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FAC ET SPERA.

PIUS X.

THAT earthly sun of truth, the Papacy,
Was veiled as in Eclipse by Adam's curse,
Whilst men awaited God's kind potency,
Full gloriously, the shadows to disperse.
Now lo! The hand that wrought doth lift the shade.
Mid beams of truth 'neath lore's rich canopy,
On wisdom's earthly throne, in faith arrayed,
Sits Pius, Envoy of the Deity.

How humbly borne the triple crown he wears,
How meekly he receives the golden keys;
The guiding staff he firm yet kindly bears.
This son of toil, His Champion, Christ decrees.
O Pius! May thy words inspire each heart
To seek the founts of race and heavenly lore.
Thy wisdom teach, thy charity impart;
Lead us in faith unto the feast above.

ARTHUR'S VISION.

IN a neat, simply furnished parlor, sits a woman whose tender, motherly face is clouded with sadness. A handsome youth of eighteen, whose resemblance to the woman proclaims him her son, sits on a foot-stool at her feet. He also appears sorrowful; and yet his eagerness and enthusiasm, his pleading, compassionate look and his attitude show that though he is endeavoring to console his mother, he is pleading with his very soul for something which is the cause of her distress. He has just told her that he longs to leave the world and to sacrifice himself upon the cross of charity to more perfectly imitate Christ, and has asked her consent to follow what he deems a call from heaven. Her motherly instinct is very strong and, though a thorough Christian, she fails to see why her son should desire to leave her so soon.

"My son, why break my heart to put into execution a plan sprung from yeour imagination? You know that you can be saved here as well as in religious life, and we will not have to part. Since your father died you are all that is left me and now will you go away and leave me to pine away, alone, with no one to love me and none to love? God has not commanded you to leave your mother in such a manner."

"No, mother, he has not commanded me, but he has called and my own heart tells me to go. The world has no attractions for me. I have walked in it and grown tired. I have plucked its beautiful fruits to see them turn to ashes. I have listened to voices whose music could not win my heart. I have pined for the Perfect, the True, and have found but glitter and sham. Dear mother:

'In the world each Ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in the grave.'

I am weary of places where I have met so much that is merely human and sinful. I have sought for happiness in what is called the world and found that it is not there, and now,

heart-tired of the human, I'll toil for the Divine, for I have heard a voice of love that calls, 'Be mine.' 'Tis the Christ, and I must follow Him. He asks this sacrifice, and shall we refuse Him, who has suffered so much for us? He has honored me by choosing me, and has called me to follow Him, and, O Mother, can I refuse Him whose sweet sad face on the crucifix there pleads so lovingly for poor me?

Mother, I will tell you something that has been locked in my heart, which I have told to no one, for though it may be only a dreamy, elusive creation of an over-tired brain, yet consider it as God-sent and too sacred to tell to any but you, mother.

One evening last month as I was returning from school, fatigued and worn with the day's work, I slipped into the Church to make a short visit to our Prisoner of Love; I felt my heart glowing with the warm love of our Emmanuel, and I experienced a singular disgust for the world and its shams and pretences, its wranglings and insincerity, while it seemed to me that He called me to peace and rest in the religious state; but I struggled with doubt and human frailty for I knew that it would be hard to leave you, mother, and give up all my hopes and youthful ambitions. Then I thought of the young Samuel, exclaiming, 'Here I am, O Lord' and the humbled Saul asking 'What will thou have me do, O Lord?' and I meekly asked for light and strength. I must have been exhausted, mother, for as I knelt in the front pew, with my head upon my arm, I fell asleep. And then, dear mother, I dreamt a dream which I know was an answer to my prayer. I thought I was dressed in a long gown which had been white but which was now torn and soiled. At my feet was a cross and before me was a wide deep river separating me from a rugged mountain. The scene was so dark and gloomy that even the remembrance of it makes me shudder. By my side stood my most beautiful gaurdian angel, urging me to take up my cross and continue on my way. He pointed to a step, crooked and narrow path, which gradually rose out of the impenetrable darkness and led to the top of the mountain, mantled with the glory of such brilliant light that it was beyond the power of my eyes to gaze upon it; and he urged me to cross the river, which somehow I knew meant separation from

the world. But the dark stream looked so deep and impetuous, that I lacked courage to plunge into it. Such a dullness of sense and weariness oppressed me that I turned from the cross and the dark, rough road, and the deep, repulsive stream to the valley behind me, where everything seemed springtime and joy, flowers and happiness. And a beautiful maiden decked with roses smilingly urged me to join her in culling the beautiful flowers that spangled the sward. And while I stood as one undecided between beautiful maiden, the flowers and the joy on one side and the cross, the repellent stream and painful way on the other, I heard such a sweet faint melody that never by human ears was before perceived. As I slowly turned my head in the direction whence came this tender strain, I saw slowly descending from the heights of that light-bathed mountain, a sight to express the beauty of which words will never be found. Angels, countless in number, whose brightness seemed as that of the setting sun, by the gentle fluttering of their wings produced the sweet melody, that to my ears recalled the beautiful strain which of old rang through the streets of Jerusalem. 'Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord, Hosanna! Hosanna! Behind them came a procession of spirits whose fairness and piety thrilled me with awe and admiration. Three beautiful maidens led the way scattering olive leaves as they advanced. One, a little in advance of the others, was clothed in raiment of such whiteness as has never on this earth been seen. Closely at her left, somewhat behind her, was the second robed in the hue of spring. In sunset's hue was garbed the third. Then surrounding One whose brightness exceeded all created light, came a saintly tribe of some, who on earth who had chosen all that is most noble and pure. She was there who most resembled Christ, and who had answered to the angel, 'Behold the Handmaid of the Lord.'

