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POPES IN HELL.

S. Morgan, '09.



O THE observers of Dantean history who place themselves as it were at the end of the thirteenth century and wander down the current of ages to the present time, the question standing preeminent in their minds when they ponder over Dantean lore is as to the judgment exercised by the Florentine in consigning certain Popes to taste of the "poisonous drug of hell." Living in an age and in a country where factional strifes were daily occurrences, he naturally engaged in them and cast himself body and soul into their intrigues. Some of the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" found on every page of his immortal work can be directly traced to his political affiliations. To this source can also be ascribed the placing of real personages in the *Inferno*. Some of these statements written under adverse conditions have been seized and are offered as delicious morsels to the ravenous maws of the anti-clerical, who extract Popes and princes of the Church from the Dantean Hell and throw them at us as examples of the Knavery which they fondly imagine as really existing in the Church of that period, forgetting at the same time that historical documents and other data at present available were not then at hand. These compilations have since been laid before the microscopic eyes of public opinion and show entirely different views on many subjects. Through these sources of reliable information, statements which in Dante's time rested on mere tradition have been disproved and others entirely unknown to him have been rescued from oblivion. In view of this it is my purpose here to study and compare both the writings of Dante and the statements of reliable historians to ascertain what measure of justice

was dealt out by Dante and therefore to make clear whether Dante is justified in consigning Popes to the land of shadows.

Entering the Lower World on our journey with the Bard we hear the lamentations of the Apathetic "resounding through the air pierced by no star" and perceive the shade of one popularly supposed to be Celestine V, who is doomed by the Poet to everlasting torments, because he "to base fear yielding, abjured his high estate."

The accusation is proved by history to be lacking in foundation of fear or cowardice. Facts conclusively demonstrate that exercising a life of austerity and the consequent holiness Celestine was dragged from the cell of a recluse to occupy the highest position in Christendom. Rather than have the Church suffer through his ignorance of worldly wiles, his extreme humility, and not fear, caused him to tender his resignation of the Papal office. For this Dante placed him in Hell among the Apathetic. Would anyone act rightly in condemning a man who resigned an office because he was incapable of performing the duties? Yet Dante seemingly does this. Historical testimony proves that far from being apathetic or indifferent, far from yielding to fear or cowardice, he realized his infirmities and felt that the "sweets of contemplation" had greater pleasure for him than a life of power which his heart informed him he could not fill. Why, then, blame him? Perhaps the popular conception of this mysterious "him" has mistakingly assigned a wrong identity to the unhappy spirit. This is the supposition advanced by Lombardi, who contends that Dante's allusion is political and that he really intended to portray some fellow citizen who could have delivered the Ghibelline party from its reverses, had he not the heart of a craven. Dean Church also supports this argument in his "Essay on Dante." This opinion is very tenable. It seems impossible that anyone possessing Dante's political insight would have erred in ascribing the real cause of Celestine's abdication. Again, at the time of his abdication popular opinion was divided. Some held that Celestine should have continued in office, whilst others argued the contrary. It seems, therefore, most improbable that Dante, no matter by what motive he might have been actuated, would have relied on the arbitrary assumption that his had to be an infallible opinion when he placed the Pontiff in Hell. However, leaving aside these considerations, if Dante meant to have Celestine placed here he erred. Cooler minds have judged rightly concerning the

character of Celestine and the title of Saint which he bears refutes any charge of fear or cowardice which may be made against the saintly founder of the Celestine order.

A burning sepulcher is the punishment meted out to Pope Anastasius. The stifling stench arising from the tomb is described in brief yet vivid language and needs makes the reader conclude that heresy is punished with torments condign.

“To shun the horrible excess
Of fetid exhalation upward cast
From the profound abyss, behind the lid
Of a great monument we stood retired,
Whereon this scroll I marked: ‘I have in charge
Pope Anastasius, whom Photinus drew
From the right path’.”

The inscription bids the reader tarry, and not unwillingly do we again resort to historic scrolls to rescue us from a growing belief in the wickedness of Christ's vicars. Some commentators assert that Dante confounds Pope Anastasius II with Emperor Anastasius I, who was his contemporary. The fact that they lived at the same time, and the oversight of a possible typographical error in revising the Divine Comedy, may be responsible for the erroneous charge. Again, Scartazzini, an eminent authority on the works of the Florentine, states that Dante was misled by a false tradition. Of the rule of Pope Anastasius II historians speak briefly. He ascended the throne of Peter with the East a prey to lamentable dissensions. He manfully fought the Emperor Anastasius for the recognition of the decrees of the Council of Chalcedon, wherein the heresy of the Monophysites was condemned. For this purpose he sent legates to the august Emperor, stating the grounds for negotiation. To these, however, the Emperor refused all access, not wishing to hear of any accommodation unless the Pope consented to sign the Henoticon. This Henoticon, the work of Acacius and Peter Mongus, prime movers of the Monophysites, carefully avoided any solution of the doctrine of two natures in Christ, that is: “One Divine, the other human—without mixture or alteration, united in one person and hypostasis.” The Pontiff refused to consider the Henoticon for the above reason. Some historians assert that it was the intention of the Emperor to ensnare Anastasius and force him to a

betrayal of the cause of truth. This plan was frustrated as the death of the Pope put an end to his infamous attempt. The reign of Pope Anastasius was of short duration, yet it was of sufficient length to amply prove his zeal for the faith; wisdom and prudence were noted in all his decisions. He settled the question of the validity of sacraments administered by Schismatics, holding that sacraments given by an excommunicated bishop were valid. This concession as Burkhauser remarks, "was the cause of Anastasius being unjustly suspected of complicity with the monophysites, a charge, as is readily perceived, without foundation."

This opinion corresponds to the words of all other historians on this matter. Darras and Alzog, in particular, take pains to prove the falsity of the charges. Historians assert that Photinus, who is charged with "drawing the Pope from the right path," lived before the time of Anastasius. Others say that he was readmitted by Anastasius to all the privileges of the faithful. In either case the Pope is blameless. If Photinus lived prior to him, the charges of Dante are clearly without proof; if he received him into the Church, he was merely exercising an Apostolic right whereby any Pope can absolve an excommunicated person and restore him to the protection of the Church. This right, however, was misconstrued by the uninformed and, for many centuries false tradition obscured the real motives of a devout man, a man upon whom the Church hesitates not to affix her mark of approval by conferring on him the title of Saint as a reward for his holiness and zeal in the propagation of the faith. It is very probable that to this erroneous testimony of tradition may Dante's reasons be ascribed. Tradition was the mouthpiece of nearly all belief, and when tradition erred, it necessarily followed that persons would be misrepresented; hence Dante in placing Anastasius in Hell merely acted according to his best judgment, which was in conformity with what evidence was to him available.

Pursuing our journey we leave the gloomy abodes of the apathetic, weather the gales of the lascivious are drenched by cold rains and whirling snows encountered by the Epicureans, witness the never-ending battles of the prodigal and miserly, see the morose wallowing in the stygian filth, and finally, after encountering numerous demons, we are suddenly stopped in the

gulf of the simoniacal, where the followers of Simon Magus receive their just due, planted in vats especially designed for them.

"From out the mouth
Of every one emerged a sinner's feet,
And of the legs high upwards as the calf,
The rest beneath was hid. On either foot
The soles were burning; whence the flexile joints
Glanced with such violent motion, as had snapt
Asunder cords or twisted withes. As flame,
Feeding on unctuous matter, glides along
The surface, scarcely touching where it moves,
So here, from heel to point, glided the flames."

Descending we are suddenly startled by the words

"Ha! already standest there?
Already standeth there, O Boniface!
By many a year the writing played me false.
So early dost thou surfeit with the wealth,
For which thou feards't not in guile to take
The lovely lady, and then mangle her?"

The ingenious method here adopted by Dante of consigning a man to his torments is the stroke of a master and is one of the many arts which tend to make the Florentine pre-eminent among poets. At the time when Dante was writing his immortal work (1300), Boniface was still alive, hence the desire of Dante to place him in Hell could not be fulfilled in any way save in the manner made use of by Dante. But to revert: Dante charges Boniface VIII with two crimes, simony and the use of illicit means in securing the Pontificate. As to the latter accusation, historical evidence clearly proves that Boniface was elected lawfully. On the abdication of Celestine V, of which I have written above, Boniface was chosen to succeed him. Much of Dante's antipathy to this man is due to the fact that he enacted measures hostile to the Bianchi or patrician party in their struggle with the Neri or merchants. Dante entered into this fired and naturally fought for the supremacy of his caste. After long struggles, the Neri appealed to Pope Boniface to settle the dispute. For this purpose Boniface appointed as arbitrator Cardinal Acquasparta, whom he despatched to Florence, but all his efforts proved unavailing. As a last resort the Neri again had to

