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"HE IS RISEN."

O, beloved, there are mornings
When the clouds do break and fly;
When our deepest doubts and scornings
Fade into love's roseate sky.

When life's resurrected glories
Dawn upon us unaware,
And again love tells its stories
'Mid the roses everywhere.

Mornings when our dead, arisen,
Clothed with cerements of the grave,
Also clothed with love's great vision,
Fold us in their arms and save.

Trust these mornings on the mountains,
Where the fires of Esau rise
Into spray of sunlit fountains,
Filling all the cloudless skies.

He is risen, walks before thee,
Radiant beyond compare;
Call Him God Divine, soul and sea
Of love's substance shining there.

W. H. THORNE.

A PLEA FOR PEACE.

Charles Sumner's oration on the "True Grandeur of Nations" is a most forceful arraignment of war, and an eloquent plea for the adoption of the peace policy, national and international.

To convince us of the manifold errors of war and the advantages of peace, is what he proposes in his solemn and elaborate introduction, which makes us feel that we are listening to one who has a momentous message to deliver.

This speech is the most scholarly of the many excellent specimens furnished by American eloquence. Its style is plain, easy, vigorous, direct, and very effective. The sentiments uttered in it are never forced or labored, but seem to flow spontaneously from a vast and exhaustless source.

It is divided into four principal heads, the first of which is the nature or character of war. Here it is proved by manifold and high testimony that the distinguishing characteristic of war is brutality and injustice. The greatest poets compare the greatest heroes to wild beasts, tawny lions, dull asses, etc.; they speak of bloody spoils and deserted homes. Thus it is apparent that man naturally so noble and God-like renounces in war his human character in vain pursuit of justice.

In the second point he shows the effect of war—individual and social. He portrays the annihilation of national and individual friendships, the devastation of countries, the desolation of cities, the check of industry, and the agony that fills the homes with their many vacant chairs. He pictures how the young man on whom an aged father or a decrepit old mother hoped to lean their declining years, is called away in the spring and flower of life into the field of war. For these reasons is war a curse.

In the third he proves the uselessness of war, because it is ineffectual in procuring justice which it aims to procure, an instance of which was our war of 1812, after which everything was settled according to the *status ante bellum*. In war, justice is put in the hands of chance or force. But justice requires the exercise of judgment and reason, consequently neither chance nor mere force knows how to do justice. The practice of dueling was found ineffectual to do individuals justice, and after the example of St. Louis, one nation after another discarded the barbarous practice. But war is nothing else than inter-national dueling. Therefore, nations should recognize not only its horrors and losses, its injustice and uselessness, but also its ineffectualness to extort justice. May the time come when the St. Louis of nations shall appear, and, charged with the spirit of true greatness, teach all the world to despise war, national and inter-national, as we now condemn the old trial by battle between individuals.

The fourth part is a consideration of the prejudices in favor of war, or of the objections made to the policy of peace. This constitutes by far the greater portion of the oration; takes up and refutes six or seven strong prejudices, attacking with a special force the time honored dictum, "In time of peace prepare for war." The orator points out in a very forcible manner the vast amount of unnecessary expenditure in which nations are involved by supporting a standing army

and navy, and by making preparations for war in time of peace.

That war is not a necessity he proves from the fact that, from whatever point of view war may be judged, it is in no way whatever conducive to the establishment of peace or justice, but on the other hand stimulates brutal desires in man and brings him on an equality with, if not lower than, the common brute. There are other more honorable and more glorious means of bringing about peace and in effecting a reconciliation between nations—such as arbitration, mediation, negotiation, and congress of nations. He shows that, because war was the prevailing custom among our ancestors and looked upon by them as an honorable occupation, it is no reason at all why we should strive to perpetuate and sanction the barbarous customs of the past. If we do not excel our forefathers, we have lived to little purpose. In our day, reason and the kindlier virtues bear sway.

War, too, has derived great influence from the Christian Church. It would seem that the Christian Church failed to discern the peculiar beauty of the faith which it professed. The sword of knighthood was consecrated by the Church, and priests, too, were often adepts in, and perfect masters of, the military art. The best road to peace is peace, for we know that peace begets peace, and hatred begets hatred. Well may we marvel in this, our day of civilization, that war and everything pertaining thereto, received such a reinforcement from the Christian Church.

Who, then, is the god of battle? It is Mars, man-slaying, blood-polluted, city-smiting Mars, whom the Pagans were wont to implore in time of war, whose assistance and benedictions they invoked in time of danger. But our God is the God of spiritual battles against wrong, error, vice, etc.

He shows the point of honor sought after by our military advocates and the desire to appear conspicuous, dressed in red jackets and shining brass, to be nothing less than relics of the barbarism of chivalry.

Honor is at stake when justice and beneficence are at stake. But justice is not promoted by war; therefore, true honor is absent where justice is not.

Again, prejudice of country leading to an exaggerated praise of physical culture, personal aggrandizement, and political exaltation at the expense of other countries, and in disregard of justice, is a strong means of stimulating warlike propensities in men and of extorting justice even at the point of the sword.

It is vanity and pride to be always extolling one's country, showing its ascendancy over other nations and recounting the many advantages accruing thereto in consequence of one's individual exertions and personal abilities and endowments. To do a thing for duty's sake is more honorable and more universally applicable than to do a thing for country's sake. "Our country, right or wrong," once exclaimed an American orator. Never were there sublimer sentiments uttered than when someone said that he would do anything that lay in his power to

serve his country, but he would not do one base thing to save it.