And One, carrying a blossoming lily, who was made guardian of Purity incarnate. Another, whose sweet love had merited the love-tokens of his Beloved. He also who on earth had chosen Poverty as his spouse. One there was, who while lingering in the vale of tears, longed so for union with Christ upon the cross that her lips forever prayed: 'O Jesus, to suffer

or to die?' He also was there who deserved from Christ: 'Thou hast well written of Me, Thomas.' And she to whom much was forgiven because she had loved much. In soldierly vesture, one who to Christ himself, in beggar's garb, had given one half his cloak. Holding a book in his hands was he whose peace at the dread moment before judgement was born of regular obedience to the rule of his society. And others many more, whose life on earth was in conformity to His who said, 'Take up thy cross and follow Me. Upon their faces shown the light of beatitude, but as they approached, my gaze was drawn to Him who was the center of this heavenly band. As the sun outshines the stars in splendor so did He exceed them in brilliancy. When I felt the glow of such radiance, fear seized upon me, all things swam before me and my trembling limbs became so weak that I had fallen if my kind gaurdian had not sustained me. But though my eyes would have turned away from the too dazzling vision, I could not refrain from looking upno Him.

O Mother! would that I could paint for you the overpowering beauty of that celestial image. But I cannot! Nor can conceive that it be within the limit of any artist's skill. Oh! the appealing beauty of those reproachful, pleading eyes! And as I, trembling stood, he spoke in such a gentle, tender voice: 'My son, why wouldst thou forsake Me? Dost thou hesitate between vain wordly pleasures and the bliss of heaven, between the false glow of the valley and the celestial lighted mountain, between Satan and Me?' Then turning to those who surrounded Him, he said: 'Behold one whom I have loved so much! My feet have grown weary seeking him, my hands were raised to bless him, my lips opened but to call him, this wound in my heart was a ruby mouth continually pleading with him and he has not heeded me. O my son! Why wouldst thou still turn away from me? My whole life was an act of love for thee, couldst thou not love me a little? Can'st not make one sacrifice? Now, thou hast come to the parting of the ways, thou must choose. 'Take up thy cross and follow Me and thou shall have treasure in Heaven.' Mother, when at first He began to reproach me I felt so overcome with the load of shame that it seemed to me human strength could no longer endure, and my

anguish gushed through the eyelids from the heart; but when I heard his sweet tender voice utter those loving words of invitation, O mother, I felt an eager, an almost irresistible longing to follow His call, while those who surrounded Him beckoned me on by inviting gesture, kind looks and gentle words. And yet I hesitated, for I thought of you and wished for your consent. I was silent, yet my desire was painted on my looks and thus I spake my wish more earnestly than language could, and, He who searches hearts, well understood. His reassuring words were, 'Let not your heart be troubled. Seek first the kingdom of God and all other things shall be added to you.' These consoling words so fired me with joy that my whole body shook and seemed infused with new strength. I no longer lingered over the sight of the valley, but, impelled by the eagerness of holy love, my one desire was to follow my sweet Master and to pass the separating stream. As I stooped to raise my neglected cross He raised His transpierced hands to bless me and the angels renewed their fervent songs, this time making the air joyous with the 'Laudate.'

And then, mother,—I awoke.

There were several people in the church and the priest had just given the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the choir singing the Laudate.'

I remained to make a fervent act of thanksgiving for this sweet favor, ready to give myself unreservedly to the service of God.

Now, dear mother, do you not think that the gentle Christ wishes this sacrifice from you and from me; that he has called me and that it is not for us to hesitate? Mother, may I leave?"

His mother, with tears in her eyes, embraced her son and said: "My child, God's will be done. Go with my blessing. Sweet Christ, thou hast won my treasure. Keep him ever close to thy heart!"

A. L. GIRARD, '04.

Company B will have as captain A. Kelly, while companies C and D will be under the able guidance of Captains Legris and McKenna, respectively.

THE GEM OF THE BLACK HILLS.

AN eastern traveler from a leisurely town on the level Illinois prairies, like Kankakee for instance, will note many differences as he begins to penetrate into the far west, differences in the aspect of the land and especially in the extraordinary activity displayed in cities even smaller than beautiful Kankakee. As he journeys west of the Mississippi the tourist will feast his eye upon the fertile rolling lands of Iowa, and will view with some surprise the hundreds of miles of sand hills of northern Nebraska. Pushing into South Dakota, and passing Buffalo Gap his fancy may lead him to take a plunge in the friendly waters of Hot Springs, a pretty health resort ensconced in a sheltered little valley at the foot of the Black Hills. Then on he dashes into narrow defiles, the puffing iron horse climbing the shaggy sides of those hills which grow ever higher till they reach an attitude of from 1500 to 2000 feet. As the panorama swiftly unfolds itself to his view he cannot fail to notice that the whole hill country is strewn with bustling little villages. He sees that the hills themselves are rugged in aspect and dotted here and there with black clumps of funeral pines, which he thinks, no doubt, were planted there by old Plutus in token of the treasure he has buried there.

It is not our intention in this brief sketch to write about the points of general interest of this treasure land; we simply desire to take the reader for a few moments into the golden heart of the Black Hills, and this is the beautiful, the rich and progressive city of Lead.

This typical western town which now counts about 10,000 inhabitants, is situated in a basin, about one mile above sea level, and at the northern extremity of the richest one hundred square miles in the world. Besides many other mining companies operating in Lead, and in the immediate vicinity, the Homestake Mine alone sends out annually over \$11,000,000. This mining plant is equipped with as complicated, as expensive and perfect machinery as can be seen anywhere in the great industrial centers of the country.