ask the Pope's aid in settling the matter, and in consequence Charles of Valois was sent to Florence with a military force large enough to enforce his authority. The homes of the Bianchi, who revolted again, were burned, and six hundred were exiled from their native city. Dante was among these. His property was confiscated and a reward was set on his head. As Darras says: "Driven forth from his native city he bore with him, in exile, all the deep and burning hate which is immortalized in the Divine Comedy, the masterpiece of the middle ages." Dante in time began to entertain a desire to again visit Florence and many appeals were written to Boniface to have his sentence of exile rescinded. At length Boniface yielded to his impassioned letters, but affixed the condition that Dante should appear in penitential garb carrying a lighted candle on the patronal feast day of St. John. He scornfully refused this condition, and "from the hour," says Boccaccio, "he turned from a Guelph to a fierce Ghibbeline, so narrow minded and fanatic he would have stoned even women and children had they dared assail the name now sacred to him." The charge of simony, some say, can be laid at the doors of the Colonna family. Exiled, they repaired to France and Sicily. During the unfortunate controversy between Philip of France and Pope Boniface, this family supplied statements to the former in which the Pope was accused of simoniacal practices "in that he had asserted the Pope could not be guilty of simony, and had unlawfully disposed of the goods of the Church to the French King." This, however, is untrue. Boniface states in a bull "that it was not intended to forbid ecclesiastics to give" (to the state) "what they liked, provided it only were freely given, and that its measures were meant to strike royal officials who extorted money illegally." This extortion was great in its evils, and often half the expense of a nation's war was defrayed by extortion from the clergy; for example, both England and France, in 1297. Again others assert that the charge of simony rests on the supposition that Boniface bought the tiara from Charles d' Anjou. Caesar Cantu remarks that "this charge must fall on the evidence of history," for, as is clearly evident, it would have been more to Charles' interest to have another simple-minded person like Celestine V in office than a man of the unyielding stamp of Boniface VIII. Boniface, without being a saint, was free from the crimes and sacrilegious sins imputed to him. Free from the motive that made Dante include Boniface in his most bitter in-

vectives and oburgations, such as "the high priest whom evil take," and "prince of modern Pharisees." Petrarch, Plancke and Cardinal Wiseman deal out fair opinions. Petrarch styles Boniface "the marvel of the world"; Darras characterizes Dante's vindicative opinions as "odious calumnies." All in all, anyone must again conclude that Dante has erred in judging the merits of Boniface.

Another Pope whom we encounter in Hell, is Nicholas III. He it is who mistakingly hails the pilgrim Dante for Boniface who according to the Poet, is to relieve him from the inverted position wherein he is suffering because in life he inverted the usual order of things by substituting simony. As he himself states

"Under my head are dragg'd
The rest, my predecessors in the guilt
Of simony. Stretch'd at their length, they lie
Along an opening in the rock. 'Midst them
I also low shall fall, soon as he comes
For whom I took thee, when so hastily
I questioned."

Here Dante errs again. He assigns to Nicholas a place in the circle of the simoniacal and thereby insures our just censure. While it is admitted by all that Nicholas practiced Nepotism and was somewhat worldly these faults can never be stretched, by any imagination, into simoniacal practises. Nicholas himself in the words of Dante confesses to such an inordinate desire

"To advance my whelps, that there,
My having in my purse above I stow'd
And here myself."

These words show, it seems to me, that Dante confounds simony with nepotism. The bestowing of temporal principalities can in no way be confounded with simony, for simony essentially is the sale of spiritual blessings, and can be in no way conceived as existing when spiritual things are lacking. The placing of Nicholas in Hell on this charge is unpardonable and can only have its source in the irrational hatred of Dante for all Guelphs. Millman, in his work on Latin Christianity, says: "He was a man of irreproachable morals, of vast ambition, and of great ability." The charge of Nepotism with which history confronts him can easily and reasonably be explained. It is but natural

for anyone to place implicit confidence in relatives, for more is known of their habits and practices than would be known of the habits and customs of one less closely allied. Why then censure Nicholas for this? The vast design of Church aggrandizement which Nicholas entertained was the one redeeming feature of a reign which can neither receive praise nor merit censure.

Still another Pope remains to be considered before concluding this article. Nicholas again used by Dante as a prophet speaks of

"A shepherd without law,
Fated to cover both his form and mine.
He a new Jason shall be call'd, of whom
In Maccabees we read. and favor such
As to that priest his king indulgent showed,
Shall be of France's monarch shown to him."

This "shepherd without law" is the much maligned Clement V, who was condemned by both Guelphs and Ghibellines, one censuring because he transferred the papal residence to Avignon, the other reproving through an unnatural antipathy to the justice meted out by him. Placed as it were between two fires he was assailed on all sides. The removal of the see to Avignon, the dissolution of the order of Templars, can both be traced to him, and to these acts can also be traced the hatred with which his name was greeted. By removing to Avignon he indubitably placed himself and his successors in a precarious position. His removal was due to his ambition to further the wishes of the court of France, an ambition which gave birth to the charges of an alleged compact, by Villani, an active follower of the schismatical Louis, of Bavaria. In this charge Clement agrees among other things: First, to absolve Philip from all censures passed on him by Boniface VIII; second, to reconcile him unconditionally with the Church; third, to grant him the tithes and revenues of France for five years; fourth, to erase the name of Boniface VIII from the catalog of Popes; fifth, to raise to the rank of Cardinal candidates proposed by Philip. This compact is proved to be wholly fictitious. On these charges rests the accusation of simony. Recent historians have amply proved that Clement V was not guilty of simoniacal practices. Among these Archbishop Kenrick says: "The memory of Clement V comes down to us charged with having ambitiously intrigued for the Tiara, by promises to Philip the Fair to rescind the acts of Boni-

face, and to condescend to his will on some other important points, not then disclosed. This compact originally rests on the authority of a dissatisfied partisan of a schismatic." Statements of this sort are to be found in all reliable historians and all serve to show that this compact never existed but in the fertile mind of its conceitor.

In conclusion, summarizing the statements of Dante, and of historical authorities, we note that of the Popes met in the Dantean Hell, two are saints, and of the other three, two are considered guiltless of the offense imputed to them by Dante. The fifth may be censured, but on different grounds. Dante may be excused, and certainly his protestations of profound respect for the papacy itself absolve him, yet he exaggerates and misrepresents. Darras, speaking of his judgment, says: "The capricious and spiteful fictions of the Ghibelline are no criterion by which to judge the celebrated characters of his day. Granted all the praise due to the literary talent displayed by the poet, the unwarranted outbreak of the political partisan must awaken the indignation of every honest heart." However, many things ought to be considered before censuring Dante too much. The indignities which he underwent, his love for the Papacy, his "reverence for the Keys," the undeniable fact that simony was practiced, may all have had their share in forming his opinion. On every side he witnessed men hiding their iniquities under the garb of religion, he saw the Church yielding to the state and the state attempting to restrict the authority of the Popes, he doubtless encountered abuses in all ranks of the clergy, and these things combined with the implacable hatred which he bore to the enemies of the Ghibelline party doubtless formulated "the burning words against scandal in the mediaeval world," words which Cardinal Manning says "made Dante's loyalty a matter of doubt"; a doubt which, however, has long ago been cleared away.





FATHER JOQUES



F. A. WELCH, '10



AMONG the names inseparable from the history of our country, there is none more emblazoned with deeds of heroism and supernatural courage than that of Father Isaac Joques of the Society of Jesus. Father Joques the first to bear the cross of salvation into the interior of our country and the first to shed his blood on American soil for the Faith of Christ, was a native of Orleans, France. In the bosom of a pious family the young Isaac was reared surrounded by all the profound and pleasing practices of Catholic devotion. Lessons of religion and letters were imparted together and the young student from his youth proved himself remarkably apt at both. At an early age he was to his own great joy sent to the Orleans College, recently established by the Jesuit Fathers, under whose instruction he progressed rapidly in his studies. His collegiate course drawing to a close he began to meditate more seriously than ever on the greatest act of one's life—the selection of a vocation. It was his extraordinary devotion to the Passion of Our Lord that settled this question for him. With modest grace he applied and was admitted without hesitation by the superior into the Society of Jesus. After three years he completed his studies and was sent to the city of Rouen, there to instruct the young in the elements of Latin, the principles of religion and the practices of piety. So fruitful were his labors in this regard that his scholars were ever distinguished for the solidity and constancy of their virtues and many of them became companions of their saintly preceptor in the Society of Jesus.

Two years pass by and we see him winning laurels in the literary sphere. Unable to conceal any longer his talents the gifted Jesuit was lauded for his masterly productions. But his heart was too thoroughly pre-engaged to covet the laurels of literary fame. He was intent on winning another crown the glorious crown of martyrdom. Yet so obedient was the young scholastic that he went out with as much labor and zeal to acquire all the accomplishments of learning as if a professor's chair in Eu-

rope was to crown his ambition. To Paris he wended his way where he began his course in divinity. He persued the arduous tasks laid out for him most zealously, since they constituted the last probation preceding his elevation to the sacred ministry and the realization of his fondest hope—a foreign mission. Shortly after ordination we find him aboard a vessel bound for foreign lands. God alone for whose love and glory it is sweet to suffer can tell the privation, want and utter destituteness that this pious soul was compelled to undergo both spiritually and bodily in that long journey. Supported by his zeal he accomplished his arduous and laborious passage but no sooner arrived at the Indian village of Ihonitura than his exhausted nature sank under a dreadful malady which for some time threatened his existence. Endowed by nature with a strong physique he recovered and was able to take the ordinary food of the country—the sagamity.

