

THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

VOLUME 24

JANUARY 1907

NUMBER 4

THE WONDER WORKING MAGICIAN.

Delivered before Rivard Oratorical Society by Emmet Conway, '08.

Within the narrow confines of man's intellectual faculties, there is concealed a certain indescribable fondness for that which is composed of beauty or excellence. Instinctively though this fondness, our mind forgets that which speaks of the lower forms of life, and strives to elevate itself to the altitude of the very highest ideals. Especially is this true in the fine arts and literature. Our understanding peers into the masterpieces of the world, the offsprings of the greatest geniuses and becomes imbued with the desire of the beautiful which causes man to forget the sorrows of worldly life and aids him in his struggle against vice.

It is the duty of every man to cultivate whatever talents may have been given to him. He must not neglect, through indifference or indolence, those superior endowments which were bestowed upon him for his own temporal and spiritual welfare. Thus also it becomes the duty of the student, while the opportunity is present, to nourish this hidden taste which too often lies dormant. Through the study of the greatest works and dramas, he should so accustom his intellect to that which is artistically pure and perfect that it will turn, in disgust, from those works which bear even the tint of suspicion.

If I should seek for the best school of taste, assuredly I could find none which promises more direct and beneficial results than do the dramas of the great dramatists. In many cases, their themes have been chosen from the narrations of the most infallible of books, the Holy Bible. From this fountain of revealed truth they have selected beautiful allegories and parables, extracted therefrom the most striking morals and clothed them in the most brilliant and beautiful colors which human words can portray. Yet even among these works we find some failings. Often, after striving in the right direction, many a writer heretofore competent, has misconstrued his subject and preached most fatal error. But there is one great dramatist in the study of whose works we need have no fear. Cal-

deron, of whom I speak, grasped those subjects before which other authors drew back in fear, and produced therefrom healthful, soul-inspiring dramas. The creations of his peculiar genius possess in perfect unison, that artistic excellence and mental nourishment which in many highly esteemed dramatists are found wanting.

In the Wonder Working Magician, which is generally conceded to be his masterpiece, Calderon is found at the summit of his powers as a dramatist. There could be no grander theme chosen for a noble effort than the one selected by our priest-dramatist. On one side is placed a pure and unstained virgin of Antioch, who, won over to the cause of Christianity, foreswears the world and devotes her life to the God of the Christians. Against her is arrayed Satan, the sworn enemy of man, who wages an eternal warfare against virtue and righteousness. The piety and chastity of the virgin Justina, with the all powerful grace of God, are most disconcerting to the plans of the demon. Against her devotion to God his well-laid snares are unavailing; he is disturbed by her unfaltering faith in God and in the end is forced publicly to announce her innocence and his own attempts at calumniating her. Calderon artistically plays upon our sense of the supernatural by presenting the devil, whom we generally consider as an invisible spirit, in a concrete form. In this he warns man of the dangers of underestimating the powers of Satan. By thus placing the enemy of God and man in a material form, he so forcibly impresses upon us the ease with which we yield to temptation, that we are led to consider more seriously the secret of our every thought and action. It is by picturing in a concrete form, those abstract vices which besiege man that we see the folly of our deeds and determine to reform our mode of living.

There is perhaps no subject in the language of man, which has been more abused by incompetent or misguided authors than has the delicate and hallowed subject, love. Look into those books which are considered worthless yet which circulate among the uneducated, examine those pamphlets which educated men of right morality censure and condemn; there you will find in a large number of cases, the cause of their condemnation in their abuse of the most sacred subject, love. Through the maliciousness of loose-moraled authors or the ignorance of poorly read men, this subject which causes the blood to course rapidly through the veins, which raises man above the level of wrong-doing, has been mistreated and abused until the very foundation of society has been threatened. Through the unskilled pen of incompetent writers the solidity of the home and the parental respect of children has received many well-aimed blows. But in Calderon we find no such threatening elements. He

treats this time-honored subject with the grace and precision of one inspired; he preaches the doctrine of unfaltering love; he builds a grand climax which ascends from the love of neighbor to that of God. he strengthens the ties of home life and assures parental respect. Love he places in the same light with honor yet this great dramatist never permits love to intrude upon the domains of honor. At all times he proceeds in perfect harmony and when in the course of love, honor is too seriously threatened, he produces a preventative and the danger is averted.

To those worldly minded people who vainly tread the path of fame and who place, even above virtue, the applause of the multitude, Calderon's words should be strongly impressive. He displays the vanities of human glories in terms so strong and unmistakable as to cause even the most narrow-minded child of the world to reflect seriously upon his actions. What more striking example of the vanity of the world could we seek than that of the young student Cyprian, high in the social ranks of his country, forsaking the pleasures of life and devoting his talents to the service of the newly found God, when he realizes that the very act of his conversion will cost him his life? In those days of ease and pleasure, when the very thought of toil was repugnant to the nobleman; when the least semblance of physical pain or exertion caused a shudder of abhorrence, I ask was not the forsaking of home, friends, riches, a much greater sacrifice than it would appear today, when castes have been removed and men struggle individually for their livelihood? Must not the cause of Christianity, odious as it is to the passions, have been most strongly pleaded to call forth such self-sacrifice from one who knew not the meaning of self-restraint? Yet such is the decision of Cyprian, whom Calderon has chosen as one of his leading figures, and such is the course of his actions. Like the saints of his day, he conquered the hitherto unrestrained passions of his pagan soul, abandoned his proud position in the world and devoted his abilities to the spreading of the true faith. Like one inspired, he sees the folly of the world and like a true penitent he openly announces his convictions, when he says:

“Try my firmness as you will,
For I, resolute and determined,
Will endure a thousand deaths
Since this truth at last I've learned,
That without the great God, whom
Now I seek, adore, and reverence,
Human glories are but ashes,
Dust, smoke, wind, delusive, empty.”

