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THE VIATORIAN.

FAC ET SPERA.

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NO. 1

"ECCE HOMO!"

Bar-Abbas, the robber, is freed from his chains.
And Jesu is scourged midst Israel's acclaims;
The soldiers ferocious have wielded the whip,
But ne'er a complaint from the Holy One's lip,
O, Israel! Israel! what hast thou done?
Has mangled and bruised Jehovah's own Son;
What curse for all time on thy children durst bring
And glory in bleeding thy long-looked for King.

Now plait they a crown,
Sharp thorns pressed down,
For mock-proclamation they long had fore-planned;
The scarlet robe too,
A royal one's due,
And reed for a sceptre they placed in His hand.

"Behold the Man!" cried out the cowardly soul,
And Israel, apostate, but uttered one howl,
One howl of delight, then with murderous cry
They called as one man, "Crucify! Crucify!"
"Your King," shouted Pilate, with anger aloud;
"We've no king but Caesar," came back from the crowd.
And Israel blasphemed and apostatised then
Denying her God before angels and men.

—J. H. N.

ORESTES A. BROWNSON.

No American writer occupied more of public attention during his life, not only at home but also in Europe, and no author equally gifted has been so completely forgotten after his death, except by a few scholars and earnest students, as Orestes A. Brownson.

Our literary history is comparatively but of yesterday, consequently there is scarcely a writer, how little worthy soever he may be of remembrance, whose name is not familiar to the average high school graduate. Who would consider himself at all conversant with American literature if he were ignorant of the writings of Emerson? Yet, strangely enough, many men who pride themselves on their thorough acquaintance with the best thought of the American mind, do not even know the name of the greatest thinker, the profoundest philosopher, the man of largest mental grasp and intellectual power that America has yet produced. Ask any school-boy who is the greatest philosopher of America? and he will answer without a moment's hesitation—Emerson. Yet, in depth of reasoning, versatility of genius, penetration of mind, power to grasp first principles and to carry them to their logical conclusions,—in a word, in all that goes to make a great philosopher,—Emerson is to Brownson as a child to the ripe scholar. “Those,” says Alfred Ayres, “who are wont to accept others at their self assessment and to see things through other people's eyes—and there are many such—are in danger of thinking Emerson's style of writing very fine, when in fact it is not only the veriest verbiage, but that kind of verbiage that excites at least an occasional doubt as to the writers sanity.” We easily persuade ourselves that we do not understand Emerson because he is so subtle and profound. In truth, we understand him quite as well as he understands himself. At his very best he is little more than a diluter of other men's ideas. Brownson, on the contrary, is remarkable for the clearness and cogency of his reasoning. He may, it is true, occasionally, start from unsound premises and thus arrive at false conclusions, but at least he never leaves you in doubt as to his meaning. Idle declamation and the empty jingle of meaningless phrases were his abomination. When he treated a subject he aimed to exhaust it, and he would indeed be a brave man who should attempt to treat the same subject after him.

As a journalist, Brownson has had few superiors in any country and no equal in this. An astonishing variety of subjects occupied his pen, from state and national politics to the most profound questions of philosophy and theology. In all these spheres of thought he was equally at home. His essays on political subjects were eagerly read by the best statesmen America has yet had—Webster and Calhoun—whilst his philosophical and theological writings were read by scholars the world over.

When we consider the well-nigh insuperable difficulties Brownson had to overcome in the acquisition of knowledge, we must needs be amazed at the titanic proportions of his magnificent intellect. In his youth he did not enjoy the advantage of even a common school education. His father having died when he was but a few years old, he was adopted by an elderly couple, distant relatives of his family, who taught him how to read. Here his schooling practically ended until his nineteenth year, when, with the hard earnings of his industry, he was enabled to enter an academy in the town of Ballston. He was obliged to withdraw from the academy at the end of a year, not being able to pay his tuition for another term. The knowledge he afterwards acquired was got by his own unassisted efforts. He tells us in his "Convert" that he was a philosopher from the dawn of reason,—never a child,—thinking, dreaming in an ideal world; never playing with other children; reading the few books he could find, especially the bible, which he almost learned by heart. That a man surrounded by such difficulties should become one of the foremost scholars of his day shows how far genius is above ordinary conditions of mental development.