Again we find him stationed in a country raging with famine and pestilence, hastening from town to town, from cabin to cabin baptizing the dying infants and such of the adults as were willing to receive the words of eternal life. His field of labor extended to Indian villages—villages filled with creatures who were victims of socerers pretending to cure their bodily afflictions. Horrid orgies of the medicine man, dances and imaginations of the most revolting character, such abominations as these Father Joques battled against and in most cases subdued. Unacquainted with their language Father Joques labored under the greatest difficulty, but not withstanding this in a few years he was proclaimed master of the Huron. He was passionately devoted to the cross, the memento of Our Savior's Passion. Thus his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was intense and the Real Presence, the greatest of blessings, made the wilderness of America a paradise to Father Joques, neither heat nor cold nor the swarms of mosquitos with which his little chapel was infested, could induce him to forego the society of his Savior. No wonder he was attracted thither, for it was in the little chapel that he was not unfrequently favored with heavenly visions.

The calm courage of the missionary was displayed while on a voyage from St. Marys to Quebec when he and his boat crew were attacked by the Mohawks. The Mohawks, well armed easily overpowered the band of Hurons who broke and fled. Father Joques mindful of his sacred calling calmly stopped to take up water for the baptism of those unbaptized, "Could I" he said, "a

minister of Christ forsake the dying, the wounded, the captive." In prison the young missionary continued to preach the Gospel, among these children of the forest but in so doing he provoked the anger of his captors. Rushing upon him they beat him with their fists and clubs till he fell senseless to the ground. Then seizing his bleeding hands they tore out most of his nails with their teeth and inflicted upon him the most excruciating torture of crushing the fingers. But these tortures were only the first outburst of savage rage, the forerunner of more cruel ones in reserve. Thus began a series of bodily tortures. Beaten, bruised and mangled he was doomed to drag out the remainder of his life. On one occasion he was dragged to the scaffold, his closing wounds were reopened, his remaining nails were torn from their sockets and the bones forced through the finger tips.

Father Joques, mode of life in the wilderness is thus described by Bancroft. "On a hill apart he carved a long cross on a tree, and there, in the solitude, meditated the imitation of Christ, and soothed his grief by reflecting that he alone in that vast region adored the true God of earth and heaven." On the eighteenth of October a tribe of Savages invited Father Joques to sup in their cabin. Scarcely had the shadow of the black gown darkened the entrance, when a concealed arm struck a well aimed blow with the murderous tomahawk and the Christian martyr fell senseless to the floor never to recover. Vain indeed are words to describe the zeal, humanity and self sacrifice that this scholar, martyr and priest displayed.



TWO GRADUATES

F. CLEARY, '11



HAT hall is beastly cold to practice a play in," said Tom Barry to Dick Harding, as they hurried down the steps of the old amusement hall, which for many years had stood a landmark of Penford College. "What do I care if it's cold to practice in," said Harding, as he hurried off too disgruntled and blue even to say good night. For he knew that his last chance for a leading role in the commencement day play of "Hamlet" had vanished. Graduating day was but two and one-half months off, and to think that once more and forever, he must be excelled by one, this same Tom Barry, who was to carry the title role of "Hamlet," was almost too much to bear. For four years this same Barry had been his keenest rival in everything; first in studies, first in athletics and always first to receive the leading part in any drama that the students gave.

Harding himself was a good student, a strong athlete, and an excellent actor but somehow or other he could never quite equal the standard set by Barry. Hence it was that such a selection was made in this case. Both Harding and Barry were members of the graduating class and although they were always great rivals they had never up to this time been enemies. Trouble, however, seemed imminent as Harding, being naturally of a jealous nature, could not long restrain himself.

"I'll get that fellow yet," he said to himself as he slammed the door of his room and threw down his hat and coat in wild dismay. "I'll spend every cent of my fortune if I must, to put him down and out," he exclaimed to himself. "That's where I'll get him anyway, poor old dependent wretch!" So wailed Harding and he tossed himself upon his bed trying to think how he could best carry out his plans and what method was best to pursue. With these thoughts he passed into a restless slumber.

Meanwhile, Barry had reached his own room and was diligently poring over his books in preparation for the coming exam-

inations. His heart and soul were in his work and little did he dream or suspect that he was causing such grave worry to his supposed friend Dick Harding.

Weeks passed by and the practice of the play was carried on undisturbed. Daily rehearsals were held and it seemed that Harding had forgotten the pangs of jealousy and hatred which had first filled his heart. He appeared just as happy and blithesome as ever and practiced his minor role of Laertes with as much force as if it were the part of the King. Commencement day drew near and the play took on a more serious aspect. The examinations were finished and both Harding and Barry were now certain of their graduation. A few days more and their career at this college would be at an end. Maybe it was this fact which had caused Harding to change his actions towards Barry and to make him feel that at least for these last few moments, they were friends.

It was nearing the hour set for the play and people from all parts of the surrounding country had come to see the last appearance of the graduates at Penford. Many long years had passed since such a gathering was seen in old Ferndel hall. Every seat was filled long before starting time and people thronged the aisles. Behind the scenes, however, there was a far different picture. The stage settings were all in order and the heart of every actor beat high. "Tom, do your best, and that is all I ask," were the last words of advice from Father Lawlor as he gave the final signal for the play to open. "Well, I'll try anyway," was the only response from Tom. And surely he did his best, for his efforts were so successful that never before had such acting been seen on that college stage, and never before did an actor leave such a lasting impression as did Tom. He was the real Hamlet of Shakespeare in every detail.

However, there was one shadow that clouded, with a tinge of sadness the joy felt by all the actors; this was the poor showing of Dick Harding. Of course his part was far from being a leading one, but taking even this into consideration, his acting was not the acting of the old-time Dick. His memory also failed him for the first time and in the midst of his conversation with Ophelia he forgot his lines entirely. Leaving the stage in bewilderment he shouted to his prompters, "My lines, my lines!" He regained his memory soon, however, with the aid of Father Lawlor, who by this time had reached him. "Get back on the stage,

you'll ruin the scene!" shouted Father Lawlor. "I have it, I have it!" exclaimed Harding, and then he was back on the stage, going through his lines. As the scene closed the crowd gave great applause, but this had little effect on Harding for something greater was on his mind. He saw now why Barry had been selected for Hamlet, and he saw also that he had failed in his final effort to make good as an actor. "I'll have that fellow yet," he said to himself as the last scene of the play ended. His career at Penford college was finished.

As the graduates passed off the stage each was met with a hearty hand-shake by a crowd of students and friends who waited at the door. This part of the programme was too much for Harding, so he dodged around the crowd and scurried off to his room discouraged and heartbroken. "What a miserable being am I," he said to himself as he dragged his trunk out of his room and down the corridor, but as he turned to go down stairs he was met by a familiar face. "What's up, old boy? Aren't you coming down to the feed, with the rest of the bunch" said Barry as he greeted Harding. "Feed nothing; leave me alone; I'm sick of this place and all that's in it. Moreover, you're the cause of my failure in that play and I don't want you near me at all," said Dick. "Failure!" exclaimed Barry. "Why, you carried your part off well. Everyone in the house cheered you, and when you left the stage that time they thought it only a change in the scene caused by the staging. Come on now, forget all nonsense!"

"Never!" was the only answer from Harding as he dragged his trunk down the stairway.

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Ten long years had passed now since that eventful day when Tom Barry and Richard Harding had left old Penford college, and many were the changes which had taken place in those intervening years. To glance back over the first four years of that time we must first visit a seminary where Tom Barry had taken up, and successfully carried through his preparations for the holy vocation of priesthood. Then to glance over the remaining six years to find that he spent the period in all parts of the diocese, filling in as an assistant at first, then stationed for short periods of time in parishes where priests were off duty. These were long, hard years for Father Barry and it is very easy to imagine the joy that filled his heart when he finally received the pastorship of St.

Malachy's church at Bedford, a city well known for its thriving Catholicity. Times would be changed he knew and he could now better enjoy the fruits of his own labors. His gentle manner soon won hosts of friends for him and nothing was too good for Father Barry in Bedford. However, he had not come for rest and ease but had come to work.