Who can listen to the words of a sinner returning to God and

fail to be inspired? If there is anyone who by mere words can move the heart of man to sympathy, or unloosen the tender passions of the soul, then surely it is the penitent, who, falling upon his knees, confesses his sins and asks forgiveness. Thus our poet, with a display of artistic taste and perhaps inspired by his holy duties as a confessor, gracefully pictures the power of God and His love for a repentent soul.

In man's complete dependence upon his Maker and in his unflinching belief and reliance upon God, there is something so divinely beautiful and yet altogether simple that it surpasses the power of man to describe. When in the midst of earthly troubles the loving soul turns toward God and humbly submits to His judgment, there is in this very act implied a confession of faith so real and sincere that it stands unassailable. The unlimited kindness of God is felt by all, yet even in the midst of our troubles, we do not always appeal to Him. It is when our mind has failed to supply a remedy, when friends turn away and leave us to struggle alone that we call upon Him for help and become inspired with hope. It is in such an instance that Calderon again places before us a strong, moral lesson. When Cyprian, while still a pagan and in the power of the demon, wishing to abandon his evil ways, is told by his tempter that he is lost and that he need hope for no assistance, he despairs, for a moment, and then in a burst of inspired faith triumphantly asks:

"He who could
Snatch Justina from thy clutches,
Can he not, too, rescue me?"

The demon, foiled in his plots and unable to shake the faith of Cyprian, admits himself defeated and exclaims:

"It is He who has saved thy life!"

What a powerful inducement to greater confidence in the Almighty this should be for us, when, in troublous times, our strength is assailed! What peace of mind, what quietude of soul is his who has an unswerving belief in the might and goodness of his Maker. To be comforted in times of trial and assured and encouraged in the midst of our struggles, such, as Calderon emphatically portrays, are the temporal rewards of a faithful life.

If that drama which is based upon unquestionable truth, which treats only of the more elevating phases of life, and which inspires within man only the highest and most ennobling ideals, can be chosen as a criterion, then surely the Wonder-Working Magician may safely be urged as a healthful stimulus for the hungering mind.

Through this masterpiece we are lifted far above the vulgar elements of life; we sojourn among our ideals; we are morally refreshed. At no time does our sensitive nature perceive the least semblance of vulgarity. The pleasing subjects are treated with a grandeur so elevating, so far above the average work which falls before our eye, that we at once perceive its intrinsic value and pursue it studiously to the end. The less elevating subjects are treated with such sternness and accompanied by such terrifying surroundings and consequences that we at once grasp the moral and appreciate more fully the beauties of the good.

What a superiority of moral excellence does the work of this priest-dramatist derive when compared to the inspired productions of the present day? While the latter aim only at pleasing men of the world and often play unlawfully upon the passions to arouse the interest of the listeners, he never transgresses the domains of propriety and would suffer failure rather than degrade his readers. It is through the elevating influence of such works as Calderon's that the stage may reasonably hope to regain its former standing; never while the motive of playwrights is one of remuneration and vain applause will the stage be improved but when the worthless plays of today have been removed and the masterpieces of reliable men, such as was the Spanish bard, have replaced them, then and then only, may we hopefully await the moral revival of the stage.

THE APOSTLE OF CALEDONIA.

E. J. O'Keef.

There are many individuals in this world who are called to a life of self-renouncement; a life which buries them in seclusion, and closes every avenue to fame or earthly glory. They live unheard, unseen, and quite forgotten. Their vocation does not summon them to the defense of country, or to the material welfare of mankind. They choose this kind of life, merely to cut their own individual and secluded way through this earthly forest to eternal security. But this retirement does not destroy or even impede the development of the nobler sentiments. In fact, it rather assists their advancement; as can be seen from the life of St. Columba; one who was not only summoned to the life of a monastic but moreover to that of a poet and patriot.

It is not unusual to hear of a monk, who has devoted a select portion of his life to the expression of thought in verse; for nothing could be so inspiring to a poet as seclusion, nature and God. It

is a favorite practice of poets to retire from clamor and bustle and hurry away to seek their inspirations in the songs of the birds, the chant of the breezes, and the music of rippling waters. The vocation of Columba led him to a monastery of Londonerry, in the northern part of Ireland; where nature seemed eager to adorn everything with its simple magnificence. The rivers and creeks possessed a charm that almost defied description; and the mountains and dells, were clothed in a grandeur unequalled for miles around. It is not surprising that a dweller in this locality frequently found awakening within himself feelings of the sublime and beautiful.

Columba never conceived a grand idea without desiring to express it. Often could he be heard, just as the last shades of night were giving way to beams of gold and crimson, expressing his sentiments in verse and loudly chanted note:

“Were all the tribute of Scotia mine,
From its midland to its borders
I would give all for one little cell
In my beautiful Londonerry.”

Saint Columba was not a mercenary poet and consequently failed to betray in his works that hireling spirit which frequently permeates the poems of today. He expressed himself in poetry because he found no fitter garb for the sublime and sacred thought that stirred his soul. As years glided by Columba not only reached an enviable height of poetic excellence, but he became thoroughly familiar with the general branches of learning.

He was a natural historian and diligent seeker of manuscripts. On one occasion he learned that a certain psalter which he much desired, was concealed in an abbot's church. He hastened thereto and had quite succeeded in copying it, when he was discovered by the owner. The abbot demanded the copied matter, but met with a prompt refusal. An agreement seemed impossible and the matter was finally referred to the supreme monarch of Ireland, King Dermott, who decided in favor of Abbot Finnian. St. Columba was enraged to a degree that needed but one more offense from the king to excite him to vengeance. The offense quickly came; for while Columba was retiring from the king's court, he was joined by a guiltless fugitive, with whom he soon became an intimate friend and comrade. The two had not gone far, when they were overtaken by a squad of cavalry, that had orders from the king, to demand the life of the fugitive as soon as captured, which mission they promptly discharged and which intensified the anger of Columba. He at once threatened vengeance.

