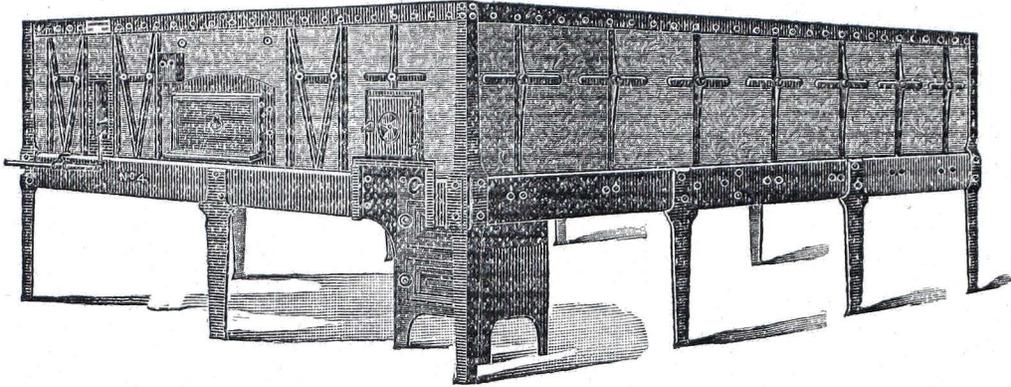
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**PREMIER OF QUEBEC VISITS BOURBONNAIS.**

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As we go to press the faculty and students are tendering a reception to the Hon. S. N. Parent, Mayor and Premier of Quebec, who is now the guest of his son-in-law, Mr. Thomas Legris. Mr. Parent and Mrs. Joseph Legris stood sponsors at the baptism of Mr. T. Legris' first born son Jan. 18. Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris, D. D., performed the sacred rite in the college chapel. Mrs. Parent and Mrs. Gendron accompany the Premier.

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**Hardware.**

Fine line knives, pocket shears, nail clippers, locks, keys, rifles, cartridges, shells, skates, the "Star" Safety razor, with or without outfit. Prices furnished on steam and hot air heating plants, tin roofing, etc-

**No. 177 Court Street,  
Kankakee.**