The parish house was old and dilapidated and since the church was one of the finest in the surrounding country the house was all out of conformity with the rest of the surroundings. Hence Father Barry soon began work on his new parsonage which was to be built with all modern improvements. Money, however, was needed and it was for this reason that the priest must hold bazaars, socials, and entertainments in order to raise sufficient funds for the new debt. It was only a couple of months now until the money would be needed and so it happened that social affairs were held time and again to raise this sum. The last affair was to be a play, the selection of which was left entirely to Father Barry. After due consideration he thought it only proper that the last affair should bring the best results so he finally decided to stage his old college play of "Hamlet." But to give such a play he must have a strong actor for the role of Hamlet. The other characters could be chosen from his local talent but he could think of no one that suited his fancy for the leading role. The opportunity, however, was soon presented to him through which he obtained the one whom he thought could carry the part successfully. It was on one of his morning strolls down town that he noticed an old familiar name on a new sign just over the leading drug store of the town. It read: "Richard F. Harding, M. D." He stopped too dumbfounded to move and wondered if that could mean that Dick had become a doctor. He soon discovered that it did for the next moment a tall form came out of the store, medicine case in hand. "Can it be you, Dick?" said Father Barry. "No, it's not Dick now, but Doctor, if you please," said Harding with a sarcastic ring to his voice. "Excuse me, then, Doctor," said Father Barry, as a strange feeling came over him. Could it be, he thought to himself, that Dick had forgotten his old friends and was too dignified to even recognize him? Tom Barry, as a priest? Surely not, but anyway he would let this pass and for old time's sake would try to be a friend. So, after a long talk, in which Harding explained the history of the ten years that were just past, the priest and doctor parted. The next

day Father Barry went down town again and approached Harding about the play. "You see, doctor," he said, "I'm going to put on 'Hamlet' and I want you as the real star of the troupe, as Hamlet himself. Will you consent?" After a long silence Harding spoke up: "I'm a new resident of this town and must pick up a patronage from the people by serving not entertaining them; moreover, that play will bring back to me memories too disagreeable to think over, much less speak about."

"Oh, come on; just for the cause if for nothing else," said Father Barry. Well, Harding did finally consent and the rehearsals were commenced immediately.

Meanwhile, the play was being talked over for miles around, and as for the doctor, he was gaining more patients by the simple fact that he was to take part in the play, than if he had been an old resident of the town. The event was even talked over on the street corners by the townspeople, and surely never before had Bedford been so stirred up over a play. The date set for the performance, was finally near at hand and Father Barry had gathered the troupe together the night before the performance for what was to be a final rehearsal of the play. One of the troupe was found missing however and it was while waiting for his arrival that a dirty-faced urchin came up from behind Father Barry, tapped him on the shoulder, and handed him the following message: "Called away on a thirty-five mile drive. Impossible to be with you in time for the final performance of play."

"R. F. HARDING, M. D."

"What shall we do?" exclaimed Father Barry as he finished reading aloud the awful tidings. "The play is lost! Oh, Father, what can we do?" exclaimed the troupe as if with one voice. "It's hard to believe," said Father Barry, "but something must be done and I'll do it, if you'll promise me just one thing, which I will ask of you; and if you do this, I assure you the performance will come off." "We promise anything, Father," all responded. "Well," said the priest, "It has been ten years since I last appeared as an actor, but it was on that occasion that I carried this same part of Hamlet, so since circumstances demand it, I will endeavor to take the part again. However, you must not breathe one word of this to anyone." So saying Father Barry left the hall and proceeded to his room where he spent the greatest part of the night in study. The next day came, and with it the play. Bedford witnesses a great success. Father Barry was the "Tom Barry," of old Pen-

ford, and the people thought the new doctor was certainly a great man to act so well such a heavy roll.

It was nearly midnight when poor Father Barry, tired and worn from his labors, reached his bedroom and prepared for what he hoped would be a good night's rest. It was a very great strain that he had placed upon himself and he needed this rest. He had hardly dosed off to sleep, however, when the sound of loud knocking at the door awakened him from his slumber. He knew what that meant, and in a moment's time he was ready for a sick call. As he opened the door a man stood waiting there, and to Father Barry's inquiries about who was sick he answered: "A man lies dying at the farthest end of Grove street. He has asked for you. Come with me, and I will lead the way." These were the only words spoken and neither the priest nor the stranger uttered a single word, until after about twenty minutes rapid walking they arrived at what appeared a neat and cozy residence. "This way, please," said the stranger as he led the priest into the house through a short hall, thence into a quiet and secluded bedroom. The priest entered and was startled on beholding none other than Dick Harding, covered with blood, and groaning with pain. "Oh, Father, is it you?" came from the lips of the dying man. "I'm done for now. I've ruined your play I suppose. Oh, forgive me! I didn't go on a sick call. I drank. I thought of the old revenge I vowed against you at Penford. I drank more. I was beaten and robbed while intoxicated. Oh, forgive me! I see it all now. God's hand came heavy upon me."

"Dick," said Father Barry, "I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

An hour later Father Barry, mournful and pensive, left the dwelling after telling the proprietor to give the remains a good burial and charge the expenses to him.





ATHENS OF TODAY



J. LAMPERIS



AS WE look upon the city of Athens of today we are amazed to see everything so fresh, so new, and so modern. It does not look like the Athens of old. There are beautiful parks and handsome streets, marble mansions, rich dwellings of brick bound with stucco, delicately colored pale blue, pink, or yellow, and nearly all the homes have red tile roofs. The Greeks of today, like those of past times, do not build structures that seem to try to reach the stars. Nowhere in Greece will be found buildings of ten, fifteen or twenty stories like those we find in the cities of America. The people have too great a dread of that visitor which has made various parts of Greece suffer. Keeping the earthquake ever in mind they build low buildings of two stories and rarely over four. There are tramways in the streets very much like those of this great country of America, and railroads connecting Athens with its ports. Altogether, Athens is not as foreign-looking as we expect it to be. Everybody in Athens looks happy, and it seems as though every other man were either priest or soldier.

There are beautiful squares known as constitution parks, with the king's palaces in the back-ground where the fashionable people are very fond of walking. The hotels are large and modern. Here waiters will attend you as if you were in Paris, London or New York, and you will hear English, French and Italian all around you. You will not be long in Athens before you notice that the people love the sunshine and out-of-door life. They think that houses are well to sleep in and a place of retreat during wet and inclement weather; but out of doors is the real place to live, to play, to chat, to eat, drink and hold festivals and celebrations. Yes they always work out of doors. Even the hotels use open courts for dining rooms, where patrons enjoy the melodies of the birds, and the sweet and refreshing scent of the flowers, orange and lemon trees. In Athens, as in Paris and London, may be seen the fanciful dresses of the rich and those of the peasants who

come down to the city to do their marketing. The stores of modern Athens are filled with the latest fashions like those of Paris, London, and New York.

The studies of the Modern Greek youth are like those of olden times; that old love for learning is not dead; it only slumbered during the years of bondage. When the University of Athens was founded, Athens and all Greece were still suffering from a severe struggle. This great institution was opened about the year eighteen hundred and forty, with about fifty or sixty students and at present it numbers no less than four thousand. The University was erected by contributions not only from wealthy Greeks at home but from the peasants and from the Romans. The schools and colleges of Greece are well patronized. Boys and girls undergo many hardships that they may be able to attend school and there is hardly any need there for the compulsory education law, for the children delight to learn. The Greek students of today, like those of long ago, read and recite at the schools of the famous poets and of the great philosophers—Homer, Plato, Demosthenes, Socrates, Aristotle, Herodotus, Miltiades, Phidias and Pericles—honor and respect them as their forefathers and redeemers of their native country and who were the authors of love of the mother country and made great sacrifices for the liberty and triumph of their mother country—Greece.

The multitude of foreigners in Greece makes the people eager to learn the languages of other countries, especially French and English. There one meets the most earnest scholars in the world; not only young enthusiastic college graduates eager for renown in the scholars' world, but also gray-haired men who have grown old while digging for Greek treasures in the bowels of the earth. "But what is the good of digging for fragments of old vases and pots of statuary—a hand or a foot," some wide-awake scholar asks. But these relics just show to us what progress the Greeks of long ago had made, especially in civilization, so that we know today how they lived, what were their thoughts, how they fought, and how they worshiped. A visit to Athens will repay the fatigues of a long trip thither and the scenes and persons of interest there will make one forget the worries of a journey homeward.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HARRISON.

W. Sammon, '12.



IN THE mountains in eastern Tennessee there lived a man named Harrison. He was very shiftless and if it was not for his wife the family which consisted of three children would have often gone hungry. This man had no education and had hardly ever heard of God because he was too lazy to go to church. He was very superstitious and believed most of the ghost stories and the stories of spirits told by the people of his class that lived near him. But he would have been very angry if any one ever hinted such a thing. One warm summer day about eleven o'clock he was sitting in the shade of a tree chewing for exercise when his wife called him and asked him to dig some potatoes for dinner. He got his spade and went into the garden. The first time he pushed the spade in the ground he brought up a potato which was shaped like a man's big toe. When his wife saw it on the table she wanted to throw it out for she said it was a human toe. But Harrison laughed at her and said he would play cannibal so he ate the potato. After dinner he went into the yard and stretched himself under a tree for he believed in sleeping right after meals. While he was trying to go to sleep he got thinking of the potato and he wondered if it was a human toe. The more he thought about it the more fixed it became in his mind that it was a human toe. So after a short while he was firmly convinced it was one. He did not know what to do so he thought he would say nothing about it to any one.