Hastening into his own province, he excited the fury of the Hy-

Nialls of the north against the Hy-Nialls of the south over whom King Dermott exercised chief power. A bloody battle ensued with Columba the victor. The feeling which generally possesses a conqueror bore no resemblance to that which now arose in the breast of Columba. Remorse was the first sentiment that made its way to his conscience. He hastened to a confessor for advice and relief, but met a sad reply. He was compelled to convert as many pagans as there were victims in the battle which he caused; and moreover to bid an eternal farewell to his native soil. Columba heard these words just as a sick man hears that the inevitable moment of death is at hand.

But this doom gave Columba an occasion to bring to light another of his noble characteristics, his patriotism. Love and regard toward his country, are the leading thoughts in many of his poems, and frequent subjects of his conversations. He loved his country, because it appeared to him as none other than a land of learning and virtue. We may conclude that he felt a strong reluctance to leave her shores.

St. Columba was a man of sturdy dispositions; but when the moment came for departure, he stood on the coast and wept the tears of a simple child. But he did not delay. He turned towards his native land and bade it a short and resigned farewell.

His resignation earned for him twelve monastic companions; all of whom boarded a willow bark and rowed north-westerly. After a long and tedious voyage, the clearance of a thick mist revealed an unknown land to their view, which proved to be a low, rocky island. Columba landed, and ascended a slight elevation, which enabled him to get a distant and obscure view of his Island home. He could not endure to see what he loved, and at the same time be conscious of his eternal separation from it. He hurried his descent and ordered his companions to steer out for a location that would not permit them to see their native soil. This new location was easily and quickly reached.

The entire surroundings seemed to be in concord with Columba's designs. He decided to remain, and in a short time succeeded in the erection of a rude monastery. The little community was blessed with a rapid increase. Many more of Erin's subjects sacrificed a home and dear ones to follow in the footsteps of St. Columba; all of whom upon their entrance were shown the greatest hospitality. The work of these voluntary exiles was to lay the foundation of Christianity in the northern archipelago of Scotland.

We may easily infer that a day's labor then, in this region of wilderness, found the spirit wearied and the body fatigued. These were the occasions in which Columba desired to be alone. He

could often be seen to retire in some lonely spot on the shore and pass hours watching the waves, everyone of which he fancied had kissed the Emerald Isle before it undertook its infinity of revolutions towards his exile home. The thoughts which then passed through his mind were those which a noble hearted, pure-minded, exiled patriot frequently entertains. Although Columba permitted his spirits to visit these regions of melancholy and loneliness, yet he never allowed these sentiments to impede in the least, the great work his exile had thrown upon him, namely, the conversion of Caledonia.

His exiled life may be summed up into one of zeal for others and forgetfulness of self. He passed away at the age of seventy-six, not in the least unmindful of the land that gave him birth, and from which he learned the lessons that developed his religiously poetic and patriotic character.

HOW AN ENDOWMENT WAS MADE,

J. V. W.

A scholarship had been endowed to Aroma college by some friend whose name was not made public and as it was the first benefit of this kind conferred upon the college it awakened a spirit of unusual industry among the students in the schools eligible for the scholarship. It was towards the close of June in 18— that a number of us appeared before the learned frown of a board of examiners to compete for the honor and after an ordeal of several hours we returned home to await the news of the successful competitors. The next morning's post brought me a letter from the director announcing my success. A moment's joyous excitement, a hurried dressing and I was off to Aroma college to offer my sentiments of respect and gratitude. The president met me with his same encouraging smile and after an exchange of congratulations and thanks I remarked, "But tell me Father, who is the donor of this scholarship, that I may also thank him."

"Hush, my child," he answered, and with this he drew me from the public reception room to his private office. With his chair closely drawn to mine he began: "It is a long story, my boy, but it may be interesting.

"Jimmy Regan was a lad of about ten summers; bright; winsome and the only son of a widowed mother. This fact, together with some very secret plans she had laid up for him made her cling to him the more.

"To be sure, she was but a poor Irish washer-woman, but her

occupation diminished not one iota, the love she cherished for her darling 'Jimmy.' With Jimmy now a boy of ten she would chat and talk as if he were a sage of eighty—tell him all her thoughts, repeat the neighbor's opinions, ask advice and invariably the 'kind soul,' as neighbors styled her, would wind up with the hope, 'that you'll be priested some day my boy.'

Years went on. Jimmy continued at the parochial school and his fond and devoted mother continued to take in the washing of her neighbors for a living and to keep Jimmy in school.

"Many were the pictures she fancied to herself of a young man celebrating at the altar and always in that person she saw her darling son.

"Many the time that, hardly able to continue her task any longer, she would be about to give up but something—was it the pictures that flitted before her mind's eye?—urged her on.

"Neighbors gazed approvingly and remarked how neat and clean was Mrs. Regan's boy. What pride would swell her heart when her neighbor would say: 'Sur'in Mrs. Regan, 'tis your boy'll be prasted some day.' For many and many a day her task was lighter, her face the merrier, and her steps the livelier. At last Jimmy was graduated and walking home with her boy that night she thought that at last he would be started at what she wanted.

"Many were the protests she met on all sides when she proposed to send Jimmy to boarding school. Mrs. Moran tried to persuade her not to do so for she said, 'Woman, my cousin was telling me what a heap of money it takes to make a praste of 'em. Let Jimmie go to work.' But she silenced all with her solemn assurance that 'Jimmy was going to be priested.'

"No one knew, excepting Jimmy, of course, that his dear old mother had by a little extra washing and sewing late at night saved some money and with this she would send him away to school. So Jimmy went. Letters came at first regularly and with what joy would that kind hearted mother read these much looked for missives from her darling son.

"After perusing each page a number of times, putting on her little shawl she would run down to Mrs. Flannigan's.

"'Oh! sur'in he says he likes it very well--and thanks be to God he's getting along well. Oh! he'll be priested, Mrs. Flannigan, in a few more years.'

"What filial devotion filled those letters. How he expressed in every line the appreciation he felt of the sacrifice his dear old mother was making for him.

"So the years went on. His dear one at home worked just as

hard, the letters came now—not so regularly, but tri-monthly at times and in them were signs that indicated that the son's devotion was fast waning.