That Brownson was morally a good man and intellectually a great man none can doubt who are at all familiar with his life and writings. A writer in the *Catholic World*, who knew him intimately and who cannot be suspected of being too favorable in his judgment, says: "In his calibre of mind we think Dr. Brownson may be classed with those men whose capacity is only exceeded by a very small number of minds of the very highest order of genius." Intellect, reason, imagination, memory were alike powerful faculties of his mind, and his great strength, physical and mental, made him capable of the most concentrated, vigorous intellectual labor. Within the scope of his genius there was no work, however colossal, which he was not naturally capable of accomplishing. His gift of language and ability of giving expression to his thoughts and sentiments, whether original or

borrowed, was even greater than his power of abstraction and conception, and his style has a magnificent, Doric beauty seldom surpassed, rarely even equalled. In argument, but especially in controversial argument and philippics, Brownson wielded the hammer of Thor. Whenever he had the great first principles, either from reason or faith, he was unrivaled in the grand and mighty exposition of truth; irresistible in the demolition of sophistical, inconsequent, false theories and doctrines, and their advocates were laid low by this mighty champion of the intellectual arena. Humor, wit and sarcasm were also at his command as well as serious argument; nor were they always sparingly used, although generally with the good humor of a giant conscious of his strength. So long as he was honest no one ever treated an opponent with greater courtesy and consideration than did Brownson, but woe to the unlucky trifler who was willfully blind to the truth and who tried to hide his ignorance or prejudice under hollow pretences. No sophistry, however subtle, could hope to escape undetected when subjected to his searching analysis; no personal consideration, however dear, was weighed in the balance when truth was at stake.

Taken for all in all we think that Brownson is the most interesting character in the history of American literature. There is in his life a nobility, a generosity, a magnanimity, a superiority to petty selfish motives and considerations, such as wealth and popularity, a royal scorn of baseness and wrong, and an intense sympathy and love for what is good, just, true and honorable, worthy of the highest type of Christian manhood.

W. J. B

SCEPTICISM.

Scepticism is one of the false systems of philosophy which has gained a hold on the human mind. Armed with glowing pen and fiery eloquence, it has made a triumphant march down the centuries. Veiled in all the splendors of language, and bedecked with all the ornaments of speech, it penetrates men's minds, like an insidious poison, until, in time, reason, weakened by its demoralizing effects or bewitched by its false beauty, lacks courage to challenge the claims of this dangerous intruder into the sanctuary of human thought.

To us it would seem incredible that a sane man should accept its tenets, were it not for the unerring records of history and the magnitude of the minds of some of those who profess it. And why do they doubt thus? Because, they *say*, all the channels through which we are supposed to acquire knowledge, are contaminated with error and uncertainty. Our senses, external and internal, deceive us; the imagination, memory, intelligence, are blind guides, untrustworthy deceivers and deceived. "May we ever, then," they exclaim, "hope to ascertain anything in regard to the external world, or even trust to the testimony of immediate consciousness? The wise man suspends his assent; he commits himself to no statement as certain and positive. To the greatest questions of his own mind and of others, his only reply will be a shrug of the shoulders, and a 'perhaps.' Otherwise he must be constantly vexed and tormented by the thought that perhaps he is in error in maintaining the position he has assumed." "Again," they say, "are not all great philosophers at variance on all the most important questions of philosophy. How, then, can any man know he is right in professing principles as correct and certain, when hundreds of others declare and prove these same principles to be false? This is a fact which staggered Cicero, by far a greater orator than a philosopher. And in his perplexity he contented himself with a high degree of probability, which, he said, is the nearest possible approach to unattainable certainty and is sufficient for the ordinary purposes of life."

But the thorough-going sceptic looks with distrust at everything about him, questions every utterance; until, wearied and maddened by the importunities and questionings of his own inquisitive soul, he shouts forth "Peace! I will have peace! I must have rest! There is no truth—there is no certainty! Do I know this? Do I know that? I know *nothing*, I tell you. You ask me, do I exist; I reply 'perhaps. I doubt my own being. For all I know, I may be a shadow, a dream; resting here for a moment and then I go; where? I do not know. Perhaps into nothing, perhaps to be another dream.'" Thus does the sceptic persuade himself, and try to persuade others, that he has secured peace and quiet, by administering to his mind the strong narcotic of universal doubt. He is sure that he won't be poisoned, for he will not eat anything.

This philosophy is pure intellectual nihilism; it is sheer intellectual drunkenness; it is intellectual suicide. Its doctrines

are accepted with avidity on account of their supposedly quieting effects. As morphine gives rest to man's body, and procures quiet for a time, but finally undermines and destroys health; so scepticism quiets the faculties of his intellect, but in the end effects the death of these faculties and causes him to lose his appreciation of everything.

Pyrrho, a so-called philosopher of Greece, is the parent of this system of philosophy. He lived about 330 B.C. After Pyrrho Ænisedimus became one of the foremost teachers of this doctrine; and so it has continued up to the present day; never lacking a leader, for "the number of fools is infinite." In this era, many otherwise very great men, are more or less tainted with its errors; as Bayle, Jouffroy, Renan, Hume, Mill, Berkely and Reid; also Huet, Bain, Montaigne, Pascale, Descartes and Kant. These and many others have used their abundant talents in spreading this dangerous error.