The Homestake employs about 2500 men, nearly 2000 of whom work from 100 to 1200 feet beneath the surface of the earth digging out the ore containing the precious metal. The remaining 500 are employed in running the hoist, in operating the vast machinery of the stamp mills, in the assay office, and in the cyanide plant. The wages of these men run from \$2.50 to \$12.00 per day, and the monthly pay roll of this one company averages about \$175,000.

There are numerous banks and a goodly number of active wholesale and retail business houses in Lead, which is not only a great producing center but a center of distribution for the many thriving villages that lie round about Lead within a radius of 18 miles. When one sees these armies of miners marching out for day and night work in the bowels of the earth, the busy merchants intent upon supplying the wants of such an active population he cannot but marvel at the bee-hive industry of this little city.

Lead is well supplied with water works and has a good sewerage system; it has electric cars, gas and electric lights, paved streets and all the modern improvements which go to make up a prosperous city. It is also well provided with churches of all denominations. The Catholics form the largest religious body in Lead. The recent erection of Lead into an episcopal see with Rt. Rev. Bishop J. N. Stariha, D. D. as first incumbent, has given a new impulse to Catholic interests in Lead and throughout the territory of the new diocese. The Rt. Rev. Bishop, who has just completed his new residence, intends building a large parochial school and also a cathedral.

The public schools of Lead have kept pace with the progress of the city along other lines. There are five buildings for the primary grades and an elegant High School with all the apparatus and modern equipments for teaching sciences and other branches of study. Attached to this High School is the fine gymnasium, which also contains the Hall of Science. While the educational and religious interests of the hard-working residents of Lead are being well looked after, it may be doubted whether, in the rush and hurry of life here, sufficient opportunities for healthy social amusement are afforded. A spot of

green sward, just on the outskirts of the city, is pointed out as "The Park," where people enjoy occasional outings. When this is made gay with the smile of flowers and the voice of music, it will be a delightful spot for the tired laborer.

Mrs. P. A. Hearst, who is one of the principal stockholders of the Homestake Mine, has endowed the city with a free library, from which much diversion and profit is derived. This charitable lady has also founded and endowed a free kindergarten in Lead.

We fear we may already trespassed farther than the space allowed us and we consequently close here, trusting we have said enough for the reader to form a fair idea of "The Gem of the Black Hills."

OBITUARY.

Rev. James Hagan, late pastor of La Grange, died August 27, after several months of illness. Father Hagan was one of the early theological students at St. Viator's and while here taught elocution and conducted a literary society. During many years after his leaving the college he continued encouraging the fine art of elocution by giving a gold medal for proficiency in elocution. Father Hagan was a strong pulpit orator and lecturer and one of his favorite themes was Temperance. May his soul rest in peace.

RT. REV. BISHOP MCGAVICK WILL BE HERE OCT. 21.

It will be glad news for all actual and former students to know that St. Viator's College will entertain as her guest on the patronal feast-day of the college her distinguished alumnus, Rt. Rev. Alexander McGavick, D. D., of Chicago. All will be delighted to hear that the Rt. Rev. Bishop's health is much improved. A hearty welcome awaits Bishop McGavick at his alma mater.

ABOUT DeVERE AND FATHER SHEEHAN.

(Reprinted by request, from Mosher's Magazine, Feb. 1902.)

WE were in the midst of Malebolge when one of the students, a day or two before the regular weekly lecture, accosted me, saying: "Perhaps that pit of boiling pitch will keep until next week. Why not tell us something about Aubrey de Vere and Father Sheehan? We see by the newspapers and magazines that Aubrey de Vere found great inspiration in Dante. It would be interesting to know why or how the Italian appealed to the mind of the Irish poet. Father Sheehan is deservedly *a la mode*, and we hear it said of him that in certain respects he is superior even to Dante." I promised to comply, and on lecture day we put temporary lids upon the caldrons of the devil's kitchen, to consider the timely subjects suggested.

I.

Aubrey de Vere always referred to his conversion as the greatest event of his life. Once he said to a friend who visited him at his home in Curragh Chase, Ireland: "If there is any book that had more than any other to do with my conversion, it is Carey's translation of Dante." Now, we ask ourselves, by what in that book was he so powerfully moved? It seems to me that some souls of particularly fine fibre, of refined taste, and imbued with a love of the esthetic, make their way into the Church through the Gate Beautiful. They are attracted to her perhaps not so much by the severe and exact verity of her doctrines as by the loveliness of them, by the luminous splendor of their truth, by the perfect and admirable symmetry with which these truths adjust themselves in one grand, harmonious whole. The elevation of the thoughts, the loftiness of the teachings, the clearness of the maxims, and the grace of the ceremonial of the Church; the grandeur of her cathedrals, the charms of her song, sculpture, and painting, the fairness of saintly lives which are but copies of the ideals of Catholic faith and

morals—these various kinds of beauty, either singly or collectively, appeal to the esthetic mind, to lovers of the good, and often quite win them over to the ideals whose copies they have learned to admire.

De Vere found in Dante all these beauties of Catholic doctrine, Catholic ethics and Catholic life, profusely illustrated and set forth in fair, brilliant, and fadeless colors. His poetic fancy was charmed by it all, and he said to himself, no doubt: "If I wish to dwell in a world where, whithersoever I turn, my gaze shall be greeted by beauty, then I must enter the Catholic Church, the Church of Dante, the prince of Christian poets. Therein shall my soul revel in the contemplation of the beauty which it ever craves. Therein, like Dante, I shall ever see the beauty of divine justice, of divine mercy, of divine love. By clasping to my soul the sublime truths which have inspired Dante in his immortal song, his divine epic, by praying for the grace that converts clayey mortals into fair angels of light, I shall possess the secret of a noble life; I too shall get nearer to those snow-capped summits wherefrom this Christian seer caught a glimpse of the unspeakable beauties of paradise; I too may mount to that exalted mountain top whereon beam the splendors of heaven when God, seeing our timid approach and our wistful eyes, sets ajar the golden gates and lets shine upon the enraptured gaze the tremulous rays of His glory."