"She was content to let her neighbors hear some parts of the letters but she alone read the request—almost a mild command, for money. Invariably she would work harder to send him some with the hope that it would suffice for awhile and a little advice as how to spend it judiciously. So she toiled on from day to day, summer came and went but it found her sewing from dawn 'till far into the night.

"Neighbors remarked as she trudged to Mass that she could not last much longer; she was killing herself with work.

"If they but knew! Her work would have been joyful if something was not wearing her life away. Jimmy's letters came seldom enough now and in them no word of affectionate love for the mother who had lived and worked nearly a decade to help him at school.

"She had just returned from Mass one June morning and was humming a tune as she bent over her wash tub when she heard a vehicle stop at the curb. Not at all concerned she continued her work, but a minute later there was a rap at the door. Drying her hands in her apron and rubbing a towel over her perspiring face she hurried to the door. She opened it.

"'Oh! Jimmy my darling boy, it's come home to be prasted you are. God be praised,' During the process of dusting the chair for Jimmy she went on to say that 'sur'in I knew you'd be prasted some day, your father said so and sure now you will. Oh! thanks be to God.'

"What happiness beamed from her eyes! She felt that her years of toil were at last repaid, but poor mother, this son was to fill your cup of grief. Already it had been done but he feared to tell her. 'Jimmy,' as she said, had come home for a short while.

"His mother, at the joy of seeing her son now a man of some four and twenty years, had not noticed the carriage at the door and little she would have dreamed of another occupant, nor had she noticed the frown that for a moment flitted across his countenance when she gave her presumed reason for his home coming. But when the little scene was over and he began to be questioned he told that kind old soul why he had come home. Yes! Jimmy was married—and well, for his wife was the daughter of Burnside's wealthiest merchant. Not a word of reproach passed the mother's lips, now seemingly set so firm. But the look of anguish, of pain, of shattered hopes, that now marked that pale face, shot arrows of

remorse into his heart more piercing than words, more cutting than the severest rebuke.

"She refused to see his wife, and bade him to leave her alone and refused his entreaties to have her live with him.

"Closing the door after him she hurried to the window; saw him enter his carriage and be driven away. Oh! what sorrow now wrung that affectionate heart. The carriage out of sight, she burst into weeping.

"Oh! my God, what have I done? Oh! my boy come back to me.'

"Taking the corner of her apron, she wiped away the tears, and sank into her old chair. There she cried the day. Toward five o'clock, after washing her blood shot and swollen eyes, she again resumed her washing.

"After a few days the neighbors began dropping in to congratulate her and some to bid her good bye, 'for surely,' they said, 'you'll go now to live with your great boy.'

"But they wondered when day after day found her at her old home, with more wash than ever, before her. True! she grew paler—thinner—weaker, but if she was unable to work she showed it not. Ten years gone, she took sick and her kind neighbors came to watch and attend to her through the day and night. Finally the end came. Her son came home again and her funeral was attended by all of Jimmy's political friends—for you must know that Jimmy was now a great politician,—'What a grand funeral' remarked Mrs. O'Blake, 'sur'in it's thankful to God I'd be the day if ever I have the likes.' Oh! Jimmy was a good son, so he was.

"To Aroma college she had bequeathed her earnings, her earnings of ten years, added to the amounts that Jimmy had sent from time to time, and asked that a scholarship be founded with it so that some poor mother's son could be educated for the priesthood.

"That is the story, my child," the president concluded, as he rose to meet another morning caller.



MY FIRST NEW YEAR'S IN CHICAGO.

T. M. D.

There is a hallowed custom among Canadians of observing a family reunion every New Year. No matter how far the child may have gone from the parental homestead or how distantly the members of the family have drifted, on New Year's day they all return to the family fireside if the return is in anyway possible. I had been in Chicago during the holidays in the interest of a Montreal firm and it was my hope to complete my business before the close of the year and return home for the family New Year gathering, but an unavoidable delay occurred which compelled me to remain in the great city of the states.

Bred amid rural scenes and fond of a quiet dwelling place, I took up my lodging in the suburb of Irving Park. It was towards dusk on the eve of New Year's, and as I left my day's toil in the busy center of the down-town district I stood for a moment on the lake front and watched the last beams of day clinging to their brief existence before they sank forever in the watery depths of Lake Michigan. A year is long, I mused, but thus it shall end, in a moment. A lonesome feeling came suddenly over me and I hurried from the scene. I boarded a street car and I was soon being whirled past the humming marts of trade, through the throngs of busy shoppers towards my stopping place.

My mistress was a kind old lady and as she admitted me she inquired if I were ill and I assured her that I was never in better health.

"An' sure," she asked, with a knowing twinkle in her eye, "is it your mother you're longing for?"

"Well, kind madam," said I, with as much good humor as my feelings would allow, "I must answer yes to that question, for it has had full possession of me all day," and I continued on my way upstairs, thinking that if mind reading is a doubtful science there is a great deal of certainty in knowing the feelings of another's soul.

In a few moments there was a gentle pattering of feet nearing my door and a still more gentle knock. In response to a droll "Come in," the door slowly opened and my benevolent mistress entered with a tray laden with choice delicacies, and in their midst a cup of steaming tea. Placing the tray upon the table she gracefully retired with a "God keep you well, sir." I sipped her tea, but good as it was I felt no nourishment from it. I nibbled a neatly moulded biscuit and put it aside. Then I took a Havana from my pocket, lit it and for the first time that day I felt some relief. As

