

THE VIATORIAN.

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FAC ET SPERA.

"TREFOIL."

On Tara's hill the Druids meet for feast,
Proud men of oak to honor Leaghaire's years.
When 'fore this court, like heavenly hand of dawn
To ope the gates of light, Patrick appears—
And Lo! With awe and fear the host awaits
The message which the stranger meek relates.

For Patrick tells them of the one true God
"In persons three, in essence Unity—
From Son and Father, Holy Ghost proceeds,
Coequal, coeternal Majesty."
Quoth Leaghaire: "How can three in one e'er be?
Our creed is clear, yet thine but Mystery."

Then Patrick plucks a shamrock from the soil,
"A symbol of the Triune God behold.
His power, mercy, love, forever speaks;
E'en humblest things His deepest truths unfold!"
And all convinced, for lustral waters kneel
In name of Trinity their faith to seal.

C. W.—'06.

CHILDE HAROLD.

FOURTH CANTO.

Byron in Italy—of all countries on earth the one in which he most loved to be—Byron in the full meridian of his powers, enriched mentally by contact with the silent world of books, and the great school of travel—tempered morally by the world's buffets and the chastening fire of remorse—is the Byron that we meet in the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. We could not meet him under more pleasurable circumstances. Here we find genius striking the level of its powers. The inherent spark, fanned by the breeze that travel, observation, study, reflection and suffering can raise, bursts forth and glows in a ruddy flame in every line of this closing canto of Byron's masterpiece. This canto contains all the elements found in those preceding, but here they are all brought to their highest development. There is the same love of nature, expanded into full bloom; there are the same picturesque, graphic strokes of description, rendered yet more vivid by practice and acquired keenness of mind; there appears the same ardent admiration for the protagonists of history's great drama, but with a more numerous personnel and a more sympathetic interpretation vouchsafed to the bard through meditation and his burning of the student's oil; there is a better development of what we have called misanthropy—that is the development is better because misanthropy receives its most gracious treatment when most thoroughly suppressed; and besides all that there is here found a fitting object for the pent up ardor of an idealist—Italy—and all that Italy could mean to a fervid, appreciative, and poetic mind.

Byron needed only the stimulation that propinquity to hallowed and beautiful scenes could furnish, and in these respects Italy was the land of his heart's desire.

“ Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages.”

Thus even in the Third Canto he addresses the land “of chiefs

and sages." Italy, or at least her "consecrated pages" contained the plenitude of three Byronic ideals—military glory, the things of the mind and—"the greatest is behind"—Nature's "fatal gift of beauty."

Comparisons hardly need be specified to prove the superior excellence of this canto over the three preceding. From the Bridge of Sighs to the "word that must be and hath been," there is exhibited a depth of feeling, a loftiness of expression, an unparalleled strain of moral extraction, a wealth of erudition, a brilliance and perfection of poetic execution that stands quite alone in its class in English literature and that leaves him, who has the presumption to make comment, confronted with an embarrassment of riches. For what Italy is not famed, no other country may boast, and Byron realizing this, measured well the import of such a conviction. He chose her as the object upon which to lavish the best that was in him. He felt the beauty, if not indeed duty, of commemorating the things of earth that found highest favor in his eyes and by lifting the mantle that hid his poet's fancy, he shows to us the children of the marriage that he made between the inspiration of Italy's splendid annals and his own genius.

But we have our itinerary marked out for us, let us follow it. The first strokes of the poet's pen carry with them the conviction that if in any place upon the earth he could feel at ease, Venice was that place. Almost any spot in Italy was dearer to him than his native heath, but Venice "had a spell beyond her name in story." Here we begin to note that sureness of touch, that maturity of powers and wealth of erudition which stamp the entire canto with the character of a master's finished product. It is pleasing to observe that taking precedence over all the glorious chronicles of conquest and the "spoils of nations," there is to be found a scholar's partiality for "the beings of the mind that are not clay." "Tasso's echoes are no more" 'tis true, but there are mighty shadows present still—those of Shylock, Othello and Pierre.

" I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;

And Otway, Radcliffe, Shiller, Shakespeare's art,
Had stamped her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show."

And besides these there were the elusive phantoms of his own brain, that Venice yet unseen had inspired. Small wonder is it then that he, whose sublimer part had dwelt in Venice, even from boyhood, should find satisfaction there in his living presence.

" And of the happiest moments which were wrought
Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice! have their colours caught:
There are some feelings Time can not benumb
Nor torture shake, so mine would now be dumb."

Byron, perhaps, saw with his own eyes, more natural scenery than any of the great poets. Yet, had his opportunities been granted to the greatest of Nature's limners it is doubtful if they could have surpassed him, particularly in this portion of his work. In the preceding portions he has not employed his descriptive powers so felicitously, for his most beautiful scenes are marred by his pessimism. He may not be much less of a pessimist subjectively in these latter verses, but he has learned to better his art by the practice of reserve. Previously the most beautiful scenes have been employed as a back ground to heighten the effect of his own morbid reflections. Comparatively few of those descriptions are impersonal enough to stand the test of time. But these later panoramic gems are happily separated from the more introspective strains and the divorce makes for improvement. Byron was always a genius but not until he had labored did he become a great artist. Genius and mediocrity, on their journey to art, tread paths not entirely dissimilar, but mediocrity is handicapped by many leagues and she plods in a rougher course. Genius taught him to open his heart to the influence of mother nature but art set a guard at the door whence escapes querulous human nature.

Byron's estimate of the value of sculpture and painting will

surely be found by many to be in accord with good sense. His appreciation of these arts as they are exemplified in the Italian masterpieces, even while he disavows the distinction of connoisseurship, is keen, and marked by discrimination and taste, yet he could not overlook the fact that they are artificial developments of human progress. Nature herself and the natural outpourings of human nature were his prime delight. And certainly it is true that the sculptor and the painter have followed the wake of the minstrel and the orator. We are not surprised then to find him dwelling so briefly upon what has furnished volumes of copy to other travelers. His description of St. Peter's is not an exception to his rule of leaving to "learned fingers and wise hands the artist and his ape." It is not the long labor of art that he dwells upon in viewing the historic pile, for he says:

" Then pause, and be enlighten'd ; there is more
In such a survey than the sating gaze
Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
The worship of the place, or the mere praise
Of art and its great masters."