To understand more fully the refutation of this system of philosophy, let us draw the distinctions between the various classes. Sceptics may be divided into two kinds, dogmatic and non-dogmatic. The former holds that there is only one thing certain, which is, that all other things are uncertain. The creed of the latter goes so far as to doubt the certainty of doubting: *i. e.*, to doubt whether they should doubt. It will be easy to prove that scepticism of whatever kind is as absurd as it is impossible. And how will this appear? How prove this? The mind when sceptically doubting, should doubt either from a motive or on account of some end in view. But in each case, its doubt involves metaphysical contradictions; therefore, every time, this doubt is false and absurd.

I prove my assertions. This doubt will be the positive act of resisting the natural and primitive adhesion to certain patent truths, born with and co-existing with all men. It will be placing doubts and objections in front of those universal truths, which man cannot help but believe. Such an act would not occur unless there be some motive to cause the intellect to doubt these truths or without some end in view which influences the will so that it may command the mind to doubt. Now, the motive or reason why the mind doubts will be either because the mind does not perceive the veracity of reason, or because it perceives the non-veracity of reason, or because it doubts concerning the veracity of reason. But behold! what have we here? The sceptics assume for certain that we must doubt whenever the verac-

ity of reason does not appear. They assume for certain that here and in this case the the veracity of reason does *not* appear, yet they prove their thesis by this same reason, the veracity of which they have just denied; thus they are entangled in a net of contradictions, woven by their own hands.

Now, if they doubt not from a motive, they will doubt with some end in view. This end will be lest they fall into error by assenting. To avoid this evil, they must know what it is to doubt and what not to doubt; what it is to assent and what not to assent; what it is to err and what not to err; and they must know that all these differ. Here is another clear contradiction, another begging of the question. Their creed is to doubt everything, yet they *must* assume for certain those things which I have just mentioned. In these two cases which I have just demonstrated, the absurdity of their doctrine is plainly manifest.

But there is another class of sceptics even more extravagant than the above; I mean the non-dogmatic, those who hold that it is uncertain whether they should doubt or not. They acknowledge that it is uncertain whether their creed is true. However, if their system of philosophy *is* true, it is certain that they should doubt whether they should doubt; to this certain principle they must commit themselves. If it is false, it is certain that they should not doubt whether they should doubt. In either case there is something absolutely certain, and absolute scepticism vanishes into thin air. Thus it stands clearly proved that these two species of scepticism, dogmatic and non-dogmatic, are unworthy of the human mind, and insults to reason. Of course there are other sceptics less orthodox and radical, but owing to necessary brevity, I am compelled to confine myself to universal scepticism, scepticism in general. That this universal doubt is ridiculous, I have shown by demonstrating a few of the apparent contradictions and petitions of the principles which this philosophy involves. These universal sceptics profess to doubt even the first principles, those truths which belong to primitive and natural certitude. They profess to doubt these. Must we believe them? Can we believe their profession of disbelief in all evident truth? It matters not how often and with what vehemence they verbally deny these absolute verities, in their hearts they believe and must believe in them; for they cannot help it. They believe in them even against their will. If any man doubts that a circle is round, that two and two make four, the opinion of all men will be that he is either a fool or

intentionally joking; they will not give him the credit for trying to tell a decent lie. If any man will tell a rude, untaught peasant that he does not exist, will not the rustic laugh at the would-be philosopher, and point him out to his friends as a lunatic?

The tenets of this philosophy are not shown to its disciples in their bare, natural state; they are not shown in their true character; but, enveloped in the mists of beautiful language, they are presented to the minds of the pupils, who, enraptured with the scenes that lie before them, advance further and further, until they are lost in the forests of scepticism. Delighted with the beauty of the setting, they accept the stone as true; whereas it is but a piece of burnished glass, placed in a setting of gold. Poor, deluded beings! With the sparkling wine they swallow a deadly poison, and then clamor for more, until finally, numbed with the wine of eloquence and the opiate of doubt, they become incapable of any intellectual effort, apt to lead them to truth, and likewise incapable of any moral effort, calculated to lift man above the plane of utter insignificance and positive vice to the knowledge of higher, nobler and better things.

—P. W. HANSL, A. B. '99.

CHILDE HAROLD.