De Vere prayed and he believed; and, laved in the waters of baptism, he entered the Church, which he cherished all the rest of his days. It was within her hallowed precincts that he found the inspiration of his best works. It was there he learned how to love the saints and, like Dante, to attune his lyre to sing their praises. In the sweet numbers of his "May Carols" he celebrated the glories of "The Lady" so dear to Irish hearts. In the breathing lines of the "Legends of St. Patrick" and "Inisfail" his religious and patriotic soul gave utterance to his love and admiration of the Irish saints. It was in the bosom of the Church that he rose to the estate of dramatic poet and achieved what only a Catholic poet could achieve, in the dramatic portrayal of St. Thomas a Becket. It was there he learned to delineate pagan pride and ambition in the person of Alexander the

Great. Not until De Vere had read Dante did he abandon the minor poets whose smaller excellencies he had imitated; then he "struck out for himself upon an untrodden path lit up with supernatural light." Not until he had entered the Church through the reading of that grand poem, the "Divine Comedy" did his muse begin to sing of subjects far loftier than those which had hitherto been the theme of her song.

Beauty is the splendor of truth, and the "Divine Comedy" is Catholic truth vested in the charms of poetry. If it be not the peculiar beauty of Catholic faith as expressed by Dante that charmed Aubrey de Vere, then I confess that I do not know how or why the poem otherwise so potently wrought upon him. Certainly he had found in the small catechism the bare dogmatic and moral teachings of the Church.

The moral of this hort sketch is that if we too thirst and hunger after beauty of the highest order; if we would learn to conceive high thoughts and to do noble deeds; if we would be schooled in the art of dressing thought in words of light and fire; if we would learn to fully appreciate the conquering power and the really fascinating and enrapturing beauty of our faith, we can select no better master than Dante. It is very possible that St. Thomas with his monumental "Summa" may discourage some of us. His strict reasoning and the austere solidity of the great edifice of sacred doctrine which he raised may not particularly appeal to us. But surely we cannot object to being sung into knowledge and love of all the glorious truths of faith and into the sweet peace and the delicious ecstasy of righteousness by Beatrice in her sublime lullaby of divine wisdom and love. Let us then keep on hearkening to the mystic song.

II.

I like both of Father Sheehan's novels and I hope he has not yet written his greatest one. I have read "My New Curate" and "Luke Delmege" with great delight. And what I particularly liked about these novels is their sweet and mild spirituality, which like a gentle balm heals the sore heart and like a vivifying tonic adds new and strong fibre to the faltering will.

Many a page in these books is as good as a chapter of Rodriguez, and has the effect as one of Thomas a Kempis. It is spirituality as in Dante, yet not quite as Dante's spirituality, which bounds from the earth—which he spurns—into realms of pure and glorious light. There is something in Dante's style that is severe, strenuous, and almost superhuman. Father Sheehan's style of spirituality is rather that of St. Francis, who does not so much condemn the poor things of this poor earth as he loves the rich treasures of heaven. With gentle suasion and not fierce threats or sledge-hammer arguments he loosens your grasp from the vanities of earth to fire your heart with the ardor of a seraph.

Father Sheehan in that quite way teaches Ireland neither to sigh after material wealth nor to envy the material civilization of other countries. Not in this does national excellence consist; not in the developement of industries, of commerce, of cities. But, if I have caught the idea rightly, the true greatness of Ireland consist in rearing up a people of undying Christian fortitude—for Ireland is to suffer; she, the innocent one, seems the providential victim offered up to atone for the iniquities of other nations and to bring about their conversion. To fill her destiny and reach the glories of Resurrection Day she needs all the virtues that one must possess in order to mount to the Cavalry of vicarious expiation.

The characters in "My New Curate" and Luke Delmege" which in a striking way symbolize this thought are *Alice Moylan* and *Barbara Wilson*, respectively. It is the visible miracle of the patient and even joyous sufferings of the once fair *Alice Moylan*, it is her unflagging constancy and her highminded resignation in bearing her physical disfigurement and painful torture, that open the eyes of the infidel suitor of *Bittra Campion*—*Reginald Ormsby*—and win from heaven the grace that gently constrains him to acknowledge the divinity of a religion capable of producing such heroic souls. Now, if we admit that there is here any symbolism at all, *Alice Moylan* stands for Ireland, which too was once fair and bright in her days of national prosperity, but is now these seven centuries a standing maricle of national constancy to her faith in the

midst of her many trials. *Ormsby*, the free thinker or agnostic, typifies any pagan nation, or perhaps England, which, it is to be hoped may yet, like *Ormsby*, receive the baptism of Ireland's faith, and then the two, uniting in friendly embrace, will march to happier destinies.

The other personages who figure in the allegory range themselves around the central figure according to the order of their importance and in their own several meanings. The priests, for example, who comfort the afflicted young person are living personifications of the Catholic religion, the true faith, which alone can inspire individual as well as national martyrdom. From their lips, which repeat the lessons of Christ, one learns what a glorious thing it is to suffer and to die for so sacred a cause as the salvation of a soul or the conversion of a nation.

We find in "Luke Delmege" the same thought, again woven in the tapestry of symbolism, but more vividly expressed by the story of the heaven-inspired self-immolation of *Barbara Wilson* in atonement for the scandalous life of her sinful brother. Now, make England, or any other country which has apostatized and has fallen in adoration before the false gods of wealth, dominion and worldliness, stand for the pleasure-wrecked brother of the *Sister* penitent, and you have the situation in which Father Sheehan wishes to place Ireland and that sinful country. In the sermon on the taking of the vows *Father Delmege* explicitly says that the sacrificial function of Ireland is identical with that of *Sister Wilson*.