What first strikes his mind is the fitness, so far as things of earth may be fit for such an office, of this temple as an abode wherein the spirit of the living God might tabernacle. And this is proof additional of the advance made by him, whom Spain's great cathedrals a few years before moved to write but a few insinuating lines.

" But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

Then the symbolism of man's awe at the portals of that great

house of God sinks into his well of feeling and in response there comes to the surface the best of the 'truths that love the deep.'

"Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow."

In preceding portions of the Pilgrimage we have noted with pleasure, Byron's respect for whatever the years have hallowed. Several times he upbraids Albion for her lack of solicitude for the ruins of her ancient prototypes, but in Italy, whose "decay is still impregnate with divinity," he finds his best field for efforts of this nature. He greets the memories that arise, phoenix-like, from the ashes that were Angelo, Alfieri, Gallaleo, Dante, Petrarch, Ovid and Boccaccio and lingers reverentially at the places that they consecrate. Still these are but lesser shrines and he turns from them to a subject more commensurate with the calibre of a fiery singer of "moying accidents by flood and field,"

"though a work divine
Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields
Less than it feels, because the weapon which it wields
Is of another temper, and I roam
By Thrasimene's lake in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
Come back before me as his skill beguiles
The host between the mountains and the shore,
Where Courage falls in her despairing files,
And torrents swollen to rivers with their gore
Reek through the sultan's plain, with legions scattered o'er,"

Here while glorying in the stern soldiership of the swamp-blind Hannibal and incidentally giving Livy a polished rendering, he discloses his heritage of intense animalism. But this again enhances our opportunity of appreciating the work of his three preceptors—Time, Rough World, and Written Page. That they were the fruitful nurses of his finer sense is well evidenced in the description soon following of Thrasimene's, "silver sheet" as it appeared long after Hannibal's victory at its edge. This is written in a better vein because at that time of his life the peaceful scene came nearer to the requirements of his finer sense. In this, and in the descriptions of the Temple of Clitumnus and the cataract of Velimo, he seems more at rest—there is less attitudinizing—he is better satisfied to let the "freshness of the scene sprinkle its coolness" on his heart "and from the dry dust of weary life a moment lave it clean."

There are no cryptic passages in Childe Harold which might be strained into making the writer profess himself a member of any of the creeds that bear a name, yet when we hear him at Italy's capital apostrophizing "Rome, my country! City of the soul!" interest naturally resolves itself into an interrogation, and we ask—what was his attitude, for instance towards Catholicism? Briefly, it was that of a rebel who would rebel for rebellion's sake. Of an imperious nature, he would brook restraint of no law. His admiration for the rebels of history has almost the force of a proverb. In his disregard for laws he did not insinuate the specious ethics that attempt to render genius exempt from all legislation whatsoever, for his preaching plainly inculcates the Nemesis of evil deeds, than which no law is more apparent. He broke laws of men because he thought himself sufficient to abide by the consequences. He knew that by subscribing to a creed he would bring upon himself the consciousness of having broken still other laws—a superfluous cause for self-rebuke to him, perhaps. Yet in that quarter where natural law laid its hand upon him, where his most generous interests were involved—namely in the education of his daughter Allegra—he declared unreservedly for Catholicism. He wanted her to grow up "a good Catholic" or as he states in a letter written at that time "in the creed that is the best, certainly the oldest." He was then in the

broadening and deepening process of maturer years and, though indifferent to his own prospects, reference being had to religion, he would fain have discharged the duty of paternity conformably with the dictates of his better nature. His own conduct was in open rebellion to the laws of every Christian creed, but his was the terrible tragedy of passionate, groping youth, and he is far rather commiserable than censurable. Had he felt within himself, or even attempted to cultivate the great virtue of obedience—the vital principle of great character—he would, as his own testimony implicitly indicates, have, in all reasonableness embraced Catholicism. Lack of submission to proper authority has ever been the great fertilizing agent of the germ of dissension, and with Byron this lack amounted to an almost constitutional defect.

The truest poets of man, those who have “married their thoughts to perfect words” for his guidance, who have taught him his destiny and the means thereto in letters that spell “Excelsior,” are those who have sung respect for his manhood, sympathy for his weakness, salvation for his errors, and heavenly hope for the pole-star of his life’s voyage. Byron weighed in such a balance, must perforce see the writing on the wall. He was not, Wilson to the contrary, a true poet of man. But nature has rarely heard her praises played upon the strings of the human heart in more perfect measure and truer vein than in the verses of the bard of Newstead. Solitude, Nature’s teeming solitude, was Byron’s element and his unwilling departure thence, as a child, for the forbidding walls of a public school, gives to many the clue of his later perversion. In the midst of the polished coxcombry, whither he was so imprudently taken, he felt the call of a kinder mother than his lawful parent, and his nobler nature warped under the separation. A jarring note was interpolated in his own beautiful score and when the influence of the society which he justly deemed an artificial growth, intrudes itself, he sings out of tune. Let him tell, in his own words, his love for the only part of nature to which man has not affixed the rattling harness of commercialism:

“ And I have loved thee, ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy

I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.”

As a child he laid a caressing hand upon the ocean's mane and returning, in the grand climacteric of his genius, he sings its beauties in a strain unmatched by the poets of all time.

“Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempest; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark—heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.”

There are many reasons why the Fourth Canto is vastly superior to those preceding, still after all has been said the poet's treatment of the ocean at the close is in itself sufficient to establish and maintain the contention. The Childe's wandering has been long, and many shrines has he visited—Nature's shrines of beauty and the spots that the ashes of genius have fertilized to give life to the flower of inspiration, but significant of greater truths than pen can indite is that stroke which makes old Ocean—the symbol of God's power and man's dependence—the sign of the omnipotence of Him who holds it in His hand and of the impotence of him who sinks into its depths like a drop of rain—the Mecca of the Pilgrimage.

