



THE VIATORIAN

"FAC ET SPERA"

VOLUME 27

JULY, 1910

NUMBER 10

JOAN OF ARC.

James A. Williams, A. B., '10

*O Virgin maid of Domremy,
Like Mary in humility,
Thou heard'st the Angel's message sweet,
With "Fiat" did'st his summons greet.*

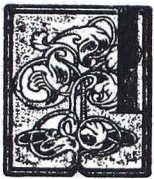
*Thou led'st thy land to victory,
And for her suffered bitterly,
Thou over came'st the foreign foe
And eased thy country's bitter woe.*

*Foan of Arc—thou spotless flower,
Come to her aid in this dark hour,
And free "Belle France" from Satan's chain
Restore thy country's faith again.*

Commencement Orations

JOAN OF ARC—HER MISSION

JAMES A. WILLIAMS, A. B., '10



IN THE comprehensive plan of things designed by Supreme Reason, there is appointed a special destiny, for each individual, for every institution for every nation. Divine Wisdom in its all embracing providence has assigned a particular role for every man, has established a distinct mission for every nation in the great universal drama of Life. To be thus the object of the solicitous care of the Divine Mind can but lend incomparable dignity to individuals and to institution. And none attains the true worth, be he humble peasant or mighty king, unless he heeds the call "Come follow Me," as did the fishermen of Galilee, unless as the Crusader kings of old, he goes forth to do the deeds of God because "God wills it."

One may ordinarily read such a divine call to fulfill a God given mission in ones own subjective dispositions. For instance, in his inclination to piety, in his facility to learn sacred science and in his unquenchable desire to alleviate the spiritual maladies of his fellow creatures, one can see dispositions indicative of a calling to the sacred ministry of souls; another with equal talents, who feels an abiding desire to relieve the physical suffering of humanity, seems endowed by nature and seems called by the God of Nature to the beneficent ministry of bodies; yet another who is easily stirred by the harrowing ills that afflict the body politic, and is by temperament of undaunted courage and valor, finds his divinely appointed sphere of action in the ranks of his country's soldiery. Self introspection, then is the ordinary way in which one determines his vocation in life.

There are however, other instances of most extraordinary callings—commands directly from God or through the instrumentality of supernatural agents. Indeed the prerogative of the Divine Maternity was announced to Mary by the message of an angel; from the midst of a burning bush Moses heard the voice of God, commanding him to lead the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; and Saul of Tarsus who had no inward dispositions to

become an apostle of the Gentiles, became such by the direct command of God. His calling was a most peremptory summons which burst through the skies and overwhelmed him with its clear purport.

And such likewise was the vocation of Joan of Arc, unique, unparalled in the history of mankind. Although she was a pious maiden and deplored the humiliation of her native country, yet had it not been for the voices of Angelic Visitants from on high, she could not have heard in her simple peasant heart-beats the call to arms, the call to become the Judith of France.

Certainly a tender shepherdess with but a rudimentary knowledge of religion and absolutely none concerning the political intricacies and intrigues of corrupted court life; unskilled and untaught in the art of war; a child totally illiterate, who knew not "A" from "B," she could never, on her own account, have presumed herself to be the instrument through which alone hopeless victories would be won for both the church and the state. On the other hand, she could never have accomplished what she did, and have died as she died, without the abiding consciousness of her divine calling.

A maid was she imbued with the deepest piety and intensest love for God and His Holy Mother—a saint who looked upon her Maker as the Hero of Heroes.

She was a child of the soil and for thirteen years lived in quiet obscurity and lowly employment in her father's household. One day while laboring in the field—as Joan was repeating the Angelic Salutation she was overcome with fear and felt the power of the Almighty about her. She seemed to hear heavenly voices, chanting celestial psalms and felt the presence of Angelic spirits and the glory of God overshadowing her. She was struck with fear, but the voice of Michael, the leader of the heavenly band spoke to her—"Fear not, child of God, we are sent from Heaven, with Divine Command; go and free thy country from the thralldom of a foreign foe; fear not. God is with you, be good and pure and all things will be accomplished in due time." Then and there the maid pronounced the vow of perpetual virginity and resigned her will to that of the Creator, and henceforth had no will but that of God as made known to her by the celestial messengers, St. Michael, St. Catherine and St. Margaret.

When we consider the important role that the "eldest daughter of the church" was appointed to fulfill in the onward march of Christian Civilization, when we reflect upon the unfortunate

apostacy of England under a king who had borne the title "Defender of the Faith," we are led to believe that this patriotic maiden saw in her visions the providential mission of her dear country, and this conviction that God willed France to take the leadership of Christian nations, nerved her arm to feats of extraordinary bravery destined to deliver her country from foreign oppression. Nor was it singular that God should choose such a person to fulfill his mission on earth, for often indeed he chooses weak instruments to accomplish His designs—truly "He doth put down the mighty from their seats and exalteth the humble and meek."

Yes, God chose this humble peasant maid to be the leader, the saviour, the deliverer of France. But do we see this child shrinking in fear from the commands of God? No not she, like another Samuel she heard the voice of God through the mouths of her heavenly guides and like another Samuel she replied—"Speak Lord for thy servant heareth," for indeed she possessed the courage of a Judith, the generosity of a martyr, and yet the tender heart of a woman.

She appeared at a time when her country groaned under the oppressive tyranny of England and it seemed that Fair France would lie forever prostrate, as a colonial possession at the feet of British royalty and this through the perfidious act of the royal-harlot, Isabella, mother of the Dauphin, who had deposed her son and signed away his birthright, in favor of the child-king Henry Fourth, of England. Thus it seemed that the royal and saintly crown of St. Louis and of Charlemagne would be lost to the French, through the acts of a heartless mother, but if it was lost by the pen of a shameless woman it was to be regained by the sword of a spotless virgin.

The kingdom had been overrun by hordes of English soldiery and the fair lilies of France no more waved from the battlements of her principal cities, but in their stead floated the cross of St. George. The day of French national freedom seemed drawing to a close, the sun of liberty setting upon the horizon of the most classical of European nations—but lo, as the rays of that sun seem to fade, there arises on the same horizon, the figure of one who was to turn night into day, and change the whole history of Europe; there looms up in the lurid sky the arm of a conqueror that was to deal blow after blow upon the foe and drive them into the sea.

His victory over the Philistines won for David the royal crown of all Judea; the undaunted courage of Esther in pleading with her royal husband won for the Israelites their freedom from

the yoke of Babylonian captivity and likewise it was the fidelity of Joan to her holy vocation and to the admonitions of her "voices" that led to the deliverance of her beloved France.

Never before in the history of nations or since has man beheld such valor displayed in the annals of war. Recall how, from a demoralized and degenerate militia the army of France became a conquering array victoriously overwhelming the enemy which had been tolling the death-knell of national unity; and how the lamentations of the vanquished became in a breath, the joyous shouts of the victors. All this incredible as it may seem, was accomplished through the instrumentality of an illiterate peasant maid unskilled in the sinuous ways of diplomacy and untaught in the art of war. Is this not at least extraordinary, passing strange and wonderful? Is there not some clearly superhuman agency at work here? Is it possible not to discern in this series of humanly unaccountable events the finger of God? A child whose story is more strange and enchanting than the fairest tale of "Arabian Nights"; a peasant girl who equal in prowess and military splendor, the career of even an Alexander, a Caesar or a Napoleon.

Many and heavy were the obstacles which confronted Joan in endeavoring to fulfill God's commands, and it is possible for us not to detect the supernatural character of her mission, when we consider the tremendous difficulties which she had to encounter in the course of its accomplishments? Her parents not only were loath to part with her, but her father was so strenuously and even so savagely opposed to her consorting with military men that he threatened to drown her. But God's will must be done; she left home and laid her plans before the envoy of the king; and here again she was treated with contempt; to her plea to send her to the Dauphin was turned a deaf ear, and when she had said, "To drive the English out of France, am I sent by the King of Heaven," she was laughed to scorn.

Under all these tribulations this naturally timid girl, this shepherd maid remained surprisingly firm and persevering, trusting ever in promise of her voices and in the happy outcome of her well meant efforts towards the fulfillment of her patriotic mission.

At last in God's own good time a more favorable moment arrived and setting out with an escort she went to meet the Dauphin, but even at this listless court she was met by a prejudiced nobility who were fain to look upon her as the victim of some strange hallucination, and in consequence not until she revealed to

the Dauphin herself a secret made known to her by the Almighty did the prince believe in her divine mission and that she was predestined to deliver France and crown him at Rhiems with the holy ointment of St. Remigius.

Behold the tardy beginning of her victorious career as brilliant as it was brief, as glorious in its final outcome as it had seemed futile and hopeless at its outset.

The King fitted the maid in a suit of white mail, placed her upon a magnificent charger and turned her face toward the one city of importance still retained by French arms; and Joan of Arc, (she unskilled in letters and untaught in the art of war) girding on the miraculous sword of St. Catherine, carrying aloft her lily-banner, bearing the loved image of Christ and the inscription of the holy names of "Jesus-Maria," set out to free her country and to crown her king.

It is needless for me to relate the glory of her achievements, you have heard again and again, what took place in the next twelve months, victory after victory was won by the maid—her advance from Orleans to Rhiems is but one continuous triumph; the maid led her army to victory sweeping all before her like an avalanche of fire—her prodigious courage and spotless purity wrought wonders in that army. And the story of her victories! Advancing at the head of her troops not as a mortal hero, but as one inspired by God, unmindful of the clash of steel and the angry cries of the enemy, to place once more the lilies of France on those towers from which they had been ruthlessly torn and trampled under foot by an invading foe—these marvelous feats of arms, will live forever in history as the greatest of military achievements, for her achievements are without parallel, her military genius incomparable and her superb generalship without equal, surely we must cry out in the words of Holy Writ "The finger of God is here." Orleans, Patay and Rhiems, what cannot we say of these? Indeed Cressy, Poitiers and Agincourt are avenged.