I watched the aromatic fumes rise in successive circles I gradually fell into a reverie, and from a reverie into a slumber where visions of home passed before my mind. I seemed at home on the break of New Year's day, that day which since my earliest childhood hours had given birth to so many emotions so tender and inspiring of the paternal fire-place. I was home again in the midst of a family well beloved. The good wishes for a happy New Year I exchanged with the brother who shared my bed. Then there was an early rising throughout the house, a rising of much clamor and noise, for it was the family feast and everything was permitted. Then there was the hurried scrambling, each of the children striving to be the first to reach the great white bed to receive the mother's first kiss of the New Year. The days of childhood returned. I saw the renewal of the same scene each New Year's day until the time came when it was necessary to leave the family nest for college. Here I woke with a start. I thought I had heard a great noise. I looked around me and saw the cup of tea, now chilled with the night air, still lying before me. I saw the cigar, its cold ashes lying on the floor where it dropped from my fingers as I fell asleep. But surely I had heard a great noise. Ah, yes; there it is again. It is midnight. I went to the window and looked out upon the broad sky where a myriad of tiny lanterns seemed hung to illumine the journeys of earthly wayfarers. In the distance stood the great commercial city. From its heaving bosom of activities came a confused rumble that sounded like the distant roar of a mighty ocean. Then there arose above this the peals of bells and the whistling of thousands of locomotives and factories. Every tower and steeple was astir with chiming or tolling for the birth of the new year and the death of the old. This loud peal of bells and this shrill tooting of whistles was the voice of rejoicing, but to me a stranger, they seemed the voice of lamentation as well, for they recalled all that I had heard of the great city, a solemn voice proclaiming afar the innumerable sorrows and mournings within its walls. They seemed the united cries of children asking for bread or the wails of a thousand mothers and wives for the loss of some dear one. They spoke of happiness and sorrow, of peace and remorse, of wealth and poverty, of purity and crime, which seem to rise from the heart of this great city, not to disappear with the year that is departing nor to change with the year arriving, but to continue while the city continues. The hour of midnight had flown, the bells no longer chimed, and I retired to spend the remainder of the night in peaceful repose.



Our Bardic Choir



LIFE'S PATHWAY.

J. M. Kangley.

Review the past; the field of human life,
Vast battle ground of struggle, pain and fear;
O'er strewn with wreckage of the bitter strife
Which men have waged throughout the passing year,
That they might gain the laurels of the fray,
The ermine of exalted place and might,
The spoils of warfare, proudly bear away,
To win success; to climb fame's dizzy height.

Gigantic contests, battles fought and waged
In wondering gaze, we view with awe affright,
The many countless millions there engaged,
To gain the summit of ambition's height.
Admire their powerful intellect and will,
The execution of their vast designs,
The stern endurance and the hope which fills
The yearning heart of each, before him shines.

Behold the hundreds, thousands weak and spent
With grim despair stamped firmly on their brow,
Despondently crash down the steep ascent
And hopeless sink into oblivion's slough.
With horror view the slaughter fields of greed,
The paths of wild ambition, fleeting power,
The hearts of those who won and lost, who bleed,
As round them cruel disappointments shower.

We see men don the fool's high cap and bell,
Plunge blindly up life's steep and rugged path,
Where trials and obstacles their dreams dispel,
And cruel sorrow is the aftermath.
And of the myriad numbers bold and strong
Who enter in the world's increasing fight,
The ladder of success climb rung by rung,
But few succeed to reach fame's dizzy height.

This life is not a passing scene or show,
'Tis noble, grand, the work of One divine;
All things of this great universe foreshow
That He to each a purpose did assign.
All nature's mighty volume, lessons teach;
The dews, the leaves reveal a master mind;
A first great Cause, a Power which governs each,
In all a ruling principle we find.

Erase the gloomy picture of the past,
Live not in vain regrets or black despair;
The field of opportunity is vast,
Achievement waits the men who do and dare.
Fix high your standard, seize the present hour;
With fearless eye march boldly to the front;
Adversity and trials will test your power,
And strengthen you to bear the battle's brunt.

The bold adventurer to heights may rise.
Be hailed a conquering hero of the day;
But empty fame, the bauble he does prize,
Shall quickly fade with time and pass away.
True fame, success and real ambition based
On justice, virtue, win the world's acclaim;
The hero's work in glory deeply traced
Shall bid all generations praise his name.

REMINISCENCES.

P. E. Brown.

Ofttimes fancy wanders freely
O'er the meadows and the lea,
Mid the happy scenes of boyhood
That are dear to you and me.

And 'tis thus it takes a ramble
Whilst I hear the church bells chime,
And I'm sitting here in study
Minding not the flight of time.

I can see my dear old mother
With her locks of silvery grey,
Sitting in her rustic arm chair
For she's long since passed away.

THE VIATORIAN

She is sleeping on yon hillside,
'Neath a mound of verdent green,
Resting near the winding river
With its soul-inspiring scene.

And I often deeply ponder
O'er her maxims kind and true,
Which she taught me as we rambled
'Neath the heaven's dome of blue.

As the class bell breaks my rev'ry,
One last thought comes to my mind,
I'll be true to mother's teachings
For no better can I find.

AT THE FIRESIDE.

When Winter, old tyrant,
Comes marching along,
Despoiling all beauty
And stifling all song,
We fly to the fireside
Where embers aglow
Fling high their red banners
With "death to the foe."

And there in our ramparts
With laughter and mirth
We romp and we play
In the glow of the hearth;
And our answer we give
To his tyrannous gyve
That true freedom is ours
While a spark is alive.

Then wild in his anger
He charges the door,
But his whistling bullets
Fall wide on the floor.
And out from the fireside
Like bursting of shell,
Comes crackle of embers
That says, "All is well."

THE VIATORIAN

Published monthly by the students of St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois

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Entered at the Bourbonnais Post Office as second-class matter

All correspondence must be addressed "The Viatorian," Bourbonnais, Illinois.

Subscription price One Dollar per year, payable in advance.

All business communications should be addressed: Rev. J. F. Ryan, St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

EDITORIAL.

The person is rare who at this time of the year has not a merry greeting for others. There is a spirit of peace and happiness in the air. Wrongs are forgotten, offenses forgiven and everyone seems intent upon making others happy. The only regret is that such a spirit is not permanent.

The power to make others happy is a noble gift and it has two causes. First of all it lies in sacrifice. People on a whole are willing to make some sacrifice, but only for a time, and the soul is heroic that is constant in it. Little do we think of the expense our infant joys cost maternity, and as our boyhood ripened and matured in joys as well as in years we seldom reflected that we had grown spendthrifts with another's convenience and health.