Did Byron mean it that way? What argues it that he did or not so far as we are concerned? The lesson is there—let us learn it—take it in, as Eliot says, “where the treasures of knowledge enter and where the inner sanctuary is hope.”

In dwelling on the Pilgrimage and the lessons obtainable therefrom we can feel a certain justification in having posited in prev-

ious articles that better results are procurable from taking Byron as he comes than from judging him irrevocably by this or that given portion of his work. He comes to us now retrospectively and we can almost regret that he has received the title of misanthrope, for after all—and particularly noticeable is it in this closing canto—his misanthropy is sufficiently negative in character to admit of excuse; perhaps he loved not man the less but nature more. Timon, for example, was a positive misanthrope. He tore himself from society, his native element, and hurried into the pathless wilderness to see if in all the world, there could be found balm for a heart torn by the ragged tooth of ingratitude. Byron, on the other hand, was taken forcibly from his native element, where he was a Levite in Nature's sanctuary, and forced, willy-nilly, into the current of human affairs which he grew to hate most cordially in consequence. In such a volcanic nature as his an eruption was inevitable for his affections were deeply engaged with his great foster-mother.

We might grow gray and earn the student's recompense of drooping shoulders in the business of deliberating what terms might be most apt for application to Byron and in the end look back on a bootless labor. What Byron is worth to every one of us is measured by the value at which he teaches us to appraise our privilege of learning the great lessons of life from such as himself.

“ Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger; —yet—farewell,
Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal shorn, and scallop shell;
Farewell; with him alone may rest the pain,
Of such there were—with you, the moral of his strain.”

J. F. '06.

Nearly 7,000 books were published in this country last year.
You didn't read more than half of them, perhaps.

TIME.

It is a trite saying that man seeks in all things his own interest, and, however selfish this statement may appear to us, it is nevertheless true. Still, this is not selfishness in the implied sense of the word, but naturalness, inherent in man and springing from his very being. The cause of man laboring ever in his own behalf may be found in his instinct for self-preservation, for his own individual advancement and uplifting, and for the winning of his final reward—an eternal destiny, for which all his labors, however many, are inadequate. Thus each and everyone labors for his own individual self.

Ask your sages, filled with the wisdom of ages; ask your philosophers, bending closer to the flickering gleams of their midnight lamp; ask your historians, sifting the chronicles of a thousand years; ask them to point out to you one man who ever labored but for his own happiness? Do you doubt the answer? Do you not see them shake their heads sorrowfully, and hear them murmur in reply, "No, not one." I do not say that the motives which impel men to action are identical in each person. No, indeed, these motives are manifold and differ vastly, but when refined and their essence extracted, we find the primary cause of all his actions to be his own individual happiness, or what he conceives to be his happiness, and I think you will be forced to agree with me, when I say, that it is to man's greatest interest, materially, intellectually, and morally, to make good use of his time.

Life is a hazardous game in which the goal is supremacy. Each one of us, consciously or unconsciously, trample under foot the weak and the maimed in our mad rush for success, and as century after century is lighted into eternity by the "grim chamberlain"—time—more and more are we impressed by the necessity of greater material advantages to obtain success. "Chance is a nonentity," having no bearing on material success. This success comes from incessant labor and patient effort. In a word, from the unremitting and diligent use of time.

In the swarm, is it the drone, flying heedlessly here and there, or the bee, sipping the nectar from each flower as it hums by, that

gathers the honey? In the world, that human hive, is it to the sluggard, vainly listening for fortune's knock, or to the man of action girding his loins with the cincture of honest endeavor, that the sweetness of life, in the form of success, comes? From this we must see the all important part which a good use of time plays in the acquirement of material advantages. Fame, honor, wealth, position, every distinction in the world that is enviable, is the product of well used time, not the effect of idleness.

Laziness wins nothing but failure, disgrace, and a dishonored grave. It is the bane of society, the source of all evils and the germ of crime. It is physical shipwreck, bringing death and destruction to its victim. It affords neither satisfaction nor contentment of heart. It is a mantle of regrets and might-have-beens, cloaking the future with despair and enshrouding the past with failure. Well used time can obtain anything which the world holds forth as rewards to her chosen sons, and it is the jewel which honors them most especially. It is the foundation of true progress, and the fountain from which the waters of virtue spring. It brings the realization of hopes and ambitions, and the fruit which it bears is success.

Great as the good use of time is for material success, it is even greater for intellectual advancement and development. The body deprived of food languishes and dies, and becomes the receptacle of corruption and evil. So also the mind, unfathomable in its depths, divine in its capacities, complex in its workings, needs to be fed and nourished much more than the body. The food, which it requires is knowledge, and knowledge is the greatest treasure that man can possess. Knowledge has given to us from a few crude pigments paintings whose marvelous beauty speaks of heaven; it has called together discordant sounds and marshalled them into concerts of such celestial harmony that the angels listen with delight; it is knowledge, which has founded empires, built their cities, made their laws, and controlled the destinies of millions. Knowledge is the key which has opened to us the treasure-chambers of science and philosophy. And yet, knowledge, the all-powerful, is within the grasp of all. One thing alone is absolutely necessary for the ac-

quisition of this priceless gem, and this requirement is the unremitting application to study in its various forms.

In the field of intellectual endeavor, there is no room for the idler. He has not the energy, the courage, the unfailing patience, the dauntless resolve and steady perseverance without which it is impossible to attain intellectual superiority. With this the objective point, it is "the survival of the fittest,"—those by whom every moment of time was forced to yield some of its rewards. Everything worth the knowing, or the possessing, is the fruit of time earnestly used, and everything disgusting, unenviable, degrading or wretched in this life, is the offspring of misused time, and her consort, ignorance.

But upon nothing does ill-used time trace a blacker stigma, or time well spent, a greater glory, than upon the soul. Truly, it has been said that "an idle mind is the devil's workshop," and the justice of this is so evident, as to need no proof. It is in minds that are unemployed that the germs of crime are bred and vice appears in tangible shape. It is there that thoughts as black and rotten as Hell itself, teem and multiply, until the soul, once pure and innocent, is smirched and black with the mire of sin. It is there that all the commandments and laws of God are broken and that God himself is despised and forgotten in lust and avarice. All the time that God, in his mercy, had given to us to effect our salvation, is used against Him in the employ of Satan. Not one moment is used in contemplating the Giver of Time, except in blasphemy. By a spiritual misuse of time, we gain nothing, and lose everything. We lose Heaven and an Eternity of happiness, and receive Hell and an Eternity of pain.

