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ROBERT BURNS.

Amongst the poets of the eighteenth century the name of Burns occupies a conspicuous place. His career was almost a continual struggle against adverse circumstances and at thirty-seven his life was spent; yet he had done much to elevate and strengthen the poetry of his country and acquired a greater fame than any other poet Scotland has produced. Born of poor parents and reared in the country, he had not the advantages of a good education, though seldom has Nature given more genius to her poets than she gave to him. His productions were not of slow and laborious growth but his greatest poems were composed within a day, while many of his sweetest songs were written during a leisure hour from the plow or his duties as exciseman and they came to him as naturally as its carol comes to the thrush. A rural life made him intimate with the beauties of nature and he wove them into his poetry. He views nature through the light of a moralist and values it for the lesson it teaches in relation to the life of man; thus he gives to nature its highest signification.

What is more beautiful and moral than those stanzas, "To a Mountain

Daisy," which the poet has turned under with his plow:

"Wee, modest, crimson tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonie gem.

"Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewey weat!
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

* * * * *

"Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard
And whelm him o'er.

"Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes have striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n
He, ruin'd sink!"

Man was his greatest study. Scattered through his poetry are those gleams of sagacity, the description of character and that realism which shows his deep insight into human nature. For him there was more poetry in the home of the lowly peasant than in the rarest landscape. Within the cottage, as he says in one of his poems, is harbored "the true

pathos and sublime of human life." The sweetness of his poetry, its exquisite and pensive softness, its delicacy and fanciful richness and that passion and pathos, which is seldom found in others, make him one of the most lovable poets. Carlyle says: "Burns has a consonance in his bosom for every note of human feeling: the high and the low—the sad and the ludicrous—the mournful and the joyful, are welcome in their turns to his all conceiving spirit."

The lyrics are his best productions and they are, perhaps, with the exception of Moore's *Melodies*, the finest collection of songs in our language. The poet thought that his fame would depend chiefly on his songs. Many of these would be preserved indeed without the aid of press or pen; they have been handed down from generation to generation in the memory of his countrymen, and not only in Scotland but wherever the English language is spoken are heard the songs of Burns.

Though his outlook upon life was dark enough, usually, Burns had his hours of humor and cheerfulness. For humorous description the poem "Tam o' Shanter" is not excelled; "Hallowe'en," "Address to a Haggis," and "Death of Doctor Hornbrook" are masterpieces of comic description. The best perhaps of his serious compositions is the "Cotter's Saturday Night." It has been characterized as a "noble and pathetic picture of human manners, mingled with fine religious awe. It comes over the mind like a slow and solemn strain of music. The soul of the poet aspires from this scene of

low-thoughted care and reposes, in trembling hope, on the bosom of its Father and its God." Though the poetry of Burns is of the highest order, there are, nevertheless, a number of his epigrams which are marred by a spirit of coarseness; still, in some of those is shown to advantage the remarkable powers of sarcasm which the poet possessed. It has been said that of all the British writers of his century Burns was the greatest genius. What a pity that a poet so rare and gifted should have a life so short and sad. The following tribute was paid to his memory by the poet Campbell:

"Farewell, high chief of Scottish song!
Thou could'st alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page
And brand each vice with satire strong;
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

"Farewell! and ne'er may envy dare
To wring one baleful poison drop
From the crush'd laurels of thy bust.
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop
To bless the spot that holds thy dust."

J. H.

THE NATURAL LAW.

The opinion of those autonomists of modern times, that reason is the safest and paramount guide, divine authority not excepted, in determining the licitness or illicitness of an act, is as unsound as it is impracticable. This fallacious theory can be looked upon as being, in a great measure, the cause of most of our present social evils, and strikes a direct blow at the noblest feature in the Creator's design

by attempting to place man outside His dominion. From a brief study of the visible world itself the condemnation of such a doctrine might be deduced. Everything in the universe is arranged with such precision and plan, as well individually as totally, that the existence of a super-mundane regulator and preserver of order is apparent to reason. Beings, genera, species, individuals, organs, and elements preserve such simple, though extensive and admirable harmony as to baffle the endeavors of those who seek to eliminate the all-wise Legislator. For as man is, like the rest of created beings, contingent, he is not master of his own existence even for a single instant; and shall it be said then that he alone, of all contingent beings, is exempt from law?

Besides the physical laws which govern the world, there are also laws of art and moral laws. By a law of art is understood the necessary method or plan to be followed by a mechanic, artist, or other professional in reaching an end. Since man, the noblest of the Creator's works, is as we say contingent, he must have been created according to a wise law which is obligatory on him until he attains his end.

Such is the moral law and may be considered as to its origin, God; as to man, whom it obliges; or as to the manner in which it is known or proposed to him as obligatory. Considered in the first light it is known as the eternal law; when we consider it in man it is called the natural law; and it is known especially by the

tendency of our nature as rational beings, and our relations to the rest of visible creation.

The existence of God can be proved not only from the order in the universe as was said, but also from the existence of matter, its contingency, the mutability of mundane objects, the craving of our intellect and will for the highest truth and good, etc. When reason has taken us so far it will easily demonstrate to us that He is infinitely wise, holy, and provident; hence that He must efficaciously will that a moral order be observed by His rational creatures and that He forbids its violation.