That night it was very late when he retired to his bed. Although he was very sleepy he could not sleep. At last he was dozing when he heard an awful groan. He jumped out of his bed and asked what was the matter. Just then the groan was repeated and it seemed as though it came from under his bed. He got his revolver and went through the house looking for the owner of the groan. After a careful search, he came back to his room, for he could find no one who did not belong in the house. He was about to go back to bed when he heard some one limping up and down the cellar floor. He shouted, "Who's there?" The answer he got was, "I want my big toe." This reply staggered

him, for he remembered the potato he had eaten. He called one of his sons and made him come along with him. He turned on the lights in the cellar and then with his son accompanying him started. When he opened the top door of the cellar every thing seemed quiet, but when he got to the bottom of the stairs all the lights went out, and the groan came again, "I want my big toe." His son ran up the stairs nearly frightened out of his wits and Harrison followed the best he could. When he reached the main part of the house, he heard a heavy limping step behind him which he recognized as that of the ghost. As his son had disappeared into his room, his father could do nothing but run. He ran as hard and fast as possible, but the ghost kept about fifteen feet behind him all of the time, and every once in a while he would groan, "I want my big toe." When Harrison had run all through the upper part of the house he was all in, so he stopped in a room and shut the door quickly and locked it. But from a corner of the room came the same old tune, "I want my big toe." The poor man was so frightened that he could not stand. He also could feel that he was losing the use of his limbs and speech. A cold sweat gathered all over his body. All during this time the voice kept repeating, "I want my big toe," each time he said it he seemed to get angrier. At last the voice cried, "You took my big toe, I will take your big toe." Harrison then saw a big powerful arm holding a glittering knife, slowly descend till it had nearly touched his foot. All this time he was helpless and could only stare at it. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain shoot through his foot and body, and he shrieked and awoke. He sat up rubbing his eyes in astonishment to find himself, out in the yard, and looking around he saw sitting down at his feet his youngest child crying. In her hand she held a knife. She explained to him that she had been trimming his big toe nail when the knife slipped and cut him. He let such a yell that it frightened her and that was what made her cry. This explained the sharp pain he had felt and he was very thankful to find that it was only a dream.



The College Forum

Greek.

Poor Old Greek seems to be in many colleges, in the throes of its last agony vainly struggling for a few more breaths. But as when some great benefactor who has rendered invaluable service to mankind, lies at death's door, all countries are instant in sending their ablest and most skilled physicians to save if possible the great benefactor, so too just now when Poor Greek seems to be on the brink of dissolution men in every part of the country, eminent for wisdom, are rising in action, endeavoring to save Greek from a premature and untimely death. Also it is too bad that this grand enlightened age seems to be so dazzled by its own brightness that it fails to see the true worth and value of that language in which are locked up the priceless treasures of genius. Would that as in the days of "Good Queen Bess," five hours a day were gladly consecrated to this language, those days when passages from Homer and Demosthenes and the great dramatists were tilting on every tongue as naturally and easily as we catch up the popular songs of the day. Perhaps those who look so ungraciously, so unkindly upon Greek may learn to recognize its true worth only after it is gone. They may then quote a trite adage. And perhaps they may even attempt to "Raise to buried merit a tardy bust." May not these worthies spare themselves all anxiety and trouble about providing a burial place and suitable monument for the deceased Greek? Verily let us be most sanguine in our hopes that it may never die. Let us rather say that Greek is now passing through one of those crises, those crucial trials, those testing processes, we read of that great men have gone through whilst the angry looks of the world were fixed on them and they could not count a friend amongst mankind, but who issued forth resplendent in glory, rehabilitated in the eyes of men, compelling the admiration, respect and devotion of mankind.

M. E. F.

The Catholic Encyclopedia.

Catholics are anxious to be active in the literary world, and the latest achievement in the field of literary endeavor is the Catholic Encyclopedia. In this new departure the board of editors has been surprisingly successful, in fact has succeeded beyond its hopeful expectations. The publishers have a just reason for exultation, for not only are they making rapid progress as to the publication of the volumes but also in regard to the securing of subscriptions, the present amount accruing from this source amounting to a grand total of more than a million dollars. Up to date there are only four volumes of the total number of fifteen published, but when we consider the tremendous labor, and the numerous difficulties to be overcome in the compilation of a work of this kind, we indeed appreciate the efforts of all contributors and have naught but praise for the men who are putting forth their best efforts and literary talents to make this work a success.

The Encyclopedia is fulfilling a long felt want, and is the reward of the patient hope of all Catholics, for this is the first attempt of Catholics, the world over, in a matter of this nature. Ever since the so-called Reformation several centuries ago enemies of the Church have been most energetic in carrying on an infamous propaganda of spreading calumny and falsehood, in distorting historical fact, and in robbing Catholics of their just appreciation and deserts, and it is by means of this Encyclopedia that these venomous errors will have a very effective refutation. The Catholic Encyclopedia is indeed a literary work of inestimable value, a treasure house of knowledge and when it is completed should find a place upon the library shelves of every Catholic institution and family in America. J. A. Williams, '10.



Pay Day

Of all the days that bring back sweet memories of childhood none recall them so pleasantly as the holiday Saturday. First because we were not obliged to pore over uninteresting books; and secondly it was a day of great rejoicing for all the family, because daddy received his weekly wages on that day, and the children knew from experience that they would receive their share of good things. On a certain Saturday afternoon ma gasped! "Here it is three o'clock and I haven't done a thing this blessed

day." Then there would be some tall hustling. Harry and Ralph would have to bring up wood and coal, dust and go to the store for the necessary articles for supper while sister had to clean up the kitchen and scrub it too. Soon everyone was busy and in a half hour the boys had finished their chores and were swinging on the front gate waiting for father's dinner pail, to get some of the cake that he had a happy faculty of forgetting to eat. Contentedly munching a thick slice of home-made bread with preserves spread all over the surface each of the lads was watching for a first glimpse of father's approach. Soon a well-known grimy figure rounded the nearest corner, dinner pail in hand. Both boys made a dash for the coveted pail which Harry reached first, and cautiously peered inside to see if there was the accustomed piece or two of cake which they always divided, the possessor of the pail getting the biggest piece. As father approached the rear of the house sister was in the act of throwing out the dirty water with which she had just finished scrubbing the kitchen. Father narrowly escaped a shower bath.

Once safely inside the house he was easily monarch of all he surveyed, and the boys divested him of his heavy shoes, placing his warm soft slippers upon his tired aching feet. While father was washing and shaving, the table would be set for supper by his young hopefuls, who would invariably forget the pepper and teaspoons. With beaming faces all the family sat down, having a light heart, thinking of their share of dad's payroll. Mother wanted a new hat, sister a red jacket to match the red rose in her new hat, while the boys desired shoes, stockings and neckties, and father a new suit of clothes. These and a few other knick-knacks, besides the payment of the weekly bills, put quite a hole in father's pay-check. After supper all prepared to go down to the avenue to spend father's hard earned shekels. While everyone was busy mother slipped on her shawl and went over to the corner grocery store to settle up her accounts and order a couple of chickens for the Sunday dinner.

On her return she found her better half down on his knees looking for a collar button which had defied all his efforts to bring the second part of the collar over. Dad's language on that memorable occasion would not look well in print. With the aid of a couple of matches the demure little button was found and placed in the front of father's biled shirt and the collar was buttoned by ma, without much trouble. When everybody was ready

they started on the Saturday evening shopping expedition. In the clothing store was where mother used all her tact, wisdom and skill against the shrewd, unscrupulous salesman, in buying the necessary articles of wearing apparel for the family use. After the last purchase had been made and all the paraphernalia had been bundled up the family started their homeward march. While passing a bakery, Ralph spied a large juicy lemon cream pie and finally coaxed his ma to buy it for him, promising to do all kinds of impossible feats during the following week, among others not to be late for school, not to be kept in, to do everything as promptly as possible and not to lose his temper once during the whole week. Sabbath came and with it the Sabbath devotions and a chicken dinner. Jim.



Our Bardic Choir



HOPE.

If you ever Christian student
Feel the pangs of dark despair
Gnawing at your very heart-strings
Trying hard to anchor there.

If this world seems dark and lonely
Life for you has lost its charm
Friends you often thought the dearest
Are the first to wish you harm.

If the demon whispers softly
"Drown it all in pleasure's cup
And the trials of life will vanish
In the first entrancing sup."

Then fly swiftly to the altar
To the Friend that's ever true
To the One that's ever yearning
To bestow His gifts on you.

Lay your burdens on His shoulders
Place your thorns upon His head
Meekly, humbly tell your Saviour
That His grace was well-nigh dead.

You will hear Him chide you gently
Bid you "Courage, child be true"
And the leaden clouds will vanish
Leaving hope to shine anew.

W. K.

OLD LETTERS.

Who is there that never has noticed
On reading old letters to find
How quickly will scenes that have vanished
Long since, then return to the mind?
But pause!—do you think every letter
This magical wand doth inclose?
Not all—but in those from our dear ones
This wonderful power doth repose.

They touch us with love for the Giver
Of all the good things of this earth,
Among which we prize fond remembrance,
Which shows anew the true worth
Of friends who were ours ere stern duty
Declared that in pleasure were spent
Hours given to us for improvement.
Yet think you these hours we'll repent?

Well, I think not for else those old letters
Would hardly awaken a thought
Of days then the sweetest now saddest,
Because with such joy they were fraught.
The scenes they recall may be childhood's
Before we had learned that to part—
That difficult lesson—was also—
A lesson that comes to each heart.