Again, to make others happy, one must first be so himself. Horace has left us this maxim that if we wish to make others weep we must first weep ourselves, and he could have said the same of happiness. As the earth catches the first fresh breath of a spring morn and awakens with a thrill, and as the skies no sooner receive the first fair smile of day than they bestow it upon the earth, so others, when they come in contact with a soul aflame with joy, become ignited, and the ignition, like an unpent and restless force, journeys on. In no body is this truer than in a college community, for here the students are in closer touch with one another; they have a common end; they are usually actuated by the same impulses and nothing is more desirable among them than a thorough genuine family spirit.

SOCIETIES.

On Tuesday, December 18, the Thespian Club presented "More Sinned Against Than Sinning" to a large audience. Some of the members of this club are noted for their dramatic abilities, especially Fred Shippey and Frank Rainey, but this play brought out new and promising Thespians in Messrs. Kiley, Bentley, Quille and Kreutzer. The play was interspersed with Irish airs arranged by F. X. Sheridan, C. S. V., the director of the college orchestra. The cast of characters was:

Squire Hilton, who comes of an illustrious family.....	A. G. Quille
Marmaduke, known as "The Duke"	F. Rainey
Alphonsus Belhaven, a characteristic land agent.....	F. Shippey
Dick Harvey, an unscrupulous villain	F. Kreutzer
Major Lookout, "a jolly good fellow, ye know".....	C. Bentley
Teddy O'Neil, "a rale sprig of the ould sod".....	G. Kiley
Captain De Balzac, a remnant of the empire	J. Becker
Andy, Tom, Joe, smugglers.....	J. Madden, D. Boyle, R. Heffernan
John Jemison, a servant.....	I. Rice

The play was given under the auspices of the Athletic Association. The programs were donated by Mr. D. J. Boyle of the O. H. Shephard firm of printers.

The past month was a season of attractions. On December 30 "Le Malade Imaginaire," a comedy in three acts, by Moliere, was given in the college gymnasium. The players were drawn from the inhabitants of Bourbonnais and the interpretation given each role was remarkable. So well rendered was the play that a request was made for its re-performance. As the play was given in French it was a holiday attraction for the French inhabitants of Kankakee and the neighboring towns, who attended in large numbers. The members of the cast were:

Argan, malade imaginaire.....	M. Joseph I. Granger
Beline, seconde femme d'Argan.....	Mdme. C. T. Morel
Angelique, fille d'Argan et amante de cleante	Mrs. Josephine Lesage
Louison, petite-fille d'Argan et soeur d'Angelique....	Estelle Morel
Beralde, frere d'Argan.....	M. Aldemar Savary
Cleante, amant d'Angelique.....	M. Evariste Marcotte
Monsieur Diafoirus, medecin.....	M. Alexis Rivard
Thomas Diafoirus, son fils, et amant d'Angelique....	M. Joe Legris
Monsieur Purgon, medecin d'Argan.....	M. William J. Lamarre
Monsieur Fleurant, apothicaire.....	M. Ralph Legris
Monsieur Bonnefoi, notaire.....	M. Alphonse Legris
Toinette, servante	Mdme. Alexis Rivard

Mr. Joseph Granger in the title role kept the humorous tenor of the play sustained from beginning to end. Indeed, it would be difficult to find outside the professional stage a better rendition of the role than that given by Mr. Granger. Mrs. Alexis Rivard's naive humor and artfulness in extricating herself from puzzling situations aroused the audience to frequent bursts of laughter. Mrs. C. T. Morel's matronly appearance gave her excellent adaptation to her part. Her anxious desire to become a widow and her efforts to appear faithful to Argan were the occasions of much merriment. The play was repeated on January 13 in St. Joseph's Seminary Hall in Kankakee to a second large audience.

The first of a series of lectures given by the class of '07 was given by Father Shannon of Peoria. The reverend Father entertained a large audience with an eloquent dissertation on Culture. He discussed his theme from a practical view point, bringing home to the students by very apt comparisons the real meaning of the word, "Culture" and the sense in which it is to be taken by students. He presented very definitely and clearly the importance of Culture, the necessity of it, inasmuch as it fits one to take responsible stations in life, to grapple successfully with the manifold questions and difficulties often thrown across the pathway in one's mortal career. The speaker laid stress upon the thought that students should work hard during their course, to be really industrious, for from this will result true culture of the mind.

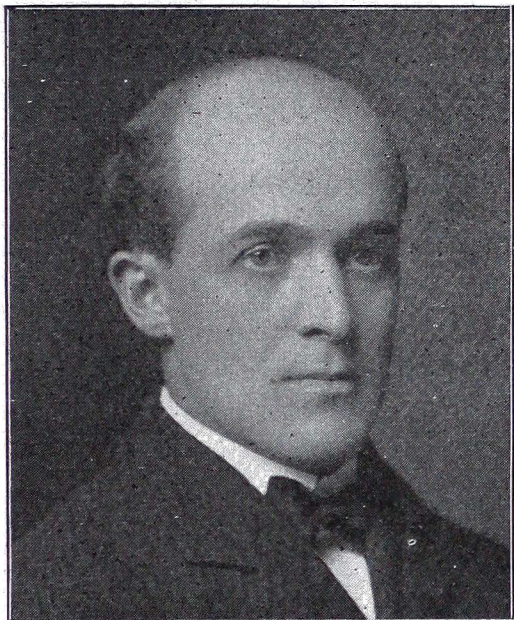
Though the speech was serious, still now and then it was seasoned with sprightly wit and humor which awakened frequent applause from the audience.

Father Shannon certainly had the entire house with him that night and all will be delighted to have the opportunity of listening to this brilliant orator soon again.

The success of the concert given by the members of the Glee club, the enthusiasm and interest shown in their work, and the appreciation of the students of their efforts are excellent signs that the divine art is not neglected, but loved and fostered at St. Viator's.

The ten numbers on the program of the St. Cecilia concert were not only well rendered but were given with a musical and artistic taste which evinced diligent work. The faculty and students are very grateful to Mrs. T. Look of Kankakee, who kindly consented to sing the *Inflammatus* from the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini. Mrs. Look is the possessor of a very pretty high soprano voice—brilliant and strong, flexible and sweet—well adapted to sing and interpret

PERSONALS.