The love of country is strongest in those who are less enlightened, because, restrained by selfish motives, they cannot allow their imagination to extend beyond their own country's limited boundary and dwell for a moment on the happiness or interests of other men or nations. There is, no doubt, a natural tendency in us to be led back, if not in person, on the wings of imagination, to the land of our nativity, to the scenes of our childhood and the associates of our youthful days; but an enlarged vision discloses that man is not alone on earth, that he has brethren, not only in his immediate vicinity, but also beyond the distant mountain peaks that appear in the horizon. It is recorded that individuals were slain by the millions to build up the Roman name, to extend her dominions, to secure for England the trident of the sea, to carry abroad the conquering eagles of the French; "but," says the orator, "I cannot forget that we are men by a more sacred bond than we are citizens, and that we are not Americans before being the children of a common Father."

Charles Sumner, after advancing strong arguments against war as a medium through which justice and peace may be obtained, and adducing examples and proofs of the truth of what he asserted, and having refuted and laid bare the inconsistencies of the prejudices put forth in favor of war, proceeded in the peroration of his speech to show precisely in what the true grandeur of nations consist

It follows from the orator's vigorous arguments that the true grandeur of a nation consists not in cultivating the art of war and strife, but in the cultivation of the higher and nobler virtues—justice and love—and by imitating as far as in man's power lies, the perfections of God himself. The practice of love never fails to diffuse happiness and consolation among every people, and justice controls the affairs of men in accordance with the principles and established laws of equity. And in proportion as these virtues find their way into the heart of man, so, too, will they be found in nations.

The true greatness of a nation depends not on the amount of her capital resources, the extent of her territory, or the strength of her fortifications, or the material progress she may make in any way, but on the kind of citizens she raises. He therefore urges the nations to apply themselves specially to the moral and intellectual elevation of their youths by the procuring of institutions suitable for such purposes.

If the merit of eloquence is to be judged from its effects, we must say that this was, and is, a great oration; for it aimed not only at pleasing, or entertaining, but at convincing and persuading the minds of the people to cease clinging to the gaudy trappings and the blood-stained trophies of war, and to woo the loveliness of the works of peace. Although we cannot ascribe totally to Charles Sumner the actual peace movement, yet he has played an

important part in preparing and fostering it. Arbitration is no longer considered utopian; peace congresses are becoming frequent, and lately the Marseillaise of peace was entoned in France, hitherto the most war-admiring nation of war-loving Europe.

As a concluding remark, I would say that this speech is an abler and a more finished type of American eloquence than any ever produced before or since the days of Charles Sumner. And I would highly recommend all American young men who are desirous of becoming familiar with the burning needs of the day and the momentous duties required by the very near future, to peruse this little book with diligence and care, as they will find everything in it to strengthen their conviction that war is in no way calculated to promote the interests and welfare of a nation.

A neat new edition of Charles Sumner's "True Grandeur of Nations," was recently published by Lee & Sheppard, Boston.

THOS. SMALL.

RESURRECTION.

I come from the frozen fountains
Of death and immortal love;
And I hasten down the mountains
From the shining heights above.

My name is the resurrection;
From death unto life I rise,
Through many an insurrection
Of darkness and sacrifice.

I beat at the gates of morning
Till the roseate dawn of day
Blushes for shame at the scorning
Of night, and opens the way.

I dwell in the wave-tossed ocean,
 Scatter its crests on the air;
 I am the soul of commotion,
 The life of all that is fair.

I speak to the rose-buds sweetly,
 Till they open to the sun;
 Breathe in the violets deeply,
 And purple them, one by one.

I say unto souls in travail,
 Be ye of good cheer today;
 Tomorrow's clouds unravel,
 And its grave stones roll away.

W. H. THORNE.

L'ABBE ROUX.

[Read before St. Patrick's Literary Association.]

Mr. President, Rev. Moderator, Welcome Guests, and Fellow Students:

I have deemed it proper to choose for my subject a man whose works have been published but a few years ago; whose name will perhaps sound strange to some among you, but who certainly deserves the title of a poet and of a profound thinker. I mean L'Abbé Joseph Roux.

Born at Tulle in Provence, France, in 1834, of an humble family of which he was the youngest child, Joseph Roux was early destined for the priesthood. His youth retains, as impressions of the toilsome mediocrity of his first surroundings, only the worship of legends and of his natal manner of speech. This worship awakes but tardily in him, when he shows himself to be a true poet in his own native tongue, in Limousin. Up to this time, which was towards his fortieth year, the influence of his classical education wholly elevated and began to distinguish him. However, he imitated too

easily, and also he seems to have had a taste rather for the pompous than for the profound. If great thoughts come from the heart, they also proceed from the mind. L'Abbé Roux had a solid education, his years of study had been well employed in the company of good literary and scientific books.

It was at Saint-Silvain that he began to be famous as a poet; it was there that he composed almost all his works, which were his *Thoughts*, *Chanson Limousine*, a sort of Limousin legend of the age; afterwards he wrote his *Studies* and other works. But to-night we will speak of his *Thoughts*, which are, for me, the most interesting, the most original of the whole collection, and which should secure to their author a permanent reputation.

There is a part in the *Thoughts* which deals with the life of peasants. In spite of the lusty vigor with which the work overflows—a vigor of bitterness and vain desires—this portion of it is all as desolate as the country which witnessed its birth. Witness the following sombre thoughts: “The peasant never takes a walk.” “The peasant gives his arm to his wife, for the first and last time on their wedding-day.” “The saint tastes death, the philosopher drinks it, the peasant swallows it.” “Every countryman who learns to read and write, renounces the country in his heart.” “The peasant is a sullen payer, like the soil which he tills.”

But the Abbé has often been accused of having at times varied his judgments in this work, as you can see in its first

pages; nevertheless, he is not lacking in good sense; this very quality forms a part of his force, which is buttressed by irony filled with spirit, by powerful antithesis which wells up from a deep foundation of poetry. All this is relieved by superb imagery. This good sense is always a charming and a striking feature. He used to say: "I do not always admire what I love, neither do I always love what I admire." "Great souls are harmonious." "The desert attracts the nomad; the ocean, the sailor; the infinite, the poet." "Persons of delicate taste endure stupid criticism better than they do stupid praise." "Every woman who writes immodestly, lives in the same way." "Poetry is truth in its Sunday clothes."