How easily, after all, it is to gain the greatest reward which God can bestow, Heaven! We have but to make each moment golden in the service of God and, not because we deserve it, for an eternity spent in God's vineyard is not long enough to merit entrance into the Celestial Kingdom, but out of His boundless mercy, He will take compassion on our weak efforts, which He knows are in earnest, and the best of which we are capable.

It is an obligation to God, to our parents, and to our superiors,

to use time well. God demands that the time He has given us, and which is limited by His Divine Omnipotence, be used to his greater honor and glory and to our sanctification.

Our parents, who have done so much for us, desire that we be grateful and honor them by being successful ourselves, and by being a help and a staff to their declining years. Our superiors demand this, because we are intrusted to their care by our parents, in order that we may become wholesome and intellectual men, which we can become only by earnest application.

Bringing in life wealth, honor and success; filling the mind with all the riches of knowledge; gaining for the soul eternal happiness; holding forth everything worth obtaining with none of the evils of life; it surely behooves us to cultivate earnestly every moment of time. Let us be manly men, not cowards and idlers, shirking the tasks and duties of life, but in the poet's words: "Improve each shining hour." Let us be noble enough, seeing the evils that arise from wasted time, to put off the garment of laziness and don the tunic of honest, persistent endeavor, that we may look forward to the future as containing happiness, and on the past without regrets.

LOUIS M. O'CONNOR.

ST. PATRICK.

He came to the Isle of a people courageous
And brought them the light of the Gospel of Truth.
He led them from wild heathen ways into wisdom,
To knowledge of God, from their worship uncouth.

He passed through the Isle, and the hearts of the people
Went outward to him and his teaching embraced,
And the voice of the nation from hill and from moorland
Re-echoed with praise through the land Patrick graced.

All hail to the Isle and her faith e'er triumphant,
Though scorned by the tyrant and doomed by his hate.
To her faith she has clung and defied her oppressor,
Not vanquished, while victim to insolent fate.

LOUIS M. O'CONNOR, '07.

PRESS COMMENTS.

The Inter Ocean (Chicago), of Feb. 18, commented as follows on "Views of Dante:" "Its contents are lectures delivered by the author in St. Viateur's College to his own classes. In these addresses the author discusses the philosophy, the spirituality, the comparative merit, the personality of the great Italian poet, and the lessons of life and conduct to be gained from his poems and his ideals. The introduction, by Bishop Spalding, is a feature of the work. In it the Bishop discourses eloquently on the value of the study of poetry. This is a scholarly volume, which students of Dante and the great poets will find illuminating and suggestive."

The Northwestern Chronicle of Feb. 18, contained the following notice of "Views of Dante:" Bishop Spalding's introduction opens with the quotation from Tomassio, "To read Dante is a duty; to re-read him a necessity; to understand him a pledge and principle of greatness." The manual before us is one which should go with all studies of Dante in our reading circles. The author, a teacher of philosophy in a Catholic college, is well qualified to interpret many passages in the Divine Comedy, the meaning of which is not clear to non-Catholic commentators. This work is briefer and more informal in its treatment, and so more practical than the well-known work of Father Hettinger. In fact, the book, as we understand, owes its origin to a perception of the needs of Catholic reading circles. We need scarcely add that it is equally serviceable in the library of every intelligent Catholic.

The literary critic of the Chicago Daily News in his book review of Jan. 27, said: "Views of Dante," by E. L. Rivard, doctor of divinity and philosophy in St. Viateur's college, Bourbonnais, Ill., is a collection of addresses delivered at times before his own classes of literary criticism for the purpose of stimulating an interest in the study of Dante—his literary genius and his religious philosophy. An appreciative introduction by Bishop Spalding precedes the addresses, which are in themselves earnest, able considerations

of the genius and spirituality of Dante, and convey deep and pertinent lessons of life and conduct drawn from a contemplation of his ideals. Father Rivard writes in a broadminded, scholarly way, with impassioned reverence and appreciation of the great Italian man and poet. Of the several addresses the one on "Ideal Youth" seems the most practical and inspiring. (The Henneberry Company, Chicago.)

High School Life (Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago,) in its February number says: "Dr. Rivard's work is calculated to awaken a genuine interest in the great Italian master and is full of intensely interesting and appealing criticisms and eloquent tribute to the great Dante. The book is written from a Catholic point of view, in many respects, and in consequence will appeal especially to students of that church. A comprehensive and thoroughly masterful literary document, however, it will stand the test of the most critical. It shows extreme care in compilation, and the different phases of the subject are presented in delightfully clear and striking fashion. This book will do much to bring Dante into more prominent notice. Dante has never been a particularly popular poet, in spite of the fact that he represents the highest type of speculative philosophy, rich imagination, and perfect technique in the entire realm of poetry. To the student of English and especially of composition, the study of Dante is invaluable. It is because the best poets are most careful in the choice of the most appropriate words that they ought to be read attentively by students of English. Dante is the first among the older writers in this regard, and in the poets of all times and nations he cannot be surpassed. Such books as Dr. Rivard's always come as welcome additions to the shelves of the students of our high schools and colleges."

Of the six or seven thousand books published annually in this country alone Ben Hurr is among the few we can with all security point out alike to young and old and say: "Take ye and read." Peace to the author's Christian soul.

A PARTING.

There's naught, dear mother, can allay
The pain I feel this parting day;
No more your warmth of love I'll feel
As when your arm around me'd steal.

No more to know your fond embrace,
The kiss maternal, nor the face
Illume'd with love; nor e'en those eyes
As pure as stars that gem the skies.

Ah! When the world with pleasures rare
Will seek to lure me in its snare,
The ever present thought of you
Will guide me towards the good and true.