While on his way home from Springfield, Senator Edward Rainey paid a visit to his brother Frank and the college faculty. Senator Rainey has represented his district for a number of terms and he is regarded by all who know him as a man of strong personal integrity. In recognition of his merit he was recently appointed park commissioner by the mayor of Chicago. We regret that his stay here was brief and we will expect a longer visit from him soon again.

One of the first places to receive a visit from the Rev. Peter Dufault after his ordination was his Alma Mater. The bosom of Alma Mater has a special fondness for her sons who enter the sacerdotal state and with maternal longing she awaits their first visit and blessing after they have been elevated to the priestly dignity. Father Dufault sang his first mass in St. Rose's church, Kankakee, Ill., on Dec. 15. He has been assigned to St. Louis church, Chicago. Our best wishes follow the young priest in his ministerial duties.

Another visitor during the past month was Dr. H. A. McMahon, district deputy for the Knights of Columbus. Dr. McMahon has moved his dental parlors from Chatsworth, Illinois, to Kankakee, where he is located at the corner of Merchant street and East avenue, opposite the I. C. station. Although not an alumnus, Dr. McMahon desires to be numbered among the friends of St. Viateur's and we wish him success in his new field.



On December 12 the class of '07 opened their series of lectures with Rev. J. J. Shannon of St. Mark's church, Peoria, as the initial speaker. Father Shannon has achieved an enviable fame as an orator and was chosen as the speaker for solemn occasions in the

history of St. Viateur's. Culture was the theme of his recent discourse and those who heard him went away feeling that no matter how low their station in life they were all called to the high vocation of character.

Rev. Andrew Burns of Oregon, Ill., accompanied by his brother, Frank Burns, a Kankakee attorney, and Rev. J. F. Bennett, called upon the president lately. They are interested in St. Viateur's welfare and seemed well pleased with the work on the buildings.

Mathew J. Foley, chief knight of the K. F. M.'s, and Mr. A. E. Stearn of the Hibbard-Spencer firm, found a day's enjoyment visiting the college and vicinity.

Although busy with employments in neighboring towns, Mr. Frank Beck of Chebanse, finds time for an occasional call at the college. Come again, Frank.

Cupid has set out with a quiver well laden. Recently he carried off Messrs. James and Daniel O'Dwyer of Chebanse. Blessings ad multos annos, gentlemen.

It awakens pleasant recollections to see our former professor of Latin and mathematics, Rev. John McMullen, call on us. Father McMullen is at present pastor of Pesotum, Ill., and while he was connected with the faculty it was the pride of students to claim him as their teacher.

Mr. Charles E. O'Connell in company with his mother and daughter spent Thanksgiving day at the college. Mr. O'Connell has donated three volumes of the world's best stories to the library. Before the fire he donated a set of Father Burke's Speeches with other books of interest.

The K. of C. initiation in Kankakee not long ago brought many old boys back for a short sojourn to the college grounds. Among them was W. J. McKenna, president of the '06 class.

Mr. F. J. Roche, teller of the Canadian bank at Souris, called for his brother, John F. Roche, C. S. V., while on his way home, and both spent the holidays with their parents at Watford.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel J. Boyle of Chicago spent a day with their sons recently. Their son, James of the minim department gave a humorous recitation at a K. of C. entertainment Dec. 28. His imitation of a stern old schoolmaster and a shy, bashful school-boy gave the audience much enjoyment.

After his return from Butte, Montana, where he organized the choir of the Sacred Heart church, the Rev. L. Goulette, C. S. V., was

engaged by Father Bennett of Kankakee to direct the choir of St. Patrick's church. Father Bennett hopes to have a choir equal to any in the vicinity and he speaks very highly of the work done by our director of music.

Among the recent visitors were Miss Anna Dineen, Mrs. Jacob Schaefer and daughter, Anna, Mr. and Mrs. Delihant, Mr. William O'Brien and Albert Klucker.

We are indebted to Mr. Daniel J. Boyle, Sr., of the Inland Printer for the new cut of the Viatorian cover and also for other cuts that will appear in our journal.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Thomas McCormack, a resident of La Salle, Ill., died on Dec. 20th. He was the father of Rev. Thomas McCormack, C. S. V., director of St. Viateur's Normal Institute and pastor of St. Viateur's parish, Chicago. There were many lay friends and clergymen present at the funeral services held in the parish church. Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., represented the college faculty.

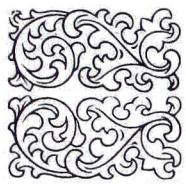
It is with deep regret that we record the death of Anthony Stanfel, who died suddenly at the breakfast table at Detroit in November. Mr. Stanfel pursued collegiate and philosophical courses at St. Viateur's college and after graduation went to complete his studies in a seminary of his own language at Detroit. His sudden death in the last year of his theological course renders his demise particularly saddening and we extend our sincere sympathy to his bereaved parents and relatives.

Hardly had the New Year been ushered in when the summons of death came to Mr. James Sammon, an old and respected resident of Bloomington, Ill. Mr. Sammon was a citizen of whom his city was ever proud and such an upright Christian as the church glories to have within her pale. The college faculty was represented at the obsequies by Rev. T. J. Bergin, C. S. V.

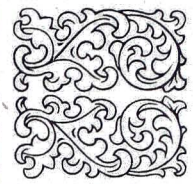
Other deaths recorded are those of Mr. Mahoney of Wisconsin, an uncle of Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., who officiated at the last rites. Mr. Mahoney died while visiting in Gainesville, Texas.

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Requiescant In Pace.