THE VIATORIAN

Such letters bring little of sadness;
The joys of those days are now dim;
And years intervening have softened
The sorrows which then seemed so grim.
But letters from friends whom we valued
When friendship was more than a name,
Ah! these make me sigh for the old days
When all that I sought for was fame.

Yet fame had no part in my dreaming
The present was lost and the past;
The future 'twas then did enchant me
With skies that no cloud could o'ercast.
The letter is old, worn and faded,
So, too, are the dreams it recalls
Forgotten till now though some fancies
Still lingered in memory's halls.

Oh! yes, I had thought them forgotten,
Those dreams—because hidden from sight.
I find in them now balm for sorrows
Remembrance makes present griefs light.
This solace I find in old letters,
They bring softened thoughts of the past,
And show me that griefs seeming mighty
Were transient—did not so long last.

Then I'll fold those old letters though faded
How precious they are; tokens left
To cheer me when Time so relentless
Has me of their writers bereft.
Hence think when a letter you're writing
Some day an old letter will be.
Let your soul fill its pages with sunshine
Like a matin sun flooding the lea.

Remember this then and endeavor
To sow the same seed you would reap.
Do not cherish harsh thoughts—do not write them
For ink into fond hearts sinks deep.
But into the ink of affection
Dip deeply the pen of esteem;
The reader will find your words golden
Your letter of sunlight—a gleam.

G. M.

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EDITORIALS.

At last the ball has been started rolling and from the interest and quality at present displayed in the class debates it is hoped that the primary object—the securing of a representative local debating team—will soon be attained.

Debating. Aside from this laudable purpose, debating is generally recognized as possessing other noteworthy features. Its various results are most gratifying both to the individual debater and the general student body. The former acquires the valuable habit of condensation of speech, since he is generally placed under a time limit, yet at the same time he gradually learns to set forth all his principal points. In doing this he obtains to a greater degree the faculty of distinguishing between heavy and trivial matter. Again, celerity of thought and a readiness in the correct expression of ideas is gained. Last but not least, a fearlessness in expressing sentiment is one of the lasting results of the debates. In its cause, course and effects the debate is commendable and should be continued, even if no other reason should be brought forth than the fact that the talents of local controversialists were "wasting their fragrance on desert air."

The time containing trials and tribulations for many is again a thing of the past, its sorrows may only be recalled by the ever fertile touch of memory. A new semester has opened and scholastic work is being carried on once more; soon another recrudescence for some will follow periods passed in deleterious disuse. To the senseless class, to those who willfully spend their days in what we may call luxurious idleness, for idleness often is luxurious, we ask the candid question: "What do you hope for the future?" If success, then your methods of procedure are entirely at fault. If happiness is to be the object of your life, you are even now drinking your cup to the dregs and a few short years will witness your futile regrets. If any other praiseworthy object is in view we say that whatever it is you are adopting the wrong method of procuring it. The only object that can be gained by idleness is failure, surely an unenviable subject to anyone. In the meantime, to avoid this blasting of hopes, adopt the end opposite to it and as adopting the end generally infers the means to attain the end, also adopt the means and study.

PERSONS AND PLACES.

After several weeks of severe illness, the Rev. H. Prost has resumed his labors at Ste. Marie, Ill.

James Ryan, who with his brothers, Tracy and Paul, attended St. Viateur's several years ago, was a recent visitor. Paul has entered the senior department. James is with the Chicago City Railway. Tracy is salesman for the Kimball Piano Company.

The Rev. R. F. Flynn of Ohio, Ill., sets a good example for those who are anxious about the distribution of Catholic Literature. Besides the books of a free Parish Library, there are in circulation one hundred and seventy-five copies of monthly, semi-monthly and weekly Catholic magazines and papers in the parish.

Fred Coda is hustling for the Pfanschmidt Co., dealers in window shades, with offices at 4 E. Monroe St., Chicago.

Coleman, Cohen and Callaghan. Quite a combination that. It is a union that means something in the legal profession in Butte, Mont. Joseph Callaghan recently delivered a lecture before

the St. Joseph club on the "Trial of Christ from a lawyer's standpoint."

The new catalogue of the University Hospital Training School has the name of Dr. Walter Caron among its professors.

Clergy visiting during the past month were Rev. M. Shea, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. P. Dufault, Chicago; Rev. Dr. Levasseur, L'Erable, Ill.; Rev. F. Coughlin, Chicago; Rev. J. P. Parker, Cheshan, Ill.; Fathers Dumais and Houdon, Canada. Rev. L. Kraschowitz.

Obituary.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends."—Job xix; 21.

V. Rev. P. C. Souques, C. S. V., Jette, St. Pierre, Brussels, Belgium.

Sister Mary Henrica Bannon, Sacred Heart Academy, Springfield, Ill.

Sister M. Gratia, Visitation Academy, Evanston, Ill.

Mr. F. X. Martel, Kankakee, Ill.

Mrs. Mary McCormick, La Salle, Ill.

Mrs. J. Thyfault, Bourbonnais, Ill.

Mrs. Mary Carpenter, Chicago, Ill.

Requiescant in Pace.

SOCIETIES.

Their First Appearance.

Yes the Sophs and Freshies made their first appearance in society circles as entertainers, but so well did they sustain the role that all present were loud in voicing the laudations of these "mighty" youngsters. Through the united efforts of these two classes a banquet and entertainment second to none, was given on the eve of Feb. 10, to the upper classmen. The music furnished by the college orchestra was exceptionally good, due perhaps to the presence of a few skilled old timers who dropped in just to "liven" up the occasion. The tables and halls were artfully prepared. The waiters in handling the courses exhibited no little ability in this line. The substantial part of the festal evening over, the intellectual treats were served while the guests were allowed to revel in the fumes of pure Havanas. Cigars, the ome-

ga of every banquet, are perhaps the most essential article in furthering its aim, for at no time does good fellowship and fraternal spirit ebb higher than when a body of men are wafting rings of geniality from the "big black cigar." The evening closed with an address from our Rev. President, during which he paid glowing enlogies to each of the classes. We hope this will not be the last appearance of these budding youngsters.

Theologians Organize.

The members of the theological department have organized the Marsile Theological society. The principal object of the new organization is to promote the discussion of theological and philosophical subjects and topics of current interest. On Monday evening, Feb. 18th, constitution and by-laws were adopted and the following officers elected.

President—Jas. A. Hayden.

Vice Pres.—J. B. Shiel.

Secretary—Stephen E. McMahon.

Treasurer—James V. Reams.

Librarian—Francis Munsch.

Serg't at Arms—Thomas O'Brien.

The society will meet on the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month during the scholastic year.

The Thespian club have selected a play to help in celebrating the 17th of March, but as yet nothing definite has been given out.

The last debate of the Rivard Literary and Debating Society on Socialism was an interesting and intellectual treat. The speakers for the affirmative, Mr. Walsh and Savary, displayed exceptional oratorical powers and a facility for making fine distinctions. Mr. McQuire and Mr. Stephenson exhibited earnestness and brought forth their arguments in true debating style. The judges, Fathers Bergin, Suprenant and Clifford awarded the debate in favor of the negative.

Answers to Queries.