In this poem, written in the Spencerian stanza in order to allow himself greater freedom of thought and expression, and at the same time to give his hero an air of antiquity, Byron describes the pilgrimage of an English knight, sick of dissipation and hating his fellows, who seeks by solitary travel to find some relief from his usual mode of living. Although Byron would have us think that by Childe Harold he meant no one in particular, there is little difficulty, nevertheless, in discovering in that personage a close resemblance to the poet himself. In the second stanza of the first canto the author gives a brief description of his hero's mode of life. "Who ne'er in virtue's ways did take delight, being given to revel and ungodly glee, whose companions were concubines and carnal company." Tired of such a life and of such companions, he determines to quit his native land, which he does without any signs of regret, at least outwardly. With pleasure drugged, he longs for woe. And even for change

of scene would seek the shades below. In the twelfth and thirteenth stanzas of the same canto he describes in very felicitous language his journey across the sea. Meanwhile he seizes his harp and sings a touching farewell to his native shore. These stanzas, which were suggested by Lord Maxwell's *Good Night*, are certainly very beautiful. Having passed through Biscay's sleepless bay, on the fifth day he descries Mount Cintra, and the Tagus rushing to the sea. He is struck with admiration at the natural beauty of the scene before him, but with Lesboa and Lisbon he is disappointed, and its inhabitants he describes in language the very opposite of complimentary. While at Cintra he pays a visit to the monastery of Our Lady and the cave of St. Honorius, to whom he refers as making earth a hell in order to gain heaven. We can afford to be lenient to Childe Harold for his scepticism on account of the graphic and fascinating descriptions which he has given us of the scenes and incidents of his sojourning. On the field of Albuera he conjures up a sublime image of war, than which nothing could be more awe inspiring. Then he gives us a description of a bull fight, and incidentally he makes a comparison between the Spanish and English manner of observing Sunday. He is captivated with the beauty of the Spanish ladies, though his judgment regarding their virtue, or rather their lack of virtue, is both unjust and unwarranted. In surveying the ruins of Greece his muse takes her loftiest flight. He pictures the departed glories of Greece and indulging in the most touching and original strain of his sceptic philosophy. His reflections, though gloomy and sad, are at times very striking. What could be more so than the following lines on the Parthenon at Athens:

"Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come, but molest not yon defenceless urn.
Look on this spot, a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield, religions take their turn:
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds,
Poor child of doubt and death, whose hope is built on reeds."

But in all his wanderings and meditations he is the same gloomy Harold. The Cross and the Crescent alike are scoffed at by him. In the first and second cantos there are many beautiful thoughts, graphic and facinating descriptions and much useful and interesting information, marred by certain blemishes which

must be attributed to the temperament of the writer, which was very much like the fitful moods of the ocean which he loved so well. The most commonplace things as well as the greatest and most historic scenes were to him sources of inspiration. It may be said with truth that whatever object or place has been fortunate enough to come under his notice has been rendered famous by his immortal song. The third canto is more deeply imbued with a love of nature than the other two. He dislikes to be among the maddening crowd in the busy city's throng. His spirit is more at ease

"By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake.
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum of human cities torture."

In the company of men he was as a

"Link reluctant in a fleshy chain."

Childe Harold loved to revel in the contemplation of nature. In the following lines he shows how deeply impressed he was with the harmony of the world:

"Then stirs the feeling infinite so felt
In solitude, where we are least alone;
A truth which through our being then doth melt,
And purifies from self; it is a tone,—
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty;—'twould disarm
The spectre death, had he substantial power to harm."

The beauties of this canto are very numerous.

In this third canto the author speaks in his own language and character; he throws off the mask of Childe Harold and on that account he is less extravagant. The first sixteen stanzas are like a mirror in which we see reflected the melancholy and restless spirit of Byron. The field of Waterloo could not fail to move his poetic spirit, and he has indeed given us a masterly sketch of that famous battlefield, in which he says much in a few words.

"And Harold stands upon the place of skulls,—
The grave of France—the deadly Waterloo!"

When he comes to view the historic Rhine with its beautiful scenery, he seems to be in his happiest mood.

"The castled crag of Drachenfels'
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells

Beneath the banks that bear the vine,
 And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
 And fields that promise corn and wine,
 And scattered cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them shine,—
 Have strewed a scene, which I should see
 With double joy wert thou with me."

If Byron had written a whole volume of prose containing his impressions of the Rhine he could not give anything more descriptive of it than what is contained in the above stanza. At times Byron could be gentle as a woman in his sentiments, as is clear from the following stanza to his sister:

"I send the lilies given to me;
 Though long before thy hand they touch,
 I know that they shall withered be,
 But yet reject them not as such:
 For I have cherished them as dear;
 Because they yet may meet thine eye
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,
 When thou behold'st them drooping nigh
 And knowest them gathered by the Rhine,
 And offered from my heart to thine!"