Father Sheehan points out how ill-fitted for guiding Ireland in the accomplishment of her supernatural vocation are those young priests who return from abroad, bringing with them the atmosphere of naturalism with which they have become saturated. Not until they have cast off these imported notions of material prosperity and dispelled from their view the mists which make them short-sighted, do they begin to understand the high worth of Ireland's poverty and the grandeur of their own apostolate.

Pursuing his comparison of Ireland and *Sister Wilson*, *Father Delmege* affirms that when Ireland too shall, like the

Sister, have reached the glories of resurrection, she will look back with longing upon the agonies of her crucifixion and she will erect on her mountains permanent Calvaries of vicarious suffering for the entire race of men; for unto the end must human selfishness be atoned for by those who alone are capable of the divinest altruism.

It may occur to some that the same thing might be said of Poland in her relations with Russia and Germany. At any rate, Father Sheehan's idea of the providential role and destiny of Ireland is by no means a small idea, nor does it lack originality. It is even more profound and elevated than it is original and large.

The presence of this symbolism in the works of Father Sheehan establishes a resemblance between him and Dante, whose "Divine Comedy," you know full well, teems with all kinds of figurative meanings. There is then, let us say, this certain resemblance. But when we have said this much, I think we have gone as far as we can prudently go in comparing the two authors. It is certainly no small credit for a man to be able to sustain comparison, even in one respect, with the greatest poet of the Christian ages.

When I read the opening and concluding lines of an otherwise justly appreciative criticism of "Luke Delmege" in a recent of the *Catholic World*, I could not come to any other conclusion than that the over-enthusiastic reviewer was lavishing extravagant praise. It is not in good taste to be excessively laudatory. This critic ends his notice with these words: "Father Sheehan has chosen the grandest of themes—a loftier 'Comedia' than Dante's—and with manifold gifts of the great Forentine for the treating of it." I do not concede that there can be a loftier theme than that of the "Divine Comedy," which is the emerging of humanity from out the quagmire of sin, its struggle up the hill of purification through suffering, and its final ascent to the starry spheres led by the lights of reason and faith. The *Catholic World* critic "thinks" it was Brother Azarias who said that there was left for human genius but one subject nobler than the scheme of the "Divine Comedy" and this subject is the human soul and its journey from sin to sanctity.

If Brother Azarias ever said this, I doubt that he ever wrote it; and if he ever said or wrote it, it is hard to see what he could have meant by it, for the journey of the human soul from sin to sanctity is precisely the theme of the "Divine Comedy."

Next, let us, after admitting a resemblance, point out some of the many differences between the work of Dante and that of Father Sheehan. If we take it that the meaning of the latter's books is that Ireland must atone for the misdeeds of other nations, it is clear that he can have meant to address himself but to that one nation. Not all nations are called to heroic self-immolation. Now, to write for the guidance of one nation to its particular destiny in a particular age is one thing, and this is what Father Sheehan does; to write for the guidance of mankind to its common end at all times and everywhere is quite another thing, and this is what Dante did. Even if we consider in "Luke Delmege" *Father Delmege* himself as a type or as the principal character of the story, and in the "Divine Comedy" Dante as the type or the central figure of the poem, we should not be long in discovering immense differences between the two personages. For instance, the one stands for the priesthood, the other for humanity in general; the one travels through two little islands and along the banks of the Rhine, the other visits three worlds. The scope of the "Divine Comedy," with its endless variety of characters, of events, of scenery, of allegories, of political, of philosophical, and theological teachings, is immeasurably larger than that of Father Sheehan's books, admirable as these are. From that huge mountain of mystic lore it is easy to quarry out large solid blocks and build fair palaces such as Father Sheehan's novels. But for all that, the part does not equal, much less exceed, the whole. In one case we have a photograph of modern life, in the other a mosaic of the history of mankind.

Another difference, and that, too, not a minor one from the standpoint of literary technique or workmanship, is that Father Sheehan's works are prose—very good prose, and the "Divine Comedy" is poetry—most excellent poetry. There is, however, something in Father Sheehan's works which we do not find in Dante, and that is the bright and flashy wit which sparkles on

almost every page. There only two or three such flashes in Dante and even these are serious.

If we must have comparisons, and comparisons which come somewhat near exactitude, I think readers will find that there is considerable resemblance between these two books of Father Sheehan's and two similar books by Yves de Kerdrec, entitled "Un Cure de Campagne" and "Un Cure de Canton," which appeared serially in *La Quinzaine* some four or five years ago, and have since been widely circulated. These works are also finely spiritual, speak of the devotedness and foibles of priests in France, deal with attempts at the introduction of new ideas in the ecclesiastical world and modern views of the patriotic abbe who must labor alike for the religious, social, political, and economic regeneration of France. And the writer, who is not a priest, but one of the foremost litterateurs of France, shows how far these attempts to improve that country by American methods were successful and in how many ways they seem doomed to remain ineffectual. It seems as though the author of one set of these books caught at least some of his inspiration from the author of the other.

E. L. R.

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EDITORIAL.

When the editorial spectacles fell to our portion, we felt as though coming into possession of the instrument that has enabled our predecessors to see far and deeply in things. Thus, also, when the editorial mantle fell upon our shoulders, we became conscious of having been newly invested with an unwonted dignity, and that we would be expected to say wise things. Whether we shall be able to adjust these spectacles to our optics, and to wear becomingly the garb of those who have made the *Viatorian* a distinguished name among college journals, remains to be seen. Our columns shall be open to contributions from the students, whose advancement in literary work is one of the chief purposes of every college publication. The chronicling of college doings, which are always of interest to present and former students, will receive due attention. We shall also review in a spirit of fairness and mutual helpfulness the student journals that come to us from other colleges and schools. We trust we shall be able to make the *Viatorian* a fair exponent of the student's life at St. Viateur's, in its literary, religious, musical and athletic features.