It is full of broad statements, a picturesque mode of expression; it is a theme, a statement, both classical and poetical, of the remarks of his imagination, over which hovers something like a philosophy of history. For example: "The poet sees everything in the present like God." Yes, this may well be said of the Abbé himself, and certainly we can classify him with those who see everything in the present like God, if we may judge from his poems, which are certainly grand and impressive on account of the depths of human nature which they disclose. Let me quote again: "Science is for those who learn; poetry for those who know." "Literature was formerly an art and finance a trade; today it is the reverse." "A fine quotation is a diamond on the finger of a man of wit, and a pebble in

the hand of a fool." "Without eloquence one is not a poet; without poetry one is not an orator." "That which we know is but little; that which we have a presentiment of is immense; it is in this direction that the poet outruns the learned man."

Here and there, it is true, in his style, will be found distant echoes of La Bruyère, Laménais, of Victor Hugo, even. But this play of words is familiar with him. He used to say, "I have been inspired by gratitude, if not by the Graces." He often reproached Victor Hugo with abusing of antithesis. But short contrasts of L'Abbé Roux are rather those of Pascal and of St. Augustine—they are firm and harmonious. "Whoever publishes a work which is not mediocre creates for himself a number of friends and of enemies, either known or unknown." "The real gives exactness, the ideal adds the truth. The realist reproduces only things; the idealist 'invents' beings." "I should define poetry as the exquisite expression of exquisite impressions." His style is original, filled with the sap of the ancients. He avoids modern liberties of phrases; he expresses himself with a freshness of language that is like the morning dew falling on a budding flower.

What things so often thought, were ever so well expressed as the following: "No labor is hopeless." "To love to know is human, to know how to love is divine." "Bossuet is always greater than others, at times greater than himself." "The sentimental is dangerous in piety, in mor-

ality, in literature, in everything." "The punishment of licentious writers is that no one will read them or confess to having read them." Let me give you a few more quotations in order that you may still better see how strong, sententious, and elevated his style is: "Great joys weep—great sorrows laugh." "Labor does not exclude naturalness, neither does facility imply it." "Two sorts of writers possess genius: those who think, and those who cause others to think." "Generosity is more charitable than wealth."

This will suffice to show you that we cannot attain renown without profound thinking, and without studying. L'Abbé Roux has said: "The name is but the man, renown the writer." Then let us continue cultivating our intellects, that we may learn to deeply appreciate all and only what is good and beautiful. Now, one of the greatest helps to reach this intellectual and moral development is the reading of such writers as L'Abbé Roux; and, as I glance upon this brilliant assembly and read upon your countenances the interest you are taking in your new literary acquaintance; as I recall with delight the earnestness and the ability which you have displayed in your literary efforts here, I feel we may safely expect that as the years glide swiftly by, and the angel of inspiration touches your brows and lends you wings, you too, will soar to the serenest heights of literary, oratorical, and artistic excellence; you will reflect honor upon those who have roused your minds and shaped your hearts, and your names,

like all the kindly lights which brighten our wayfaring through the darknesses of the age, will be welcome beacon lights, that will guide and cheer every earthly wanderer.

THOMAS LEGRIS.

Philosophy Class.

"VIA CRUCIS."

"*Via crucis, via lucis,*"

Watch the springs whence thoughts arise;
Through the cross love's perfect light is
Filling all the earth and skies.

"*Via crucis, via lucis,*"

Dream thy dream of liberty;
By and by e'en thou wilt know 'tis
Christ's own cross must make thee free.

"*Via crucis, via lucis,*"

Sunlight of the human soul;
Spread thy beams where darkest night is
Brooding still from pole to pole.

"*Via crucis, via lucis,*"

Wouldst't thou trace its glory still?
Walk with God where truth as love is,
Do the Heavenly Father's will.

"*Via crucis, via lucis,*"

Wouldst't thou all its glories know?
Walk with God where life as love is,
Keep thy heart as white as snow.

March 28, 1891.

W. H. THORNE.

THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

The American Protective Association is a new name for a society formed in this country about forty years ago. When it was first organized, it received a very appropriate title, the Knowing party. Judging by the utterances and actions of its members at present, it can be safely said that they

have not improved much during all these years.

The principal objects of this organization are and have ever been to prevent Catholics from holding office and to drive them from every position which a Protestant, Pagan, or Atheist can fill *without loss to the employer*. Wherever the advocates of the A.P.A. have gained a foothold, they have endeavored to carry out their contemptible schemes by voting against the Catholic citizen at the polls; by driving the Catholic teacher from the public school; the Catholic mechanic from the workshop, and the Catholic laborer from even the humblest occupations. They have slandered and misrepresented the Catholic clergy in every manner imaginable, and no doubt would willingly repeat the outrages of 1853-4 if they dared do so.

The A.P.A., or Know-nothingism revived, is composed of three classes; namely, the organizers, the bigoted Orangemen, and ignorant Yankees. The first chief of the party was Millard Fillmore, a discarded politician who thought to keep himself floating in politics a few years longer by heading the ticket of a party of church-looters and convent-burners. Did Fillmore try to lead the Know-nothing party to victory because he imagined he was performing an action which would strengthen the nation? Let us note how he behaved in the time of real danger. The following is taken from Fillmore's biography in the "Lives of the Presidents" by Abbot and Conwell: "During the terrible conflict of civil war, he was mostly silent. It

was generally supposed that his sympathies were rather with those who were endeavoring to overthrow our institutions."

Such was the course pursued by the apostle of Know-nothingism and many of his followers while the blood of Catholic soldiers flowed freely to uphold the Union. The only difference between Fillmore and the leaders who succeeded him, is that the latter never possessed a political record. Therefore they have nothing to lose, so far as politics is concerned. If we extract the poisonous fangs of the serpent he is no more feared than the angle worm; just so the A.P.A. leaders would be quite harmless and little known if they were prevented from calumniating the most law-abiding people of this nation.