It would be absurd to think that God had no end in view in creating the world. But little observation is required to convince us that every being in creation has a proper function assigned it, an end to attain, and that it is by the activity proper to its nature this end is reached. This is especially true of man; but whilst irrational creatures, through their Creator's providence, act of necessity, man acts freely. How then is he to be directed to his end? Not by co-action nor by intrinsic necessity or physical pre-determination for in either case freedom of action would be destroyed. The only way consistent with their liberty by which rational beings can be directed to their end is obedience to law. Hence St. Thomas has termed law an ordination according to reason "*ordinatio rationis*," which reason knows to be good, being given by the God of infinite goodness and holiness, and the

fulfilment of which is the safest and surest way of reaching our end, since it has been provided by Him Who is all wise and provident.

As instinct, then, in other animals, serves to detect what is advantageous or hurtful to them, so man is endowed with reason to guide him to beatitude. If this beatitude or ultimate end is sacrificed for a transitory pleasure, which is but apparently a good, man abuses his liberty and prostitutes his reason. It cannot be doubted but that, in the ordination of God, before our will determines itself our reason should discriminate whether such and such an act is beneficial or detrimental to our nature, whether it leads to or diverts from our ultimate end. Thus the natural law, in as much as we consider it in man and as known by him, is the judgment formed by the natural light of his reason, distinguishing between good and evil, and reminding him that the one is to be done, the other to be avoided. This judgment is right only when it harmonizes with the eternal will of God and with the order He has established in His universe. So that reason cannot, of itself, be properly called a legislator, but is to be regarded rather as a proclaimer or promulgator of the law established by a superior power, just as a book in which a law is written. We are to suit ourselves to the order that is, for the universe will never be varied one iota to accommodate our individual whims and fancies.

Nor can anyone who has attained to the use of his reason ignore the principles of the natural law. Observe

the natural order, do good, shun evil, are principles so simple yet so inflexible as to claim the assent of the most juvenile reasoner, and to send a sting of remorse through the heart of the most hardened sinner who dares to violate them. Adorable is the wisdom of God, Who thus provides for everyone, be he Jew or gentile, a means of finding the road that leads to eternal blessedness. E. H.

THE WOODS.

Delightful way that leads* to the woods. Passing through the narrow lane, on either side the simple cottage, hemmed in by rustic fence, one feels how romantic the place really is.

Arrived at the woods, we go to the "cave" or the "ravine" where one may slake his thirst at a bubbling spring, whose crystal drops come through the parted rocks. The "cave" is a very simple place, hardly big enough to have its romance, though several are connected with it or to it. But the ravine off which the "cave" opens, what a dreamily delightful place today, with its soft, green, moss-covered sides dotted here and there with delicate flowers and ferns. The water rumbles here, jumps over a miniature precipice just beyond. Further on you see it sparkle over its gravelly surface, glittering in the sunlight. At the top of the ravine trees seem to cling to the rocks, their tops overhang, forming a cooling shade which also lends a somber aspect to the surroundings,

but one that charms rather than depresses.

Then the river, how much more beautiful it seems as it reflects the delicate foliage along its banks. Trees of a dozen kinds, on which nature is lavishing the richness of her treasures; leaves, blossoms, so beautiful to the eye and emitting most fragrant odors; what a picture the whole scene presents! There are favored spots where you may feast your eyes on sights almost too delicate and gorgeous to be real. What a prodigal display, flowers of every hue, and of a hundred kinds, studding the velvety grass, which carpets the entire valley. Giant oaks on yonder hill, beautiful shrubbery below them. Add to this the carolings of a thousand songsters, and you have a scene that must be delightful to anyone possessed of a feeling soul.

The animals find pleasure in nipping the tender grass, wandering about over the fields; sportive colts race hither and thither giving vent to their surplus spirits.

Still you remember that last year and the year previous, the scene was much the same. You seem never to take in the beauties of one season without recalling those of another. Then you muse on changes. You miss nothing absolutely necessary to complete the beautiful landscape of former years, unless it be indeed that last year's sights have an additional charm because they are no more; but you do miss dear faces. These haunts speak of kind friends with whom you once roamed over these plats, crossed this creek, or stopped at the spring to par-

take of its refreshing waters. Yes, the old chums are gone—they have assumed the responsibilities of life and the pleasures of the "walks to the woods" do not come so often to them. Many, too, have passed from earthly scenes, but all, or nearly all, are now far removed from the places they once loved. This is what impresses one wandering among these pleasant haunts, when he turns for a time from sightseeing to meditation.

But these favorite spots by the Kankakee will always interest the student. If he can love nature he will learn to love her here, and will take the sweetest, most consoling memories from his trips to the river, especially the trips made during May, during early autumn—at picnic times—when he stole away for his first swim, mayhap his first smoke.

These are happy days spent by the river and in the woods; and it is pleasant to recall them after many years, though in their recall sad memories should awaken.

T. J.

MUSIC.

Music was born of heaven and her thrilling voice was destined to loosen the well springs of glad and sorrowful emotions and make the heart of man beat with ecstasy and rapture, or keep time with the sobs and sighs of the human race.

It is a ray of heaven's greatest joy shed upon us to drive away sadness and lift our souls from the lowly earth

to all that is beautiful and heavenly. We all have at one time or another fell under its magic spell and felt the greatness of its power.