And may my heart e'er be an urn
Whence duty's tendrils climb and turn,
To bind me to a mother gray,
Her joy to prompt, her grief to stay.

C. MAHONEY,

Second Rhetoric.




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EDITORIAL.

Now that subjects are soon to be selected for the spring contests in elocution it may not be amiss for us to urge that we apply ourselves sedulously to the mastery of the fine art of elocution which by its potent magic transforms salt pillars of awkwardness into marvels of sylphid grace, and gives the monotonous throat a pliancy and suppleness of vocal music—a voice in which to whisper secrets or to thunder forth outbursts of irate passion; a voice now tremulous with the tearful accents of supplication, now so firm as fitly to express the stern commands of fate; a voice that will not easily grow hoarse or rasping or ranty, but will have the fine quality of endurance and will last. This fine art, insisted upon by Shakespeare, will teach you to say the words, not to mumble them, nor to tear a passion to tatters. It will teach you to speak not like timid schoolboys nor public criers and auctioneers, but like artists, and artists whose instrument is the most complicated and resourceful of any that man may learn to use, viz: human speech.

Those who think with our philosophic President that the inoculation of Christian principles in the blood of the nation is the radical remedy for most of the ills that afflict the social body and those who long ago have seen the danger of the divorce of religion from education, will applaud the eloquent pleas for religious education made in Boston at a great convention of secular educators known as

the Religious Education Association. The Chicago Tribune (Feb. 13), thus reports the praiseworthy aims of that educational league:

"Prof. George A. Coe, of Northwestern university, the recording secretary of the association, said the mission of the association was to correct the methods of Sunday school teaching, to set to work forces that will stimulate the study of the bible, and to establish the religious element in our national education."

EXCHANGES.

Those things that we have to wait for are generally pretty well worth while when they come. At least that's what we thought when the College Spokeman hove in sight after an unexplained absence of several numbers. Here is a college paper—excuse us—a college magazine, that looks the part, inside and out, and speaks (no pun intended) the part as the true spirit of college journalism might "pronounce it." We began at the exchanges—what ex-ed. doesn't?—and found therein evidences of some of the most painstaking, sincere efforts of the kind, that have come to notice this year. After working up to this period of the scholastic year in this particular department, we believe we know the real reason why exchange work is either ignored, done indifferently, or substituted by clippings under the specious plea that this last practice is "more entertaining" or "appeals to readers more generally." As a consequence of the conviction we thoroughly enjoy the privilege of complimenting a conscientious, earnest ex-man, wherever he be found. In the issue for the first quarter, Zola, "of cesspool fame," under the caption, "An Indecent Moralism," is treated knowingly and justly, by a writer markworthy for his directness and praiseworthy for his acquaintance with latter day criticism. W. D. Howells is the heap, big chief of the American scribe tribe all right but he says things now and again from his easy chair that render vaccination with dogmatic virus to be desired for his readers. "Zola never immoral though often indecent," is one of those things. "Rondeau" is a novel repetition of a theme that has two sides—the other side, not quite so a la Pastor Wagner would find a rather diverting devel-

opment should someone propose to the writer of "Rondeau" that he exchange places with Cousin Agricola who is looking forward to the spring plowing. Set to music "The Rime of the Ancient Buccaneer" would make a song of the "rollicking" variety with swing, dash and go to no end. But even the musical phase of "The Rime" impresses us feebly when compared to the respect that the author's knowledge of—or at least his apparent fondness for—ye olde Englishe writinge, inspires. It recalls Eugene Field—that is—ahem!—the fondness. Two stories, "When Day Failed" and "That Night at Halliday Towers" are readable to their respective endings, because their plots are—well, improbable enough to be interesting. The writer of the first keeps his properties so carefully concealed that the reader finds it hard to account for the darkness that so melodramatically scared speechless the enraged rabble of miners and assisted the demented tinsmith, whom they had buffeted into insanity previously, when they were not half so irate, to arrest them in their career of destruction. It develops anon that an eclipse did the work. We agree with the writer that the eclipse was "fortunate" but was it scheduled on the almanac? The girl in the other story who, clad "in sheer diaphanous material, flitted through chambers of ghostly reputation at 2 a. m. or thereabouts, just because she was full of "mischief," conveys the impression that the girls of the civil war period were not only brave when occasion demanded, but positively and unnecessarily devil-may-care, lioness-hearted, or what not of temerity under circumstances that would cause two-thirds of the Federal troops to hide under the blankets. She is a strange girl and one well worth writing about who goes out looking for trouble with ghosts and ghostesses. What these stories lack besides plausibility, is craftsmanship—but that's bound to come with labor. Fabricando, etc., you know.

From among the high school exchanges that come to our table we feel a certain satisfaction, begotten of local pride, perhaps, in singling out as one of the most sensibly conducted and seriously intentioned our neighbor, The Optimist. There are "cleverer" papers, certainly, but after all the cleverness that pleases today

bores tomorrow—nor has it ever accomplished many of the important things that we are all trying to prepare for. "Food for Thought" is a hazardous venture even for a "Senior"—not because of a possible lack of ability to handle the theme but because the reformer, like the prophet, is not without honor save in his own school. By way of cultivating exactness it might be well for the writer of the article mentioned to examine again his opening paragraph, which seems to contain the elements of a contradiction.

Now, if the short-story enthusiast would only go in for the evolvment of such amusing and happily described situations as are embodied in "A Delayed Wedding" and "Borrowing an Onion" in the College Review, a desirable compromise might be made between the Essay vs. the Short Story controversialists. Both these productions are "ye proper trewe stuffe" in their line, if bright dialogue and novel predicaments are rightly said to constitute a pattern. One of the editorials, which deals with the book output of last year, is a trifle puzzling. So far as we know, by way of attempting to answer a query contained therein, Meredith, Hardy, Kipling, James and Barrie who once "smote so truly on the harp of Life," have not "found the eternal humanities beyond the pale of their possibilities." Nay, modern novelists are not given to finding anything beyond the pale of their possibilities, especially Meredith, who has earned so unenviable a reputation as the concoctor of the Let not the Harem Scare Him Scheme. We incline to the belief that the gentlemen whose silence is worrying the Review writer are taking a much needed rest—Meredith should have taken his long ago. What does this mean? "He is lucid that no one who runs and reads may understand?" The ex-man of the Review strikes us as being a wag but we're trying to decide whether he himself knows that he is funny. Here is one of his jokes—with explanatory data. In his department there are sixty-three lines of type, of these forty-seven are composed of reprinted verse and quips; four lines of the remainder call attention to the fact that a certain paper failed to credit an idea that it made use of to the Review, nine more lines are devoted exclusively to comments on three exchanges and the balance consists of the following:

"The exchange column of the *Lincolnian* consists of nothing but jokes and jingles, none of them original. We suggest that the exchange editor put in a little mental effort and try to make his department worth while."