What a marvelous story indeed, an illiterate peasant maid raised in obscurity becomes a commander of supernatural power and strength, a leader whose name will echo and re-echo down through the centuries to the end of time, a tender woman who never shed a drop of blood, but wept at the thought and sight of carnage, and who through supernatural means and by divine commands, led a conquered nation to freedom, a vanquished army to victory, and saved a dying nation. Were it all related in Orphic fable, were it writ in the poetic stories of Homer or Virgil it

were not more distinctly superhuman and genuinely fascinating. But the story of this peerless maid is not mere fable, nor the result of poetic effervescence, it is real history, and the true record of her career proceeds to tell us how Joan was now to see the accomplishment of her divine mission. Amid scenes of magnificent splendor, amid the blare of trumpets, 'mid the waving of banners and the joyous cries of a grateful people, Charles the Dauphin, is crowned Charles 7th King, and at his side while the sacred ointment is poured upon his royal brow, stands the deliverer of France, the humble spotless, virgin of Domremy.

With the crowning of her sovereign at Rhiems, Joan's military mission was completed. What inexpressible joy and heavenly peace must not have filled that virgin's heart. At last she had accomplished her mission, the commands of her voice had been obeyed, her apparitions had not been false, and she had been true to her sacred calling. How trifling now appeared all those trials, those labors, those sufferings endured in camp and upon the field? Unmindful of the splendor of court life, she saw only before her eyes her childhood home, her native fields and ancient forests and on bended knee she implored her king that she might return thither, once more to live as she had done before she had heard her angelic voices. But no—Charles had learned the value of her services and was loath to see her depart, he heaped honors and favors upon her, but he would not grant her this simple request.

I say that Joan's mission was completed what remained to her was to suffer, to suffer death and thus even more effectually rouse her countrymen to repel the foe, and save the national life of the Eldest Daughter of the Church.

Her only supporters now were her enthusiasm and the peace that came to all who are conscious of the performance of their duty. In all these dark moments Joan's faith in her vocation was unshaken. What indeed cannot we say of that faith of Joan? It was the measure of her endurance, and who could measure it: it was the well-spring of her fortitude and who could portray it; it was the shield of her strength and who could shatter it? It was the weapon of her valor, the glory of her humility, the treasure of her poverty and her solace of her sufferings; indeed it was the secret of her patience, the joy of her sorrow, the balm of her wounds and the sweetness of her bitter tears.

Her voices had upheld her through bitter persecutions, through hunger, fatigue and trials and she knew, with the mind of a prophet that they would not forsake her in the most severe

trials yet to come. Throughout her military career all things had come to pass as her voices had intimated and she knew that they would not forsake her now, for she had known herself as a deliverer and also knew herself as a victim. The saddest page of her miraculous career is now about to be unfolded before us; to equal the story of the unjust and terrible sufferings she was made to endure, we must journey to Rome during the early Christian persecutions; to surpass it we must ascend the rugged heights of Calvary. But let another more competent than I relate the pathetic story of her tragic ending, and reveal to you Joan of Arc in her full stature, in all her grandeur, having fully accomplished the sublime mission which Heaven had assigned her.

HER TRIAL AND MARTYRDOM

EDMUND P. KELLEY, A. B. '10



DID THE capture of Joan of Arc at Compeigne close her mission to have France? Was the crowning of Charles the Seventh to be her last grand triumph? No! The grandest part of her mission had not yet been accomplished, to offer herself as a ransom to secure the liberty of France, the faith of God. When she drove the confident English away from the walls of Orleans, men marvelled at her; when, on the field of Patay, she avenged Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, men adored her! but when she secured the liberty of France on the pyre Rouen, they deserted her. The King of France abandoned her, but not so the King of Kings. At that stake, He placed the wreath of victory on her brow and rewarded her sufferings with priceless treasures such as man cannot give. Just as the mission of the Saviour of men was completed on the cross on Mount Calvary, so also was the mission of the savior of France fulfilled at the stake in the market place of Rouen. To regard the martyrdom of Joan of Arc in any other light than as an integral part of her divine vocation is to misunderstand entirely the scope of the divine command which God gave her to execute. Has it not ever been the law that when a grave offence was committed

against God, a sacrifice proportionate in some manner to the offence was required by Him? And was it not in accordance with the law of sacrificial expiation that Moses because of his doubt could never enter the land of Promise? That when the sons of Core rose against God they were swallowed alive into Hell? That the Children of Israel were persecuted when they murmured against the command of their leader. Likewise France had sinned, so in order that it be saved it was necessary that a sacrifice be offered to God in reparation for the sins of that nation. Hence it was that Joan, a simple and pure maid was selected to be the victim sacrificed for France. Behold then in Joan the providential instrument by which France would be raised from the low estate to which she was reduced, and be lifted to the high and noble station destined for her among the nations of the earth! No, friends, we could never consider that the grand and saving mission of Joan would be complete without the ordeal of her trial and her crowning martyrdom on the blazing pyre of Rouen.

Since it was necessary that a victim be immolated, God selected for that exalted role a maiden who was a most beautiful and most perfect pattern of true Christian womanhood. She bent her head in humble submission to the commands of her Voices, not only to bear aloft her white banner at the head of victorious armies and crown her King, but to take up her cross and with fortitude to climb her Calvary. But her ascent to the high and fuming altar of holocaust was to be preceded by her trial, the most tragic mockery of justice recorded in human annals.

The dazzling and glorious career of the successful conqueror has come to an end; the painful and sombre mission of the girl-martyr must now commence. No more will armies stimulated by Joan's saintly bearing and warlike mien respond with vigor to her patriotic war cry and crush all before them; no longer will an adoring people crowd around Joan and hail her as their savior; never will a gracious sovereign again pay unusual honors to the youthful general. She has now exchanged the stern tent of the soldier with its pure air and untrammelled freedom for a dark, damp, foul cell with its forbidding bars and chains. But why should we linger over her treacherous capture at Compienge? Why remain with her during her dreary imprisonment before the trial? Let us hurry forward to Rouen and there watch that wily Bishop, Pierre Cauchon, and his sixty-five learned aids, endeavoring to incriminate that soul of spotless purity and to search it for some blot or stain. Sixty-five of the keenest men in France

against a girl who had never read a catechism! And what was their purpose? Was it to seek eagerly after the truth? Was it to ascertain whither Joan's Voices were angelical or demoniacal? Ah No! Every renowned doctor there knew what decision would be rendered. Every one of them knew that the girl would be convicted of heresy sorcery, idolatry, witchcraft and as a result would be burned alive. Every one of them knew that her death was just as assured as if she were now in the throes of her mortal struggle. The trial was not to judge her but it was to condemn unfairly that fair child whose name will ever stand brightest in the scroll of history. To burn her when the people thought her to be a saint would be disastrous; she must be branded as witch, an agent of the devil before she can enter into her death agony. Will she not prove an easy victim to their subtle questions? Can she, a simple, ignorant, friendless girl avoid the clever snares laid for her by her enemies? Without a friend to advise her, without a councilor to tell her, can she know the terrible consequences of a careless answer? Time and time again, without knowledge and without friends, having only her quick and flashing intellect to aid her, she baffles their questions, she twists the weapon from their hands and turns it against them. Very soon they discovered that the witness was not a mere ignorant girl of nineteen, but an agent of God who perceived their webs and brushed them aside as easily as she had brushed away her enemies on the battle field. Her testimony at the trial was that of a person inspired, for she could never have extricated herself successfully without the aid of her Voices from the snares her skillful enemies laid for her.

Manchon, the official recorder at the trial testifies thus at the tribunal of Rehabilitation: "Almost every day the interrogatories lasted three or four hours; then from these morning interrogatories they extricated the particularly difficult and subtle points and these served as material for the afternoon interrogatories which lasted two or three hours. Moment by moment they passed from one subject to another; yet in spite of this she always responded with an astonishing wisdom and memory." A judge of her trial later bore witness that, during three weeks he believed she was inspired, so wise and prudent were her responses. These statements come not from friends but from avowed enemies. The mental torture that Joan suffered during that trial must have far exceeded her physical misery, acute as that was. When we consider that for months she gave answers that showed both a vigi-

lant and keen intellect although every tactic was resorted to that might break down watchfulness; when we consider that even when her enemies used treachery of the basest kind, they could obtain from her no statement that could sully her fair name; when we consider the way that brave spirit flared up in that emaciated and sickly body, then, in admiration we must exclaim; Thou art the glory of France and the pride of thy people! She was taxed with general questions on points of Casuistry, two edged tools by means of which they hoped to land her in heresy. One day her inquisitor asked, "Joan are you in a state of Grace?" Two or three of her judges sprang to their feet and objected as well they might. If she answered yes or no she would answer disastrously for St. Paul explicitly declares that no one knows whether he is worthy of praise or blame. "If I be not in the state of grace, I pray God to place me in it; if I be in it, I pray God to keep me so" was her answer. At that response her inquisitor muttered "It was beyond the wisdom of man to devise that answer. Whence comes this child's amazing inspirations?" Many times during her trial Joan told whence these astonishing illuminations came. She affirmed repeatedly that her Voices advised her what to say and frequently she refused to answer a question until she had consulted her heavenly moitors. This remarkable and wonderful phenomenon namely, that of an unlettered girl answering the puzzling questions of those subtle doctors, is enough to show that she was divinely assisted even if no other evidence were available. During her trial Joan prophesied that before seven years a disaster would smite the English, Oh, many times greater than the fall of Orleans! and then, soon after, they would lose all France! Now at the time this prophecy was uttered, the armies of France were disbanded; the king had lapsed into his former stupor and was governed by that base hireling La Tremoille whose policy it was to prevent the king from waging war. On the contrary the English and Burgundians were rapidly recovering from their late defeats and were slowly regaining the territory that was lost to them. Hence there was nothing for Joan to base her prediction upon. Yet within the allotted time the English were swept from France by the patriotism of French armies. Another prediction that Joan made was that she would be delivered within three months but she declared that her Voices told her not to grieve for her martyrdom for by it she would ascend into the kingdom of Heaven. Ah, how true they told her! But did these things convince her judges of her heavenly calling? No. Nor would all