From barbarism and idolatry it has followed men into civilization and Christianity. But unlike many other things which soon lose their charm, music's bewitching powers increase. Education is not considered complete without music for its powers of refining cannot be equalled. Its pleasures are perhaps innumerable for the one who possesses a beautiful voice or can play on an instrument, wherever he is, at home or in society, is always welcomed as a pleasing entertainer. What a power does music then possess, for people rush forward when the sweet strains of music are heard!

Music appeals to every passion. At one time overcome by love and sympathy, tears burst from our eyes; soon we feel our hearts throb, not with love, but with hatred, revenge seems sweet to us, pity then creeps over our souls and we are filled with fear; courage comes to our rescue and so on all our passions are aroused by the sounds of music. Everyone has a love for music and Shakespeare aptly says: "A man who has no music in his soul is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils." Even the wild beasts listen in wonder to its melodious reverberations and obey its solemn bidding.

Nature itself is but a combination of harmonious sounds. Everywhere around us we see and feel its soothing influence. The gentle flowing of the rippling brook, the sighing of the wind, the dulcet warbling of the feath-

ered choir, all earth and heaven seem to chant an everlasting canticle of praise and glory to their Creator. When an art has such power over man it must also have a prestige on society and on nations. This has been seen in the different nations. Germany leads with a host of noble men who have produced music, which is almost divine. France also has played a part in filling the ranks. All nations cultivate and love it. America has her "Star Spangled Banner," England her "God Save the Queen," which is only the expression of their feelings, and displays their character. On the battle field, in the theater, in the church, wherever we go, music lends its charms.

Thus we see that music is one of nature's handmaids, and is as a ministering angel to the human race. It was the sweet music of mother's voice which first soothed us and we know that divine, eternal, ravishing music is to be no small part of our heavenly pleasure.

J. CASEY.

MACBETH.

Every critic of note has decided that Macbeth is the greatest of Shakespeare's tragedies. The sudden development of plot and the speedy and terrible carrying out of the same take place with a rapidity and surety of purpose hardly credible.

In a study of Macbeth we are impressed with the fact that he had long meditated on the sweetness of the

royal dignity. He was a brave and competent soldier, far superior to Duncan—better still than either of the king's sons gave promise of being.

The appearance and prophesy of the witches were circumstances tending rather to give purpose to Macbeth's dreams, than to excite the criminal ambition that would prompt him to murder his king and assume the regal power in Scotland.

The course was here as it ever is in the progress of crime—there enters into the mind a thought, which because hidden is therefore considered harmless, and is entertained. This prepares the way for action and there is needed only *favorable circumstances* to make thoughts become living deeds.

Macbeth is flattered by the witches' predictions. He hastens to inform his wife in whom ambition lights an almost unquenchable flame. She at once realizes the opportunity, in which she no less than her husband shall share, and she urges on the deed with an energy that speaks of a soul dead to every sympathetic feeling. But here we must note the advantage of the abettor who is to share in the fruits of the crime without the necessity of doing the deed.

Macbeth was a brave and generous soldier, whose fame as such rested on success gained in honorable battle. His soul shrank from the cowardly murder. He was prompted by ambition, the price of his advantages seemed too high. On the other hand Lady Macbeth unskilled in any deed of prowess, whether of good or evil, saw only the glory to follow and pas-

sion had blinded her, had so raised the animosity of her nature that she sneered at the cowardly trembling of Macbeth. She taunts him for his broken resolve:

" I know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks
me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from its boneless
gums
And dashed the brains on't out, had I so
sworn
As you have done to this."

—Act I, Scene 7.

Here is ferocity that shames the tigress; it nerves Macbeth to his awful purpose and the deed is done. He who met his foe without fear, shrinks at first from the responsibility of murder, and is, in the end, driven to its commission by the taunts and jeers of his frenzied wife.

The after effects were very different in each. Lady Macbeth suffered the more, without any chance of diverting her harrowing thoughts. She had acted under pressure of the most intense passion, which, when it subsided, left nothing but remorse and one that was gradually to master reason.

On the other hand, Macbeth so loth to begin, so fearful of murder and its consequences, becomes a very savage after the crime is done, and like a tiger, when once he tasted blood, his appetite became insatiable. True it was that one crime necessitated the other, lest the first be discovered, but the ease with which they are planned, and the cold-blooded manner of accomplishing them, shows how brutalized

Macbeth had become. Ambition had a more intense possession of the woman at first but her finer nature gradually gained the ascendancy by reflection; in Macbeth there had been aroused a beast which only death could conquer.

The end came speedily. Macbeth, with the energy of despair, goes forward in his purpose of destruction calling on the evil powers to reveal a future, and fighting against many of the revelations made. He was encouraged by every apparent triumph, forgetful that his people could think and reason, blind to the fact, that they had under the leadership of Macduff already prepared the way for his downfall.

The prophecies he so blindly misinterpreted, are realized in so different a manner, that far from bringing him success, they are the forerunners of his destruction.

Macbeth is put down, but at a fearful cost, and not until the best blood of Scotland flowed in streams.

Macbeth is a tragedy which deals in effects rather than in mere facts, giving us to see the inroads of crime when one surrenders completely to passion. Here passion sways the man—a man too of energy and purpose—who having once stained his hand fears nothing, is deaf alike to honor, sympathy, or justice. The reader is carried along by a very whirlwind of passion, hardly realizing the fearful things that are happening, with scarce a word of condemnation for the executioner, so bold and skillful is the plot, so successful the consummation.