The fourth canto opens with a magnificent burst of exultation over the peculiar beauty and greatness of Venice.

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
 A palace and a prison on each hand;
 I saw from out the waves her structure rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand."

While in Venice he could not leave it without expressing a parting regret that Tasso's echoes were no more. The sunny land of Italy, with its many natural charms, whose history abounds in events and characters which might well arouse the imagination and enkindle the feelings of one even less sensitive and imaginative than Byron.

"The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome;
 And even since and now, fair Italy!
 Thou art the garden of the world, the home
 Of all art yields, and nature can decree.
 Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
 Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
 More rich than other climes' fertility,
 Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
 With an immaculate charm which cannot be effaced."

A visit to Arqua recalls to his mind Petrarch, whose mansion and sepulchre he describes as plain and venerably simple. The

quietness and remoteness of the place in which Petrarch spent his declining years causes him to indulge in one of those moralizing strains which are so numerous throughout the whole of the work.

"If from society we learn to live,
 'Tis solitude should teach us how to die.
 It hath no flatterers, vanity can give
 No hollow aid; alone man with his God must strive."

Among the other notable personages whom he introduces in the course of the fourth canto are Dante and Boccaccio, Horace, Virgil, Cicero, etc. With Rome Byron was deeply impressed, far more so than he had been with Greece, Constantinople; more so, in fact, than any thing or place he had seen. Venice he called the city of the heart, but Rome the city of the soul. When he comes to view the massive dome of St. Peter's he seems unable to restrain his admiration, to which he gives vent in the most exalted strain.

"But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome
 To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
 Christ's nightly shrine above His martyr's tomb!
 * * * * *

"But thou, of temples old or altars new,
 Standest alone—with nothing like to thee,
 Worthiest of God, the holiest 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 aisles
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

Whatever Byron's faults may have been, and though he is often censurable, yet when his better nature had control, he was keenly sensitive and appreciative of all that was good, great, and noble, no matter where they were found. There were times when he could not only be just but even generous in his judgments in spite of the prejudices of his early training. If he has sometimes inculcated false doctrines and given expressions to erroneous views, it must also be said that he has taught us many moral lessons and not unfrequently points out the path where danger lurks. After his hero's pilgrimage is done he takes him once more to look upon the sea, which used to be his joy of youthful sports; but before doing so he again expresses that intense craving for solitude and dislike of society, which seemed to be his dominant trait.

"Oh! that the desert were my dwelling place,
With one fair spirit for my minister;—
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating none, love only her!"

Then, in the following beautiful and oft quoted stanza he enumerates the pleasures and the advantages of solitude:

"There's a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There's a rapture on the lonely shore;
There's society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less but nature more.
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

After this he unburdens himself of his magnificent apostrophe to the ocean, which will be remembered and read as long as the ocean itself continues to "roll on." Byron is not unfrequently referred to as the poet of crime and chaos—one of a race of lawless and turbulent men, proud as Lucifer and beautiful as Apollo. Nevertheless, he has written many things which a man of the most stainless character might be proud of, and which will keep his memory green for all time. While we regret his failings and vices we cannot but admire his splendid talents and the many redeeming qualities which he possessed. May his faults lie gently on him.

—A. L. O'S.



EFFORT.

He sat beside the deep blue sea
And gazed into its depths unknown.
A boy of tender years was he,
Who sat in pensive mood alone.

A gray haired man with feeble walk,
Came down along the flowery lea;
But paused awhile with him to talk,—
The lad whom now he chanced to see.

“Oh! would that I a man could be
And have great fame and gold and joy;
I'd sail along life's stream so free,”
Thus mused the young and thoughtless boy

But lo! the old man stooped and took
A little pebble from the sand,
And bid the little boy to look,
As far he threw it from the land.

“Just where the stone has struck the deep,
You see, young lad,” the old man said,
“Small ripples on its bosom leap,
And now in circling figures spread.

“And circling many times their size
Upon the bosom of the deep,
And where they soon will fail to rise,
You'll see the deep blue waters sleep.

“So thus, my lad, 'twill be with him,
Who in life's race for fame and power,
Lacks true ambition's strength and vim,
To seize upon the present hour.”

“But lives in fears and not in hopes,
And fails to rise and bravely work;
But sits and sighs and vainly gropes,
And thinks of duty but to shirk.

“While countless millions surge and crowd
Around him as he sighs alone;
And gain their prize with spirit proud,
While he, he dies to fame unknown.”

—J. M. Kangley, 1900.

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EDITORIAL.