the proof in the world convince that hardened and ambitious Bishop and his base hirelings! They wanted her life and they would have it. The English Lion thirsted for blood and he must be appeased. Then as a fitting consummation to such a trial as this; a mockery of justice devised with malignant cunning, they drew up the Twelve Articles, infamous lies, and submitted them to the University of Paris. Did the University of Paris send back the Articles as insufficient proof? Did that learned body point out the contradictions and refer the case to the Pope? No! Those cowardly hearts trembled at the name of England and they found that child of God, that lily of France, guilty of heresy sorcery, idolatry, witchcraft, blasphemy, treason, bloodthirstiness, and apostacy. Everything had been done now but to chain her to the stake and burn her.

On May 24th, 1431, Joan, guarded by eight hundred soldiers, was conducted to the churchyard of St. Quin where she was to receive her sentence of death. A year before Joan was at the height of her physical powers; today her body was a wreck. Her face was pale and wan, her step unsteady and faltering and her entire physical being in a state of collapse. No wonder indeed! For a year she who was accustomed to the strenuous life of the soldier had been confined in damp prisons and shackled with heavy chains. She was worn down by fasts, sickness and coarse prison food and now was in no condition to battle with her unscrupulous enemies. But in this weak condition it was necessary to frustrate the cleverest snare that Cauchon had yet laid. He knew as well as anyone, the true value of the evidence gathered at the trial; he knew that there was nothing to convict the girl and hence there arose the necessity of making Joan, in a moment of physical weakness, make some false move, which he could construe into a denial of her heavenly inspirations. Cauchon proceeded carefully this time. He caused Loyseleur, that treacherous wretch, to advise her to submit to the decision of the trial and save her life. Then in the churchyard he wearied her so much that when he began to read the sentence of death she had no strength left. There she stood, with an army of priests around her, imploring her to submit, with the stake high above her and the red coals gleaming in her face. She shuddered, her strength deserted her and she sank down on her knees and submitted. They craftily induced her to sign a paper the real purpose of which she was ignorant of, and sent her back to prison with the injunction to resume the habit of a woman.

On Trinity Sunday, May 27th another infamous piece of treachery was consummated. When Joan awoke and was waiting for her prison guard to unchain her that she might arise, one of the soldiers took away her female habit and threw to her the male dress she had worn before her so-called abjuration. In vain she pleaded with the barbarous Englishman to restore to her the dress prescribed by the court, telling him that she was forbidden to resume the male attire. But he, having received his instructions, refused. At length she was necessitated to put on the forbidden garb. It was not long before the Bishop heard of it and with visions of an archbishopric before his eyes, he hastened to the prison. When he questioned Joan concerning her relapse and the directions which her Voices gave her she answered him firmly. All fear was gone now. Her cross was soon to be taken from her shoulders and she was to be rewarded for her self sacrifice, obedience, and fortitude. She told him that her Voices had censured her for her abjuration; but she added that it was the fear of the fire that made her do it; the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. She was only human, poor child, and she fell, not because her mind was swayed, but because her bodily strength deserted her. Now that her spiritual auxiliaries had returned to her she felt strong enough to face the fire. Two days later her body was consumed to ashes in the presence of ten thousand weeping enemies. She died nobly as the noblest of the Saintly martyrs have died; her eyes fastened on the image of her crucified Saviour to the last and, like her divine Master, she implored with her dying breath the Eternal Seat of Justice and Mercy to pardon her enemies.

Joan's mission is consummated. Here ended the grand unparalleled career of the purest, brightest figure of Christian times. How wretched and repulsive appear the dissolute queens Cleopatra, Elizabeth of England and Catherine of Russia when placed beside this beneficent heroine! Behold in this peerless woman the perfect public servant who anticipated and acted out the famous axiom of her dramatic detractor "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy God's, thy country's and truth's"!

When we consider that great women have had a keener insight into spiritual things than man, that they have evinced a clearer intuition of divine purposes, that they have been wise in council and brave in the execution of great national deeds; when we recall the illustrious names and beneficent careers of such women as Judith, Helena, Clothilda and the peerless Joan of Arc,

then we fervently hope that those of our modern women who aspire to lead womanhood to the highest achievements in home, church or state will follow in the footsteps of their great and saintly predecessors.

HER BEATIFICATION

L. J. M. POMMIER, A. B. '10



ROMA locuta, causa finita,—Rome has spoken the case is finished. Since Joan of Arc has been declared blessed of Heaven by the Holy See, let us leave, to captious minds, all dissertations as to her mission and Voices; let us try to forget, if we can, the gross and flagrant injustice enacted at her condemnation and execution, so as to soar to a higher sphere and there to contemplate the haloed maid of France, as a saint upon earth, as a saint in heaven. Ever since the happy hour a year ago, when the overarching dome of St. Peter's re-echoed with the hosannas of religious and patriotic joy, which the thousand of French pilgrims thundered forth in approval of the Beatification of Joan of Arc; the world continues to acclaim and bless the saintly Maid of Orleans, and in this universal chorus of fervent praise and exaltation, the rancorous voices of her enemies are happily and forever silenced.

Joan of Arc is the saint of and for the age. She is the ideal, the object of the yearnings of this generation, because she appeals to Christendom today, with greater force than the anchorites of the desert, or the saints of the monastery. Almighty God, from whom St. Paul had learned to become all to all, so as to gain all to Christ, has for these five hundred years reserved Joan of Arc to be the patron, the model, the saint of this generation. This age is tainted with materialistic doctrines,—and consequently it calls for a saint who practised heroic virtues and great holiness not in sequestered deserts, not in cloistered monasteries, but in the busy haunts of men amid the noisy tumult of worldly affairs. And such a saint is Joan of Arc. Sanctity need not be made to consist in a stern and severe asceticism. It cannot be that to which we dare not

tend because of its impracticality. No,—Sanctity is eminently reasonable, hence eminently human and possible; it is mildness, it is suavity, hence it is lovable. Saintliness is Godliness is Christliness. And what is more sweet, more inviting, more agreeable than Jesus? Sanctity is the highest practical philosophy of which Christ said: "I am the truth, the way, and the life." Perfect morality or sanctity is the conformity of the creature with the Creator, conformity of human reason and will with Divine Reason and Will. Sanctity is union with God, in the close bonds of knowledge and love. From this it follows that the more a person resembles and is conformable to Christ, the holier he is. Let us stop here, since we have a criterion, a supreme example of sanctity. Let us examine what distinguishes Christ from other individuals, what signalizes and characterizes Him. Our Lord's life and characteristics can be summed up in the purpose of His terrestrial visit. Christ came amongst us with a special, unparalleled mission which He substantiated by prophecies and miracles; secondly he confirmed his teachings by example. And such is the image of every saint.

Let us now therefore examine the life of Joan of Arc and see what likeness there exists between herself and her Master. There is a most striking and happy similarity between the two. Christ's birth was prophesied and happened when the world groped in the darkness of ignorance, idolatry and immorality; so was Joan's birth prophesied and also happened when France was steeped in dire misery. Christ was poor, disregarded and mistrusted by those to whom He had been sent; so was the Maid of Orleans born of poor parents, disregarded by her king, and mistrusted by her generals. Jesus had a most exalted mission which He proved by supernatural credentials, so did Joan have and do. Christ was tried iniquitously and executed maliciously by the influence of those whom He loved; and so are Joan's trial and execution the most unjust, iniquitous and ungrateful written on the pages of history. If ever there lived a person, whose virtues charmed, whose character and personality attracted that person was Joan of Arc. Sanctity being the link of love between the soul of man and his Maker, cannot but attract those with whom it comes in contact. How many passages could be quoted of those haughty, sin-hardened generals of France, who loved their heavenly envoy because of her holiness. How influential were her commands and advises because of her acknowledged superiority of soul, which manifested heroic qualities, and which like magnetism drew to itself the adverse

poles of distrust and ridicule on the part of the soldiery.