The Orange element is composed of the descendents of the hirelings used by William of Orange to reduce the Irish people to servitude. It is warmly supported by the bigots and the scum of society in England, Ireland, and Scotland, who, loving their stomachs far more than their faith, gave up the Roman Catholic religion in the hope of obtaining a mess of porridge from the Prince of Orange, or the tyrants who succeeded him. Many of these turncoats and loyal (?) subjects, not being able to procure the necessities of life in the United Kingdom, emigrated. We found them among the Tories of the Revolution. We found them inciting the Indians to commit horrible atrocities in the war of 1812. We found them striving in every manner to overthrow our government in the late civil

war, and now we find them either attempting to teach us in the art of governing or in the ranks of the A. P. A. doing the same sneaking, cowardly, and treacherous work as of old.

The Yankee portion of the A. P. A. is generally an ignorant class misled by men who use this ignorance to promote their own interests. It frequently happens to be an attempt to get on Uncle Sam's pay rolls or gain notoriety. There is a large contingent of preachers who in order to keep their singing schools and prayer meetings from disbanding have but to rant against the Pope, and say that the basement of the neighboring Catholic church is filled with fire-arms!!! The poor dupes led about by such preachers have their heads filled with false ideas; they agree in one thing only, *i. e.*, to attack the Roman Catholic Church whenever possible.

Fortunately, the greater number of American Protestants are far above such an ignoble course. This assertion is proved by the late election in Chicago, and the indignant letters of noted public men throughout the country. The great services performed for this nation by Catholic clergy, statesmen, and soldiers, will be remembered and admired by all good citizens while our republic exists.

Father Sherman, in his recent address to the Chicago public, exclaimed: "Banish the Jesuits! First banish the American constitution and the declaration of independence. Banish the name of Marquette, the name of Carroll of Carrollton! Banish the Jesuits!

Yes, banish the Mississippi, and wipe out the Rocky Mountains!" But when the A. P. A. goes so far as to say "banish the *Catholic!*" we answer on the Sherman principle: First level the thousands of grassy mounds which mark the graves of Catholic heroes! Fill in the Great Lakes, and drain the Pacific Ocean! Raze to the ground many of the fairest cities in the land! Banish the Catholics! First wipe the Western Hemisphere from God's creation! For it was a Catholic who discovered the smiling shores of the New World.

We can best conquer the dastardly A. P. A. by fulfilling the duties of our religion. A bad Catholic is far more injurious to us than the bigot who throws the washerwoman out of employment because she goes to mass. The prosperous existence of our church throughout centuries of struggle is a living example that "*the fittest shall survive.*"

J. P. M.

THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

All those interested in studying the political conditions of our country, the best means of its preservation, and the great questions of universal arbitration, will find excellent matter in the small but healthy journal hailing from Boston, and very fittingly named *The Advocate of Peace*. Among the many well written articles appearing in the March issue, the paper on "Religious Principles of the Peace Movement," by Rev. Dr. J. E. Grammer, is

undoubtedly the best. The Rev. Gentleman, by way of introduction, says: "We have met on this day, consecrated to high themes and holy resolves, to consider the claims of the Peace Congress and its principles as consistent with the religion of Christ, and supported by His example and teaching." As a just point in favor of the peace question, the gentleman employs the highest authority, for he says, "The angels sang at His birth, who was the Prince of Peace." "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Certainly in the face of such announcements, coming from God himself, how can any of his creatures dare to oppose the movement of universal peace. Furthermore, he says that it is recorded of Wellington, that at the famous battle of Waterloo, he remarked, "Next to a battle lost, the saddest thing is a battle won." He then cites our great World's Fair as an exhibition of the "progress" of nations, and "of a progress made in time of peace." Furthermore, he exposes the present condition of Europe as being enough to convince us that war does not produce a lasting peace, for the menace of great armies is a constant source of suspicious imitation, and a provocation to deadly conflict; and nicely contrasts this dangerous condition with the "security and quiet of Pennsylvania under the peaceful William Penn." Concluding, he says, "The more we study the subject in every light, the more we are persuaded that reason and Christianity guiding its conclusions, history and the highest philoso-

phy of government must condemn the practice of war."

C. E. McCABE.

REV. FR. DARCY'S LECTURE.

On Wednesday evening, February 28, Rev. J. J. Darcy, the popular, active, energetic pastor of St. Patrick's church, Kankakee, delivered an eloquent, instructive, and highly entertaining lecture on "Ideals for College Students." The Rev. Father was loudly applauded during the speech and his words will not be forgotten by the students. The Rev. Lecturer was introduced by President Hayden of St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society, under whose auspices the lecture was given. Mr. Quille favored the assembly with a recitation and the orchestra, under the direction of Rev. P. Desjardins, lent their presence to the occasion and charmed all by their grand musical treats. C. T. Morel, M.D.M.S., who was visiting us, favored us with a song which was received with great enthusiasm. After the program was rendered the Rev. E. S. Rivard arose and thanked those who had participated in the entertainment, especially the Rev. Father Darcy who had so highly entertained us, and he hoped that his words would be appreciated by all, and that the students would make use of the ideals so eloquently placed before them, in their daily life. The meeting then adjourned, and all felt grateful to Father Darcy for the grand intellectual treat which he gave us.

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EDITORIAL.

The Easter chimes, the Easter triumphal songs, the Easter eloquence, the Easter floral decorations, all speaking outward signs of inward spiritual resurrection and victory, and beautiful æsthetic features of a living faith, have delighted our ears and feasted our eyes and our souls. Let them not have been the pageant of a day. Let these now distant harmonies and the fading afterglow of Easter splendors be only the more enchanting and keep our souls ever hopefully turned toward that enduring, that ever-singing, that glorious, that splendid, that victorious immortality which is the reward of souls which have the heroism to rise from the deathfulness of sin and to remain risen.