I. M.—Yes L. Scott lassoed Old Rock.

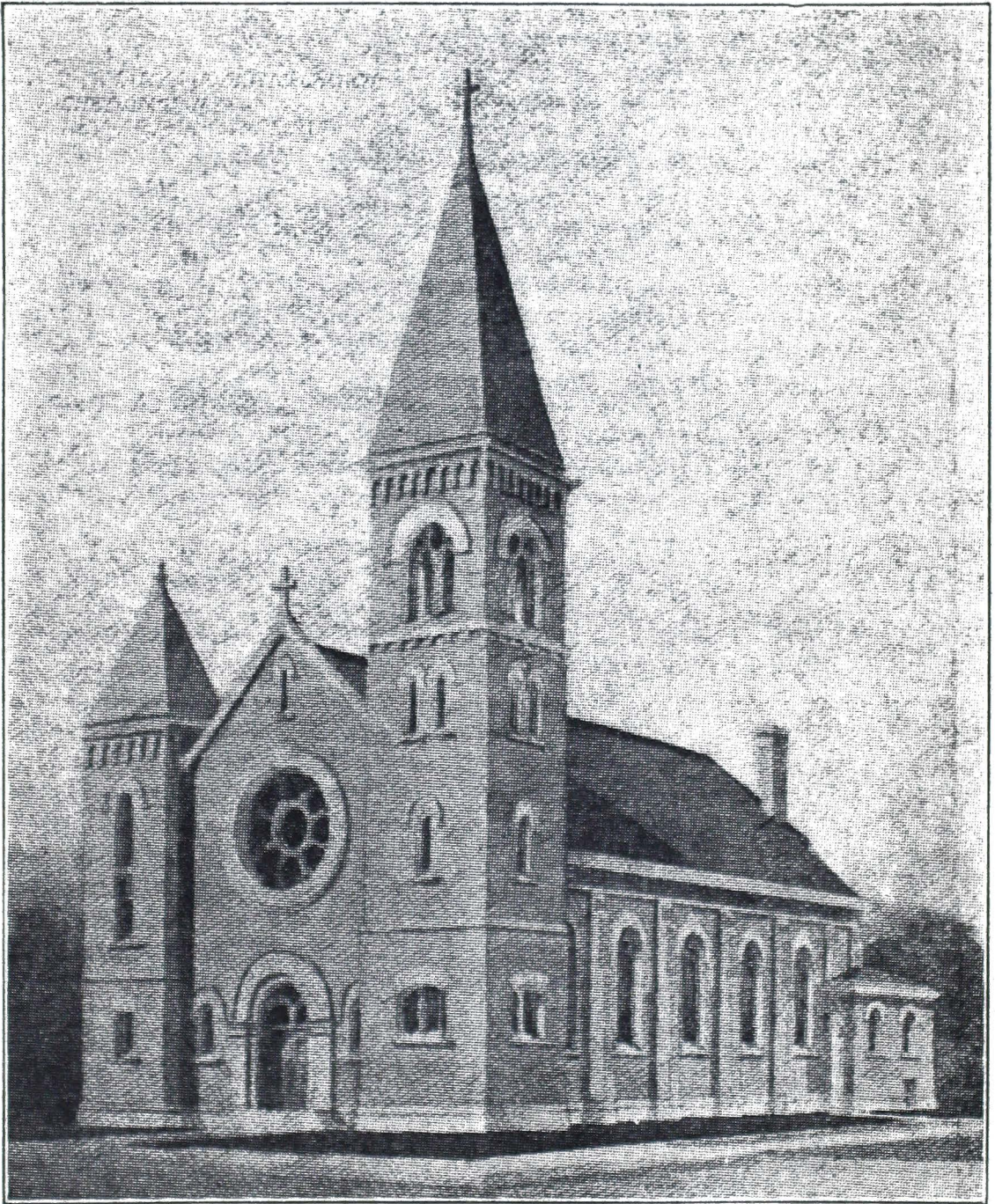
J. H.—No, Galligan never fought for Jellybeans.

W. M.—Yes, J. Doherty's highest bowling record is 68.

L. K.—T. Cunningham does not weigh 201 lbs.

J. V.—Yes Ketchups lung power is 8 lbs.

H. N.—Leo Knoezer is not 6 ft. tall.



SS. MARY AND JOSEPH CHURCH, CHEBANSE, ILL.



Viatorian Community Archives

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DEDICATION OF SS. MARY AND JOSEPH CHURCH.



THURSDAY, January 21, 1909, was a memorable day in the history of Chebanse, Ill., the occasion being the dedication of the new S. S. Mary and Joseph's church. The impressive ceremonies were attended by a large concourse, who gathered from far and near to witness the dedication. Rt. Rev. P. J. O'Reilly, who was to officiate, was unable to be present owing to illness, and his place was taken by Very Rev. M. Weldon, Dean of Bloomington, Ill.

The ceremony of blessing the new edifice began promptly at ten-thirty o'clock a. m., and was carried out with all the solemn ritual of the church. The exterior was first traversed and the following prayer invoked: "Oh, Lord God, who although the heavens and the earth cannot contain Thee, doth still deign to accept a home here upon earth, where Thy name may be unceasing invoked, we beseech Thee by the merits of the B. Virgin Mary and of all Thy saints that Thou look down with benignant eyes upon this house and by the outpouring of Thy grace cleanse it from all spot and stain, keeping it so cleansed, and do Thou who didst fulfill the desire of Thy beloved David in the work of his son Solomon, perfect our desires in this work, driving hence all evil influences through our Lord Jesus Christ, who with Thee in the unity of the Holy Spirit liveth and reigneth one God world without end. Amen."

Entering the church the Litanies were sung together with Psalms 119, 120 and 121, and the interior walls traversed and blessed with the following prayer: "Oh God, who doth sanctify places founded in Thy name, pour forth Thy grace upon this house of prayer, that all who here invoke Thee may feel the aid of Thy mercy." Solemn high mass immediately followed, sung by Rev. J. H. Cannon, of Urbana, a classmate of Fr. Parker's, assisted by Rev. D. O'Dwyer as Deacon, C. L. Rimmels as Sub-Deacon and P. H. Durkin as master of ceremonies. The choir then rendered Leonard's mass in B flat with splendid effect.

The sermon by Rev. C. P. O'Neil of Princeville, Ill., a masterly effort, was in part as follows: He spoke of the six hundred years of Israel of old, the people dwelling in a land flowing with milk and honey and God dwelling in their midst in a tent; of the burning desire of David to build the house of the Lord and being denied the glory because he was a man of blood. He described

the building under Solomon, the immensity of the work, the thousands employed, the gold and silver and precious stuffs, the cedar from Lebanon and the glory of the completed temple. He spoke of the Christian temple hiding itself for three hundred years in the catacombs, a tiny mustard seed, then bursting forth a great tree sheltering the whole earth under its boughs. He spoke of the glory of the ages of faith; of its mighty temples which remain in Catholic countries, still centers of light and peace, in England but tombs—relics of the past—the soul having departed from them. He showed the real life of the church in our midst; the ever open store house of life and grace. He told of what this new church would be to us here, “for this is the house of God and I shall dwell with them and they shall be my people, and God Himself with them shall be their God.”

The sacred concert and lecture in the evening was very well attended and greatly enjoyed by all. The selections rendered by the quartette were excellent: while too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the able soloists who participated in the program. The lecture by Rev. Fr. Shannon depicted in beautiful and glowing words the moral needs of fallen man; the soul cannot be filled with the husks of this world; it was made for God and can be at rest in Him alone. He pictured the weary fainting soul buffeted by adversity, the prey of sin and evil, driven hither and thither, and yet kept alive with one hope—somewhere upon this earth there is rest and joy and peace. He told how the Catholic church two thousand years ago came into a world which was sick unto death. It brought certainty to the mind, healing grace to the heart. It raised the fallen world, flooding it with light, peace and love. It first taught man his worth as a man. It first gave woman her dignity, her security, the gift of Him born of a woman. It sanctified marriage, it purified the home. It raised and sanctified every relation of life. In its unhesitating and clear assertion of truth, in its unflinching adherence to principle, in its love and care of the poor and the downtrodden, in its superabounding grace the never failing fountain of its sacraments it has for two thousand years met every demand upon it. It holds out to a morally bankrupt age the aegis of a certain faith, a firm hope, a constant love. It pleads in the tender tones of its divine founder, “Come to Me, all ye who labor and are heavily laden and I will refresh you.”

The ladies of the parish served an abundant dinner and supper in the old church building and were very liberally patronized.

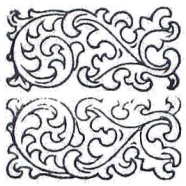
The new church is a handsome structure of Romanesque design. It is ninety-eight feet in length by forty-four feet in width at the front and sixty feet at the rear. Two massive towers, one seventy-eight feet and the other forty-eight feet in height, gives the structure a noble and commanding front. The basement is of stone and the superstructure is a vitrified brick trimmed with Bedford stone. The roof is of slate and no tin or iron has been used in the building. The interior is finished in keeping with the exterior, and contains eighty pews, seating four hundred on the main floor.

The woodwork is of weathered oak, highly polished. The altar rail is of quartered oak, elaborately sawed and extending the full width of the church. The sanctuary furniture is also of quartered oak, massive in design. The three altars have been entirely remodeled to suit the architecture of the new church, and finished in gold and white enamel in marble and onyx effects.

Following are some of the gifts presented by members of the parish: a heavy gold bronze sanctuary lamp, large bronze crucifix; gilded altar cards; gold chalice and ciborium; adoring angels and pedestals, statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph; five large windows of the sanctuary with full size busts of the following: Our Lord giving holy communion, the Immaculate Conception, St. Joseph, St. Peter and St. John; nine large memorial windows; baptistry and vestibule windows; a large rose window ten feet in diameter with a picture of St. Cecilia; marble baptismal font.

The new edifice is a monument to the unceasing and painstaking efforts of Rev. J. P. Parker, the pastor of the church. His has been a gigantic task and throughout the ordeal he has shown himself an administrator of the highest order, and by untiring efforts in the face of what seemed insurmountable difficulties, he has endeared himself, not only to his parish, but to the entire community.

The college quartette composed of Father Rivard, Brothers St. Aubin, Corbett and Roche assisted at dedicatory exercises.



Exchanges



The exchanges this month taken as a whole are peculiarly tardy. In fact our table is almost deserted, and the few magazines that lie sprinkled over it, seem to say with a note of self pride in their voice, "Well, I did my duty. You can't find fault with me for not showing up on time." Hence, if our column seems small, kind friends, you will know the reason why.

One of the most regular as well as most welcome visitors every month is the **Buff and Blue**. He is always "there with the goods," and for neatness and good order is unsurpassed. In the short story called, *A Broken Heart*, the writer portrays with no ordinary skill, the character and general make up of the "men of the western plains." A delightful and unlooked for turn is made at the end of the story which leaves a pleasant impression upon the mind of the reader. We think you could be improved upon **Buff and Blue**, by a little poetry sprinkled here and there through your columns. We only saw one bit of verse in your last issue and that, was the last thing in the paper.