No nation either in antiquity or in modern times has had for the moulding of its destinies a being equal or comparable to the Shepherdess of Domremy. What are Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon along side of her, like thorny thistles growing near a lily fresh with morning dew. Can we compare the missions of Esther and Judith with the extensive, influential and perilous vocation of Joan? It is the eternal honor of France that she appeared one day personified in Joan, so meritoriously and suitably styled the radiant type of the Christian Virgin. All that spirituality of soul which links the creature to the Creator by the heroic practice of the virtues of a devoted apostle, a pure virgin, a loyal martyr, a brave patriot, was concentrated in that spotless soul, whose beautiful harmony like that of Cecilia drew heaven's bright angels down to her sweet service. Her virtues were heroic, I say, such as are required for perfect sanctity. Faith was the basis of all her operations; confidence in God, the support in all her trials and sufferings; the love of God the life of her soul. Throughout her stay in camp, how heroic was her fortitude in the face of adversity, in the presence of weakness in her king and inertness in her soldiers; how amazing was her prudence in council. To all great and small, rich and poor, like her Master, she was kind and merciful. Purity was her most cherished treasure. Obedience had been the spring of her active career; obedience made her undergo the most trying injunctions; and obedience led her to death. Under all aspects Joan remains the Heroine of her Religion as much as the heroine of her country. She passed like an angel through the camps of her country-men regenerating their wicked lives, to which must be ascribed their former defeats at the hands of the English, which she smote like a celestial scourge which God is wont to use to punish injustice. She came out of prison like an angel, and she died pure as an angel. Her terrestrial sojourn like that of the early Christians is the evangelical code written in every human life. It was the pilgrimage of a pure soul from a foreign ungrateful land to her native country—heaven. She was a stranger to the vanities of the world and to the pleasures the world had to offer her. At the kingly court and at Rheims all glory and pomp was burdensome to her humility. Worldly things are for worldlings not for an angelic soul like hers. In camp and in the storms of war she constantly relied upon God, and always trusted in Him. She undertook no battle, no assault but in the name of Christ the King of France. "Long live Christ the King

of France, follow me" was her battle song. And at these words, marvels occurred—the dying embers of French chivalry glowed again, rivers were forded, towers and walls scaled, swords flashed, and armies routed. After the trial at Rouen her soul was wafted on angels' wings to heaven's courts where according to the literally realized words of St. Paul, had already been her daily conversation; where now she enjoys the honor refused her and power denied her; where now the rusty chains which bound her innocent hands, are changed to precious graces to shower on her country and her suppliants.

But why should I tarry in the loved praises of her moral beauty? It is because she was not only a saintly maiden, but one who lived and died a heroic maiden. Joan of Arc is a saint of her own kind. She stands alone on her pedestal of glory and beams in the firmament of saints with few like to her. She is a martyr, but not like other martyrs, because she is the martyr of purity. Purity was her most valued treasure; purity makes her more like to Jesus than any of her other spiritual qualities. Chastity, she had vowed in her girlish innocence in peaceful Domremy and this chastity she preserved throughout her great and dangerous mission, which means to give her the highest tribute. Many have been the aspersions against her character, but none have touched her immaculateness. Yet the circumstances were the most trying, and reveal a character of deep convictions and of inflexible dispositions. One must understand the degrading conditions of the French knighthood to apprehend the sterling quality of her purity. When we think that she had to pass months and months, with armed men, more fittingly called ruffians, whose debauchery and licentiousness would shock Christian ears to listen, and befoul a Christian tongue to utter; then one begins to understand Joan's true worth. Still the influence of such a contagion never tarnished the crystal purity of her soul, but rather the contrary happened. As soon as she appeared in camp, the sweet odor of her virtues, like a moral balm spread among the soldiery and changed the life of many a brigand and libertine. Such names as Dunois and La-Hire had long since been synonymous with those of Satan and Lucifer; still by their contact and intercourse with this terrestrial angel, they made their peace with God, and often bowed their stalwart frames in humble prayer. Let us see.

I said she was the martyr of Virginity. Ah! yes you know why she was condemned. You know that her appearing one morning in a male armor, which her judges had forbidden her to wear

was the cause of her execution. But you know that she was obliged to retake her steel armor and you know also why she wore it during her military career, and in that dismal prison, surrounded by conscienceless scoundrels. And it is this which her judges pretended not to understand. Yes, she died, her tender flesh quivering under the lashes of fiery tongues to preserve her honor, her purity. Behold a virgin martyr appearing on the altar of France, eldest daughter of the Church, it is true, but now unfortunately the sport and victim of ruthless infidels. As the queen of night peeps through the on-rushing clouds and dispels the darkness and storms that threaten the destruction of poor mortals, so she from the high altar of her country sheds the mellow rays of her beautiful virtues of heroic patriotism and purity, to guide the souls of her country—men through their present perils. Is there not something providential in this new star appearing in the firmament of Christendom? Is it not to be inferred and hoped that she who once saved France from the thralldom of England under Henry IV so that France would not become protestant under Henry VIII will save France again from the thralldom of the Demon of infidelity and its attendant brood of vices. Can we imagine a more beautiful compendium of virtues than the Maid of Orleans? She is like to St. John in her love of Christ, of the Virgin Mary, and of the Eucharist; like to Agnes and Agatha in her purity; like to St. Paul in her heavenly wisdom; like to Christ in her obedience even to the effusion of her blood for the redemption of many.

When God imparts truth to us through others, His messengers must be provided with such a credentials as shall take away every shadow of doubt as to their mission; for unless they be able to substantiate it by un mistakeable proofs, it is our bounden duty to disregard their testimony. Now these credentials must be of a supernatural nature namely miracles or prophecies. Such were the means adopted by Christ to establish His character as Messiah and His mission as such. Joan of Arc had a glorious mission—she brought good tidings for France and her King from the King of Heaven, of whom she declared herself to be an envoy, but did she substantiate her vocation by the proper credentials? Did she prophesy? If you read her life you will be astonished as to the gift of prophesy, which during her lifetime God deigned to confer on her. When at home did she not draw vivid pictures of the glorious future of France, and graphic tableaux of baffled England, while others lamented the doom of the one, and were sad-

dened at the victorious pride of the other? Did she not name her body-guard while tending her lambs on the banks of murmuring Meuse? When at Vancouleur, did she not predict the defeat of the French army at the battle of Herrings; did she not foretell before every battle what would be the result? Did she not prophesy the two deadly wounds which she was to receive at the siege of Orleans and at Paris? Did she not warn Lord Glansdale of his near and miserable death, for his abusive language in her regard? Did she not foretell the King of his future victory and coronation at Rheims? Did she not tell her confidential friends of her awaiting humiliations and sufferings? Did she prophesy? It was her daily office.

As to miracles we must state that her whole life is a miraculous concatenation of prodigious events. Consider the wretched conditions of France, with hardly any ground to call its own, in bankruptcy, without disciplined soldiers, and still Joan in spite of such wretched conditions, drives back to their Albion cliffs the appaled and disconcerted English and ruins forever their achievements of 90 years? Was not the finger of God in this change of affairs; must it be attributed simply and solely to natural causes? Again was there not a sword miraculously found, under the altar of St. Catherine, which being covered with rust became immediately bright and luminous and flashed in Joan's hand until it was placed on the altar of St. Denis where again it miraculously disappeared. On that memorable day at Orleans when England's power in France was uprooted, did she not miraculously save the life of her close friend, Duke D'Alenscon by telling him to seek cover immediately, when on the instant an unforeseen projectile whizzed over the spot where he had stood? Again in the process of Joan's Beatification three miracles are recorded, which, after having been tested by the proper criteria at the court of Rome, have been proclaimed genuine. These three miracles, which happened after Joan's death, consist in the curing of three sisters at different periods. One of these holy sisters suffering excruciating pains from deadly ulcers, having been discounted by physicians and having received the last sacraments, was immediately healed on the last day of novena to Venerable Joan of Arc. The miracles in favor of the other sisters are more wonderful owing to the fact that their cure was instantaneous and striking, one being immediately healed while imploring Joan; the other while her devoted students supplicated the Maid of France for their dying teacher. Undoubtedly such miracles attest Blessed Joan's exalted virtues

and exhaustless merit in the sight of God. To attempt to introduce anything diabolical in the three above stated miracles would be the attempt of one totally ignorant of the genuineness of Divine Interposition in the order of nature. Do evil spirits work for the good of man? Do they heal persons who will further God's glory for the rest of their lives? Do they perform their dark deeds in the silence and humility of the cloister? Assuredly not. Moreover can these three miracles be ascribed to any physical or natural power when professors of medicine and surgery had abandoned the cases as fatal. And behold suddenly perfect health is restored to such as were on the brink of death?

Now that Joan is declared Blessed a process of Canonization would consecrate her a saint forever; the holy joy of her beatification has spread over the world like the glad tidings of a new birth. And how eagerly do all Catholic hearts yearn to hear her proclaim a saint with altars and shrines among all nations. All nations have for these five hundred years admired her extraordinary virtues and singular mission; all nations have longed to see her immaculateness exposed from behind the curtain of slander, deceit and cruelty. All nations love Joan of Arc because they perceive in her one destined to rejuvenate the spirit of a slowly dying sister-nation—France, whom they all love.

O Blessed Joan, thou who hast miraculously healed the physical maladies of individual persons; nay of those very angels of the schools whom France in her blind frenzy banishes from her borders, do Thou, O saintly Maid of Orleans work a yet more stupendous miracle by healing thy loved France of her spiritual ulcers and by restoring her once more to that health, vigor and beauty, which has distinguished her as eldest daughter of the church of Christ, cradle of civilization, and guardian of the true faith.