What crowded eventfulness the chronicler finds in this month! We continued and finished the penitential season, Easter crowning it; we honor St. Joseph, the patron of simple, honest labor; we have heard the praise of St. Thomas, apostle of the schools,

and have listened to philosophers and theologians discoursing high truths—a feast of the intellect; we next bowed to St. Patrick and heard his merits praised and his glory sung—a feast of faith; we again greeted the Thespians, and the musicians, and our cadets, all so skillful in their special lines; and, lastly, we have seen reappear in the campus our live “doughty and invincible Shamrocks.” *Ascende superius.* Forward, march!

We are indebted to the extreme kindness of Prof. W. H. Thorne for the beautiful Easter poems which grace this issue. These are selected from a yet unpublished volume of poems, which Mr. Thorne, however, intends to publish in the near future. We are particularly thankful for having been allowed to pick for ourselves and our readers these first flowers from Mr. Thorne's fair garden of poesy.

While we heartily endorse the *Abbey Student's* editorial request for greater mutual co-operation between individual journals, more hearty and sincere appreciation and deeper criticism, we regret to say that its own exchange column is largely made up of the so-called *senseless civilities*: “Glad to see you in new dress, *Santa Maria*,” “January *Midland* reads well,” etc., We know the *Abbey Student* will not think our remark pointed with the *medice, cura te ipsum* of derision. We do not live in fortresses of stone ourselves. The ideal of the critical art, as any other ideal, is hard to reach.

The exchange editor is often an overworked student, plus being a tyro at the business. Yet these facts are a poor excuse. Even seemingly insuperable difficulties should not deter men from seeking to attain the exemplar set before them as means of inspiration to better work. However, we fail to see how the expectation of applause for good work or fear of censure for slovenly work can be the indispensable incentive to excellence in journalism which the *Abbey Student* claims it to be when it says: "Literature without criticism is unnatural as well as incomplete." A writer, we think, must not seem to have been inspired by the *vos plaudite* or the *risum teneatis*; he does not think first of applause or of hisses; perhaps not at all. He thinks first and last of the message he has to deliver; his ideal is to reveal thoughts that will burn themselves into his readers and transform them. Whether they laugh or cry, praise or blame him for it, is, if anything at all, only a very secondary consideration.

Some one has said that criticism is often the power of the powerless, and that creative and critical periods in literature are intermittent—which means that men who could not originate anything, or equal or excel their predecessors, have turned critics. It is a fact that the great geniuses of the literary world, from Shakespeare down, have not found it unnatural to do their work unassisted by the suggestions of even the wisest criticism, and that their work is far from being as incomplete as ninety per cent of what now

passes for literature and has been so much whipped with the scourges of criticism. It is useless to put even a plaster on a wooden leg, as Horace says! If there is no life, no taste, no genius, no inspiration in our generation, all the spare criticism of both hemispheres, could not bolster up and vivify our literature and make it look natural and complete. The helpfulness of criticism in the production of literature is not paramount. Byron contemns it in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." How immeasurably above his critics Byron is! But we are not all Byrons, nor all Shakespeares. Granted.

What then?—Let us be satisfied to be merely ourselves, and not seek with the leathern wings of bats and the long cumbrous tail of criticism to follow and surpass the free flights of eagles.

Now when we declare that criticism has not exercised any sort of telling influence upon the production of the masterpieces of all literature, should we not apprehend mention of the names of Samuel Johnson and Matthew Arnold? And why not also of Goethe, Boileau, and old Horace himself? Horace and Boileau mainly gave directions how to write. They were not critics. Samuel Johnson wrote long after the great masters of English poetry and English prose had immortalized their names. Has his influence upon his contemporaries or his successors been great? Matthew Arnold is not as discerning a critic of English literature as is Taine, the Frenchman. Goethe's reputation will always rest upon his creative work.

Criticism is a very modern art, though not the worse for all that. We fail to find any very distinct traces of it in Greek and Roman literature which can certainly boast of finished pieces. The same holds good of Italian literature, and of the Augustan age of English letters. It is only when we reach comparatively modern times that we meet critics. We notice that their avocation soon gains importance and their trade becomes an art—a difficult one, which, as other arts, has poor and able representatives: the fawning critics, the unjust critics, laying the crown of fame upon undeserving heads, and treating merit with studied silence; and the fair, the capable critics, who, understanding genius, thereby in some way equal it, are broad enough to embrace its widest reaches, have wing enough to follow its sublimest soarings, and are magnanimous enough to award the palm of renown to whom it belongs. But what rare birds these are! To us it seems that a large percentage of critics are but the most useless sort of parasites. They live and thrive on the life and organism of literature which they only weaken and disfigure. In order to be considered in a wide sense the complement of literature criticism should be of that exquisite, refined, congenial, intuitive, just, and knowing character which is so much harder to find than creative genius that a very large portion of the literary creation of any age must necessarily remain without this so called complement.

If critics having these required

qualities should ever become common, there is no doubt their influence would be beneficial to literature in directing the efforts of less gifted writers and in gloriously crowning the work of great ones.

HOW WE SPENT THE 17TH.

St. Patrick's Day is always a red letter day at St. Viateur's. The day held in such veneration wherever there palpitates an Irish heart, did not fail to awaken, as usual, a train of ennobling thoughts, and to excite lively sentiments of admiration by recalling to mind a story of human suffering and heroism at once the most impressive and sorrowful in the annals of human history.

The eve of St. Patrick's marks the beginning of the celebration about which I purpose to write. The following is the programme of that evening's entertainment, the principal feature of which was a play entitled "More Sinned Against Than Sinning," by Will Carleton, with the following cast of characters:

Squire Hilton, who comes from an illustrious family, C. McCabe.