"Uncle Sam's Hospital Ship," in the *Blue and White* is "news to us." Perhaps we're too far inland or don't read the papers regularly enough. At any rate, it is stimulating to run onto something in a college paper that has not already done service. "The Man in Number 43" promises to be interesting in conclusion and as we have our manners on we'll not be so ill-bred as to interrupt the story teller by commenting further at present. It is easy to sympathize with the writer of "Chaucer—The Morning Star of Song," when he says "To read Chaucer in the original will, of course, demand labor, but it is labor well worth the while," because a persevering personal test is almost certain to show that nothing the moderns have done or are doing can equal the simple charm, be the matter humorous or pathetic, that is conveyable through the medium of Chaucer's archaic English. If we are to have regard for the opinions of "men who are reputed wise" we find the subject treated in "The Drama—Past and Present" mootable ad naus, and the decadence of the stage attributable to various causes. There are some opinions we'd like to browse over did space permit—to instance—Belasco arraigns commercialism as the sapping serpent; Mansfield, indifferent art in presentation; Wm. Winter, lack of "noble personal force;" Metcalfe (in *Life*), the theatrical trust; Waldron (of the *Mirror*), poor elocution as one cause with lack of serious study in the tailor-made stars as another. As to the play itself, Brander Matthews is optimistic and endeavors to offset the depreciation of the contemporary drama with the considerations that Shakespeare was only a popular play wright, not a great poet or profound psychologist, while he lived—and that Moliere attracted not because he was considered literary, but because of the humorous force of his own acting. We presume that he intends to convey the idea that we may be entertaining angels unawares and that after all the drama is not to be read but to be acted and he who writes plays that act well is a more valuable

member of the world's teaching faculty than he whose plays read well but are not so effective—popular, if you please—when produced. Of late, Stephen Phillips, who wrote "Ulysses" and Mr. McClellan, whose "Leah Kelschna" created a furore, seem to be coming to that realization of obligation which the Blue and White writer very properly seeks to impose alike on managers, actors, playwrights and play-goers. It may be well to note however, that actors and playwrights will respond to the call of that obligation when managers and play-goers will run the other way.

College journalism receives a welcome impetus whenever one of its exponents sends out an issue such as the February number of the Holy Cross Purple. The reason is not far to seek, but it is humiliating to admit. It is to be found in the fact that the contributors to such a number have worked with sincerity and purpose. Just now, with all of us, as students, these two attitudes in writing are the desiderata—for mutual aid in English criticism and composition is the result for which they make. "Julius Caesar—A Symposium" admirably evidences the presence of these kindred and fundamental assets of ambitious young writers, and not only because the symposium is an exemplar of honest effort, but because it is discriminative, suggestive and interpretive do we deem it valuable. "The Character of Brutus" borrows light from its protagonist, whose words quite invariably are clearly indicative of what is behind, but the subordinate treatment of Cassius is helpful. The sketch of Caesar is perhaps less convincing than it might be since the writer has chosen to deal with more aspects of his subject than a small space admits of. It is not easily admissable, particularly in the light of his "demagogic" inclinations, that Antony "endears himself to the reader even more than Brutus" as the writer of the concluding number of the symposium takes it. When we started to read "A Tragic Comedy" we thought that the finish was discernible from that point at which the junior reporter is discovered to be in odium with the pig-headed editor. We could foresee that reporter taking advantage of a "big scoop," rising meteor-like to Danaesque heights and in the end bestowing largesses in the shape of Christmas turkeys upon

his former persecutor, for that's the way the story generally goes. It was an agreeable surprise, then, to find the story plausible in development, satisfactory near to reality in denouement and containing an indication of experience throughout. A novel method of rendering one of the old refutations in psychological disputations is "Beyond the Surgeon's Knife." "The Falling Stars" is broadly and religiously conceived, but in execution falls a trifle below "To an old Valentine," which reads easily and bears the unfailing charm of human tenderness. We can't justly ask the writer of three poems, the editorials, and "Editor's Note Book" to do ex-work in addition, but we hope we may be pardoned the suggestion of substituting ex-comments, say for the "Note Book." F. '06.

FATHER DANDURAND DEAD.

Rev. Frederick J. Dandurand died Sunday morning, Feb. 26, at the home of his parents in his native Bourbonnais, after an illness of some four months. Father Dandurand resigned the pastorate of Monroeville, Ind., early last fall on account of a serious affection of the lungs, which neither rest, nor medical skill, nor the tender cares of home nursing proved able to overcome. Father Roach, pastor of the cathedral of Fort Wayne, sang the solemn Requiem Mass for Fr. Dandurand Tuesday, February 28th, assisted by Rev. R. Pratt, of Wabash, Indiana, as deacon, and Reverend E. Bourget, of Aurora, Ill., as sub-deacon. Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., preached the sermon. The pallbearers were the Revs. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., W. Granger, W. Cleary and P. Griffin. A detachment of the Columbian Guards acted as escort. Among the clergy present were the Revs. A. Granger, J. Laberge, J. Hellhacke, V. Rev. C. Fournier and Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris.