THE LOVE OF JESUS

*Sweeter than the breath of morning,
Fairer than the dawn of day,
Purer than the crystal dewdrops
That upon the lilies lay,
Is the love of Jesus dwelling
In abodes of human clay.*

*Not the voice of joyous song bird
Carolling in gladsome May
Nor the fragrance of the flowers
That perfume the pilgrim's way,
Is so sweet as Jesus dwelling
In abodes of human clay.*

*Brighter than the flashing sunbeams,
That upon the waters play,
Or the stars that shine in heaven
Lighting up the milky way
Is the love of Jesus dwelling
In abodes of human clay.*

*More than all the chasms of nature,
Shining in one vast array,
More than human heart can fathom
Or the tongue of man can say,
Is the love of Jesus dwelling
In abodes of human clay.*

W. F. B.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

WALTER J. NOURIE, A. B. '10

Delivered on Class Day, June 19, 1910

Since that memorable year of naught-six, St. Viateur's has beheld the rise and progress of a society, which has brought the members of the Collegiate Department into more intimate friendship; one, which has every year produced a number of social and intellectual gatherings, that will ever be remembered and cherished by those who were participants; one, which has added joy and splendor to the graduating exercises of each year; this useful and benevolent society is no other than class organization. Although, it has barely passed its embryonic stage, still its fruits are already noticeable, in the spirit of love and friendship which permeates throughout its atmosphere, for, it has united its members and classes into a closer and firmer bond of good fellowship.

The "Tenners" that is, not musical interpreters, for this class is not composed of grand opera stars, but the class of 1910 claims the honor and glory of being the first, to join class-organization in its Freshman year. At first, our upper classmen made sport of us, calling us uncouth and unsophisticated children, and they dubbed our organization "Much Ado About Nothing," but our indomitable courage was not to be overcome by such idle and trifling talk. We chose as our motto "Age Quod Agis"—"Attend to what you do," to which we were unswervingly faithful, and, just as a child, who is desirous of making his presence felt amongst his elders, succeeds in attaining his end only after persevering efforts, so we too reached our goal, namely, to be heard above the din of class organization.

In order to compass this end, we planned to give an entertainment for the entire collegiate department. Accordingly, after having collected a few weeks of our pin-money, we artistically decorated the stage, and rendered a select program consisting of speeches interspersed with vocal and instrumental selections, after which we served a dainty lunch. You may be sure that this took well with our guests, and all were unanimous in their acclamations of eulogy and praise.

Another one of our bright achievements was, the Roller Skat-

ing party which we gave during our Junior year. So successful was it, that all the other classes were eager to give a repetition, but unfortunately, the faculty objected because they feared lest the Gym be converted into a public rink.

In our undergraduate years, we had determined to do wonders in the social line when we would become Seniors, but to our bitter disappointment, we found our duties so cumbersome that our minds had to be occupied with more serious thoughts and labors, to the loss of social functions. But nevertheless, although hampered by the terrific onslaught of Zigliara and the never-ending tasks of Doc's literary and oratorical classes; overcome by the economic lectures of Father Clifford on Capital and Labor, Production and Consumption, Distribution and Conservation, still under all these burdens, we found time to forget the trials of a philosopher, laid aside our books, scholastic instruments of torture, lost for the time being the philosophers stone and attempted to be social animals. As usual, we gave the annual smoker and banquet to the undergrads and faculty, and fittingly commemorated the anniversary of the fire.

I have thus far narrated some of our successful enterprises, but unfortunately, all could not be glorious triumphs. When the class of naught-nine challenged us to play a game of foot-ball, although fully cognizant of the strength of their team, still, we thought that our eleven was on the whole their match. Accordingly, about a week after Thanksgiving both elevens lined up for battle. A couple days rain followed by freezing weather helped to make the gridiron in tip top condition for the fray. The referee blew the whistle and immediately the ball went sailing high into the air towards our opponents side. Stack caught the ball, but he was nailed in his tracks. Then followed line plunges on both sides. At first, we held our own, but after the repeated terrific charges of "Horse Stack," Albe O'Connell, John R. Walsh and the daring tackles of Steve Morgan, Bill Carroll and Mc. Clure, we repaired to our rooms all battered and bruised with the score standing against us 12 to 0.

The next fall, we thought that we would redeem our defeat by administering a defeat to the class of eleven. Over confident of victory, we told our youngsters to muster up the best they had and this they certainly did. This contest was most bitterly and closely fought as the ball was traveling from one end of the field to the other, and to make a long story short, when time was

called, much to our sorrow and disappointment the score stood eleven to six in favor of the youngsters.

Even up to this day, we have never ceased to hear the end of this game and from then on, whenever any athletic challenge was offered to us, we raised our right hand high above our heads and said: "Never Again." "Nihil faciens".

The seven members of this class, recall the mystic number seven which is symbolical, of many historical allusions found in every day life. For instance, the seven wonders of the world, the seven sacraments of the church, the seven days of the week, and the figure seven is even represented in the rainbow. The seventh month of the year named after the greatest man of all times Julius Caesar, is one of the most important months of the year, and even the seventh day of other months is marked in history, as a day on which illustrious men have been born, and nations battles have been won or lost. Even all the stages of life are multiples of seven.

Again the class is represented by members from the cultured east to the golden west, from across the deep blue Atlantic and from the fertile plains of Illinois.

Every race has emblems significant of some glorious events of its history; every nation has its standard which has spurred its army to victory in time of war and has been their pride in time of peace; likewise every state has a flower indicative of some social virtue of its citizens. It was the sign of the cross that led Constantine to overwhelm his powerful enemy Maxentius; it was the love of our armies for the glorious stars and stripes that led them to conquer in all the wars of our nation; it was the fleur-de-lis of France, the rose of England, the shamrock of Ireland, these natural emblems which are entwined in the history of these nations, which are found in their song and story, in their poetry and art, that have been the source of inspiration to these peoples.

Organizations and societies are but nations and states on a smaller scale, and we, following their example have chosen an emblem, colors and a flower.

We, who have been arduous in the acquisition of knowledge, who have been untiring in the pursuit of truth, who have been zealous in mastering the science and the arts, have chosen as our emblem the burning torch of learning, symbolic of our consuming desire to decipher the secrets of nature, to grapple with the truths of philosophy, and master literature and history. For us, it will ever be a kindly light to guide our steps from treacherous pitfalls

and rough passages on the way of life. It will be an inspiring light to guide us to future success and likewise, it will be a burning flame of determination to conquer in our various walks in life. For colors, we have chosen the white of innocence and purity, the purple of loyalty and royalty, and under the folds of this fair banner of purple and white, we mean ever to push forward to do battle with toil and difficulties and place it on the heights of victory.

We too have a flower, the modest violet ever emblematic of fond remembrance, which we have chosen as a sign of sweet memories of our Alma Mater, and when we no longer live within the precincts of these classic halls, and have departed to make our marks in life, the sight of this modest violet will ever recall fond memories of our school days.



VALEDICTORY

M. MUGAN, A. B. '10



THE present day with its significant import and the glory which it sees consummated will soon be numbered in the calendar of the past. To us, the class of 1910 who on this day are going forth to try our courage in the various callings pointed out to our minds by a wise Providence, the present occasion is one of great importance. For is not Alma Mater placing upon us the sacred sanction of her approval, bidding us go forth and represent her training and her institutions on the planes of civic and religious life? And from our time of graduation here within the guarded precincts of a Catholic college does not a great and pressing duty fall upon us to prove by our courageous endeavor and manly striving to solve the problems of life, the righteousness and splendor of Catholic principles and age-worn Philosophy?

We live in a peculiar age. At no period in the past has the call been more urgent to man the watch-towers of faith in defense of truth and justice. Education, breaking loose from the firm stanchions of traditional right has ventured forth upon a new field of doubt and falsehood. Old truths of morality and religion, the recognition of which gave beauty and sturdiness to the character of the early leaders of our republic are being assailed from the chairs of secular institutions with the fierce determination of the vandal and the iconoclast. Doctrines poisonous, and detrimental to social peace and national welfare are boldly and openly proclaimed as capable of guiding man aright in the regulation of his moral being.

Divorce is lauded as a splendid means to right domestic wrong and to promote individual happiness; religion is declared antiquated and out of fashion and the sacred truths of revelation are openly ridiculed as the fanciful creations of the dreamer. But while the tendency among secular institutions is to overthrow revealed religion and dethrone moral law the Catholic college has steadfastly adhered to past conceptions of right and continues to nourish the student mind at the clear and copious fountains that spring from the Rock of Ages.



J. Williams - Pres.



L. J. Powell - Sec.



E. Kelley - Sec.

AGE QUOD AGIS.

1885



M. J. Mason - Pres.



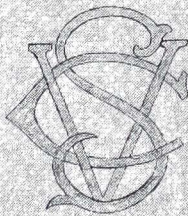
1910



W. J. Nowie - Vice Pres.



A. J. Dumont



Powell
Studio



W. J. Stevenson



Viatorian Community Archives

Scanned

2015

Original page blank

The conservative Catholic college alone has resisted the painted attractions of modern novelties and remained loyal to the teachings that have come down through the centuries with sun-like splendor and ever regenerative power. The great Catholic church, alone, armed with the resistless logic of St. Thomas and, with the memory of the bitter suffering of Calvary before her vision, has struggled against every attempt to undermine her faith and belief in the virile truths of historic Philosophy. And we believe that our sacred pledge to retain faithfully the sound ethical and religious principles received in the course of our college life is the greatest tribute we can lay on this day at the shrine of Catholic education.

The splendid opportunities we have enjoyed in the past years should have amply prepared us to enter life's struggle with honor and confidence. As we tread the broad highways of the greater life that awaits us outside college walls we must duly appreciate the duties and obligations that become ours as Catholic graduates. We should be always conscious of the great debt of gratitude we owe to Heaven for blessing our souls and minds with the golden fruits of early training near to the Holy Altars and sacred shrines of religion. Hence it is well that we realize the necessity of giving practical expression to our sentiments of respect and admiration for religious law. This we can do by realizing in the life that lies before us the need of loyalty to Christian virtues and by opposing the false creeds of the indulgent advocates of lax twentieth-century morality. Vain would be our protestations of fealty and devotion to Alma Mater; empty and meaningless would be the ceremonies which mark our graduation were we not to consecrate our every effort and motive in the attempt to uplift the moral standard of the world which on this day welcomes us into its active fold.