Marmaduke, his son, commonly known as "The Duke," C. Quille.

Alphonsus Belhaven, a characteristic land agent, F. O'Reilly.

Dick Harvey, an unscrupulous villain, T. Pelletier.

Major Lookout, a jolly good fellow, "ye know," T. Quinn.

Teddy O'Neil, a rale sprig of the ould sod, W. Doody.

Captain de Balzac, a remnant of the Empire, A. Granger.

Andy, Tom, Joe, smugglers, C. O'Reilly, F. St. Aubin, W. Larkin.

John Jemison, an aristocratic servant of the olden time, W. Babst.

During the drama the following musical numbers were rendered:

Clarionet solo, Mr. P. Dubé; and "Der Freischütz," *Weber*; "Pendant la cueillette," *Wachs*; "Les pêcheurs de Procida," *Raff*; by the orchestra.

The rendition of the play was excellent and elicited frequent acclamations of satisfaction and approval from the appreciative audience. And while general excellence was remarkable, still the enthusiastic demonstrations which greeted every appearance of Teddy O'Neill, indicated clearly that Mr. Doody was especially successful in performing his part.

The dramatic talent displayed by the other members of the play was about equal, so that it would be difficult to discriminate. The success of the Thespians reflects great credit upon Mr. J. B. Surprenant, under whose able guidance the drama was prepared. The audience was composed principally of strangers, the majority being from Kankakee. Among the visitors from a distance may be mentioned: Messrs. Jules, Joseph, and Viateur Rivard, Messrs. Berry, Murphy, Moody, Cunningham, Sullivan, and Sayre; the Rev. Fr. J. Labrie, and the Rev. Bro. McCormick, C.S.V., and the Mesdames Halton, McKenna, St. Joe, and Quille.

On St. Patrick's day itself, after eating breakfast and partaking for awhile of their Havanas in the balmy and refreshing atmosphere of the day, the students were summoned to religious exercises, during which they had

the pleasure of listening to a beautiful sermon by Dr. Laberge. In well-chosen, sincere, and eloquent words the Rev. speaker carefully reviewed the three chief traits of the illustrious St. Patrick, viz.: his sanctity, his priesthood, and his apostleship. After this soul-stirring sermon a vocal duet entitled "Justus," by Lambellotte, was sung by Rev. Fr. Rivard and Dr. Morel in the beautiful and thrilling manner characteristic of these accomplished gentlemen.

The time for dinner was now approaching. Few were sorry when the college bell invited all to the table. Full justice was done to the turkey and other delicacies which were served in abundance. The distribution of the cake to those whose good conduct entitled them to distinction, and the after-dinner speeches contributed materially to make the dinner hour most enjoyable.

Fr. Marsile, who was the first to speak, said he was always glad to welcome *St. Viateur's* day; that its green shamrock was a lovely emblem of the eternal freshness and youth of the true faith which the Irish people have everywhere and always professed and defended. Fr. Marsile then called upon V. Rev. Dean Beaudoin, C.S.V., who rose amid a storm of applause. He, in his quaint English, wittily corrected the little *lapsus linguae* which Fr. Marsile had made in the course of his remarks, and said that he preferred to make his speeches on the stage when there was a *congé* to be given.

The Rev. President then introduced

Rev. F. J. McCormick, C.S.V., Director of Holy Name school. The Rev. brother said that since circumstances had made it impossible for many Irish people to remain at home they did the next best thing, which was to come here and help build up the grandest of republics and implant the faith in this land; and that we, their descendants, ought to be proud of our ancestors and worthy of the faith that has been bequeathed us.

The Rev. toast-master then announced Prof. W. H. Thorne. The earnest and eloquent professor said the Irish nation was indebted to a foreigner for its Christianity, and that had it not been for that spark of Gallic genius, St. Patrick, Ireland might still be slumbering in the darkness of paganism. The Irish have proved appreciative of the great gift brought to them, and having received the faith they cling to it. He engaged Irish-Americans to be less sectional and more cosmopolitan. Not that we should love what is Irish less, but what is Christian, Catholic, cosmopolitan, more. Prof. Thorne's speech, which was enthusiastically received, was followed by a few remarks from the Vice President, Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V. He said that if Ireland was indebted to the French for the gift of faith, she had not kept it all to herself. While not prodigal, she had been generous and ever shared her best gifts, science and sanctity, with other nations. He defined the Irishman as being the soul of generosity, and said we, in this country, should be generous in our apostleship of truth in every-

thing, especially in religion. His remarks were frequently applauded, and were followed by well-chosen words of congratulation and well-wishing by ex-Colonel Francis A. Moody.

St. Patrick's night the students gave an impromptu entertainment. Songs, declamations, and stories were listened to for an hour or more with great delight. The "Shamrock" was sung by Mr. Dermody, the genial and beloved prefect of the minim department, who, on receiving an encore, responded with the "Harp of Ireland." Mr. T. M. Kelley favored the audience with "The Last Rose of Summer," which he sang in a manner worthy of that well-known song, justly considered as one of the most beautiful in the nation's repertoire. An original story by Mr. J. Desplaines received frequent and well deserved applause. Recitations were given by Messrs. Quille and Pelletier, as also songs were sung by D. Murphy and T. Pelletier. The closing remarks were made by Mr. T. F. Quinn. Thus passed away a day which is always celebrated here with great enthusiasm, and a day which, in after years, cannot be reverted to without being suggestive of pleasant recollections.

MICHAEL FLAHERTY.

ST. THOMAS' DAY.