Classes were resumed on Tuesday, September 5. From present appearances the attendance promises to be the largest in the history of the college. At no opening have such a large number of students assembled in the college halls.

Now is the time for students to determine definitely what they intend to do. By having some well defined end in view, young men are stimulated to more vigorous and persevering effort. Whereas, if they are satisfied to merely float along on the current of college life, neither knowing why they are here nor having any aim which they wish to attain, they will achieve nothing and the end of the school year will find them no farther advanced than they were ten months before. What we need, then, is to have some praiseworthy end in view and to strive manfully to attain it.

The VIATORIAN has made very few demands on the students for financial support. We feel, however, that during the past year the journal has not received the support a college paper deserves at the hands of the student body whom it represents. Every student at the college should be a subscriber for his college journal; but instead of that only a few pay for the paper, and after they have read it the *dead-heads* borrow it and so save their subscription. We would ask our friends to positively refuse to lend their copy to those known to be dead beats. The student who does not wish to support his college paper should not be allowed to read it. We know of more than one student who never misses an issue of the VIATORIAN and who has never contributed a cent towards sustaining it.

WRITING.

The end of education is not so much to familiarize us with this or that particular branch of science as the development of mental power which will give the mind greater comprehension and enable it to use its faculties more accurately and effectively. The mere knowledge of bare facts does not make a man educated, but the power to grasp great principles and to apply them to every subject he attempts to discuss will make him a formidable adversary in any discussion in which he is engaged. This principle has been insisted on by all great thinkers on educational problems and especially by Bacon and Bishop Spalding. The burden of Bishop Spalding's eloquent volume on "Education and the Higher Life," is to induce students to act up to this principle in the acquisition of knowledge.

It is evident, therefore, that whatever contributes most to drawing out the powers of the mind and to giving accuracy and vigor to its operations, is most valuable as an educational factor. There is hardly anything on which great writers on the subject of education are more agreed than in teaching that writing is one of the most efficacious means of developing the faculties of the mind. Cicero, speaking of oratory, says: "The pen is the best and most efficient teacher of eloquence." "By writing," says St. Augustine, "I have learned many things which nothing else had taught me." "Writing," says Bacon, "maketh an exact man." This is attributing to writing an influence on the mind of the utmost importance. What is the supreme test of scholarship? Is it not precisely this exactitude which Bacon says is acquired by writing? Certainly it is not the great number of things of which a man may have some vague notions that is of value, but the accuracy and depth of his knowledge, that has worth.

Since, then, exactness of thought is what is most desirable in the mind of every man, and since, according to Bacon, writing makes us exact, it will be easy to see how grievously mistaken those are, who whilst they desire to develop their minds, neglect the means best suited to attain that end. It is as if a man wishing to reach a certain city should refuse to take the road leading thither. These are a few of the considerations which go to show how much benefit may be derived from the practice of committing our thoughts to writing. To say that you cannot write on a subject is equivalent to saying that you cannot think

on that subject, and to say that you cannot write at all on any subject is equivalent to saying that you cannot think connectedly on any subject; since writing is nothing more than expressing our thoughts on paper.

Nearly every high school, college and university in the country has its journal. Does not this fact alone show how highly writing is esteemed by all educators? For why are these journals published? Certainly not as financial ventures which, it is hoped, will increase the income of the institutions from which they are issued, since most of them are barely self-supporting and many of them are a positive expense. It is solely for the purpose of encouraging careful writing among students that they are maintained.

But we think sufficient has been said to convince the most sceptical that writing is not one of the least powerful influences that go to make an enlightened man. No student will pretend to be wiser than his instructors, for if he thought he were, he would not go to them for instruction. Still less will he consider himself wiser than Cicero, than St. Augustine, than Bacon; yet all of these bear testimony to the good effects of the frequent use of the pen. We may conclude, therefore, with the eloquent words of Bishop Spalding—"As the painter takes pallet and brush, the musician his instrument, each to perfect himself in his art, so he who desires to learn how to think should take the pen, and day by day write something of the truth and love, the hope and faith, which makes him a living man."

PERSONAL.

—Rev. J. V. Lamarre, A. M., '96, one of last year's professors, has been appointed to Notre Dame Church, Chicago. Father Lamarre counted every one at the college among his friends. All unite in wishing the young priest a fruitful ministry in his new field of labor.

—Rev. Brother Leclair, C.S.V., who has been a professor at the college for the past ten years, has been transferred to Irving Park, Chicago, where he will be engaged as a professor at the Normal Institute of the Community. Much as we regret to have lost our old professor, who had endeared himself to all the old students by long association and by his ability as an educator,

yet we are not so selfish as not to congratulate the young men of St. Viateur's Normal Institute on having secured the services of such a proficient professor.