The Rev. President's masterful address of September 15, on "Manners" is one that should be carefully remembered and studiously heeded, by all those who had the advantage of hear-

ing it. An institution such as this, he said, is expected to do a great deal in the way of polishing young men and adorning them with knowledge and the graceful bearing of collegebred young gentlemen. But certainly, the college can never quite make up for an entire deficiency of training in good manners in early years. If you do not desire to confess yourself as issuing from ill-bred stock, look to your manners. Good manners are but the outer habiliments of a gentleman. What has been acquired in the home must be perfected as age advances and conditions change. A cleanly and correct personal appearance, a polite manner in act and word have many a time been the best sort of a diploma which a young man carried with him from college. As soon as he presented himself to a patron, his case was won. On the other hand, unmannerly bearing, an uncouth appearance, and speech that betokens a lack of civility condemn you beforehand, and render access to position impossible, even tho' you have an armful of sheepskins. Politeness has been caled the flower of charity, and we may say that good manners are the fruit of many beautiful virtues, like reverence, humility, obedience, respect towards superiors, gentle kindness toward equals. Reverence for that which is sacred is the never failing mark of the most civilized races and the most cultured individuals. It is, I believe, quite impossible for a man to be really and always exquisitely polite without being reverent. Apply your good manners here in the chapel by religiously respecting the Majesty of Him who dwells here. Practice good manners by being ever respectful toward your parents, who are the outward expression of God's power, and towards your spiritual and temporal superiors, who are the instruments thro' which God exercises his right to rule his rational creatures. Be considerate of the feelings and needs of your equals, avoiding to give unnecessary pain or to offend them by your ungentle ways. Without being a confirmed tough or hoodlum, you may be far from an ornament to good society. And now is the time to become confirmed by practice in good manners, for as you grow up from youth, so you'll be in manhood: "As the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined."

EXCHANGES.

The Viatorian deems it fitting, at this, the beginning of the scholastic year, to extend its greetings and best wishes to its friends in the field of college journalism. May our exchanges for the coming year maintain that high standard of excellence which they have established by their work in the past.

We are pleased to have before us so many college journals abounding in essays, poems, and stories, to criticise which is a most agreeable task.

The Fordham Monthly for June lacks none of that characteristic originality, vigor and variety, which are the distinctive traits of that esteemed publication. 'The seniors to Alma Mater' is an excellent poem, which is especially praiseworthy for the loftiness and sincerity of its sentiment.

Novel and interesting is the tale entitled "On a jaunt with Hermes;" but for superior literary merit, we award the palm to the essay "Satire and American Satirists." The number, on the whole, is a very good one, one of which Fordham may well be proud.

That delightful magazine, "*The Lorelto*," has come to our sanctum, replete with verse, fact and fiction. We read with interest the "Sisters," a story which, to our mind, scarcely deserves a serial run. However, we may not be disappointed when it is continued. "Too Late," impresses us more favorably, because it succeeds well in inculcating the moral, —work, and not pleasure, is what counts in life. "The Ruins of Time" is an article which contains many noble thoughts and is, throughout, very well written. But we do not think it far from the truth to say of the writer, in the words of old Horace, "professus grandia turget." "Editorials" are happy in their remarks, and "exchanges" are "short but sweet."

The "*St. Mary's Church and School Record*" is a publication whose perusal affords us genuine pleasure and profit. Every article in the September number is commendable, especially those on "High Ideals," "Heroism," and 'Bishop Spalding.'

That model college journal the "*Mountianeer*," spreads before its readers for June a veritable feast of verse and prose.

The "Characteristics of Shelley as shown in His Shorter Poems," is an able discussion of the special marks which distinguish Shelley as a poet. "Doings of Me and Happy," would be tolerable in the eyes of charitable critics, as an attempt at verse. We read with more satisfaction the poem entitled "A Secret." To our mind, by far the best thing in the June "Mountaineer" is "The Bible and Science," a composition which is very orderly, logical and sound in thought, as well as smooth and vigorous in its language. WILLIAM J. MAHER, '04.

PERSONALS.

Master Orion Ford had a pleasant visit of his mother a few weeks ago.

Rev. M. Ford, of Grass Creek, Ind., was the guest of the college recently.

Rev. M. Cotter sang High Mass in the college chapel Sunday, September 6.

John Reyers, of Barral, Chihuahua, Mexico, is a student at the college this year.

Mr. Jos. F. Kelly, of Walsh, Boyle & Co., was one of our visitors during the month.

Rev. J. McCaun, of Elgin, Ill., will preach the sermon on our Patron's feast, October 21.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris D. D. assisted at the confirmation ceremonies at Gilman. Sept. 29.

Mr. Thiers, Elgin, Ill., paid a visit to his son, Raphael, who is enrolled in the Junior department.

William, Robert and Raymond Burke enjoyed a visit from their father on Sunday, September 20.

Clarence Gaine, of the Mining department enjoyed a visit from his mother Sunday, September 21.

Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Boyk, of Chicago, visited the college and spent a pleasant afternoon with their sons.

Rev. M. A. Dooling had solemn ceremonies of the laying of the corner stone of his new church in Clinton, Ill., Sept. 13.

Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, of Peoria, officiated. Father Rivard, C. S. V., of the college, was among the numerous clergy present on the occasion.