St. Thomas' day, March 7, was an eventful day, as it should be, for it is par excellence the day of students, of philosophers, and theologians. Solemn high mass was celebrated at 8:30 a. m. by the Rev. M. J. Marsile C.S.V.,

with Rev. G. M. Legris as deacon, Prof. J. A. Chassé, sub-deacon, and E. Grobush master of ceremonies. The sermon for the occasion was delivered by the Rev. E. L. Rivard C.S.V., and it was a clear demonstration of the position of theology among the sciences and the position of St. Thomas in theology. The reverend speaker proved that theology is the queen of sciences and the peacemaker among them all, that St. Thomas is the prince of theologians and consequently of scientists and peacemakers. We were exhorted to hearken to the voice of Leo XIII, bidding us turn to St. Thomas, for the solution of all the vexing doubts and the refutation of all the errors of the age. The members of the philosophy class, under the supervision of the Rev. E. T. Rivard, professor of philosophy, held a meeting in the lecture hall at 8 p. m., in honor of St. Thomas, the patron and completer of the scholastic system of philosophy. The event was one looked forward to with much interest, and, to say the least, all who participated in the entertainment ably fulfilled their respective parts. The following program was rendered:

Thesis, The Notion of Being is An-
 logical Louis Legris
 Thesis, Transcendental Properties of
 Being Patrick Meehan
 Declamation Denis Walsh
 Thesis, Independent Existence of Ac-
 cidents Armand Granger
 Thesis, Identity and Distinction
 ... J. D. Laplante

For those acquainted with the do-
 ings of philosophy the entertainment
 was a rich intellectual treat. All the

papers were equally well prepared,
 and though some gained oratorical
 points, yet to all we owe our grati-
 tude for the fine program in honor of
 St. Thomas. The Rev. F. Levasseur,
 of Irwin, addressed the assembly in
 Latin, delivering an eloquent speech
 on the life and works of St.
 Thomas. The Rev. G. M. Legris
 delivered a spirited address on St.
 Thomas' system of philosophy as
 founded on Aristotle, and said that
 since the English, French, and Ger-
 man systems had failed to satisfy the
 modern mind, we gladly return to the
 old scholastic system, so grandly il-
 lustrated by St. Thomas. Rev. J.
 Laberge, D.D., spoke at length on St.
 Thomas as the inspirer of the great
 modern pulpit orators as Lacordaire
 and Monsabré. All the speeches were
 received with great applause, and the
 evening was one of the most pleasant
 in the history of our philosophical
 gatherings.

MINIM DEPARTMENT NOTES.

- He mews like a hog.
- Gim'me jus' a little bit, boss.
- There goes another one on my toe.
- What part of a watch is the pen-
 dulum?
- Them kids is fools to pay 10 cents
 to see a bull's-eye lantern shine.
- Don't go around here talking
 through your hat; learn to talk
 United States.
- H. Anderson was presented with
 the cake at St. Patrick's banquet, as
 he represented the best behavior in
 our department.

PERSONAL.

—Mr. H. Hanson, of Chicago, visited his son Harry, February 24.

—Rev. J. J. Cregan preached and sang mass at Sumner, St. Patrick's day.

—Mr. A. Marcotte, of Concordia, Kansas, matriculated as a student yesterday.

—Mr. M. J. Quille, of Chicago, visited his son Centennial, on Wednesday, the 21st ult.

—Mrs. Boeckbinder and Mrs. Kraus, of Chicago, called here Feb. 20, to see Mr. S. Brede.

—Rev. Joseph Bollman, of Sag Bridge, will give us a lecture the first week in April.

—Rev. J. Laberge, D.D., preached the sermon March 17, in St. Patrick's church, Kankakee.

—Lawyer James Condon, of Bloomington, paid us a pleasant visit the 28th ult., on his way to the Windy City.

—Among the late visitors we noticed Fathers Evers and Lockney, Dr. Levasseur, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, of Chicago.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fallon, and Mr. and Mrs. Baillargeon, of Chicago, called to see Mr. George Fallon, February 25.

—Rev. Ambrose Granger, late assistant at Notre Dame Church, Chicago, assumes charge of St. Rose's parish, Kankakee, March 29. We heartily congratulate the young pastor.

—Messrs. Francis Moody, Jules and Viateur Rivard, and T. O'Connell, of Chicago, spent Palm Sunday with us.

—Col. T. Pelletier is preparing the battalion and picked squad for an exhibition drill, to be given Saturday, the 17th, at 3 p. m.

—Mr. Joseph Sullivan, of Cherokee, Iowa, and Nicholas Cunningham, of Chicago, spent a few days visiting college friends last week.

—Messrs. J. Devere, Chicago; L. Ryan, Chicago, and L. Lesage, Kankakee, were matriculated as students during the past week.

—Father Rivard, of St. Viateur's College, officiated at mass at the St. Rose church, Kankakee, March 4. The Rev. Father Dugast, of Irving Park, preached the sermon, which was one of the most excellent ever heard in the church. The Reverend Father Dugast is not only a speaker but a singer of rare ability.

—The members of the Ford Exhibition Squad, who lately reorganized, are hard at work and are endeavoring to hold their place as military champions. The following constitute the newly formed squad: Col. T. Pelletier, Capt.; Maj. C. O'Reilly, 1st Lieut.; Adj. F. O'Reilly, 2d Lieut.; Comm. T. Lyon, 1st Sergt. Members: Messrs. H. Carlin, D. Murphy, J. Herring, J. Hayden, W. Larkin, J. O'Dwyer, J. Murphy, W. Saindon, T. Daly, M. Henneberry, W. Babst, J. Casey, J. Fitzpatrick, and F. Provost. We wish the squad every success, and hope it will not be inferior to its predecessors.

VIATORIANA.

—Explanation.
 —I don't think.
 —Laughing Jim.
 —Pure quadratics.
 —Did you found it?
 —Celestial animals.
 —Dem it, you know.
 —Iliad wrote Homer.

—What's this your name is?
 —I thought he was a woman.
 —Same steamer in mid-ocean.
 —Curlie says he has two eyes.
 —Yarrow, would a duck swim!
 —It takes a little more than a little bit.
 —Are you telling him, Waterbury?