—Rev. Father Cannon, Gibson City, Ill., was a welcome visitor at the college recently. He was accompanied by his brother, Joseph, whom he entered in the senior department.

—The following reverend gentlemen were the guests of the Rev. President last month: Rev. Father Dooling, Clinton, Ill.; Rev. Father Menard, Escanaba, Mich.; Rev. Father McDevitt, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. Kelly, Gilman, Ill.; Rev. Father Weber, Earl Park, Ind.; Rev. Father O'Dwyer, Chebanse, Ill.

—We hear with pleasure that our old classmate, Mr. P. Dube, A.B., '99, has entered the novitiate of the Clerics of St. Viateur, near Joliet, Canada. Mr. Dube was always a model student, both on the campus and in the classroom, and we feel confident that he will be a no less exemplary religious. Mr. Dube was for several years the organist at the college and he frequently favored us with piano recitals. Never have we heard a young man who had acquired such a proficiency on this instrument. We wish our former fellow student a happy and successful career in the vocation which he has chosen.

—We were agreeably surprised on returning to the college after our vacation to meet our genial professor of mathematics, Reverend Brother Lennartz, C.S.V., A.M. '96, who has recently returned from an extended trip through Europe and part of Africa. Brother Lennartz spent a year in visiting the historic spots of the old world. We were also pleased to hear that he will again be occupied in conducting the young geometricians over the "*pons asinorum*."

—Reverend Father Libert, an alumnus of the college, visited his alma mater recently in company with his two brothers, Lucien and Henry, both of whom he entered as students. Father Libert has been appointed to the important pastorate of Canton, Ill. We congratulate our old alumnus on his promotion.

—Rev. M. Welter, A.M. '96, was replacing the pastor of St. Mauritius' Church, Chicago, during the summer months.

—Rev. M. Krug, A.M. '96, was replacing the pastor of Lincoln, Ill., for a few months. Both these young priests have our best wishes for a successful career in the sacred ministry.

—Mr. P. W. Hansl, A.B. '99, one of last year's editors of the VIATORIAN, has entered Yale university to take a post graduate

course. After spending two years in Yale, he will enter the law school of Harvard. We hope that Mr. Hansl's course at these famous universities will be as brilliant as was his college course at St. Viateur's. We trust we will occasionally hear from Mr. Hansl through the pages of the VIATORIAN.

—Mr. J. I. Granger, A. B. '99, who was also on last year's board of editors, is studying law in the office of his brother, Mr. A. Granger, of Kankakee, Ill. We trust that Mr. Granger will not be so completely engrossed by the law as to allow the facile pen with which he so often graced the pages of the VIATORIAN to be rust-consumed. Mr. Granger was always a conscientious worker, and we are sure he will become a successful lawyer.

—Mr. P. F. Daniher, A. B. '99, for several years a member of the VIATORIAN staff, is pursuing a law course in Chicago. Mr. Daniher is certainly a promising young man and we feel confident he will give a good account of himself during the coming year.

—We are pleased to announce that Father Lauriault, ordained last year from St. Viateur's seminary department, has been appointed to Ottawa, Ill.

—Mr. Thomas Kelly, Chicago, and Mr. John Hayden, Symerton, Ill., made a short visit to the college last month. Both these young men, who are now in holy orders, were formerly students at the college. We hope we will soon have the pleasure of hearing of their ordination to the holy priesthood. Mr. Hayden entered his brother James in the senior department.

—Mr. A. Kubiak, A. B. '99, has gone to Baltimore to pursue his theological studies. We wish our old friend a successful year.

—Rev. Father Sammon, formerly assistant prefect of discipline at the college, spent a few days at his alma mater recently visiting his old friends. We were pleased to learn that he has been assigned to the Cathedral, Peoria, Ill. Father Sammon is always a welcome caller at the college.

—Rev. Father Hagan, La Grange, Ill., was the guest of the president one day last month.

—Rev. Father Donovan, '95, Ramona, S. D., visited the college last month. He was accompanied by several new students from his parish. He also entered his little nephew, Willie, in the minim department. Father Donovan is an earnest worker in the interest of his alma mater.

VIATORIANA.

—Hot air,

—Shower sticks.

—Hello, ma beby.

—In dear old London.

—I've lost my appetite.

—Say, his ain't like mine.

—For the love of goodness.

—Give me a scuttle of suds.

—Ranag, Tanime, Tanalkers.

—For egg plant see incubator.

—A shop-lifter—an earthquake.

—I wonder if M— is thinking of me?

—Only a splinter from my friend's wooden leg.