In paying a deserved tribute to the memory of the decedent Father Marsile recalled his college triumphs in the class room, on the stage and on the campus. After graduating from the college he pursued his theological studies in St. Mary's, Kentucky, and was

ordained priest in June, 1895, in the cathedral of Fort Wayne. He was sent as assistant to St. Mary's church, Lafayette, and thence to the cathedral of Fort Wayne. Thereafter he became pastor of Auburn, Ind., and three years after was promoted to Monroeville, which he lately was compelled by sickness to resign. Fr. Dandurand was gifted with a naturally sunny and cheerful disposition and easily made friends of all the parishioners among whom he worked and of the clergy with whom he was associated. A convinced preacher and a man of prayer, who died with his breviary in his hands, he had already done and was qualified to accomplish great good among his spiritual charges. While offering our condolence to his bereaved family we pray that his soul may rest in peace.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

The entertainment given for the benefit of the athletic association Wednesday evening, Feb. 22, was well attended and proved a grand success. The illustrated lecture on the life of Washington by the Rev. M. J. Breen, C. S. V., was entertaining, as well as instructive. Mr. John Monahan and Master Fred Anderson rendered several of the latest songs in their usual pleasing manner. The most interesting number of the program was the lecture of Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., who chose for his subject, "Shakespeare as a Moral Teacher." The faculty and students have frequently been favored with Father Bergin's sermons and lectures; but this one was his greatest effort. He is not only justly styled a master of English and a powerful speaker, but he has proven himself to be a gifted elocutionist. The manner in which he rendered most difficult passages from Macbeth, Julius Caesar, King Henry VIII, and Measure from Measure won for him warm applause. Father Bergin showed forcibly that Shakespeare in these plays teaches, like St. Paul, that "The wages of sin is death." He clearly demonstrated that Shakespeare is a great moral teacher as well as a great genius.

The stereopticon views accompanying the first lecture and the songs were most beautiful, and the students are very grateful to

Mr. James S. Brown, of the Perry, Heath and Brown Co., for the services he so generously contributed. The financial success of the entertainment is due to the efficient management of Rev. P. T. Brown, C. S. V.

The students of the Theological department under the direction of Rev. J. E. Laberge, D. D., are preparing a seance for the feast of St. Thomas, March 7th; the program consist of an eulogy on St. Thomas by Mr. J. McMullen, a sermon on the Immaculate Conception by Rev. J. E. Lynch, C. S. V., and a sermon on the Holy Rosary by Mr. W. J. Cleary. The musical part of the program is being prepared by Rev. L. G. Goulette, C. S. V. Preparations are being made for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, Friday, March 17th. There will be Pontifical High Mass at 8:30 a. m., during which a sermon will be delivered. At 11 o'clock will take place the exhibition drill by the battalion; the Zouaves and the Minims' Squad. At 2:00 p. m., the Thespians will present Shakespeare's great comedy, "The Taming of the Shrew," as adapted to the college stage.

The students have been very successful in their rendition of Shakespeare's plays and a year ago won great praise for the grand production of Macbeth. Father Marsile is preparing the "Taming of the Shrew," and has selected the following cast: Baptista, J. B. Shiels; Vincentio, James Mullaney; Lucentio, John Brankin; Petruchio, John Hickey; Gremio, Frank Raney; Franio, Joseph Legris; Biondello, James Long; Grumio, Antole Drolet; Curtis, Elmer Russell; Tailor, Edmund Burke; Katharine, F. Shippy; Bianca, Raphael Thiers.

The Minims' Squad is being drilled under the direction of Rev. A. N. St. Aubin, C. S. V., in preparation for an exhibition drill to be given this week before the Grand Army Veterans in Chicago.

Rev. M. J. Clifford, C. S. V., of the Commercial Department, is seriously ill at Mercy Hospital in Chicago.

The course in Trigonometry was recently opened by Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., with a large attendance.

The members of Father Bergin's oratory class have already selected their subjects for the oratorical contest to be held in the last month of the present term. They are going to discuss the Religious Orders.

The members of the literary class in the course of philosophy are taking up the reading of some dramas of Calderon recently translated by Fitzgerald.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

INDOOR BASEBALL.

SHAEFFERS 20. ST. VIATEUR'S 16.

As present indications promise an early baseball season the indoor league disbanded a month sooner than the scheduled time in order not to interfere with the more important out-door work. The last game of the season was played in the college gymnasium, Feb. 20th, between the Shaeffer Piano Co., and the College, resulting in an easy victory for the former. It was a loosely played, featureless game marked by many costly errors on both sides. Taylor and La Beau did battery work for the Shaeffers while Devine and Shiel were pitcher and catcher for the college. The season closed with the Twentieth Century Club and the Shaeffers tied for first place and St. Viateur's the indisputable claimant to second honors.

BASE-BALL.

During the last week the number of candidates on the baseball squad has been reduced from thirty to fourteen. Those upon whose shoulders will rest the responsibility of defending St. Viateur's baseball reputation are:

Martin	Capt. and P.
Shiel	3 B and P
Hickey	s s and P
McDonald	2 B
Stack	1 B
Kelly	C or c f
Hayes	C or r f

Candidates for out-field positions;

Monahan; Conway; Legris; Shanze; Buzick; Keefe; Devine.

As nearly every man in this line-up has already won laurels upon the college diamond either with the 'varsity or the second-team, it is but reasonable that the local fans should see in them a team capable of playing a hard and consistent game. Capt. Martin, who for the past three years has done exceptionally good work both in the pitcher's box and at the bat, will be the principal slab artist while Shiel and Hickey, who by their effective twirling, won an enviable reputation for themselves last year, will be reliable substitutes.

Stack at first, McDonald at second, Hickey at short and Shiel at third, have at different times shown themselves consistent fielders and heavy batsmen. Kelly, last year's center fielder, and Hayes, who officiated behind the bat for the second nine are both making a good showing as catchers. Of the out-fielders, Buzick and Devine are new material, while Keefe, Shanze, Legris, Conway and Monahan have shown their playing abilities at different positions on the second team.

Notre Dame and Northwestern Universities have been added to the schedule which now includes all the leading university teams in the west. Both of these games will be played on the local diamond; Northwestern, April 29th; Notre Dame, May 5th.

W. M.

VIATORIANA.

Whist!

Be gorra!

Jiu Jitsu!