The student emerging from the retired cloisters of study and reflection, contemplates the institutions of Church and state through the light of history. His mind has dwelt upon the splendor of great governments that have existed in past times. He has pondered upon the greatness of the Roman empire and marvelled at the strength and resourcefulness of her people. He has noted the Athenian ingenuity that raised the Grecian republic to the highest pinnacle of fame and power. The noblest examples of patriotism and devotion have been to our minds the subjects of reverential love and ardent attention. They have fired us with ambition to serve our country and promote her welfare by main-

taining and cherishing her laws and institutions. No virtue, we are taught is greater than love for the flag which preserves our freedom and defends our homes and interests from the marauding disturbers of peace.

The accusation is sometimes made that our faith is a barrier to patriotic devotion to country. We who have spent our years of preparation for citizenship within the portals of a Catholic institution nurturing our minds at the fountain heads of faith deny this accusation and declare it to be calumny begotten of hatred and misrepresentation. Government for us is a sacred institution, the handwork of the Divine ruler who governs all things and as such commands our respect and obedience. Let him who declares the Catholic unpatriotic in principle call to mind the nation's honored dead and find if there his contention be verified. Was La Fayette unpatriotic to leave his home in the hills of France and devote his life in the cause of American independence? Was Taney unpatriotic as he battled in the judicial chambers for the salvation and perpetuation of the Union? Was Sheridan lacking in proper conceptions of patriotism when he led his victorious troops in the combats with the Southern foe and were the thousands of Irish soldiers unpatriotic who faced death on the terrible heights of Gettysburg that the starry folds of our country's flag might remain unsullied and unstained? And we who are issuing forth from college halls are pledged to perpetuate their loyalty by imitating their love of country and heroic virtues.

The present class has participated in an event of far greater significance than the mere graduation of today. We have been fortunate that our course was completed at a period which will ever mark our commencement as memorable in the annals of St. Viateurs. From far and wide have we seen the loyal alumni and devoted friends assemble in the halls made famous by their former teacher and guide—our jubilarian of yesterday—Father Rivard. We who have been the latest disciples to follow him through the intricate mazes of Philosophy feel that we should join our voices with those loyal students of the past in expressing gratitude and joy at this happy time of jubilee. And may we express the hope that as the years glide by increasing age may add strength and vigor and splendor to a mind that can rejoice in the contemplation of a long life spent in the Holy causes of education and religion.

Reverend Fathers and Professors, Fellow students and friends, we bid you farewell.

JUBILEE AND COMMENCEMENT.

The silver sheen of Father Rivard's sacerdotal jubilee blent beautifully with the class and commencement festivities and imparted to them an unusual splendor and magnificence. From the imposing porch of Marsile Alumni Hall a grand procession of Minim Columbian Guards, graduates robed in cap and gown, and sacred ministers wended its way across the lawn to Maternity church where solemn high mass was intoned. The Rev. Jubilarian, E. L. Rivard C. S. V., sang the mass, Rev. M. A. Dooling, Henry, Ill., acted as deacon; Rev. J. A. Lynn, Fort Wayne, Ind., sub-deacon and Mr. Stephen E. McMahon master of ceremonies. Very Rev. John Cavanaugh C. S. V., president of Notre Dame University delivered the baccalaureate sermon. His discourse was a masterpiece of that superb and chaste English of which he is a perfect artist. The fine flow of his eloquence gushed forth from its pure source as crystal streams that dance and play in the sunlight diversified into a thousand hues.

A sumptuous banquet was served at noon to over 500 alumni and friends. Mr. Michael J. Mugan, president of the graduating class, acted as toastmaster. The following toasts were responded to: "Our Holy Father," Rev. A. L. Bergeron, '78; "Our President," Mr. W. J. Stephenson, '10; "Our Jubilarian," Rev. P. C. Conway, '84; "Theologians of '85," Rev. J. P. Parker, '93; "Response," Rev. L. P. Berard, '82; "Our Alumni," G. J. Rivard, M. D., '77; "The Jubilee Class," Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahony, C. S. V.; "Scaling the Heights," Mr. Francis Cleary, '11; "The Jubilarian in Literary Circles," Rev. T. C. Gaffney, D. D., '96, president Catholic Writers' Guild; "The Student's Guide," Rev. J. A. Lynn, '03; "Response," Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., '82.

Dr. Rivard was the recipient of many telegrams during the day. From all parts of the United States and Canada he received congratulations and felicitations; even from the Eternal City a voice was heard singing the praises of the Rev. Jubilarian.

Following the feature so happily inaugurated last year, the evening exercises were held in the open, just in front of the Marsile Alumni Hall. Long streamers of electric lights made a grand illumination, and from the projection of the porch the various discourses were delivered. James A. Williams, '10 read the class poem, Walter A. Nourie, '10 spoke on "Class Activities"; Edmund P. Kelly, '10 read the Class Prophecy; Louis J. Pomnier, '10 spoke a farewell address to Zigliara and William J.

Stephenson, '10 in the warmest language welcomed the advent of "Hickey" as the new textbook to be used from now on in college course of Philosophy. The philosophy of the learned Zigliara will be used no longer as a text-book at the college. The new work, by Fr. Hickey of Mt. Melleray, Ireland, entitled "Summula Philosophiae Scholasticae," will be taken up instead, and it may be safely asserted that this latest and most up-to-date compendium of the philosophy of the schools from the pen of the humble Cistercean, the keen philosopher of the Emerald Isle, is destined to hold a permanent place at St. Viateur's.

After these numbers which were delightfully interspersed with late selections from the college band, the investiture of the Junior class was performed, Francis A. Cleary of Momence, Ill., succeeded to the presidency of the Senior class of '11. The distribution of monograms was next in order for those who excelled in athletics. Basketball, Football and Baseball. Each distinguished athlete was presented with a handsome sweater-coat bearing the monogram of the college.

On the afternoon of Monday, June 20th, the commencement exercises were held, His Grace, the Most Rev. James Edward Quigley, Archbishop of Chicago, presiding. Promptly at 2:30 the program opened with a fancy drill exhibition by the Columbian Guards. The precision, grace and skill displayed in the execution of the most difficult movements of calisthenics by the youthful band elicited repeated rounds of applause. At 3 o'clock the visitors repaired to the college auditorium, where they enjoyed a delightful program of music and oratory.

The theme of the orations was Joan of Arc. James A. Williams, '10 in a beautiful discourse and with powerful delivery spoke on "The Mission of Joan of Arc." Edmund P. Kelly, '10 arrested the attention of the audience in his glowing speech on "Her Trials and Martyrdom" and Louis Pommier, '10 in a praiseworthy manner crowned the orations by placing the halo of beatification on Joan in his speech "Her Beatification." Michael J. Mugan, President of the class, delivered a splendid Valedictory.

Rev. Dr. Purcell, President of the Cathedral College, Chicago, addressed the graduates in forceful and vigorous language solemnly reminding them of their duties to God and country and assuring them that if they were ever faithful to the lessons and doctrines imbibed at St. Viateur's they need fear little the shipwreck that strews along the coasts of life so many wrecks of shattered lives. The awarding of diplomas and degrees then took place.

The following gentlemen received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in June, 1908, and having had since pursued a literary course, were entitled to the degree of Master of Arts: Mr. William McGuire, Chicago, Ill.; Francis E. Munsch, Chicago, Ill.; Patrick O'Leary, Mahanoy Plane, Pa.; W. J. Remillard, Lake Linden, Mich.; F. A. Sheridan, Lafayette, Ind.; James Dougherty, Piper City, Ill.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon the following, who successfully completed the college course: Louis J. Pommier, St. Anne, Ill.; Michael J. Mugan, Chicago; Edmund P. Kelley, Chicago; James Williams, Lead, S. D.; William J. Stephenson, Boston, Mass.; Walter Nourie, Beaverville, Ill.; Augustus Dumont, New York, N. Y.

The degree of Bachelor of Science was conferred upon Mr. William McGuire of Chicago.

Commercial diplomas were awarded to Edward Colbert, Memphis, Tenn.; Michael Byron, Wilmington, Ill.

High school diplomas were awarded to Edward Leonard, Ludlow, Ill.; Charles Magee, Chicago; Jerome Williams, Chicago; Thomas Walsh, Durand, Ill.; Leo Kennedy, Waukegan, Ill.; Harry Karpen, Chicago.

Following the conferring of diplomas came the distribution of gold medals. The Rt. Rev. Archbishop Quigley made the closing remarks.

Visiting clergy: Rt. Rev. Paul Rhode, Very Rev. John Cavanaugh C. S. V., V. Rev. J. J. Shannon V. G.; V. Rev. J. A. Charlebois C. S. V.; Rev. P. Conway, J. H. Cannon, R. O. Laughlin, N. A. Perry, H. A. Durkin, A. S. Bergeron, H. A. Dooling, T. J. McDevitt, C. P. Foster, Z. P. Berard, J. P. Lynn, J. P. Parker, Thos. O'Gara McShane, Dr. Purcell, Dr. Gaffney, A. D. Granger, J. J. Cregan, A. L. Labrie, M. T. Dugas, Geo. McCarthy, A. Mainville, Jos. Lentz, Fr. Ostrosky, J. White, J. T. Bennett, H. Rummels, L. Kraschowitz, A. Martin, F. Meyers, F. McNamee, P. Gorrity, N. P. Quinlisk, W. Granger, H. Moulard, A. L. Sullivan, Fr. O'Duyer, W. Irish, E. Kowaleski, J. P. Munday, J. R. Dinnen, J. T. Fitzgerald, J. E. Belair C. S. V., C. P. O'Neil.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF NOTRE DAME CONVENT.