RYAN LAWN TENNIS COURT.

—A ridiculous mouse.
 —The 25th of Easter.
 —Get some cabbages.
 —O, my good gracious.
 —O, that duet together.
 —The angle of reflaction.
 —D—walks like a gander.
 —All's well that ends well.
 —Poker is as stiff as tongs.

—132 pounds butter at 48 cents a yard!
 —Are you going to the egg picnic? When?
 —A horse in a stable is stable equilibrium.
 —Is corned beef made of pork or mutton?
 —When the command "Forward!" is given, march forward.

JUNIOR LOCALS.

BY E. EZEKIEL.

- The Monkey.
- Eagle Holiday.
- Oh, Whala Poet!
- That Pompadour.
- Where is Gabriel?
- The Belle of Cherokee.
- I'll engrave it on your cocoanut.
- What are the days of (dis)grace?
- John Sullivan took the cake for the Juniors St. Patrick's day.
- J. Mortimer went to Chicago recently to have his teeth attended to.
- The physical geography class has finished the book and is now reviewing it.
- S. Brennock holds the championship of the Junior Billiard Club, with A. Biron a close second.
- W. Sayer, who recently went to Chicago to have his eyes treated, paid us a pleasant visit St. Patrick's day.
- "Gi me de Tree Fakes, Bruder," said the Chicagoan, asking the librarian for Mr. Crawford's "Three Fates."
- The United States history class has entered upon the study of the Civil War. Every one is striving to get the medal.
- The Jones Latin class is getting along swimmingly. They have mastered the declensions and conjugations, and are now wrestling with syntactical difficulties. Several of the most advanced members are reading Cæsar.

—The Junior League was recently reorganized, with the following result:

Young Americans—Pres., Rev. Bro. Ryan, C.S.V.; Capt., E. Bouchard.

May Flowers—Pres., Rev. E. Rivard, C.S.V.; Capt., S. Brennock.

Maroons—Pres., Rev. Bro. Leclair, C.S.V.; Capt., J. Sullivan.

Three evenly matched sides were formed and are now in readiness to play the ten-game series for the strawberry festival. They are composed as follows:

Young Americans—Capt., E. Bouchard; G. Baily, J. Mortimer, E. Hawkins, A. Lefils, H. Hanson, S. Kreuder, E. Ezekiel, E. Brouillette, H. Spuingold.

May Flowers—Capt., S. Brennock; J. Cullerton, S. Brede, G. McKenna, T. Kenney, E. Cavannaugh, T. Burns, A. Rondy, F. Doyle.

Maroons—Capt., J. Sullivan; F. Gazzolo, D. Denault, F. Hagan, J. Coalergaph, E. Golden, E. Provost, E. Marcotte, J. Berry.

OBITUARY.

FATHER CARR.

Rev. A. I. Carr, '84, late pastor of Rochelle, Ill., died February 25, at St. Elisabeth's hospital, Chicago, after a severe attack of paralysis. In his short but full ministry, Fr. Carr built a beautiful church at Rochelle and founded a mission at Lee, Ill. May his soul rest in peace.

WALTER QUIMBY.

We learn through Kankakee papers of the recent death of our former class-fellow, Walter Quimby. The family once lived in our vicinity, but recently located in Austin, Ill., where our friend was stricken with diphtheria and was taken away. We offer our sympathies to the sorrowing family.

THOMAS KELLY.

A great number of THE VIATORIAN readers will be pained to learn of the sudden death of Thomas Joseph Kelly, '91, of Peoria, Ill. Mr. Kelly was sick only a short time, which makes it doubly sad, as his college friends would have cheered him up did they know of his illness. Deceased died on St. Patrick's day, and was buried on St. Joseph's day. Mr. Kelly had an exceptionally large funeral. The cathedral at Peoria was crowded. Several of his old college friends were present. Rev. J. J. Callaghan, pastor of St. Cecilia's church in Omaha, Neb., arrived just in time to see his friend, who is now dead. Among the pall bearers were James G. Condon and Ambrose J. Boylan. While Tom, as he was familiarly known, was in college his friends were legion. He comprised all of the characteristics that would make a man popular in any university. A sweet singer, affable in manner, handsome in appearance, expert on the campus, and a good student. Since he left college he has been employed as bookkeeper in a large plumbing establishment in Peoria. In his work he came in contact with a great number of people who attested their appreciation of the man in various ways.

Mr. Kelly was a member of the Catholic Sons of Columbus, Father Matthew's Society, and the Spalding Club, who attended his funeral in a body. While he was in college he was a leading member in the various societies and clubs, and was honored on many occasions by being elected to fill im-

portant offices in them. Words cannot express the real sorrow felt on every hand at his untimely demise. There is consolation, however, in knowing that he made peace with his Creator, and believing that his sweet voice is now in harmony with the blessed in heaven.

For him "there is no death; what seems
so is transition;

This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

A solemn requiem high mass was celebrated March 1, in our chapel, in behalf of the soul of the late Mrs. A. Boylan.

On Thursday, March 8, solemn requiem high mass was celebrated at 9 o'clock a.m., by the Rev. J. Coté, of Aurora, for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. P. Paradis, pastor of St. Rose church, Kankakee. The Rev. M. J. Marsile acted as deacon, Rev. J. Labrie, sub-deacon, and Mr. E. Grobush, master of ceremonies. Revs. Frs. Evers, Z. P. Berard, A. Granger, and De Paradis, together with the faculty and students of the college, and some of Father Paradis' former parishoners, assisted at mass.

We respectfully present our sympathy to Mr. Douglas Goodwillie, who recently suffered the loss of his father.

Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., and Prof. M. Sammon assisted Rev. M. A. Dooling, at Clinton, Easter Sunday.

Rev. J. Cregan, C.S.V., preached at Chebanse Easter Sunday.