Rev. F. Chasse, who is acting pastor of the Cathedral of Lead, is expected to visit his many students and friends at the college in the near future.

Rev. J. Bollman, of Sag Bridge, has recently been appointed to La Grange, made vacant by the death of Rev. J. Hagan. Father Bollman has our best wishes.

Mr. James Hickey, of Brockton, a former student was a visitor during the month, he is to pursue the course of electrical engineering at Illinois University.

Raymond Mudd, of Austin, Ill., paid a short visit to the college at the beginning of the term. His younger brother accompanied him and was enrolled as a student.

Rev. Joseph Kelly, recently returned from Aspin, Col., paid us a pleasant visit during the past month. Father Kelly has been appointed assistant at the Cathedral of Peonia.

Rev. P. C. Paquette, of Houma, Louisiana, accompanied by his little nephew, Louis Theriault, spent several days visiting old friends in Bourbonnias and vicinity. Master Louis is now enrolled in the Minim department.

Messrs. F. M. Curran, '01., Jos. Lynn, '02., F. J. Uhlein, '03., P. V. Egan, '03., and E. Boileau, '03., are this year pursuing their theological studies at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio. We wish our old friends every success.

Messrs. Paul and Girard Berry, of Columbus, Ohio, accompanied Father Gaffeny, who had been temporarily doing pastoral duty in Columbus. The two young gentlemen are among the last enrolled as students of the college.

Rev. Brother Paquin is teaching at St. Viateur's Normal Institute, Chicago. Rev. Brother Corbett is teaching at Holy Name school, Chicago. Rev. Brother A. L. Girard has gone to Jolitte, Canada, to take a special course of sciences under Father Morand C. S. V., M. S. a licentiate, of the University of Paris. Rev. Brother Beauchene is teaching English in Rigaud College, Canada. The Viatorian wishes them success.

The announcement of Master Oney St. Cerny's serious illness at his home in Pekin, Ill., was received here with painful surprise by his many friends, whose prayers are offered for the best interest of this always exemplary student.

V. Rev. A. Corcoran, C. S. V. D. D., after spending a few days here at the opening of the session, left for Lead, S. Dakota, in order to confer with his Lordship, Rt. Rev. Bishop Stariha, D. D. regarding the opening up of a new college in Hot Springs, S. Dakota.

Mr. Kelly, of Boyle, Walsh & Co., Chicao, was the guest of the Rev. President for a few days in the early part of September. Mr. Kelly is kindly remembered for the assistance he rendered in the presentation of the operetta, St. Columbkille, in Chicago last spring.

Father Sammon's new church was dedicated Sunday, Sep. 27, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, D. D. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris, D. D., of the college sang the mass. Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, D. D. preached the sermon. Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V. president of the college was present.

Rev. Brother Rice, formerly of Holy Name school, Rev. Brothers Compeau and Mulvaney; Rev. Brother Vien, of Canada and Rev. Brother Bourgeois, of St. Joseph's College, Quebec, are stationed at the college this year.

Rev. M. Letellier has returned from Aurora, Kansas, where he did pastoral duty during the absence of Father Perrier. Father Letellier is delighted with the new marble altars, one of which he has generously donated.

Among the early arrivals at the college this year, were the Leads, N. Dakota, and Escanaba, Michigan, contingents. Leads now has 14 representatives on the college register, and Escanaba 16. We extend a hearty welcome to our old as well as new friends from the west and north.

Rev. J. J. Callaghan recently laid the corner stone of his beautiful new church of the Sacred Heart in Butte, Montana. Father Callaghan and Father Rivard assisted at the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Charles J. O'Reilly, the new Bishop of Baker City, in Portland, Oregon, August 26.

Among the recent visitors were the Rev. Father A. Labrie, of Momence, A. Granger, of Kankakee, D. O'Dwyer, of Cheshansee, A. Bergerson, of Chicago, M. Dooling, of Clinton, J. Sixth, of Kankakee, A. Tardif, of St. George, T. Dugas, of St. Mary's, M. Cotter, of Alton, James McGavick, of Chicago, J. Simard, of Irwin, J. Lamarre, of Chicago, F. Payette, of Languiel, Canada.

Rev. F. Gaffeny, S. T. L., of the Catholic University, Washington, preached an eloquent sermon to the students Sunday, Oct. 4. We understand that our scholarly friend is soon to start for Rome to pursue biblical studies. We wish him all the success his brilliant talents are so well calculated to attain. Father Gaffeny has recently published "Song of a Life," which will be reviewed in the next number of the *Viatorian*.

VIATORIANA.

Snice.

Bings.

Hiawatha.

A Smile.

Curbstone Club.

By the love of Jew Jake.

That was the flap of my tin ear.

Oh! Willie! those speakable eyes!

I shall retire to England.

Oh! scissors! how very cutting!

Have some more onions, Doc?

W——abuo to be shaved-----to Pete: "Peter, wont you please kiss me?"

Did you ever take a run and jump and a plunge into an ice cold bath on the coldest day in the winter?

I guess so, I don't think so

Is that so.

Yes, indeed!"

"Pete," said the observing philosopher, "the two young ladies whose pictures I see on your wall, are quite good looking."

"Yes," said Pete, "and ever since we have had those pic-

tures up there, we have been getting musk melons every morning."

"Why?"

"So we cant-elope."

Say, Jack, which would you rather be, a vest pocket with sleeves, a cellar full of butter blocks, or a dried piece of ice?

"Both"

Do my eyes desception me, or is my brain a liar?

"Wilt thou?" and I wilted. "Dost thou?" and I dusted.

Come hither from thither, and go hence to thence.

Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?

It was the Dutch, Could an Irishman invent "Bologna Sausage?" Not much. It was the Dutch.