—Don't tip the waiter on No. 6 table, for fear he may drop the dishes.

—Meals two and a half cents a cue with the privilege of banking the last fish ball.

—You say your father is a spy in a mint? Yes. Then your father is a mince pie (mint's spy).

—Whilst one of the seniors was out sight seeing the other afternoon, he claims he saw the dumb-bells (belles).

—Get your teeth fixed where the man from the Hoosier state puts up. He had his teeth satisfactorily repaired with only six cents capital in his pocket.

—If you want anything to eat on No. 6 table you must talk rag time. But the head does not pay much attention whether you speak rag time or not, but simply answers, "I thought I heard someone calling me." That does not satisfy your appetite, does it, Doc?

—The prospects for a good foot-ball team are very bright. Candidates for a position on the team are on the gridiron every congéday, practicing hard. They will play their first game with a strong team representing Momence on the 29th inst. We expect to see an exciting contest.

—The Athletic Association has been organized for the coming year and the following officers elected: Mr. James H. St. Cerny, president; Mr. Thomas Cahill, vice-president; Mr. D. Hayden, secretary; Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., treasurer. With these efficient officers at its head the association should have a successful year.

—A promising young pugilist from Chicago recently entered the ring against a new comer for a friendly sparring match. He thought he had a sure thing, so, giving some of his admiring friends the wink, he proceeded to finish up his man in the second round. But alas! he is now offering a reward to the finder of certain lost teeth.

—We were unable to insert an exchange column in this issue of the VIATORIAN, because, when we went to press very few college exchanges had reached our sanctum. In our next issue, however, we will add this very useful department, and will try to conduct it in a spirit of fairness and kindness towards our interesting and worthy exchanges.

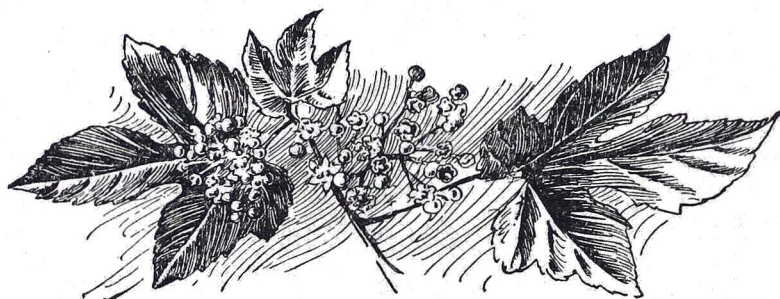
—We invite every student who has any facility in using his pen to send in contributions to the VIATORIAN. If you cannot write critical essays, short poems or stories, you can at least relate, in an intelligible manner, the various items of news that may be gathered on the campus or in the class-room. These incidents are often what most interests the student body. In such contributions, fine writing is neither expected nor desired. So try your hand at the work, boys.

The Thespians are preparing "Alfred the Great" for St. Viator's Day, October 21. The Thespians set themselves such a high standard last year by their excellent rendition of "King John" and "Hamlet" that we fear they will find it difficult to equal it, but under the able direction of Reverend Father Marsile, C.S.V., and with such a splendid interpreter of dramatic thought as Mr. J. H. Nawn in the leading role, we have no doubt they will present something not unworthy of their previous performances.

—Mr. T. Cahill, who, two years ago, as colonel, so successfully directed the S.V.C. Battalion, is with us again. He has again assumed the duties of military instructor and we feel confident that under his able leadership the battalion and the picked squad will reach a high degree of proficiency in the

manual of arms. Colonel Cahill is working hard to get the picked squad in good condition for their trip to Chicago on Dewey day. Colonel Cahill is not only an able commander, but he also knows how to win the confidence of the men under him.

--A very enjoyable impromptu programme was rendered before the students and faculty shortly after the opening of the school year. Our thanks are due to Mr. C. J. Quille, who contributed in no small measure to making the little entertainment successful. Besides rendering several splendid vocal selections, Mr. Quille declaimed in his own inimitable manner "In Texas Down on the Rio Grande." Mr. Quille has returned to St. Mary's, Baltimore, to continue his theological studies. It is always a pleasure to have Mr. Quille, whether as an elocutionist or as a singer, and we only regret that we cannot have the pleasure of hearing him oftener. Mr. F. J. O'Connor also favored us with a few songs, which he knows so well how to render. Of the power and harmony of his magnificent voice we will say nothing. To those who have heard him it is sufficiently well known, and those who have not might be inclined to suspect us of exaggeration. Reverend Father Rivard, C.S.V., and Mr. J. H. Nawn, also contributed their share to make the evening pass pleasantly. Reverend Brother Goullette gave a well rendered selection on the piano.



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