The **Notre Dame Scholastic** is another one of our old standbys. It is ever full of intelligent, sensible reading and wealthy in sparkling gems of verse among the best of which are "The Songs of the Waves," and "On Reading Fiction." The article on "College Debating," is a well written essay showing the necessity and advantages to be gained from this branch of oratory.

The **Niagara Index** contains a timely as well as interesting treatise on Hypnotism as viewed from a medical standpoint in relation to its curative value. This phenomenon is coming more to the front every day and is being discussed extensively in medical and religious circles. An interesting and prosaic sketch of Worsworth is also to be found in the Index. The article contains a good criticism of the style and character of this great English poet.

We courteously acknowledge the following: The *Labarum*; *Pittsburgh College Bulletin*; *St. Mary's Messenger*; *University of Ottawa Review*; *Blue and White*; *The Dial*; *St. Vincent College Journal*; *Manhattan Quarterly*; *The Partrician*; *The Villa Shield*, and the *Buchtelite*.



Athletic Notes



Baseball.

Baseball stars are beginning to scintillate and wager a successful season. Immediately after the mid year exams, Manager Kelly issued a call for candidates. It was responded to by a large and experienced squad, which is being sent through the stunts in approved style. We do not wish to crack up our squad too early, but merely say that the squad of "naughty" nine will be one of the best that ever wore the old gold and purple. With the old reliable battery, Capt. Stack and "Lou" Bachant, we have a battery equal if not superior to any battery in college circles to-day. Sheil, a last year pitcher is also in school and will be called on to alternate with big "Ed." in the box. O'Connell, the star first sacker of last year's team will again be seen at that position. At second base "Bo" Berry will be the man who will pick up the hard and hot ones, "Bo" played a star game last year at this sack, and from present indications he will again do justice to the position. The short stop position is left open by the graduation of "Con" Mahoney, probably the best man we ever had in that position here, and one of the best short stops in college baseball last season. At third base, Al McCarthy, the peer of the college third sackers will again do stunts, "Al" is in all probability the best all around infielder on any collegiate baseball diamond. He wins applause everywhere he goes, and made many a league manager set up and take notice. Of the outfielders Conway is the only one who has returned. Fleet footed, a good thrower and batter of no mean ability, Conway ought to show up in big league style this year. The new men who are trying are Shannon and Lynch, members of last year's Roy Hall team. Two good, heady and consistent players, are out for the outfield positions left vacant by "Pat" Legris and B. McCarthy. Others trying out are Coss, Schaeffer, Colbert, Mugan, Nourie, E. Quille, Carroll, Mulroney, and Fitzgerald. With the vets, last years scrubs and the new men to draw from we feel certain that the team of 1909, will do justice to the schedule which Manager Kelly is preparing.

For the present most of the time will be spent in batting practice, and the latter part of the month will probably see the

batteries working, and also witness the first "cut." While on the subject of the "cut" we take advantage of an opportunity to ask the rejected candidates not to join the anvil chorus. The team as selected by the coach and captain will be the best they can make up. The schedule on which Manager Kelly hopes to give something definite for publication in an early issue, embraces games with the leading Colleges and Universities of the West and Northwest.

Captain Talidy and Captain Shippy have issued calls for their men to report for winter work in the cages.

The class and inter house bowling teams have rolled some interesting games, the Senior class are leading by a small margin and before the final game may be overtaken by one of the other teams as it is very close. We hope to publish full results in our next issue.

The Junior baseball candidates may be seen in the cage most any free day, and it looks as though the future greats will have some team this year.

Basketball.

The Juniors basketball team kept up their long winning streak, by defeating the Kankakee Y. M. C. A. Intermediates, by the close score of 29 to 22, the game was featured throughout by fast and clever playing combined with team work by the Juniors. Rictor was by far the star for the Y. M. C. A. boys while Cunningham was the most deserving of credit for the Juniors. Line-up:

Juniors		Y. M. C. A.
O'Brien	R. F.	Umbach
Cunningham	L. F.	Saxe
Leonard	C.	Hasker
Harvey, Boyle	R. G.	Rictor
Lyman	L. G.	Lonergan

Baskets, O'Brien (4), Lyman (2), Cunningham (6), Boyle (2), Umbach (2), Rictor (8), Saxe. Free throws, Cunningham. Referee, Wunderlick. Umpire Foley. Time of halves, 20 min.

As we go to press the Junior team leaves for Chicago where they have three games scheduled, one with Hamilton Park, another with Sheridan Park and one with Lane Manual training school. We hope to see them return with three victories.

Minims.

The Minim department as usual has its representative team, and can boast of almost an untarnished record. To date they have won seven games and lost one. On Saturday, January 23, they defeated the Hamilton Park team of Chicago by the score of 40 to 17, this team having defeated them in Chicago by a like score, on January 30. They defeated the Kankakee Y. M. C. A., 21 to 18, and on February 13 by the score of 10 to 5. Their lineup is as follows: Jacobi (Capt.) Tiffany, Gunderlach, Boyle, St. Pierre, Ralston, McGee. The Minims baseball squad are having light cage work, and the outlook is very promising.

Blues 8, Brownies 6.

The above is the tabulated score of the ice-hockey game to which the denizens of Kankakee river were treated on February 16. Brilliant dribbling by the McCabe Brothers, sensational covering by Graham, and the excellent forward playing of Edgar, the St. Louis whirlwind featured the work of the winners. For the Brownies Pallisier excelled, his speed being marvelous for the condition of the ice. Mallaney also was a streak on skates, his playing at cover point being the best ever seen on local rinks.

Lineup:

Blues		Brownies
McCabe	C. Point	Pallisier
Graham	Cover Point	Mallaney
McCabe, J.	First Forward	Wall
Quigley, J.	Second Forward	Silverman
Leonard	Third Forward	Carey
Salty	Fourth Forward	Unrich
Callahan	Goal	Gordon

PERSONALS.

—D. Schouler: Come back and we shall forgive and forget.—
F. Bowers.

—L. Scott declares he saw a robin and has now got the spring fever.

—The noted detective, M. Hayes, declares he saw a few pipe cleaners on the person of J. Merrick.

—F. O'Brien, the hardy backwoodsman of Bourbonnais, has not saved any lives lately.

LOCALS.

—The bowling balls are silent,
The pins knocked down are few
“Pop” Kelly is no longer gay
For “Nig” Disalle has blew.

—The rabbits have come out again
The birds, now sing their song
All animals are safe once more
For Lefty Lind has gone.

—There was a young fellow called Sid
Who got a little bit off in his lid
He went around in the whirl
And caught on with a girl
You wouldn’t believe it, but honest he did.

The Oriole pitching staff has selected the Power House as training quarters. Very suitable for warming up purposes.

The various debating societies have of late held many nightly discussions on the “light” problems of the day—more wire!

Frank R.—The doctor told me I had that tired feeling.

Bert—Did he suggest a remedy?

Frank—Yes, the Butt’s cure.

Many anonymous letters in the form of Valentines were received by several of our students. Perhaps this may account for the absence of a few on conge days.

The manager has ordered Tanglefoot to report in the cage, daily, for catching flies.

—A fumigating party was held in the Science hall, and from all accounts a state of purification has been reached, Hush! It was the Sophomore-Freshmen smoker.

—Although the absence of lights affected the students greatly, the darkness brought light to more than one dashing deed of daring—more water!

The following extracts were taken from a few of the numerous Valentines.

“Of stars and you I oft do pine
My future hope my Valentine
Hence this to you, this message fine,
And trust you’ll know me, Francis Ryan.”

"With much of love and more of skill
I fashioned this for Eddie Quille,
For well he knows we set the time
To live as one, my Valentine."

"I thought of him and thought it nice
To send a word to Imas Rice,
For well he knew this gladly sign,
And answered, yes, my Valentine."

"The last I send just where it hits,
And hope he'll not forget me, Fitz;
For when he met me, he looked fine,
And seemed quite ready for a Valentine."

Cheer up, the Orioles have commenced practice—a sure sign
of spring.

Beware the Ides of March—or rather two days later.

Bill—February is sure the real noise.

Jack—Yes, it does do a great deal of blowing.

They say that love is blind, if so, how is it that it always
finds a way?

The latest—Get fat quick, scheme—Full particulars, inquire
of Reggie.

Steve—Are you going to coach the Missouri Mules this year?

Edgar—No there's too much kicking.

The old valise, found in the neighborhood of Room 228, was
according to tradition brought here in an early day by one of
our pioneers.

A. G.—They tell me Bill underwent light training.

Frank—Yes, he used candles instead of electric lights.

Speaking of "training" it is much better than walking on
conge days.



Want Ads. and Lost and Found.

Wanted—A willing Senior to crust my pipe. Address C.
Hanson.

Wanted—A skating party every week. Address A. Ledioux.

Wanted—A bottle of hair tonic. Address, H. Tolbert.

Wanted—A private secretary to assist me in my travels. Sol.
Doemling.

Lost—25 notes in conduct for going to Tucker. Address, J.
Williams.

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