You mock my shodesty.

What did he die of? of a tuesday.

I mean what fatal ailment caused his death?

The doctor, a man of vast experience in the fields of practical surgery, informed me, after a thorough diagnosis that the bullet entered the inner paralellogram of his diaphragmatic thorax, superinducing a membranous hemorrhage in the outer cuticle of his basciliconthaincutick of his basciliconthainaturgist. Death was almost instantaneous.

It served him right

Waiter, I owe you some money from yesterday,

How much was it?

I don't remember, exactly. It was forty or fifty cents.

Suppose we call it sixty?

Ta Ta!

pF.. y?ym y shrdlu shrdlu shrdlu shrdlu cmfwyp cmfwypwll

The annual Field Day will be October 21; Mr. W. Maher, president of the Athletic Association, has appointed the following committee to make arrangements: Messrs. P. Wahl, J. B. Shiel and W. McKenna.

On St. Viateur's Day, October 21, the Thespians will present Cardinal Wiseman's "Hidden Gem" under the able direction of our Rev. President, Father Marsile, who is a master of stage-craft. In his hands the production of this beautiful drama is an assured success.

ATHLETICS.

The organization of the various athletic associations was effected shortly after the opening of the session, with the usual enthusiastic spirit which has ever been manifest. The elections resulted as follows :

Senior Association—

President--Wm. Maher.
Vice-President--Wm. Burke.
Secretary--W. McKenna.
Treasurer--P. J. Wahl.
Prop. Mgr.--M. Hayden.

Juniors—

President--R. Cunningham.
Vice-President--W. Foley.
Secretary--H. Darche.
Treasurer--Rev. J. Boudreau.
Prop. Mgr. --L. Finnegan.

Minims—

President--C. Elfelt.
Vice-President--F. Smith.
Secretary--G. Barrett.
Treasurer--Rev. Bro. St. Aubin.

Despite the absence of five of last last years regulars, the foot-ball outlook is very encouraging. R. Sullivan, half-back on the Varsity team of '99, has returned to school and will once more don the moleskin to captain the team and act as coach. The men have engaged in light practice for the past two weeks and judging from the speed and weight of the squad a good eleven is in sight. Heavy work will begin the first of Oct. and the first game will take place on the tenth, probably against the Chicago medics. Let the rooters be out in force to encourage the team.

The Professors mercilessly slaughtered the Senior Baseball team on September 20. The game clearly demonstrated the superiority of the professors and substantiated their claims of championship. The score, 17 to 5, is indicative of the clever fielding and heavy batting of the winners.

The Shamrocks defeated the K. K. K. Anchors September 27, by the overwhelming score of 26 to 3. The game in itself was uninteresting, save that it gave a line on next season's prospects. We are safe in forecasting one of the fastest teams which have ever graced the campus.

The Bowling Alleys, as well as the brilliant pool tables, have been overhauled and put in the best possible shape. The usual tournaments will take place during the winter months.

MILITARY NOTES.

The S. V. C. batallion has been organized and gives promise of being as much of a success this year as it has been in the past.

Major J. W. Maher, '01---'02, will act in the capacity of colonel for the ensuing year.

Major William Burke, '02—'03, will again hold the senior office on the staff, while Captain Sheil, of last year's Company B., by promotion becomes adjutant of the battalion. Michael Hayes and Edward Burke will again be the assistant staff officers, having filled these positions with eminent success last year.

Company A will be commanded by B. Sheil, who very nearly succeeded in winning the pennant last June.

With these three competent and experienced officers in command, it is not rash to say that the battalion will give a good account of itself on St. Viateur's day, when it will be seen in an exhibition drill.

The Zouaves also have been organized and will bid for first honors on St. Viateur's day. The material at hand for a good exhibition squad is indeed flattering, and from present indications it is safe to say that the young men of this famed organization will satisfy the wishes of the most exacting.

Themnim's squad is practicing daily and will, no doubt, give their usual incomparable drill in a masterly manner, when give their usual incomparable drill in a masterly manner, when

Master A. Birren is in command, having for his lietenants, E. Russell and H. Filstrup.

W. J. M., '04.

The sacred music for St. Viateur's Day is being rehearsed under the direction of Rev. Brother's L. Gonlette and A. St. Aubin, whose successful management of choirs for sacred song is well-known.

The September session opens with two hundred and fifty students enrolled. This increase in the number of students promises that the regular attendance during the present year will be the largest in the history of the college.

The Rev. Father McGuire S. J., of Chicago, closed a three days retreat for the boys. The touching hymn "Come Holy Ghost" was given by the full choir before each instruction. The chorus was supported by the two hundred and fifty voices, so that the power and charm of this beautiful hymn failed not to inspire each individual member present. All heard with intent attention the instructive addresses of the Rev. Missionary and followed every exercise of the retreat in an edifying manner.

The chapel, which was always beautiful, on account of its splendid windows and tasteful decoration, is now charming with its new marble altars. The main altar, which is the gift of Mrs. Joseph Legris, is made after an original design suggested by Rev. M.J. Marsile, C. S. V. and is beyond question the worthiest and most piety inspiring ornament of our college oratory. In its graceful niche is enshrined a very beautiful statute of the Sacred Heart, of Carrara marble carved in Paris. The side altars were donated by Rev. M. Letellier, and are in keeping with the good taste of the main altar. The chancel railing, which as well as the rich sanctuary lamp, is the gift of Mr. Harvey Legris, is of onyx and gilded brass, and makes a most becoming entrance to the "Holy of Holies." Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. Legris donated the altar of St. Joseph. Students and Faculty feel deeply grateful to the generous donors of these gifts which all contribute to make our chapel an inspiration to worship. May God repay those who thus love the beauty of His house.