Macbeth is the product of a mind experience had taught to regard consequences and effects rather than the mere succession of events from which these flow. Hence this great work represents the author at his best when the imagination had been subjected to the reasoning faculties. Shakespeare saw with the poet's vision, but analyzed with the philosopher's reason.

THE SPRING*.

Down by the spring, on summer's day,—
I've knelt to sip its waters clear;
Nor give the wines of France more cheer,
Than I have felt, when after play,
From out its depths, I saw a ray
Of light, of hope, that knows no tear;
Nor shall they know, who drink from here,
What can a healthy thirst allay.
So when we weary of life's strain
And mem'ry pictures days of old,
Sweet joys will come to ease the pain
When all past pleasure, all our gold,
We'd give to be near thee again
And sip thy waters as of old.

* A spot near the Kankakee, dear to old students.

The condemnation of life is that man hath carried friction and hath stirred up malign elements and sowed fiery discords; so that the gods track him as they track a tornado by the swath of destruction he has cut through life. The praise of life is that a man has exhaled bounty and stimulus and joy and gladness wherever he journeys, fulfilling the poet's thought, who knew which pathway through the forest the goddess Ceres had taken by the violets which sprang up in her footsteps.—
N. D. Hillis.

VACATION.

Sweet summer comes with sunny flowers
 And robes of emerald hue,
 The birds sing in the shady bowers,
 The sky is clear and blue.
 All nature seems to join in song
 With feelings light and gay
 And say to us "vacation's come"
 With studies all away.

Vacation's come. Ah! yes, dear friends,
 Though it makes glad the heart
 To rest awhile from books and pens
 It grieves true friends to part.
 True friendship smiles so on the brow
 Through winter snows and rain
 'Tis sad to think that dear ones now
 May never meet again.

Though sweet 'twill be now woods are
 green
 And gentle zephyrs blow
 To linger by some lisp'ing stream
 And watch the waters flow
 To rest the tired book-weary brain
 Mid pleasures of our home,
 Yet lovingly I'd have again
 Some thoughts of schooldays come.

I'd wish to ne'er forget the boys
 Whose spirits light and gay
 Took part part in all my cares and joys
 In dear old Bourbonnias.
 The Colonel with his loud command
 The Major louder still
 The neat and graceful Adjutant
 Our Aid-de-Camp C. Quille.

Nor would I still forget the boys
 Who when'ere I felt moody
 Would make me smile and laugh with joy
 St. Aubin, Cahill, Doody.
 In memory's picture still discern
 Fitzpatrick, Corcoran, too,
 St. Cerney with the mandolin
 And sweet-voiced Chalifoux.

And many more could I but write
 With poet's art divine
 I'd love to sit far into night
 And put their names in rhyme
 And through my summer idle hours
 Bring back to memory's store
 The friends and cherished schoolmates met
 Within St. Viateur's door. J. N.

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EDITORIAL.

These May days are delightful ones. It is true we have felt the extremes of heat and cold since their coming, but the joys they bring, the beauty they manifest and the abundance they promise, make them of all days the most happy and longest to be remembered.

In another column will be found a very flattering notice of the successful efforts of Mr. Paul Wilstach in the dramatic field. Mr. Wilstach was always a great lover of literature, a close student of the drama, and with the high talent he undoubtedly possesses, success seems a matter of fact. The staff of the VIATORIAN congratulates the young playwright and hopes this is but the first step toward future triumphs.

The exercises of the twenty-seventh annual commencement will take place at College hall, Wednesday, June 19, at 2:00 p. m. They will be presided

over by his Grace Most Rev. P. A. Fehan, Archbishop of Chicago, who will also confer the degrees and honors.

Parents and friends are cordially invited to be present. Students leave for Chicago from North Kankakee via Illinois Central at 4:55 p. m. and are due in that city at 7 p. m.

If one were asked to give his notion of what he thought the best man, he would no doubt feel puzzled for a time—and even after reflection would be loth to give an opinion on a question that implies so much.

When we hear of the best man we may perhaps picture to ourselves a person differing very materially from any of our acquaintances, still it will invariably reflect our ideal of what we expect in the best man.

Would we have him one of great intellect, of immense bodily strength—one capable of bringing to his feet all the great and powerful of earth? Or would he be a man of great possessions, willing, too, to distribute his wealth with a lavish hand? We might wish to see one who rose from obscurity to great fame—who by genius could run the gamut of political preferments and from the highest place in the nation's gift, look back to that insignificant abode, those miserable surroundings in which he had his origin.

Still, men who have been moved by the desire of wealth, political power, or learning, and who have had the talent and tact, together with the op-

portunity of satisfying, to some extent, their ambition, have in innumerable cases failed ignobly and have brought unhappiness to many besides themselves. They are not the best, who have wealth and power and use it for themselves alone. Nor are they whose acts during life have given evidence of genius—whose work calls forth the most lavish praise, but when once performed leaves not a trace of good behind. It must not be understood that a desire of wealth, properly regulated, is evil; or that a lofty and manly ambition is to be condemned; far from it, no man can succeed without a desire to do so, and a share of the world's good ought to be his temporal reward.