17 of Ireland!

Always in the way!

"Aitch too ess owe fore."

Bury the hatchet!

"Go there yoursilf," says I.

What talk have ye?

Scanlan—Say Cal, why do you always travel by freight?

Callahan—'Cuz I can't express myself,

Duvey was confined to the infirmary one day last week.

Sis—What is worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?

Gates—I dunno.

Sis—A centipede with chilblains. Hee! Haw!

Con.—Why is a hen always bright?

Kel.—Maybe because her lays are cheerful.

Con.—No. Because her (son) never sets.

Sydney going into a restaurant in Kank.—Waiter, bring me four surloins with mushrooms, two hams on eggs, two chickens al a pot, two pies al a mud and be quick!

Waiter, rushing to proprietor—Come quick, the Prince of Whales is here!

The sales agent of our new book was sounding the victim for \$1.25 net and asked him if he ever read about Dante's infernal regions.

"No," replied the victim, "but my wife's mother lives with us and my daughter takes piano lessons."

The following was scribbled in Sallust class:

Oh the Roman was a rogue
 He erat,—was—you bettum;
 He ran his automobilis
 And smoked his cigarrettum;
 He wore a diamond studibus,
 An elegant cravattum,
 A "maxima cum laude" shirt
 And such a stylish hattum!
 He loved his luscious hic-haec-hock,
 And bet on games and equi;
 At times he won; at others tho'
 He got it in the nequi;
 He winked (quo usque tandem?)
 At puellas on the forum,
 And sometimes even made
 Those goo-goo oculorum!

It was Munday, Irish day, and Rainey of course. The afternoon was Sunny and not a Russell among the leaves. The Gates were closed and Fisher was catching. Big Berry was umpire but he was rotten. Little Berry was pitching and he was wild. Mudd was in the right field and a Stack in the left. Elfelt the first ball pitched and sent it over Jacques for a Homer. Petrus hit a long one which Marcotte. Then Boyle got sore and began to Con Shiel about his Sweet Hart. Callahan struck out and some one said, "Canty foul," and he said, "I'm no Klucker." Every foot of ground began to kick about the umpire. Curtin replaced Berry in the box but he went up and everyone said it was Albright. The umpire called three strikes and the crowd was going to Lynch him. Quille scratched a Short one but failed to reach the Sunnysack. Rice struck out and the way they roasted him wasn't very Savary. Some one knocked a fly and they thought it was a Martin. Mudd chased the ball into the deep field but ran into Waters and there they found a Blackwell. When Keefe struck out the crowd struck up a Devine Carrol while Weaver fixed up the shattered atmosphere. There was plenty of betting on the game and Egg went broke. When Twenty made a score the Trees began to leave. Mudd filled the bases but the umpire thought they'd played Long enough and called the game, so they all journeyed to their Holmes.

And then I laughed!

E. Z. Q. & H. A. M.

A WORD FROM FATHER SHEEHAN.

In a recent letter to Dr. Rivard, Father Sheehan says of "Views of Dante:" "Where all is good, it is invidious to select; but I cannot help saying that I like your chapter on Paradiso best, I suppose, because it is my favorite book in the famous Trilogy. I can never understand why public taste should persist in stopping short at the Inferno, when such sublimities as you have pointed out and quoted are to be found in the other books. I think it was Cardinal Manning who remarked that there was nothing in all literature that could approach the last canto in sublimity. If all intelligent readers would

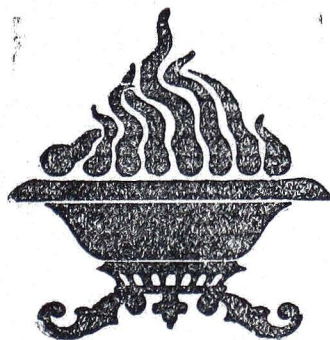
recite aloud daily a chapter from the Bible, one from the Imitation of Christ and one canto from Paradiso, what a changed world it would be! I have seen with alarm that Dr. Spalding, the author of that splendid introduction, is seriously unwell. I hope it is temporary and slight. His loss would be too great to the church and to the world."

Rev. J. H. Nawn delivered a splendid lecture on Shakespeare March 1st, in Chicago, before the Knights of Columbus. Our congratulations to Father Nawn.

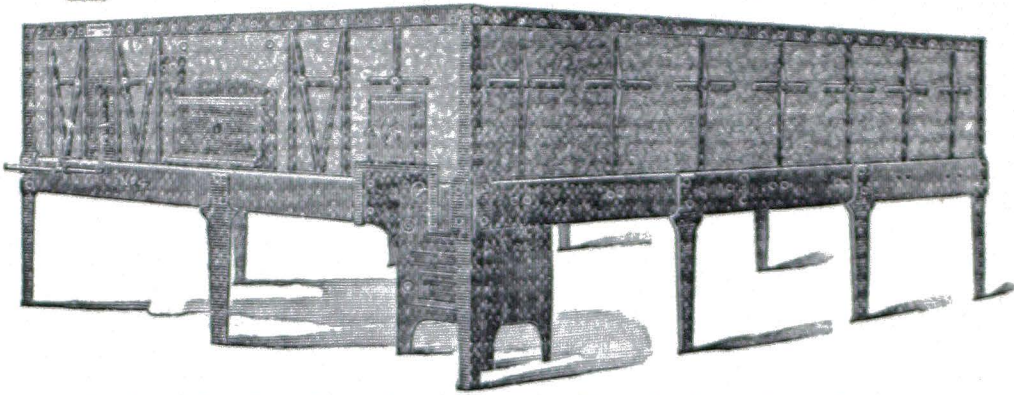
Rev. Father Chasse, of Henderson, Minn., has most successfully finished the work of repairing and decorating his church. Fr. Chasse promises to be here in May for the jubilee with his contribution for the new building.

Rev. E. Bourget recently gave a very brilliant sacred concert in his parish church at Aurora, Ill. Besides his own and the local talent he had the valuable assistance of Prof. Oscar Martel and other Chicago artists.

Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., will give a lecture on St. Patrick in St. John's church, Clinton, Ill., March 17.



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