There are certain periods in the history of institutions when its members pause, look backward and survey the glorious work that has been done; periods which are marked with unusual cele-

bration and rejoicing, and remain forever as red letter days. Such a time is the Golden Jubilee of an institution.

Notre Dame Convent of Bourbonnais, Ill., has arrived at such a stage and with pride the Sisters look back over fifty years of noble endeavor in the cause of Catholic Education in Illinois. With feelings of joy not unmixed of pain the sisters take this backward glance. With pain, for as they peer into the dim past they descry the hardships and trials their predecessors had to meet when building the dawn of Catholic Education in these parts; joy, because they have now arrived at a season of grand prosperity, beholding their institution firmly established and in a flourishing condition.

The Sisters have wrought well. They have sent many young ladies into the world well equipped mentally and strongly fortified by the principles of Catholic faith. A large Alumnae Association has recently taken permanent form and as an earnest of future loyalty they readily responded to the appeal of the President by placing into the Rev. Mother Superior's hands the handsome gift of \$4,000.

A lasting memorial of the Golden Jubilee is the new convent which now stands completed ready to receive pupils. The building absolutely fireproof, is a large and magnificent structure reared in the finest pressed brick and sawed stone. It combines the two necessary qualities of a school, utility and convenience. It is furnished with all modern improvements. A large plot of ground in front with great shade trees, beds of flowers and gravel walks makes a pretty setting for the new building, while in the rear a large campus provides place for needful recreation.

Jubilee exercises opened the 19th of June with the commencement festivities, at which Rt. Rev. Paul Rhode, Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago presided. On the 20th the new convent was dedicated after which Solemn Pontifical Mass was sung by the Most Rev. Archbishop Quigley of Chicago. Very Rev. James J. Shannon V. G., of Peoria preached an eloquent sermon. In the afternoon the graduating exercises took place, followed by a sumptuous banquet given in the dining rooms of the new convent.

The celebrations came to a close Tuesday morning the 21st with a Solemn Requiem Mass for deceased friends and benefactors of the institution.

The Viatorian in behalf of the faculty of St. Viateur's College presents sincerest congratulations to the Sisters on the occasion of their Golden Jubilee.

L. T. B.



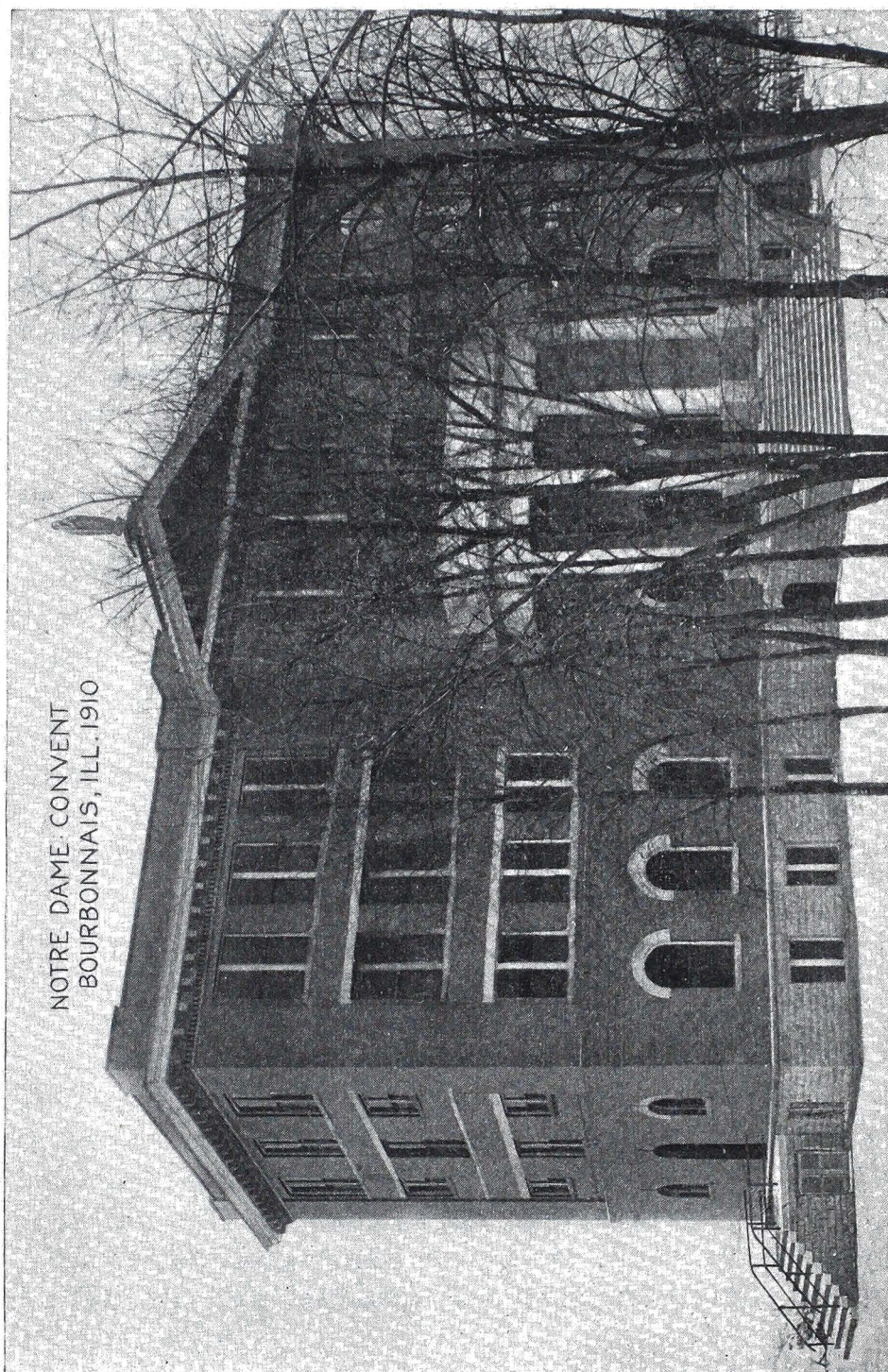
Viatorian Community Archives

Scanned

2015

Original page blank

NOTRE DAME CONVENT
BOURBONNAIS, ILL. 1910



THE VIATORIAN

Published monthly by the students of St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor in Chief—M. MUGAN, '10.

Exchanges—T. WEDGE, '11.

Alumni—E. J. QUILLÉ, '11.

Athletics—D. BOYLE, '10.

Locals—F. CLEARY, '11.

Personals—W. SAMMON, '12.

Societies—W. NOURIE, '10.

Entered at the Bourbonnais Post Office as second-class matter

All correspondence must be addressed "The Viatorian," Bourbonnais, Illinois.

Subscription price One Dollar per year, payable in advance.

All business communications should be addressed: Rev. J. F. Ryan, St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

EDITORIAL.

In this country perhaps the larger number of graduates of our Catholic Colleges subsequently enter a theological seminary and become priests, but there is a large minority who not feeling themselves called to this high station enter the various professions in the world. These lay graduates have an important mission to fulfill in life and Holy Mother Church among whose most favored children they are, expects them to fulfill this mission as faithful soldiers of Christ. Many laymen erroneously think that their duties towards the church and religion cease with going to mass on Sundays, contributing to the support of their pastors and receiving the Sacraments more or less frequently. If this were all they had to do why does the church provide schools and colleges in which her children are equipped with the weapons of truth to combat error, and the armor of virtue with which to resist the attacks of vice? The graduate of the Catholic college has received the talents of learning and a long training in the

practice of virtue so let him see that he does not prove faithless to the great trust reposed in him. If the educated laity of the Catholic Church awoke to their responsibilities toward the Church and the souls of their fellow men, and always led upright and noble lives, and were intolerant of error wherever found, the conversion of America would be the work of a generation. The Catholic graduate should ever be able to say to those with whom he comes in contact: "Be ye followers of me as I am of Jesus Christ."

EXCHANGES.

The Golden Jubilee number of *The Echoes from the Pines* is indeed a brilliant achievement and a very fitting commemoration of fifty years service in the cause of Catholic Education. The biographical sketches of the early days and of pioneers of the volume is a triumph both in form and contents. Historical sketches, information regarding the present large activities of the order in Canada, letters, essays, and pleasing anecdotes by Alumnae, all interspersed with delightful poetry, will surely be read with keenest interest and enjoyment by large circles of former students, and friends of the convent. Some twenty-seven beautiful illustrations greatly enhance the work. The editors deserve generous praise for their excellent piece of work.

The Viatorian extends sincerest congratulations on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the convent and wishes the work of the Sisters Godspeed.

We acknowledge with thanks all Commencement exchanges.



PERSONS AND PLACES.

The feast of Corpus Christi was observed this year with the usual splendor and ceremony. A large concourse of people from the college, convent and village marched in solemn procession and knelt in adoration at three Benedictions given on the portico of Aumni Hall, the convent entrance and in Maternity church.

On Pentecost Sunday six little souls marked the happiest day of their lives in receiving for the first time the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist in the college chapel. On the following day with a large class they received confirmation from the hands of Most Rev. Archbishop Quigley in St. Patrick's church, Kankakee.