Exchanges



Slowly and haltingly, stooping beneath the heavy burden of sweet and happy memories, vainly endeavoring to quaff the lithe-like draughts of yuletide festivity, old 1906 has been swept unwilling from the boards of time. Albeit a little sadly, for in his youth and vigorous manhood he had made friends with all, and though departed, can never be forgotten, for he holds locked in his bosom memories that must be ever young, faces that can never fade, words from lips that shall never wither. Yes, 1906, forgotten and unrevered, thou cannot be, and yet we would not prolong thy stay one moment, for in the glorious vision of the fairy who has trippingly taken your place, we have been so enraptured that our allegiance to you has been withdrawn, and we bask in the smile and are intoxicated by the presence of the dancing spirit, whose gay entrance and half uttered promises have bound us with silken strands to her vassalage. Faithful and true, as you have been to us, 1906, yet greater loyalty and friendship do we expect from the gladsome fairy whose fresh young charms have driven your oft-repeated pleasantries from time's stage. No matter what it is that you shall hold in store for us, 1907, you have instilled in us hopes of the highest, and to my sisters and brothers of the ex-world I can wish nothing greater than that 1907, in her smiling path, shall for them strew nothing but the realization of the plans and dreams that a budding year calls forth.

As the old year fades and the new year rises, rosy with promises, it is generally the custom to cast a retrospective glance upon the errors and faults of the dying year and to bind ourselves with assurances of amendment, more or less faithfully kept. Now 'tis not our purpose to preach and disregarding the ancient warning that people in glass houses should refrain from casting rocks upon the passing throng; there is a discordant note in the work of some of the ex-men—a spirit that can brook no criticism unless redolent with the perfumed petals of praise. Deeming their paper the summum bonum of college journalistic endeavor, any adverse criticism is looked at by these poor, misguided ignoramuses as an open insult, and forthwith they proceed to launch their wild splenetic ravings at every one and everything. Of course the better way is to take no notice of them, as brainless individuals are never held re-

sponsible for their acts and the papers which they represent, strange to relate, are not the high exponents of college journalism that one would expect to see after hearing their violent outbursts when kindly criticism is held forth to them. It is to be hoped that the dawn of the new year will also mean to them the dawn of God-given intelligence and reason.

In the distinctly college atmosphere of Dubuque, we were wont to picture circling eaglets, in voice and plumage unsurpassed, and in fancy have heard the clear and unflinching tones of the spokesman as he won his place in the college world, but recently a new figure has appeared in this hallowed spot and in the conquering wave of *The Lebarum* have we found a new and most welcome friend. Many were the sweet things that we had heard of this martial sprite from the lips of other ex-men before her triumphal entry into our sanctum but we found that far from being exaggerated, they were inadequate to express her beauty and cleverness, and we feel ourselves to be at a loss in criticising any special phase, for in a host of such excellent literary articles it would be presumption on our part to designate any as better than the rest. But we will say that we enjoyed her first visit most highly and shall live in expectancy until our next meeting.

As if conscious that renewed effort would be necessary if a place was to be held in this fair company the *Spokesman* has appeared in a brand new coat, cloaking a very pleasing and studious personality. The companion of "Emerson and Carlyle" appeared to us as a very ably written and accurate appreciation of the distinctive merits of those two renowned literateurs and bespoke a deep knowledge of the writings and personality of those scholars. We sympathize with the author of "Can a Farmer Go to Heaven" and sorrowfully can bear witness to the truths of the trials of those who live close to nature, yet "Down on the Farm" has its pleasures to condone for its infrequent trials. "The Two Cablegrams" is a rather prettily retold tale, vivacious and interesting, and "My Tabor" and "Cithara Mea" are fair specimens of college verse. And "Dante's Message to Our Age"—but this is such a personal matter with us that we dare not express our feelings in praise lest we should become too ecstatic.

In "The Holy Cross Purple," an editorial on plagiarism, was as truthful as it was direct and convincing and should be carefully studied and acted upon, especially by college writers, for there is a tendency at times seen in the stories and essays of our journals to follow in the wake of some more brilliant and original mind. We would not say that this was always premeditated, most probably

very seldom, but if a closer watch was kept over one's writings it would undoubtedly put a wider breach into the sameness between them and his readings. "A Little White Chapel" is a sweet and harmonious bit of verse, in its simplicity and beauty ranking well with the month's poetry. The fiction is quite clever, particularly "A Christmas Song" and "A Scion of Nemesis," well conceived and told in a rather pleasing style.

The best football number of any of the exchanges to come to our table was The Wabash, handsomely illustrated with the figures of its gridiron heroes, with a wealth of football fiction, fairly radiating college spirit from its essays and verse; it is highly commendable for it shows that it appreciates its athletes and the efforts which they have made to bring honor and glory to their alma mater. Truly it is a spirit to be copied by other institutions.

LOCALS.

I knocked the stuffings out of that turkey.

The turkey is a hard fighter. Tackle him low.

Innocent abroad—What are those fellows playing ball in their swimming suits for?

The Kanks came here to play ball
And returned to talk over their fall,
Said T— to the others:
Those red heads are brothers,
And brotherly love did it all.

Cal—"Why is the star organist like a baby?"

Con—"Why?"

Cal—"Because he plays with his feet."

He hollered like a fish.

How much do you have to weigh to be a senior?

The air ship will soon be ready for excursions to the new tank.

There was a young fellow named Cal,
Who courted a lassie named Sal,
"I'm the light of your life," he said quite devout,
But the dad entered then and put the light out.

From far away Spain comes Zorilla
He's a peach at hitting the pilla,
He goes to the store
Calls for an ice cream encore
Mixed up with a little vanilla.

What do your petals say?

There was a young lad from Chefoo,
Who went to the store for some gloo,
But to it got stuck,
Then said, "Tis my luk,
So I guess I can never skidoo."

Teacher—Give the principal parts of the verb go.
Bright Boy—Skidoo, skidid, skidooing, skidid.

The Poor Editor.

At a recent editorial convention a member offered the following toast: "To save an editor from starvation, take his paper and pay for it promptly. To save him from bankruptcy, advertise in his paper liberally. To save him from despair, send him every news item of which you can get hold. To save him from wrath, write your correspondence plainly on one side of the sheet and send it in as early as possible. To save him from mistakes, bury him. Dead people are the only ones who never make any mistakes."—Exchange.



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