There are many whose names history keeps at the front—not because they have done works possible to no other being, but because what they did do they did well; they performed the tasks that devolved upon them with a thought of their fellow men; they fought, legislated, preached or taught, lived and died in order to lift up, to cheer, to make others better. They made them so—they did it at the cost of their time, health, and happiness; they worked when no one saw their labor and when its fruits were never to be enjoyed by themselves. But posterity remembers. When passion cools and reason asserts itself a proper estimate of a nation's heroes is formed and the worthy ones receive their due honor and live eternally in the affections of those for whose good they labored.

Is the best man, then, the one, who

to gain noble ends, sacrifices his time, health, happiness, and the success he might have attained in life, to help his fellow man? Self-denial is the characteristic of the great men of history. Sacrifice implies virtue, and it seems that spurred on by a noble cause; uniting virtue to learning and offering the all for the good of mankind is to lay claim to greatness to a resemblance of the world's great heroes—is in a word, to be the best man.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The young folks find plenty of food for their imagination in "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," now running in *St. Nicholas*. They have their Napoleon cult, in the form of a story, "A Boy of the First Empire," not to speak of the many other instructive and lively topics interesting to the young.

Donahoe's has as its leading article a very elaborate sketch of the Church in Boston, to commemorate the golden jubilee to priesthood of the venerable Archbishop Williams, of Boston. Besides many of the finest buildings of Boston, there are cuts of all the pastors of the arch-diocese, making altogether a very interesting page of church history. "The Reaction in Europe," translated from the French of M. Brunetiere, is a thoughtful review of the relations of science and religion—the superiority of the latter, with some convincing proofs of the inability of science to settle all—to meet

men's expectations, a fact that many of the foremost prescribers of the scientific panacea are now ready to admit.

In the excessive glorification of Napoleon, the historian or essayist is apt to lose sight of many of his defects in the glare of his magnificent triumphs. A writer in the *Catholic World* reviews some of these defective spots, those blots on the fame of Bonaparte, taking up the second marriage of Napoleon, to effect which the Corsican was willing to do anything, even as he did try to throttle the church, because she opposed him in this false step. "Theosophy and Protestantism," "Centenary of Maynooth College," "Genius of Leonardi da Vinci," "Glimpses of Italy," are among the best of the remaining papers.

The feature of *McClure's Magazine* is the description of Napoleon's second funeral. France welcomed even the return of the hero's remains, and the event was a triumphant one. The other object of modern hero-worship—Bismarck, is the subject of a lengthy sketch and the articles has an abundance of illustrations, showing Bismarck from his college days till now. There is also produced a lecture of Charles A. Dana, of the *New York Sun*, to the students of an eastern college, in which that distinguished journalist gives young men, aspiring to newspaper work, sound advice on the preparation they should make if they would attain the full measure of success. Among other things said by

Mr. Dana he insists on the necessity of reading; even trashy stuff may have its uses. "Almost all books have their use, even the silly ones, and an omniverous reader, if he reads intelligently, need never feel that his time is wasted, when he bestows it on the flimsiest trash that is printed." Intelligent people will give this dictum an intelligent interpretation.

The Rosary gathers in its usual quota of good things in the May number. "The Royal Scepter and Imperial Crown of Silence" by Carola Milanis is a delicate and effective musing on the great silent powers about us. All the great works of nature go silently on: the upbuilding of character, of nations, of history, is a silent work. Only destruction, uprooting, is accompanied by noise and bustle. "When nature destroys, there is noise, violence, confusion; when she builds there is silence." Such elevated thoughts as come from the lofty soul of this gifted writer are among the silent powers that go to strengthen and refresh the drooping soul.

For something flimsy one need not go beyond some of the magazines. *Godley's* has what the writer calls "modern sympathy" a reflection of—and if it represents any large number of people, a great reflection on society. It is veritable chatter on one of the solemn responsibilities of life, without indeed, a spark of sympathy. This may be the result of experience acquired in society, or it may be intended as society's *food*. The would-

be journalist ought to know which; he may learn a valuable lesson then. He will have no need of the foreign quotations nor the slang. However, if he is to be the "sporting-editor" he might need the latter.

PERSONAL.

—Mr. Hugh O'Donnell dropped in for a short stay recently. He was on his way to Bloomington from Chicago.

—Mr. D. Flavin, '89, was among the visitors of the month. He has not lost his enthusiasm for the national game.

—Mr. J. Langdon, of Kankakee, in a recent call at the college left a mark of his visit by generously donating a gold medal.

—Dr. F. Tibeault paid the college a pleasant visit recently. The young gentleman has just graduated as a dentist and intends to locate in northern Michigan.

—James Watson, '88, and W. Paradise, '88, came to see our nine play ball. Mr. Watson is practicing dentistry.

—The bazaar at Kankakee, held to raise funds for the new hospital, has been very successful, and this fact is due almost wholly to the untiring efforts of Rev. A. Granger, who spared no pains to make it profitable to a good cause.

—Among the many guests of the month was Rev. R. Pratt, '89, assistant

pastor at Lafayette, Ind. Father Pratt has not visited the college since he finished his classics. We hope now to have the pleasure of his company at shorter intervals.

—Eugene O'Connor, '91, wants to play ball with the Shamrocks—and his desire is a strong one. No one could refuse Eugene and a game has been arranged for June 2. As he has seen the Shamrocks play ball before, he is no doubt prepared for the result.

—Father Marsile has been expecting a call from Rev. Frs. Monseau and Corcoran, of Joliet, Canada, who, owing to failing health, have spent several months near the Pacific coast. The Fathers are now on their way home and promised to visit the college, should opportunity permit.

—We copy the following from the *Lafayette Sunday Times*, concerning a former editor of the VIATORIAN:

"For two years past, in addition to framing his bright contributions to *The Lafayette Journal*, Paul Wilstach has been devoting his every leisure moment to a study of the technicalities of playwrighting, putting the polish of detail upon a natural aptitude and inclination for an art that is honorable, and, in the event of success, the most remunerative of any branch of the literary profession. It was then with thorough preparation as well as fertile idealization and admirable composition that Mr. Wilstach modestly submitted his first effort of play elaboration to competent criticism, and, deservedly, it received almost instant

recognition of merit, and a more practical demonstration of approval at the hands of Tim Murphy, today among the most eminent of American comedians, his name losing no lustre when modernly mentioned along comedy lines established by Jefferson, Raymond, and Florence.

"Mr. Murphy has accepted Mr. Wilstach's comedy, 'The Wrong Man,' not only that but the great footlight favorite will make the new play the chief in his repertoire the coming season. 'The Wrong Man' is in three acts, providing Mr. Murphy with strong character comedy, but replete with heart interest, affording him every opportunity for those pathetic and dramatic scenes in which his master humor so deftly merges, and by which he has sounded the chords of no ephemeral fame.

"The new comedy will be given first production in Washington City on August 19, and will be staged by Percy Winter, among whose many successes of such arrangement was that of 'The Professor's Love Story,' for Willard.

"Previous to the mentioned initial presentation Mr. Wilstach will sojourn in Washington, attending rehearsals of his comedy, and hoping for the success of its inauguration, of which, however, Mr. Murphy seems highly confident—so much so that he is booking his time throughout the country and heralding the coming of 'The Wrong Man.' With a realization of the brilliant promise of the venture, Lafayetteans will, early next season, be given an opportunity of weighing the work of our popular young fellow

citizen, and enhanced by the inimitable personality of Tim Murphy, superlatively a local favorite.

"Mr. Wilstach, as a playwright, will not rest upon one triumph, has other plans maturing, and with the quoted substantial encouragement was also able to state to a *Sunday Times* interviewer that he had had accepted by John Drew a one-act comedy, which that great actor would produce when occasion offered."

SPORTING NOTES.

April 22 a picked nine composed of players from North Kankakee, Kankakee, and Bourbonnais played the Shamrocks on the college grounds, the latter winning by a score of 31 to 9. Our boys simply put up a practice game against their opponents and had they wished, could have easily shut them out. The pitching of Marcotte was the feature of the game, he striking out sixteen men and allowing but four hits to be made off his delivery. The Kankakee Electrics wended their way Collegeward April 29 to try conclusions with the Shamrocks. They, with the large crowd of "fans" accompanying them, were confident that they could drag our colors in the dust, but as usual they were agreeably (?) disappointed. After the second inning it was apparent that the Electrics were clearly out-classed, and the large crowd simply waited for the final verdict, which was: Shamrocks, 14; Electrics, 2. Batteries—*Shamrocks* O'Reilly and Sammon; *Electrics*

Lesage and Kuntz. O'Reilly was a perfect enigma to the strong batters from K. K. K., his slow delivery being new to them. The ball after leaving his hand, would wander slowly towards the plate, dodge the frantic lunges of the batsmen, who seemed particularly set on taking a fall out of it, and in all but four cases fell uninjured into the catcher's mitten. Our manager has arranged the following games.

May 19, Momence at the College.

June 7, Momence at Momence.

May 26, Joliet at the College.

June 2, Y. M. I., of Chicago, at the College.

May 30, Streator Reds at Streator.

June 9, Streator Reds at College.

June 16, Kankakee at College.

The Commercials and Classics played a very spirited ten-inning game Tuesday, May 7. The score was 13 to 12 in favor of the Commercials. Corcoran and Sammon were the battery for the Commercials, while L. Legris and Bailey were in the points for the Classics.

SHAMROCKS, 9; MOMENCE, 12.

On May 19 over 600 people witnessed one of the hottest games ever played on our grounds.

The Momence nine, accompanied by a large crowd of their townsmen, came over with the intention of winning the game by fair or foul means, and consequently kicked on every possible occasion. At first they refused to play unless our fielders discarded their gloves, claiming that they were not the regulation size, and our manager in order to appease them and not to

disappoint the large crowd of spectators, ordered the men to take them off.

The game then started with Momence at bat. In the first inning by hitting the ball, and being helped along by a combination of errors, they secured three runs. The Shamrocks in their half secured one on a three-base hit and a single. The second inning was a repetition of the first, and Momence again scored three while the Shamrocks drew blank. The third inning opened up with Marcotte in the box, O'Reilly going to center field, from that until the eighth inning Momence never saw beyond second base, while the Shamrocks secured three runs in the fourth on a home run hit by Legris; two in the fifth by two baggers and a single; one in the sixth on a base on balls and a three bagger, and two on the seventh on hits and errors. The eighth inning opened with the score 9 to 6 in the Shamrocks favor, and everything indicating a victory for them. But it seems that the fates had decreed otherwise. The first man to bat went out on an easy grounder to Marcotte, the second secured his base by waiting until four bad balls passed, then the slaughter began; a ground hit was fumbled advancing the men a base when a two base hit brought both in, making the score 9 to 8. The Shamrocks in their half were too anxious to hit the ball and three men were retired on flies to the out field.

The ninth proved very disastrous, the first man for Momence hit a high fly to Kearney who received it like

the return of the prodigal son. The next was given his base on balls, advanced to second on an in-field fumble, and sent across the plate on a hit. With two men on bases an easy hit was made to Marcotte who threw to first, retiring the batter, the man on second meanwhile breaking for third. Legris, in hope of cutting him off, threw wild and both men cantered in. The last run was made on errors by the out-field. The score now stood 12 to 9 against us, and the Shamrocks determined to do or die. Kearney, the first batter, had the misfortune to pick up a bat with a hole in it; Marcotte was retired on a long fly to the right field; Ruel knocked a hot grounder to short, M. Henry went down after it, and come up with his hands full of vacancy; while Ruel easily took first he promptly stole second, but Quille knocking an easy one in front of the plate, was thrown out at first, and the game was lost. Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Momence	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	12
Shamrocks	1	0	0	3	2	1	2	0	0	9

S.

The Junior Shamrocks played a very exciting game against the Riverview Sluggers, May 12, on the former's diamond, the final score was 14 to 7 in favor of the Juniors. E. Legris and Gazzolo were the battery for the Juniors and did good work.

The Minims played the small boys from the village school, May 2, and were defeated by a score of 36 to 12, since then they have been practicing daily and in the near future expect to redeem the laurels.

VIATORIANA.

—Why?

—Enter.

—I think so.

—Blackberry.

—It was a cold day.

—I good at pickups.

—If they had only—

—How do you know?

—I appeal to you, sir!

—Go on, you collaper.

—Excuse my boldness.

—And they play it yet.

—Where is my redhead?

—George, give me a worm.

—Catcher that a good stop.

—See that idiomatic laugh.

—Have you found the necktie?

—Pearls are found in elephants.

—He is the biggest Coxey alive.

—And Willie said, please go way.

—I renounce everything. Why?

—They are as homely as sleeping hens.

—I didn't think I had it, and I let it go.

—She will catch cold without her lace shawl.

—The "January violet" seems to be spreading.

—Our genial James seemed to oe quite an attraction one Friday afternoon.

—Do we have to tell the names of the tribes?

—What inning, scorer? It's the fif, fif, fifth.

—If you love me don't cut the pie with that knife.

—I came riding down on my three-wheeled bicycle.

—All that was left of the crowd was one hatpin.

—He said he didn't like the grub. How do you know?

—Capt. M. J. got his face washed while looking out of the window.

—How shall I give you the worm? Wrap it up in mud and pass it over.

—When is commencement day? The last day of school. Ha! Ha! Ha!

—Can't tell me anything about Streater—I've been there all my life.

—St. Viateur's appreciates the efforts now being made to erect a hospital in Kankakee. Two of our military companies went down to lend their help, and that they were a drawing card, was fully shown by the overcrowded hall. In fact the armory was too tightly packed to allow of all the freedom necessary for the execution of the many maneuvers in which the boys are so accomplished. The *Kankakee Democrat* has this to say about our appearance at the bazar:

THE SWORD SQUAD.

“One of the most attractive features of the fair last night was the drill by the Columbian Guards, of St. Viateur's college. These little people have a

sword drill that is very pretty and attractive, and was appreciated by those who were present and witnessed it. From among its students St. Viateur's college has certainly done its share toward the furnishing of entertainment for the fair, and they may be assured that their efforts looking toward the success of this public enterprise are duly appreciated by the citizens' committee.

“The orchestra from St. Viateur's college furnished the music for the fair last night, and as usual with this organization, it was good.”

THE GUN SQUAD.

“Bourbonnais” night at the fair was a success. The attendance the second night exceeded that of the previous evening. The young people seemed to have chosen that for their night and they turned out in full force. The squad of eighteen young men from St. Viateur's furnished the principal attraction. Young men in uniform are always a drawing card and especially when they come from college.

The squad, which is the Ford exhibition squad, from St. Viateur's college, entertained the audience last night for about thirty minutes with fancy military evolutions, which held the many spectators in silence waiting to see what those men were going to do next. The drill was given under very trying circumstances, owing to the large crowd. At its close, the audience, which seemed to have been spellbound while the figures were being gone through with, burst forth in a well merited round of applause.”

A HAPPY DAY.

Every day is a happy one for youth—but there is one that transcends all others—one to which he looks back in after life with the fondest remembrance; one from which he dates events when their quick succession makes it difficult to recall them distinctly; and that greatest of all days is the one on which for the first time he approaches holy communion.

On the other hand, no ceremony of the Church is more impressive to the bystander than this same one of first communion. It removes the veil of time and opens up a vista of bygone happy days so irrevocably past—so near withal. Few indeed witness this touching act without tears.

On Thursday, May 23, it was our pleasure to witness the touching scenes of first communion. On that day seventeen of the students were admitted for the time to partake of the celestial banquet—to feast with their Lord, when, like the beloved disciple, they could go near to him, and because of their innocence draw from His bosom heavenly secrets.

For many years Rev. J. A. Kelley has taken charge of the ceremonies of these days, which, under his able supervision, have always been most elaborate. It was the good fortune of the young boys to have his assistance this year, and everything went on with that ease and harmony which ever accompany intelligent plans.

A solemn high mass was sung by Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., assisted by Rev. G. M. Legris as deacon; Rev.

J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., sub-deacon, and Rev. Bro. Williams, master of ceremonies. After the gospel, Rev. J. E. Laberge, D.D., preached an eloquent sermon on the event of the day. Besides the learned exposition of the doctrine regarding the eucharist, his remarks were feelingly woven around this memorable day, and those who were to partake so prominently in its festivities.

During the offertory a beautiful Ave Maria was rendered by Mrs. Dr. Scheppers, of Chicago. Then came the time of communion—the solemn and happy moment for which the loved ones had so long waited. It came and passed, and they had their Lord within them.

In the evening the young communicants were enrolled in the scapular, and they who earlier in the day had been chosen by the Father were now enrolled under the protection of their heavenly mother, henceforth to be her devoted and faithful children.

To conclude a day so worthily begun and so full of precious memories an impromptu program was arranged at 8:30. All the professors and students gathered in Exhibition Hall to listen to and enjoy one of the most artistic and pleasing entertainments given during the year.

Madame Scheppers had consented to favor us with some choice selections, and they were choice indeed. She is a graduate of the Conservatory of Music, Paris, and she is truly a most accomplished singer. Her first selection was the "Prophet," from Myrbeer. To a most enthusiastic encore

she answered by *Gunod's "Serenade."* Then we were favored with two choice pieces from *Mrs. Dr. Morell*, who is also a singer of rare ability. Both ladies then joined forces and rendered the "*Carnival de Venice.*" Uniting most gracious manners to exalted work, both ladies did all they could to give us one of the most pleasant evenings we ever enjoyed within our college home. The thanks of the student body are due *Mr. W. Seidle* for a splendid violin solo, and to *Mr. J. Nawn* for one of his inimitable elocutionary selections. And thus closed a happy and eventful day.

the students. The structure is to be called the "*Bernard Gymnasium*" in memory of the late *Rev. Bro. Bernard*, former treasurer of *St. Viateur's College*.

Following is the cast:

L'Empereur Charlemagne.....
.....F. J. Richard
Le Compt Amaury.....	J. B. Surprenant
Ragenhardt.....	Thos. Legris
Le Duc Nayme.....	Armand Granger
Radbert.....	R. Pugney
Noethold.....	William Granger
Richard.....	E. St. Aubin
Geoffroy.....	Henry Ruel
Hadre.....	Joseph Lamarre
Theobald.....	Peter Chalifoux
Gilles.....	Joseph Legris

LA FILLE DE ROLAND.

Sunday evening, May 5, the members of the society of *St. John the Baptist* presented "*La Fille de Roland*," by *Henri Bornier* of the French Academy, arranged for the students by the *Rev. M. J. Marsile*. This play and "*For the Crown*," by *F. Cappée*, are considered the best tragedies of the French stage in this century. We except the plays of *Victor Hugo*, whose beauties of the first order are marred by many objectionable passages. When "*La Fille de Roland*" was acted for the first time in *Paris (1875)* the two greatest French tragedians, *M. Mounet Sully* and *Sarah Bernhardt*, filled the leading roles.

Elegant costumes were purchased for the occasion. The proceeds went for the construction of the gymnasium fund, a building intended for the amusement and athletic training of

NOTES.

Very *Rev. P. Beaudoin, C.S.V., R.D.*, and *Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V.*, attended the consecration of *St. James' church* in *Chicago* May 26th.

Mr. Francis N. Fitzgerald, '90, who has been pursuing law studies the past three years, is, we are pleased to learn, to graduate this year from the *Indiana Law School* at *Indianapolis*.

We note with pleasure that *Mr. C. T. Knisely, '88*, still maintains his reputation as a first-class bicyclist. He has entered in the road race in *Chicago* on *Decoration Day*. There are many entries, but we have no doubt that *Mr. Knisely* will distinguish himself even among so many expert riders.

Those who made their first communion on *Ascension Day* are to be

confirmed in Kankakee on May 27th by Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, who will administer the sacrament at St. Rose and the Immaculate church on that date. Large classes have been prepared at these churches, and all together there will be a large number.

A most notable church event took place in Chicago Sunday, May 26--the consecration of St. James' church and the erection of a magnificent set of chimes. This is the first church in the West to be thus distinguished. It is satisfactory alike to the pastor, Rev. Hugh Maguire, and his people, to have labored so earnestly, so harmoniously, for a common end, that now a work may be crowned which will be a credit to the Catholic church of the West, and to the great city whose name is synonymous of progress.

By the favor of heaven it sometimes happens in evil undertakings, too often in good, that the most ardent abettors of a work become its greatest impediments.

Amid all the varied forms of misery which one sees in this world, none is so tragic as the spectacle of a human soul sunk into the mire of the earth's corruption, and unconscious of the fact that the mountains are its natural home and the stars its fit companions.
—*Lyman Abbott.*

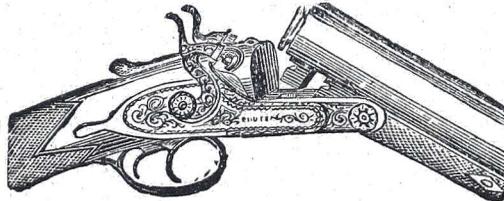
A humble soul, full of confidence in the divine promises, is not discouraged at the apparent repulses she meets with in prayer. She knows that her prayers, were each of them only the weight of a grain of sand, shall eventually incline the scales of divine justice in her favor.—*Pere Saintrain.*

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