The Annual Retreat of the Clerics of St. Viateur of the Chicago Province was preached by Rev. F. E. Porter S. J., at the college from June 27 to July 4th. At the close John M. Carey, Adhemar Marcotte, John W. Maguire and James Drain pronounced their first five year vows. Bro. J. A. Williams renewed his vows and Bro. J. R. Plante was admitted to perpetual vows. Father Rheams, Bros. A. N. St. Aubin and T. J. Rice were admitted into the rank of Major Catechists of the Order.

Father Moisant C. S. V., Bros. J. J. Meany C. S. V. and W. J. Stephenson C. S. V. have been assigned to the teaching staff of Columbus College, Chamberlain, So. Dakota.

One of the distinguished visitors at the college lately was the Rt. Rev. Alexander J. McGavick, '85 Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago. We were glad to see the Bishop greatly improved in health.

Commencement at Gibbons Hall, Kalamazoo, was held June 15. Rev. W. J. Clifford C. S. V., preached the sermon at the class-day mass.

Commencement at Columbus College took place on the 9th of June.

Rev. J. B. Shiel ordained from St. Viateur's on May 31st, '10 has been appointed to St. Mels parish, Chicago. His classmate Rev. F. S. Marcinek has been assigned to St. Mary's of Perpetual Help Church, So. Chicago.

Rev. C. J. St. Amant C. S. V., is stationed for the summer at St. Philomena's Church, Dubuque, Iowa.

Rev. J. D. Kirley C. S. V., and W. J. Clifford C. S. V., left on June 11th for an extended trip through Europe. Special places of interest will be Oberammergau and Rome.

Rev. E. Kowaleski who for the past five years occupied the pastorate of St. Stanislaus Kankakee, has been intrusted the important charge of organizing a new Polish parish in So. Chicago. He has been replaced in Kankakee by Rev. Father Ostroski.

Congratulations to William J. McKenna, '06 who after passing a brilliant examination was admitted to the State Bar of Illinois

Rev. John Flanagan, student of '05 was recently ordained in Rome. He finished a most brilliant course in philosophy and theology. He sang his first mass at Freeport, July 17.

Rev. Bro. Seguin C. S. V., represented the Very Rev. Father Provincial of Chicago at the grand reunion of the Clerics of St. Viateur in Montreal.

We were pleased to welcome our two visiting confreres from the Canadian Province, Bro. N. Gareau C. S. V., Director of Ville St. Louis Mile End and Bro. B. Gareau C. S. V., teacher at the Seminary of Joliette Canada. Both were well impressed with St. Viateur's.

Bro. Brady recently underwent a serious operation at Mercy Hospital, Chicago. He is speedily recovering now and expects to return to the college soon.

Bros. J. Maguire and J. Drain have arrived from the Novitiate to pursue their studies at the college.

The new St. Viator Church and School which has been made possible by the untiring zeal of Rev. T. J. McCormick C. S. V., was dedicated by Most Rev. J. E. Quigley D. D., Archbishop of Chicago, Sunday, June 26, with imposing ceremonies. Rev. W. J. Bergin C. S. V. preached an eloquent sermon on Education and Rev. M. Lennartz C. S. V., sung the Solemn High Mass Coram Episcopo. The Columbian Guards of St. Viateur's College assisted in the parade and gave a fancy drill after the dedication.

The building is a handsome structure combining church and school built in the Romanesque style of architecture.

MINIMS.

The brilliant record made by the Minims last season was duplicated this year for the score book does not register one defeat in the many games played.

It may be true that last year's team had a shade of the better on this year's nine but this was due rather to size than skill for the youngsters this year played as clever a game. The Minim team was weakest at the bat and the bunt and squeeze play were in constant use. As a crowd of fielders with due consideration for size the team of '10 will yield the palm to no preceeding aggregation that ever played in the white suits. Looking over the lineup we might pick out Jack Ingram as the premier player. He played a steady game all season. No slumps, no days off, always fast and good at pegging. Minim scores:

Minims 21; Village 27.
Minims 30; Kankakee 3.
Minims 5; Village 4.
Minims 11; Bradley 0.
Minims 15; Village 3.
Minims 17; Junior 2nd's 9.
Minims 6; Junior 2nd's 5.
Minims 13; Village 10.
Minims 18; Village 2.
Minims 20; Bradley 3.
Minims 8; Kankakee 7.
Minims 9; Village 2.
Minims 10; S. V. C. Orioles 9.
Minims 3; Kankakee 2.
Minims 10; St. Patrick's, Momence 0.
Minims 14; Kankakee 4.
Minims 12; Momence 1.
Minims 9; Kankakee Martels 8.

Through the generosity of Mr. Wilkinson, father of Harry Wilkinson of the Minim department, the Minim squad on their recent trip to Chicago spent some pleasant hours of sight seeing in a large touring car. Mr. Wilkinson met the squad at the station and sped them on down Lake Front, all through Lincoln Park, the North Side and Riverview to Father McCormick's new church where they were to drill. The Minims wish to thank their friend for his kindness in this little notice.

F. L.

THE VIATORIAN

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

The Girard Scientific Society closed an unusually active and successful semester by a day's outing held at "College Grove" on the banks of the beautiful Kankakee. After enjoying a few hours of delightful exploring through the woods, scaling the craggy walls of the ravine, penetrating its deep caverns, the keen appetites of members were blunted by a generous spread that was prepared for them. The afternoon was spent in lounging beneath the shade of the inviting oaks, plunges into the clear Kankakee, fishing and boating. The success of the day was due in large measure to the superb management of Father Moisant and the picnic committee.

St. Patrick's Literary and Debating society wound up the year's work by a banquet given on the night of June 16. The following program was rendered: Piano solo, F. Dugan; Memories, W. Purtell; recitation, B. O'Leary; Our Society, J. Meany; Our Professors, A. Manly; Song and Chorus Class, Friends, C. Langan; College Life, L. Knoerzer; Our Officers, J. Coughlin; recitation, J. Warren; Song and Chorus Class, Farewell, H. Tolbert; Our Motto and Colors, Rev. Bro. Sheridan. Responses to toasts, Rev. J. V. Rheams, Rev. F. X. Moisant and F. Cleary.

The society furnished many delightful evenings for outsiders by giving open meetings. These were always characterized by real literary merit and by high class musical numbers. The young debaters made great progress in public speaking.

The college band elicits a word of praise for the pleasant pastimes it made of the evening recreations during the month of June. From the "gym" porch the musical collegians furnished all the late pieces to the great entertainment of the student body seated on the college terrace, or strolling leisurely around the college walks.

The oratorical contest held on the evening of Tuesday, June 14, at St. Viateur's college auditorium, was in every way a credit to the young orators.

The battle was close and well fought. The compositions, carefully and well written, were set forth by a pleasing and vigorous delivery.

Joseph Lareau of Kankakee was announced winner. He defended "The Moderate Saloon." His points and arguments were

well made; the earnestness, force and convincing manner with which he spoke declared in his favor.

Gerald Bergan of Peoria was a very close second, on the same subject, "The Moderate Saloon."

John Farrell of Chicago was given third place, on "Local Option."

Joseph Gordon of Gifford, Ill., got fourth place, his subject being "Local Option," and Emmett Roche of Peoria, fifth place. He spoke on the saloon.

The judges were A. Savary and E. Marcotte of Kankakee and Rev. M. J. Breen, C. S. V. of Chicago.

In the elocutionary contest, held in the afternoon, John Kissane of Chicago was awarded the gold medal over six competitors. His selection, "How the Lareau Stakes Were Lost," called for much action and spirit, both of which the speaker blended with a grace and naturalness of delivery. His voice and impersonations were excellent. William Roy of Bourbonnais was a close second, in "King Robert of Sicily," and Joseph Canavan of Iowa took third place in "Philip Barton, Engineer."

In the preparatory department George Kane of Chicago triumphed over six of his schoolmates. The ease and abandon with which he spoke, his graceful gestures, clear voice and good inflections obtained the favorable decision. He spoke "The Desert-er." Joseph Mallaney of Woodland Park was given second place. He spoke "Mona's Waters." Thomas Hetherington of Chicago came third in "Sparticus to the Roman Gladiators." Judges were Rev. A. L. Girard, Rev. M. J. Breen, Stephen E. McMahon.

The medals were presented on commencement day, Monday, June 21.



Largest Insurance Agency in Kankakee County

Shirley Moisant & Co.
Fire Insurance

Office in Legris Brothers' Bank

Kankakee, Illinois

THE MARTIN-MOORE PHARMACY
The Rexall Store

214 Court Street

Fine Candy, Cigars & Soda Water

Marcotte & Lottinville

FOR

Ladies', Men's, Boy's &
Children's Fine Shoes.

188 Court St. Kankakee, Ill.

G. OSCAR H. BYRON

Groceries, Ice Cream, Cigars
and Confectionery

LUNCH ROOM

Bourbonnais, Illinois

Ind. Phone 130

Bell 228-R

W. ARTHUR LATHAM

Mitchell Autos
Oldsmobile

Garage—269 Schuyler Ave, Kankakee

Smoke "Cinco"
Cigars

F. O. SAVOIE & CO.

Distributors

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

MERCHANT ST. BARBER SHOP

CHAS. ST. JOHN

PROPRIETOR

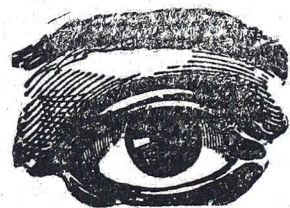
184 Merchant Street. Kankakee, Ill.

W. W. HUCKINS

DEALER IN

Hard and Soft Coal

Corner Court St. and East Ave.



DR. W. H. WILSON

City National Bank Building
KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

Makes a Specialty of all Diseases of
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT